

And So It Happened and Not by Chance

by

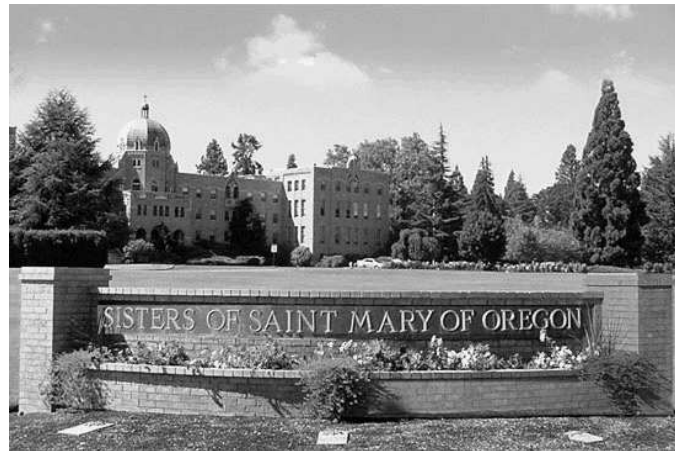
Sister Pulcheria Sparkman, SSMO

Book Two

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This is Book Two, continuing the order's history from about 1899 to 1965 in Beaverton.

Sister Pulcheria, Director of Studies and Historian, joined the order in 1910 and died in 1980.

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Part III

Chapter I

The Fourth Archbishop of Oregon City 1899-1925

The Most Reverend Alexander Christie was installed with fitting ceremony as Archbishop of Oregon City on June 15, 1899. Reverend J. T. Fierens was the Vicar General and the administrator of the archdiocese during the vacancy caused by Archbishop Gross' death. While he solemnly intoned the prayer proper for the occasion and Reverend James H. Black read the Papal brief appointing the Archbishop to this See, His Grace sat, a kingly figure in the Cathedral sanctuary vested in his episcopal robes, which added to his natural comeliness; then he made a gracious response of humble acceptance. His kindly smile and the evident sincerity of his words inspired the confidence of both the religious and the laity.

On the following Thursday His Grace made his first public appearance at a reception attended by Mayor William A. Storey with his councilmen and a number of prominent citizens both Catholic and non-Catholic. Mayor Storey made an address of welcome for the people of Portland; then Doctor Andrew Smith continued the theme by drawing attention to the work of the Church and the state. He said: "The Catholic Church and the United States stand for the same things in different domains. The Church stands for the expansion of truth and religion; the United States for the expansion of the American People." Archbishop Christie was accepted by all - fellow Catholics as well as citizens of all denominations. He won his way into their hearts with his democratic engaging manner, his keen interest in everything, and his generous appreciation of the royal welcome given him.

Archbishop Christie had been born in Highgate, Vermont, on January 2, 1848. His mother was an Irish Catholic; his father, Adam Christie, of Colonial descent, was a non-Catholic. At the age of four he had gone with his family to the frontiers of Wisconsin where the Church had not yet penetrated. Thus it happened that the Archbishop grew up with little instruction in the faith in which he had been baptized. This quite probably was the reason that he, as Archbishop, at the expense of strenuous efforts and many sacrifices, exerted every effort that the youth under his care should have an opportunity to be trained in Catholic schools. At the age of twenty, he heard his first Mass and made his first Holy Communion.

His path lay straight from there to the sanctuary. He prepared for the priesthood in the Grand Seminary in Montreal and was ordained at the age of 29. For the twenty years which followed he labored in the diocese of St. Paul, the last seven years of which were spent in the city of Minneapolis.

With the passing of Archbishop Gross, it seemed that the Sisters had lost a firm friend who could not be replaced. It was clear that once again, the old forces of opposition were taking form against the Community. Mother Seraphim was told that their services would no longer be needed in Saint Patrick's School. This was a great grief to the Sisters - a very tangible blow, because the work of the previous seven years had been satisfactory to both the pastors with whom they had labored, Father Edward O'Dea and Father Edward Donnelly. Rumor began to whisper covertly, then hearsay began to make statements out loud. It was reported that the Congregation was to be suppressed, or, at least, no more postulants were to be received.

Mother Seraphim went to Verboort on May 30, 1900, where Archbishop Christie was to administer Confirmation, and had a conference with His Grace. The result was a mutual understanding. The Archbishop assured her that he would support the Congregation, and he kept his word generously, as future events proved.

"You must not listen to gossip, Mother, he said gently; then added with his customary twinkle, "Dame Rumor has never been noted for speaking the truth." The critics were silenced by the open support His Grace gave the Congregation and the Sisters went joyfully on their way.

The Archbishop's Greatest Work

When Archbishop Christie came to Oregon to take up the work of Archbishop Gross, he found the stage set for development. He knew where to begin. He firmly believed that a religious training for children was the only way to plant the faith deeply and securely for the future years. From the beginning he impressed parents that this training should be given in a parochial school built by the people and under the guidance of Holy Mother the Church. This education was to have a double aim - to lay broad and deep the foundation for the truly Catholic life which in turn would develop good citizens for the nation. He taught that a Catholic training was the surest way to mould noble Americans, that patriotism was a by-product of religious training, making loyalty to the flag as binding as loyalty to the Commandments of God and precepts of the Church.

He encouraged the priests who were planning the foundation of new parishes to put up buildings in which Church and school were combined. The two, Church and school, would then take root and develop side by side to make one whole. Later, when Catholic life had grown strong, separate Church buildings could be erected.

The Archbishop Sends Us Two Postulants
(Sr. M. Annunciata and Sr. M. Regis)

After His Excellency's coming to Oregon and learning to

know and appreciate the fine spirit of the Sisters of St. Mary, he suggested that two of his former parishioners of St. Stephen's Church, Minneapolis, then in middle life, might be useful subjects and happy religious in the Congregation. These women were Margaret and Catherine Mahoney, who maintained a successful tailor shop catering to the fashionable people of Minneapolis. He had a great respect for these two sisters. It was the fine Catholic principles which governed their lives that drew his attention to them. The elder, Margaret, at one time confided to him that her desire to become a religious had been thwarted in her youth by her duty to an old father and mother who depended on her for a comfortable livelihood. After her parents' death, she had carried on in the tailor shop with her younger sister Catherine, for she felt that her direction and companionship was needful to her. So it was that in October, 1908, Margaret became Sister Mary Annunciata, and Catherine, Sister Mary Regis. Sister Regis was to become a teacher and work in the classroom for more than twenty-five years. Sister Annunciata became a vital part of the Community sewing room, where her fine ability made it possible for her to render valuable assistance to Sister Cecilia, who had never received any technical training in cutting and the art of fitting. The clothing of the Community greatly improved under Sister Annunciata's direction. She was a most kindly, gracious person and during the years of novitiate training she was much beloved by the young novices who came in contact with her.

After leaving the novitiate, Sister Annunciata was charged with putting the children of the boarding school to bed at seven o'clock each evening. One vivacious little girl, Irene La Porre, would hop out of bed several times after having been carefully tucked in. But running about barefooted was one of the things that Sister Annunciata believed to be very dangerous for a child's health. Irene had been admonished several times when again one evening she got out and ran to "get a drink." Sister Annunciata picked up the astonished small girl and putting her over her arm spanked her all the way back to her bed. Now it chanced that Irene was very fond of Sister Annunciata, as all the children were, and wished to stay in her good graces. Next morning some girls twitted her by singing over and over again, "Sister Annunciate spanked you. Sister Annunciate spanked you." Irene was equal to the occasion, and tossing her dark curls she retorted wisely, "Sister Annunciata is all right if you stay in bed when she puts you there." Irene had learned her lesson well.

In the summer of 1924, Sister Annunciata was not very well and upon a physical examination in St. Vincent's Hospital, it was discovered that a cancer had developed and that nothing could be done to stay its progress. The end came more quickly than was expected, on November 2, 1924. After her death, a nurse who had cared for her during her stay at St. Vincent's Hospital, came to St. Mary's and asked to be permitted to see her body. She said, "That Sister was a saint!" The nurse knelt down and petitioned Sister Annunciata to remember her before the throne of God. Thus to the very end, Sister was loved, trusted, and admired by everyone who dealt

with her.

Two Decades of Visible Growth

When Archbishop Christie came to the Archdiocese of Oregon City, the Congregation had but three parochial schools and an orphanage. His Excellency soon learned that Archbishop Gross had founded and nourished the Congregation with his eyes on the vision of parochial education. He followed closely in the footsteps of his predecessor.

The first venture in 1902 that the Congregation made without money and no earthly backing but that of His Excellency was St. Mary's Academy and Boarding School in connection with the motherhouse in Beaverton. This was not a parochial school, but a project of the Congregation. It prospered from the beginning.

St. Alphonsus Academy, Tillamook

The following year, 1903, the Sisters assumed charge of St. Alphonsus' Academy, "the old cheese box", in Tillamook, so called because of the location in Tillamook with its cheese factory and the peculiar shape of the building. It was a great gaunt cube - sixty feet long, sixty feet wide, and sixty feet high, with three floors. It had been erected for a day school but became a combination of convent, boarding school, high school, and grade school, and remained so for the next twenty-nine years. The Sisters were to live and labor in this old building with its long stove-pipes connecting huge heating stoves with central chimneys. During seasons of high winds, these stove pipes were very apt to be blown loose by the blasts that roared down the chimneys from the Pacific. On the top center of the building was a trap door, nicknamed "the lid", which was reached by a flight of steep steps. The "lid" was intended for use in case of fire or for workmen to replace the shingles frequently ripped from the roof by coast winds.

Ruth Naomi Benson, who for eight years was a student of St. Alphonsus' Academy through the upper grammar grades and high school, said that the boys loved to have the "lid" blow off the "cheese box". That event would relieve the ennui of the routine of school life. Then the big boys would rush up and replace "the lid" to prevent a stream of water from trickling down the central stairway. Miss Ruth never missed a chance to look out the top when "the lid" was off.

In the rainy Tillamook county, cows thrive in the grassy meadows, and the cheese rivals that of Switzerland. Every Sister appointed to work there loved the people, particularly the children who always responded wholeheartedly to every school project, whether it was a school entertainment or a "clean-up party."

It was very difficult to reach this city at the head of the tide land on Tillamook Bay. The routes lay over an old Indian trail through the Coast Range by means of stagecoach or by

horseback, or down the coast from the mouth of the Columbia in little steamers. Neither mode of transportation was comfortable or noted for regularity.

A Deep Well

Behind the old Academy were clothes lines. One laundry day when Sister Aloysius Bender was taking the washing from the line, she spied an unfamiliar hole in the grass beneath the lines. She could see nothing in the inky darkness below. She got a twenty-four foot pole to sound for the bottom. The pole slipped from her hand and a splash was heard far below. Sister went for help, and investigations brought out the startling fact that years before, there had been a sixty-foot well behind the building which had been covered with stout planks. The planks had rotted away. The parents of the school children became excited; their children had been running and playing on that grass plot for years. Those who had covered the well were long since dead or had forgotten its existence. It required ten truck loads of dirt to fill it. Father Basil, O.S.B., the Sisters, and the parents all shook their heads and speculated on what might have happened and thanked God for His goodness to the parish.

The Primary Pupils Act Mother Goose

Programs were a necessity in that isolated community of Tillamook, and every school child appeared on the stage. It was hard work but the joy it produced paid for the trouble. After the hall on the third floor in St. Alphonsus was condemned for public meetings by the fire department, the programs were staged in the City Hall. This proved to furnish more thrill.

In 1917 Sister Engratia Sparkman and Sister Veronica Lingelbach were staging "The Old Woman Who Lived In a Shoe" with the primary group. Sister Veronica's eighth-grade boys had built a framework of laths and covered it with heavy paper to represent a shoe. It was very good looking. The little children had learned their lines and songs, and the costumes were completed. Everything was progressing very well. The actors were ready for a practice in the downtown hall.

Six dependable boys shouldered the shoe to carry and place it on the City Hall stage for the little people, but calamity struck. The shoe was too large to go through the door! Everyone stood appalled - how was it to be taken from the back room of St. Alphonsus to the City Hall? Facts had to be faced squarely. It must be cut into two pieces and later rejoined. With sad hearts the artisans sawed it apart and carried it to the stage. After it was repaired, it had lost much of its original beauty, but that evening it made a good appearance under the lights. The old woman and her numerous family did very well and everybody was happy, particularly the parents of the tiny performers.

Such were the joys and sorrows of old St. Alphonsus. But in the end the sorrows were forgotten and only the joys were remembered by the children.

Georgia Vidito Makes Her First Holy Communion

Georgia's mother, who was not a Catholic, managed a small hospital in Tillamook. The girl's Italian father was a Catholic and the gift of faith was the natural right of the child, but the home had been broken by a divorce and Georgia had reached school age without Baptism. She began her school life at St. Alphonsus as a boarder because her mother was too busy in the hospital to care for her.

Georgia was very happy at the Academy. She was an intelligent child and did well in all her studies, but she enjoyed her religion class best of all. It is the old story - a good child always loves to learn about God and His dealings with men. She begged Father Martin, the pastor, many times for Baptism. It could not be. The yearly preparation of a class for its First Holy Communion was always a time of great spiritual loneliness for her. She was left out.

Georgia went to the Benedictine Sisters in Mount Angel for her high school work. When she was fifteen, the opportunity which had long been denied came for her to receive the sacraments. A car accident furnished it. There was a crash and her companion was killed. She, with a broken spine, was placed, fully conscious, on a hospital bed in Oregon City. She called for the priest! He came and poured the water of Baptism over her, gave her her First Holy Communion and anointed her with the holy oils of Extreme Unction. Her long desire was at last satisfied and she went peacefully to God the next day.

Chapter II

Guests at St. Mary's Home

Archbishop Christie was a frequent guest at St. Mary's Home. One afternoon he phoned Father Anthony Moore, the chaplain, that he, with two priests, would out for dinner. His Grace was greatly loved by his priests, and they were very much at ease when in his company. Father Moore was naturally friendly, and enjoyed having company for dinner. He most particularly liked to have the Archbishop as the chief guest, for his coming was certain to bring out a fine dinner followed by an evening of pleasant relaxation.

At that time Sister Johanna was the local superior of the Home, and Sister Mary Philomena Kelly was in charge of the guest department. The latter was a model portress with all the qualifications as set forth in the rule book. When Sister Johanna answered the doorbell that evening, there stood the Archbishop with four priests. Sister Philomena had carefully prepared the dining table with the best china and silver for four guests, who were to be the Archbishop, Father Moore, and two priests, but now there were to be six.

Sister Johanna rushed off in breathless excitement to inform Sister Philomena of the change. Sister Philomena was of a very placid temperament, and she very quietly set about

removing the dishes from the extension table to insert two more leaves. Then from the doorway behind the two Sisters came the Archbishop's voice inquiring, "What are you doing?" Sister Johanna explained. "No, no," he said, "that is not necessary. We can crowd together." And suiting his action to his words, he slipped the dishes and silverware up onto the proper spacing at the head of the table and pushed the covers closer together. "There is plenty of room, plenty of room! There is no need of extra work! His Grace was always most thoughtful of all members of his flock.

In the doorway stood the five priests thoroughly enjoying the scene. Most conspicuous among them was Father Moore's black curly head bobbing with suppressed laughter at Sister Johanna's perturbation and the Archbishop's quiet determination.

Father Anthony Moore

Reverend Anthony Moore was always a staunch friend of the Sisters. He stood loyally by the young Community and its Superiors when many priests of the diocese felt that it should be absorbed by the older, well-established Congregations. He had worked intimately with the Sisters in St. Mary's Home and knew well whom he was defending.

As Superintendent of St. Mary's Home from 1902 to 1905, father had an active love for and interest in the boys in his charge. Most often, when a young culprit reported to him for some offense, Father would administer a gentle lecture which would bring tears of repentance to the young eyes. Then all would be forgiven and forgotten. The boy would be better, for the priest had a persuasive way with youth!

No bell was rung for the boys to rise on St. Patrick's morning. Father would step into the boys' dormitories and rouse them with his great voice booming "The Wearing of the Green". The boys would hurry to assist at the Holy Mass that Father loved most particularly, then all had a gala holiday.

The Fifth Superintendent of St. Mary's Home

Reverend James Murphy became superintendent of the orphanage in 1905. The Archbishop had appointed him to St. Mary's in hope that the change would benefit his failing health. The work at the Cathedral had been too strenuous for his weakened health. As assistant pastor of the Cathedral just before coming to St. Mary's, he was lending his moral support to a parish bazaar where the lifelong friends, Alice Eberhard (later to become Sister M. Eugenia) and Daisy Dunning were selling chances. There was also a Father Edward Murphy in the diocese, who taught at Columbia, now Portland University. He also was present at the bazaar and had been very helpful in promoting business for the chance booths among the more backward young men. The Cathedral's assistant was very thin and the College professor was somewhat obese. The two girls in order to distinguish between them that evening had spoken of them privately as

"thin Father Murphy" and "fat Father Murphy". Of course, it was a secret between the two quite proper young ladies, and no one else ever dreaded that they spoke of the clergy in that familiar way.

Father James Murphy was very popular among the young people in the Cathedral parish, and that evening Alice and Daisy heard that he was ill and was to be transferred. They felt quite disconsolate. Later when they met the obese college professor, Alice impulsively broke out, "We just heard that "thin Father Murphy" is sick and is to be transferred. She looked forlorn. Then Father Edward Murphy's face broke into a smile which ended in a roar of laughter. Alice was quite confused and when he laughed, she could not understand his mirth at such sad news. Daisy, who was beside her saw the reason and gasped in dismay, not knowing what to do or say. "Do you call me fat Father Murphy?", he goaded the girls. Alice acknowledge that they did and wondered how he had found it out. Happily at that moment, business became pressing elsewhere and the girls seized the opportunity to escape. Daisy breathlessly told Alice that she herself had divulged their secret and left her friend quite disconcerted at her blunder. Later, they again met Father Edward Murphy, and as he showed that he was not at all offended, their spirits rose once more. Alice assured Daisy that she would weigh her words carefully before she spoke in the future.

Father Murphy at St. Mary's Home, 1905-1907

Father James Murphy enjoyed his work at the Home. It was far less exhausting than parish work had been. Archbishop Christie was quite paternal in his attitude toward the young priest and enjoyed visiting him at St. Mary's Home. His Grace made detailed visits to all the departments of the orphanage, planning improvements and making changes.

One day the Archbishop with Father Murphy met Sister Mary Alexander Fox, the local superior at that time, in a boys' dormitory which was too small. A partition could be removed to enlarge it and make it more convenient, and the Archbishop suggested doing so. Father Murphy believed that the storage space which would be lost was necessary, however. Dusty changes were wearisome to him. Sister Alexander, who approved of the Archbishop's suggestion, ex-claimed, "Your Grace, you would have made a wonderful housekeeper!"

The remark pleased the Archbishop and he teased Father Murphy, "Two votes for removal; one against. Take it out, Father." Later that day the Archbishop with Father Murphy, went over to the Convent to look at the progress made on the new chapel wing, which was under construction. He called for Mother Theresa to accompany them. His Grace was pleased with the work. As they passed near some carpenters who were driving in nails with resounding strokes. Father Murphy, grinning at His Grace, called up to the workman, "Drive those nails in deeply or the Archbishop will be making you pull them out!" He thought that he had had the last word, but the Archbishop was not yet "worsted."

The previous spring, in order to keep the cows out of the vegetables, Father had had a zig-zag rail fence erected between the pasture and the beaver-dam garden. There had been high water along Hornbuckle Creek the following winter and the fence had washed out, littering the meadow with the rails. His Grace turned innocently to Mother Theresa. "Father Murphy does not make many mistakes, Mother, but he made a big one last year. Look at the ugly remains of that rail fence now. Our beautiful meadow land is all cluttered with unsightly debris." Turning, he smiled at Father Murphy. It was two to one again.

The Archbishop and His Priest

The betterment in Father Murphy's health that first year proved to be ephemeral. Much to the sorrow of the Sisters who had learned to appreciate his selfless interest in the needs of others, it was, at last evident that he was failing. He never complained, but he was curtailing his activity little by little. Archbishop Christie was grieved as he watched the young priest who was trying vainly to carry on his duties. He valued him greatly.

At last Father Murphy was compelled to take to his bed, too weak to continue. The Archbishop asked Mother Theresa to move him to the Convent, away from the noise and bustle of the Home filled with active, noisy boys.

Below the convent chapel and along the west side of the school auditorium were several guest rooms. One facing the walk on the south was a pleasant room called the sun parlor. Four windows on the south and two on the west gave Father Murphy, who had never lost his interest in the activity of others, a view of those who passed between the Convent and Home, and he could see the boys at play. When he was able to offer the Holy Mass, he could reach the chapel with a minimum of effort.

A new iron bedstead was set up and the room was arranged for the invalid. It was quiet and restful there. Sister Alexander was appointed the nurse, and she cheerfully assumed full charge. In the foot of the iron bedstead were two conventional designs in the workmanship which spiralled around and ended in flat disks. After a time, the design began to annoy the invalid as they were directly in his line of vision between him and the windows.

One afternoon while making a visit to Fr. Murphy, the Archbishop asked Sister Alexander for a mechanic's file. Wondering within herself just what she had overlooked for her patient's comfort, Sister brought the file to the Archbishop and departed. As she returned later, there came a rasping "screech screech" from the room. When she reentered the sick room, there sat His Grace at the foot of the bed filing off those troublesome metal twists. His fine episcopal hands were powdered with filings but he was unperturbed. Archbishop Christie loved his priests as Christ had loved His apostles.

The death of Father James Murphy brought sadness to the

Sisters although they had known for many months that he would not recover his health. There are still retold by the Sisters the many little acts of kindness which he thought to graciously bestow. Sister Engratia told this one in verse:

The First Automobile Ride - 1906

Mother Shipton while predicting
(Or while guessing, who can know,) Said that over future roadways
Horseless carriages would go.

With the turning of the century,
Up and down the wagon roads,
Motor cars took swift precedence
Over all the horse-drawn loads.

Father Murphy, weak and ailing,
Should spend several hours each day
In the fresh air and the sunshine
Driving his new Ford coupe.

Father wished to share with others
The keen pleasure he had found -
So he invited all the Sisters
To take a ride the convent round.

Marie Walton he had tutored
How to feed the engine gas,
Where to make a lateral parking,
When to toot the horn and pass.

She learned how to stop the motor
And to start it up, and then
How to make a perfect left turn
And to take the road again.

So it was that all the Sisters,
On a bright vacation day,
Took a joy ride round the country
In Father Murphy's Ford coupe.

State Highway Number 99

There had been only an unimproved wagon road from Beaverton, which came to a dead end above the driveway to the Home barns. After World War I, the State of Oregon began to expand its highway system, and a new road was built which ran in front of the Home and Convent. The improvement had brought the swift current of life which flows over an American highway closer to the Convent doors.

One day His Grace, who was visiting at St. Mary's stood watching the flow of highway traffic; he remarked, "Me thinks that you have become a spectacle to men as well as the angels.

In truth, the Congregation seemed to have been drawn as by

a powerful magnet, from the seclusion of their quiet cloister hidden among the hazel bushes and tall dark fir trees into the very flood stream of the rapidly developing Oregon. This change paralleled the Sisters' apostolic expansion of life and labor in the diocese.

The Congregation was to open eleven parochial schools during Archbishop Christie's administration in addition to the two boarding schools and academies that had opened earlier in that period, under Mother Theresa's administration.

St. Louis - District 59

The first was in the public school district 59 on the French prairie. It was the third public school that the Sisters staffed and was a financial benefit for the struggling Congregation as well as a blessing for the children of that Catholic community. (The school did return to the lay teacher status in 1923 at the time of the Garb Bill.) Before the Sisters of St. Mary came to this school, the children had been attending the parochial school in the neighboring parish staffed by Benedictine Sisters. This Congregation had given up the work in that parish in 1907 to increase the staff of their school in Mount Angel which was connected with their newly erected Convent, Queen of Angels.

Sacred Heart School, Gervais

Sacred Heart School, Gervais was the second opened under Archbishop Christie. Father Dominic Faber, a friend of the Congregation, had been appointed pastor of Gervais where he had attempted, with the help of lay teachers, to keep his parochial school open; but the problem was too big for him. Then he, encouraged by Archbishop Christie, begged Mother Seraphim for religious teachers to restaff it. Mother was able to comply with his wishes, and in the autumn of 1903, three Sisters assumed charge.

It had been Father Faber who had visited Jordan in 1895 and had protested against the trustees about their injustices to the Sisters. He also was superintendent of the orphanage from 1399-1902, during which time St. Mary's Home became an all-boy institution. This was a distinct benefit to all - Sisters, girls, boys, and babies were the better for it.

St. Stephen's School - Portland

St. Stephen's in the Sunnyside district of east Portland was opened in 1909. Father Warren A. Waitt was the energetic young pastor and a natural-born educator. The building was a combination church and school, such as Archbishop Christie was encouraging in the new parishes that he was establishing at that time. His great idea for the children was a school for every church in the archdiocese. Father Waitt's heart was always school-centered; and he did everything in his power, with the wholehearted cooperation of the Sisters, to make this venture a success - a stronghold of Christian education. St. Stephen's became a deeply rooted part of east Portland and Father Waitt realized his ideal there.

In Holy Week of 1931 a fire of unknown origin started behind the piano on the first floor stage and destroyed the first building in a few early morning hours. Father Waitt was undaunted. His school would continue. He bought a few of the portables that the public schools had discarded and, with the help of his devoted parishioners, moved them in and set them up during the Easter vacation. St. Stephen's parochial school continued with an interruption of only a few days.

Those were depression days, and the people could not finance a new building; however, they painted and redecorated, and St. Stephen's was still a model school. During the years of 1942 to 1948, Father added portables, one by one, until there were seven - and ground space for no more.

While Father Martin Theilen was pastor, the Congregation, with many a heart ache, relinquished the school to the Notre Dame de Namur Sisters in 1955. There was much work to be done in the diocese, but their labors would no longer be in St. Stephen's parish so deeply loved by them all.

Holy Cross School - Portland

Holy Cross School in north Portland was opened in 1912. The Holy Cross Fathers, then in charge, built a large, eight-room grade school to care for the children of that sparsely settled section of the city. Archbishop Christie decided to turn the upper story, not then needed for classrooms, into a boarding school for small boys. It was to complement the high school and college the Holy Cross order was then conducting in the same parish. The Sisters of St. Mary opened it in 1912 for a small group of Catholic children. It was not until the hectic days of World War I broke and Kaiser Ship Building Yards came into operation along the water fronts of north Portland, and families crowded into that section of the city that the four classrooms were filled with children. Then the women, slowly but surely, took the places in the ship yards of the men who were being called into military service, and Holy Cross boarding school became a success. It remained a boarding school until 1928 when the pastor closed it, because it was no longer a paying project. It was then that the four upper classrooms were opened and were quickly filled with day students from the surrounding area. The women had returned to the homes and resumed their normal life.

St. Francis of Assisi School - Roy

In 1912, St. Francis of Assisi at Roy opened its own grade school. When that parish had been cut from that of Verboort because that territory was still part of public school district 97, the children still continued to go to school in its mother parish. Then the county subdivided that school district, and the Sisters did not teach in the new public school. Roy parish then built a two-story school and church building and opened its own grade school. The Sisters staffed it, and, as the decades of years have slipped past, it has remained what it was in the beginning - a quiet, peaceful country parish.

St. Cecilia's School - Beaverton
St. Matthew's School - Hillsboro

St. Cecilia's parish in Beaverton lay to the east of St. Mary's and St. Matthew's pariah lay to the west. As the red electric cars connected both towns, they were accessible to the Sisters with little effort. The Sisters had been conducting classes in religion for the children each Sunday morning for many years in both of the parishes. Then each parish erected a four-classroom building. The Sisters staffed St. Cecilia's in 1913 and St. Matthew's on the following year. At first the teachers commuted from St. Mary's; but in time each parish built its own convent and the Sisters took up residence in them.

Both of these parochial schools always enjoyed a particular intimacy with the motherhouse, especially in school affairs.

St. Agatha's School - Sellwood

St. Agatha's School was opened by the Benedictine Sisters in 1911, to which they commuted daily from their convent in Sacred Heart parish. They withdrew in 1915 when the Sisters of St. Mary assumed charge. The school was a fine two-story brick structure, which had been erected by Father John Cummysky, O.S.B., and was very well planned for its purpose.

Sellwood had been a conservative, residential town across the Willamette from robust Portland, which had grown, and spread out. It at last absorbed Sellwood, which, however, remained somewhat aloof and independent. This spirit, at the time of the coming of the Sisters, was on the wane. The Miller Lumber Company had come in and brought many Catholic immigrants from White Russia for labor. These people brought a different spirit into the parish. They were a hard-working, frugal people but very willing to be Americanized. St. Agatha's School was always a pleasant place to be assigned to and the Sisters were happy to be assigned to it.

St. John Baptist School - Milwaukie

This parish bordered St. Agatha's, and the Sisters from that school taught religion classes for the children of Milwaukie. It is a small town which has resolutely resisted Portland's advances through the years and retained its separate identity. It is a beautiful old town stretching along the Willamette. In the past, Italian truck gardens lay between Sellwood and Milwaukie. These people were a bit suspicious of the American Catholic Church. They preferred religion in their own language.

When Father John Bernards became pastor of St. John's, he gave much time and attention to these people, and it paid rich rewards. The Italian gardens are gone, and many of these people have been absorbed into Milwaukie.

Father Bernards built the first four-classroom unit in 1919, then he built an eight two-story unit which was soon crowded. Father was an indefatigable laborer, and his greatest aim was to gather in the children. Lately Archbishop Howard has been cutting off districts and forming new parishes of that immense district, but St. John's classrooms are still full. It is the largest school that the Congregation conducts.

St. Andrew's School - Albina

St. Andrew's is in northeast Portland. It was opened by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart in 1908, but they withdrew in 1919 and the Sisters of St. Mary assumed charge of the school.

The first building, a high, three-story structure, accommodated the church on the first floor, classrooms on the second, and the convent, library, and music rooms on the third. In time it was condemned by the fire department, and the top story was removed and a convent provided across Alberta Street. The parish lies in an old section of Portland which was taken in when the city burgeoned into the east side. The original Irish Catholics who made up the backbone of the young parish are dead or have moved elsewhere, and the school registration has shrunk considerably. This is due to the fact that the Negroes whose numbers have been increasing in Portland, are coming up the east bank of the Willamette and spreading out north and east. Very few of them are Catholic so few are in the school. Here is a rich mission field close at hand. Why do the Sisters often speak of seeking mission work in a distant land across the sea?

St. Mary's High School for Boys - Huber

This boys' school at Huber was erected on the original Levi Andersen's land claim and was staffed by the Sisters in 1924. It was built and staffed even though the Oregon garb bill had been passed by the voters to take effect in September of 1923. So, while everyone was waiting for the Supreme Court to make a final decision on the constitutionality of the bill, Archbishop Christie was still giving his priests permission to build schools. This institution was planned to care for the boys completing the grammar grades in St. Mary's Home as well as the boys of the neighborhood. It was a success from the beginning and the "Saints" football and baseball teams won an enviable record among the high schools of the vicinity.

By 1928 a number of Catholic high schools, conveniently located, were opened and high school students commuted to them. The building at Huber was thereafter used for the grade school boys of St. Mary's Orphanage.

Visitation School - Verboort

During the school year of 1922-1923, there had been a series of misunderstandings between the pastor and the teachers in Visitation School in Verboort, and at the end of the school

year, the Sisters were taking all of their belongings from the parish convent back to the mother-house. A vast assortment of bedding, books, dishes, kitchen utensils, pictures, and furniture was unloaded and stored at St. Mary's before the wondering eyes of the Community Verboort School had closed and many were astonished. That had been the first mission opened by the Sisters, and that school had sent twenty members to the Community - 16 percent of the whole membership at that time had come from that parish in Washington County.

Archbishop Christie had no intention of allowing a parochial school which had been in operation for thirty-two years to close. His avowed purpose had always been to establish a parochial school in every parish of his diocese. Accordingly, he appointed Reverend Hugh Joseph McDevitt, who had rightly been called the peace-maker, as the parish priest of Verboort, after carefully interviewing the Superiors of the Congregation. The new pastor was a remarkable priest who had performed valuable service in the finest city parishes, as well as in those of the frontier, and the missionary fields of the archdiocese. No task had been too difficult for him to accomplish in the past. He was well qualified temperamentally to restore peace and to cast out the apple of discord which had been tossed into Verboort parish life.

Sister Mary Margaret Kindel, Sister Mary Perpetua Wunderlich, and Sister Mary Martha Vogt were named to reopen the school in September of 1923. Sister Margaret, the superior, however, was very much worried at that time as to how they would be received by the new pastor and the people. On one hot August day, all the household goods were reloaded at St. Mary's and transported back to Visitation Convent. While the front rooms of the old convent were all cluttered with an unsorted number of things, Most Reverend Archbishop Christie arrived to introduce Father McDevitt to the newly appointed faculty. The Archbishop walked in undisturbed by the disorder reigning about him. He was friendly, informal, and very much at home, as usual.

The Archbishop Lunches at Verboort

The Sisters, before they had left St. Mary's for Verboort, had prepared a picnic lunch. They knew that a big task lay ahead of them before they could retire that evening, and that there would be little or no time to prepare food. The lunch had been placed on the table in the community dining room to be enjoyed after things were somewhat in order. Then the Archbishop and Father McDevitt made their unexpected entrance, there was no housekeeper in the rectory, and the clergymen were hungry. His Grace sat down and invited Father to the seat opposite. Soon they were enjoying the deviled-eggs, pickles, and sandwiches. Sister Margaret's concern about the future evaporated by a new fear - there would be little or no lunch left for the Sisters. Sister was particularly fond of eggs - boiled, fried, poached or scrambled, but deviled-eggs, to her taste, were par excellence. However, as she watched her well-prepared eggs disappear

and her new pastor enjoying them, she came to realize that the loss was inconsiderable compared to the gain. On that afternoon was laid the basis for a lasting friendship. Father McDevitt stood loyally by the Sisters and the foolish misunderstanding culminated in a happy ending. Life again flowed smoothly in that peaceful country side.

Father McDevitt

Father McDevitt was a natural tease and an entertainer of no mean ability. One evening he came over to the convent in very high spirits. Sister Perpetua particularly enjoyed his pleasant conversation, but she was on her guard. Sister remarked cautiously, "We have caught on to your tricks, Father, we will not bite tonight." She thought that he was in a teasing mood.

"It really is a shame the way I tease the Sisters, and after the sad news that I received this afternoon, too. I must quit it!" he said humbly. "What was the news?" Sister asked eagerly. "I just heard that a good old friend of mine dropped forty feet", he answered solemnly. "Was he killed?" Sister gasped. "Oh, no, not at all. He is a butcher and he dropped forty pig feet out of his apron," laughed Father. Then he added gently, "I would not have done it, Sister Perpetua, if you had not challenged me."

The country life might be dull at times, but Father McDevitt's conversation and knowledge of human nature made him a favorite of all. He always understood what was proper, as well as what would please and relax his people

Chapter III

Oregon Compulsory School Bill - A Misnomer

The citizens of Oregon had been justly proud of their democratic system of state government, for this state had been one of the first to adopt a device of permitting the people to help make the laws by means of the initiative and referendum. The power of the initiative in 1922 became the tool of a misguided, misinformed group of fanatics who, under the guise of devotion to American institutions and Christian principles, attempted to force every child to attend the public schools. The plan was to take from the parent his divine right to educate his child for God as well as for country. It would make the child a soulless creature of the state.

Archbishop Christie had devoted much time and energy to the development of a Catholic school system in which secular learning was interwoven with moral growth by means of courses in religion and ethics. Suddenly all was about to be swept away - his years of loving labor and hopeful planning demolished.

The Scottish Rite Masons initiated the measure by passing a resolution in 1920 to do all in their power to secure compulsory public school attendance. The Ku Klux Klan took

up the plan and by means of a very cleverly drawn and successfully circulated petition, it had been placed on the Oregon ballot for November, 1923. under the misleading caption - Compulsory Education (something that already existed and that all right-thinking Americans demanded). The voters supported the amendment with its deceptive name, not knowing what it stood for. The measure which had been cleverly designed to crush the Catholic school system, became a law of the state. All children between the ages of eight and sixteen were required to be in the public schools on September, 1926, or the parents were to be subject to fines and imprisonment.

Every school day was to constitute a separate violation of this pernicious law. Connected with this was the Garb Bill which provided that no teacher in the public school system was to wear any insignia or garb that would show an affiliation with any established religion.

The Struggle

Then began a bitter two-year battle in which religion figured largely in the politics of the day. The Archbishop organized his defense with characteristic energy and fought bravely. He wrote pastoral letters to the clergy and laity. He explained, he encouraged, and he prayed.

Everyone across the United States was suffering from the violence of the emotions aroused by the Oregon Compulsory School Bill. Here in the West all the old anti-Catholic fables had been revived and again broadcasted across the nation. The misinformed non-Catholic believed them and set out to rid the country of the menace which threatened America.

A Picture Taken of Verboort Public School

The county school superintendent of Washington County, Mrs. Emma Bryant, went to Verboort in October 19, 1922. where Sisters Mary Lucille Vandehey, Mary Loyola Schmitz, and Mary Lucy Gilsdorf were teaching. She was so pleasant and sympathetic that the Sisters were quite convinced that she was not at all in favor of the school bill which was to be voted on in a few weeks. She praised the school and the work of the teachers. Then she proposed to have a school picture taken. Just before dismissal, the children (all uncoached, with no attempt to comb tousled heads or straighten collars or belts) were arranged by Mrs. Bryant. The front row or primary pupils were told to kneel down so that the second row of faces could be seen. The Sisters in their religious habits were given the prominent places. It was badly arranged and made a crude appearance. After taking the picture, Mrs. Bryant quickly withdrew with the precious negative. Soon after, the picture appeared on every side. It was shown in newspapers and distributed to the voters. This caption was placed with the picture:

"Public School District Number 97
Washington County, Oregon, October 19, 1922.

Catholic Sisters are teaching in the garb in the following Public Schools in Marion County:
Sublimity - 3 Sisters; St. Paul - 5 Sisters,
St. Louis - 2 Sisters; Mount Angel - 6 Sisters
/signed/
Committee on Americanization of Public Schools"

The Sisters gasped in horror! They had been the dupe of a vicious hoax. The Verboort people were incensed. The picture made a caricature of their dearly loved children. They announced loudly that Emma Bryant would not be reelected as county school superintendent - and she was not. Many sincere Oregon people believed that the Catholic Church was a powerful political machine designing to take over the great American public school system.

The Ku Klux Klan Made Hate a Holy Thing

As two Sisters were taking seats in a public conveyance, a working man in a loud stage whisper said, jerking his thumb toward them, "In 1926 they will be dead! In truth many gullible people did believe that the hour was coming that for anyone who killed them to believe that he was offering worship to God.

Newspapers printed coarse cartoons of crude little school houses into which very fat or very thin Sisters were driving unwilling children.

On the hills outside Forest Grove and Hillsboro, sheeted ghosts burned fiery crosses. These men probably remembered that the Catholic Verboort people had said that Emma Bryant would not be reelected as county school superintendent. The people of Verboort, a united community of Hollanders were able to swing the majority of votes in Washington County, and Mrs. Bryant did lose her position the next spring. This confirmed the report of the great power of the Catholic vote.

Prominent Citizens Connected with Fiery Crosses

John Walter Vandervelden, a well-known Catholic Hollander of Verboort, was determined to get some information as to who his enemies in Washington County were. He followed the example of Paul Revere and listened and watched and waited. At last he learned when a cross was to be burned near Forest Grove. He, sheeted and cautious, joined the cavalcade of cars that, with license plates very carefully plastered with mud, moved west from Forest Grove. He watched men with faces covered, set up and light the beacon of sinister hate. He managed, when evil emotions were at their height, to slip around among the cars and, securing their license numbers, left without being detected. These he checked and verified with the county record in Hillsboro the next day. J. W., as he was familiarly known in Verboort, used this information to make personal contacts with the hooded gentry.

A man might deny that he had gone up the hill that night but J. W. let him know that he could prove that his car had been

there. This knowledge did much to depress the zeal of the enemy who had an unholy fear that J. W. might force some prominent citizen to prove in court that he had not been involved. Most of the men named in J. W.'s note book would have found it very embarrassing to say the least. J. W. Vandervelden was fearless.

Sister Mary Petronella Schneider Takes Her Vows

Mary Schneider, Sister Petronella, a novice, had entered the convent in 1922 and became ill while in the novitiate. She returned to her home in Hillsboro to regain her health, but she went into a decline and failed rapidly. The Superiors had promised her that she might have the privilege of making her vows privately if she became in danger of death.

On February 26, 1925, Sister's condition became serious and she called for Sister Mary Eugenia Eberhard, the mistress of novices. Reverend John Costello, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Hillsboro, came and received her religious vows. The patient little sufferer died later that night.

As the Sisters stepped out of the house to return to the convent, they were shocked to see in the field before them a tall cross completely sheathed in flames. The KKK had seen the coming and going of the priest and the Sisters to this Catholic hone, and this was their cruel way of letting everyone know that they were carefully watching the Catholics.

Catholic activity and convent life flowed quietly along while the Ku Klux Klan spied and schemed, setting up fiery crosses here and there as unholy threats to true abiding peace and joy. This they were unable to disturb much less to understand. The Sisters could with serene hearts and souls go into the chapel and chant in the Office of Prime, psalm fifty-three titled "Confident Prayer in Great Peril." The opening verse was "Behold, God is my helper; the Lord sustains my life. . . Because from all distress He has rescued me."

Trees Like Men Standing

St. Mark tells that on one occasion when Our Lord gave sight to a blind man that "he saw men as trees walking". Two Sisters once saw "trees as men standing," not because they were recovering their sight from blindness, but because anxiety had distorted their power of perception. Several stories of frightening outrages committed against convents by the Ku Klux Klan in our own fair nation had been discussed in the convent, and some of the Sisters' apprehension had worked overtime.

There had been a tall laurel hedge across the front lawn of the convent which had been removed at the time the highway was improved. The laurel was replaced with a row of white birch trees in the hope that long, lacy, drooping branches would restore the desired seclusion.

One night Sister Eugenia was sleepless. She rose, and looking out the third floor window, saw a long line of hooded men standing at regular intervals across the front of the property between the lawn and the white path of the new highway. Sister Eugenia's imagination took fire and she called Sister Engratia Sparkman to the window. Sister Engratia, too, thought that the Ku Klux Klan had come to attack the convent. Together they hurried softly down to Mother Juliana Herman's room on the second floor and aroused her. The three opened the shutters of her room a little and peered out into the semidarkness and saw not a line of sheeted hoods but a line of dainty white birch trees. The difference in elevation of the view point clearly showed that the specters were trees, not humans, as they had thought. Mother Juliana laughed in the darkness and many Sisters laughed the next day. The more often that the Sisters had these experiences and saw them come to naught, the more clearly they came to understand that the Lord was their helper and there was no earthly power whom they need to fear.

The Law Is Unconstitutional

When the new Oregon law came before the federal district court in January, 1924 on appeal, the Catholic case was represented by John P. Kavanaugh, Daniel J. Malarky, A.B. Seabrook, Hall Lusk, and Frank Lonergan - all very able men, who were inspired by the Archbishop's enthusiasm. On March 31, 1924, by unanimous opinion, the law was pronounced unconstitutional. Then its supporters carried it to the United States Supreme Court. It was argued there in March of 1923. The highest court of our land upheld the findings of the federal court and handed down their final decision on June 1, 1925. They based their decision on the 14th Amendment. Speaking for the majority of the judges, Justice McReynolds said, "The Oregon act of 1922 unreasonably interferes with the liberty of parents to direct the upbringing and education of the children under their control.

John P. Kavanaugh, who had directed the case and had taken part in the arguments in the supreme court, said, "They are not only defeated - they are vanquished, the case cannot be revived and the contest cannot be prolonged . . . the private and parochial schools will remain as permanent institutions. Religion will be taught to the young as part of their daily instruction . . . Catholic schools will continue to teach patriotism as a civic and religious duty. They will teach moral responsibility, obedience to law, and respect for authority."

Most Reverend Archbishop Christie lay dying in St. Vincent's Hospital while the case was being tried in the supreme court. He did not experience here on earth the thrill of joy that came to all loyal hearts when they heard Justice McReynolds's decision - death had called on April 6, 1925. He had drunk to its dregs the cup of sorrow during his long agony over his right to educate the children in his diocese, a right that was dear to his devoted heart.

A large debt of gratitude for the victory is owed to the lawyers, who ably defended the case; to the Knights of Columbus, who financed the trial in the district court of Oregon; and to the women of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, who financed the trial in the supreme court. The case had been carefully followed by the whole nation, because its outcome was to be a test of the strength of the constitution to protect the American Liberties of her Catholic citizens.

Last Visit of the Children

Archbishop Christie died peacefully on Holy Thursday and was buried from the Cathedral on April 15th, 1925. One of the most beautiful tributes paid to His Grace came from the children of the parochial schools of Portland and vicinity on the Thursday prior to the pontifical funeral. When the body of the Archbishop was placed in the cathedral sanctuary, the school children were brought together to pay their last respects to a prelate who had loved them so well. Reverend Monsignor Anthony Hillebrand offered a Holy Haas and Reverend George Campbell spoke to the children on the life and works of the Archbishop. Young though they were, they instinctively knew that they had lost a true, unselfish friend. And their hearts were sad as they passed up the cathedral aisle and into the holy sanctuary for a last look at the face of their beloved Father in Christ who lay in state.

Father George Campbell - A Gracious, Cultured Clergyman

The reliable old Dodge took Mother Seraphim Theisen, Sister Ignatia Reverman, Sister Francis Sweeney, Sister Genevieve Vandervelden, and Sister Pulcheria Sparkman to the Cathedral to represent the Sisters of Saint Mary at the funeral of Archbishop Christie. The years had proved that he was a firm friend of the Community, which was then thirty-eight years old and had grown in wisdom and age and grace under the aegis of Most Reverend Alexander Christie during twenty-six of those thirty-eight years. Encouraged by him, the Sisters of St. Mary had opened twelve schools, and its membership had increased from thirty-two to one hundred thirty-seven Sisters

Reverend George Campbell had charge of the Archbishop's funeral arrangements and when the representatives from St. Mary's Institute entered the Cathedral, he rushed down the aisle to eject, not to receive them. He was in a nervous flurry. The young priest was attempting to seat a thousand more people than the Cathedral could hold, and his was an all but impossible task. He opened the barrier and admitted the first three: Mother Seraphim, Sister Ignatia and Sister Francis, and then hastily replaced it excluding Sister Genevieve and Sister Pulcheria.

"There are enough of your community already here, he fumed, glancing across the Cathedral toward the backs of two rows of Sisters comfortably seated. He mistakenly thought that they were Sisters of St. Mary. "I informed your Superiors

that only a small group could be admitted." He began to enumerate all the societies, the Catholic groups, the public officials, the clergy who were to be seated as the Sisters turned humbly away.

Just then a large group of Holy Names and Providence Sisters came in. Father Campbell graciously admitted them with the remark, "You deserve a seat after your long years of service." That remark was what stung. Quite possibly, either Sister of St. Mary had worked just as long in the diocese as had any of the Sisters whom he was admitting. The two rejected Sisters started toward the door. Sister Genevieve maneuvered around to see who the two rows of Sisters across the Cathedral were that Father Campbell thought were Sisters of St. Mary because of similarities in habits and veils.

They were the School Sisters of St. Francis from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who conducted two recently established schools in the diocese.

Before the banished ones had reached the vestibule, a large man in a gray overcoat met them. "Can't you get a seat?" he asked kindly.

"There is no room for us," Sister Genevieve whispered in reply. They were in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

"Follow me. I'll get you a seat," he spoke briefly and went quickly out onto the sidewalk. He glanced back several times to see if the Sisters were following him. They passed around to the rear of the Cathedral and up into the sacristy. Here they met young Father John Dunn and a group of boys putting on cassocks and surplices; all stared in surprise. The large man in the gray overcoat smiled graciously as he opened the door into the sanctuary. "Go straight through and take a seat," he said decidedly.

Sister Genevieve and Sister Pulcheria felt very confident as they stepped out into the sanctuary and came close to the coffin in which lay Archbishop Christie. They genuflected to the Blessed Sacrament, and before thousands of watching eyes, stopped to look at His Grace's kind face. Just as they had passed the sanctuary gates and had reached the main aisle, they saw Father Campbell hastening toward them. He looked positively distressed. They never knew what he said as they slipped past him and into very good front seats. Both of them felt that the large man in the gray overcoat was a personal emissary of the large Archbishop Christie. His Grace's appreciation for the work of the Sisters of St. Mary would have caused him to resent such petty partiality toward certain communities. His sense of justice would have been fired at his Sisters being excluded from his funeral because there were too many Sisters of St. Mary already present.

Father Campbell grew older and wiser with the passing years, and he has repudiated that impetuous act of his inexperienced youth many times since 1925. As the years passed, he became a gracious, cultured clergyman who sincerely endeavored to

be another Christ.

Chapter IV

Mother Mary Theresa Heuberger, 1891-1924

"Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.

Unless the Lord guard the city, in vain does the guard keep vigil."

In 1890 when John Heuberger's family entered into the life of St. Boniface parish, they came in contact with the new religious foundation which Archbishop Gross had three years previously encouraged the people to assist in every possible way. He had said that what was done for its members would be for the well being of the diocese. A parochial school had been opened in the autumn of 1888. This was the first educational venture of the community. It was in a little two-room building in which Sister Mary De Sales, a Franciscan from Milwaukie, Wisconsin, taught in English and Sister Mary Johanna taught in German. The parish had been generous in its support of the school. There were at that time, ten professed Sisters and two postulants in Sublimity Convent.

Shortly after the Heuberger family arrived, their two elder daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, joined the ranks of the emerging congregation, soon to be followed by Frances and lastly, Anna, their step-sister. Before Sister Theresa (Frances) was elected to the office of Superior General, she taught for eight years in Verboort in Visitation School, which H. A. Ball had converted into a public school.

St. Boniface School, Sublimity, in 1906 followed the example of Verboort and opened a classroom in the one-room village public school to be taught by Sister Mary Imelda Vandehey, certified for Marion County public schools the previous May.

Superintendent H. A. Ball was followed by M. C. Case and then by B. W. Barnes in the Washington County School office. All of these men approved of the work done by the Sisters through the years until in 1922 the Ku Klux Klan put the Garb Bill and the Compulsory Education Bill on the ballot for Oregon voters.

An Excellent Teacher

In Visitation School were Mary and Joseph Wunderlich. Twelve-year-old Mary was planning to be a Sister in the future. She and her brother one cold First Friday morning in winter had walked five miles over unpaved country roads to receive our Lord in Holy Communion. They arrived at the Church wet and chilled. Here they were met by Sister Theresa. With motherly care, Sister took them in to the convent stove to warm their hands and feet and dry their clothes. "You did not have to do this, children, but you did it because you loved God. God will reward you for your

sacrifice. Keep on loving Him, children, and He will send you great blessings that you will ' learn of ' later."

Such was Sister Theresa's way - she held out the cross with its sacrifices to her pupils and encouraged them to accept it. They cheerfully followed because they realized that she practiced what she taught.

In encouraging a young woman to enter religion, Sister Theresa based her instruction on the teaching of our Lord - that, should she wish to take His yoke upon her shoulders, she must seek only the will of God and be ready to hate everything in time, herself and her own life included. It was a stern doctrine, but Sister Theresa believed that it was best to let youth understand just what lay before them. Generosity with God was the watchword. "No one, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the ' kingdom of God." (St. Luke 9"62)

With Motherly Affection

Mother Theresa was a sympathetic superior. She gave each Sister a willing ear and always was interested in her personal problems. Applicants to the novitiate are supposed to furnish the clothing that will be used during the period of their probation. This requirement became a problem to a young novice, Sister Mary Patricia Reverman, at this time. She was a very active person and had scoured through the two pair of shoes that she had brought with her to the convent. Her parents were financially hard pressed then and she knew that asking them for another pair of shoes would work a hardship on them at the time. In the home there were several little ones who were in need of care. So the novice walked on worn out soles and said nothing. Mother Theresa stopped her and asked point blank why she was limping. Sister tried to pass the matter over, but Mother's understanding heart quickly understood. Sister was taken to the storeroom and fitted for two pair of shoes and she joyfully hastened on her way to her profession. Sister was to labor in the classrooms for the next fifty-six years before she retired at the age of seventy-eight. She was the first student to enter the Sisterhood (1906) from the new academy and, as such, was always of special interest to Mother Theresa, whose hope was that the academy would foster vocations for the Congregation.

Mother Theresa Bought a New Surrey

Mother found real pleasure in giving the rank and file a surprise, as well as keeping them informed on what was afoot in the Congregation. One incident is clearly told thus:

The Calico Steeds

The convent needed a new surrency.
A trip to Portland was a worry
And caused an unreligious flurry.

Mother drove in one summer day

A shining carriage to display.

With flying fringes, graceful whip,
Cushioned seats for restful trip
Over country wagon roads -
It would bring the shopping loads.
All glistened neath a hood of leather
That would turn all kinds of weather
Oregon mist and rain together.

And glad we were as we could be
Of its most graceful symmetry.

We had no handsome stepping team
To match this surrey of our dream.
A span that plowed with clopping feet
Had been well curried and looked neat
Even upon a city street.

One laughing nun with Irish flair,
Viewing that white spotted pair,
Invited all with roguish air -
"We have two steeds of calico
To take our equipage for show
Come, all is ready, let us go!!!

A Period of Transition

In 1900 more than half of the members of the community, although they were American born, had been reared to read and write and speak the German language. Father Joseph Fessler, who had been the spiritual director of the Sisters between the years 1889-1896, a period of over five years, had been born and brought up in Baden and was at heart a loyal German. He had never completely mastered the intricacies of the English language.

There is an interesting incident that happened in the year 1892. Anna O'Rourke, Sister Mary Agnes, had entered the community in 1891 and, as a postulant, had been sent in October to St. Boniface, Sublimity, to be under the direction of Sister Melania. Anna was a little Irish colleen and had not mastered the German language, although in the community she prayed in German, listened to spiritual reading in German, and recreated in German. Soon after her return to the novitiate at St. Mary's Home in May 1902, Father Fessler gave an instruction to the Community in English. During the talk Father stopped and fumbled about for the English equivalent for "like ants," and, not finding it, he said "wie ameisen" in German and went on to the end of the sentence. Anna unconsciously gave a quiet little laugh to herself, but the priest's quick eyes had seen her. After instruction she was called to Father's office. He asked why she had laughed. Anna hid behind her femininity, "I do not know, Father." Then he asked why she had never come to see him and Anna replied as before, "I do not know, Father." The chaplain, not knowing how to surmount the barrier, dismissed her.

When American postulants came to the community, they began to study the German language under the instruction of Mother Mary Seraphim. As soon as a little progress had been made, the first test came - to read in German *Christian Perfection* by Rodriguez in the refectory. The young readers of those days now marvel at the patience and forbearance of the Sisters, well versed in the language, who were forced to listen to their reading. The young American girls found a library of religious books written in German. But the most frustrating part of the language problem was during the community recreation, particularly in the smaller houses, where the young Sisters would sit through an hour and be quite unable to follow the conversation of those about them.

The use of the German language was one of Mother Theresa's first big problems, and she set out bravely with the help of God and the encouragement of the Archbishop. It would be a painful amputation for Mother Seraphim and the older Sisters who believed firmly in the superiority of the German culture. The community prayers were translated into English and a library of English religious and devotional books of both instruction and biography was started. Most of the books which were first placed upon the library shelves were given by Archbishop Christie.

One evening he was in the community room with the Sisters. Mother Wilhelmina said, "Your Grace, the German language is dying out in the Congregation. What can be done to keep it from being forgotten?" Mother Seraphim readily expressed her sympathy with the motion.

His Grace responded forcefully, "Sister, no souls will ever be lost forever for want of speaking the German language." He knew that the usefulness of the Congregation in the schools would be increased by this heartbreaking sacrifice on the part of these older religious. He knew that their work would be hampered unless they cultivated American ideals. He himself had come from an old American lineage and believed that it was the way American children should be reared - for God and country, and that country should be the United States of America. That was a principle for which he would be forced to do battle during the Ku Klux Klan campaign twenty years later. His experience in that later struggle, when the parochial schools were accused of being un-American institutions, proved the rightness of his decision at this time.

The Great Builder

In May, 1902, Mother Theresa took her first step toward opening a boarding school in connection with the Motherhouse. A general chapter of the thirty-three perpetually professed members was called to deliberate on the advisability of borrowing money to finance it. They were overwhelmingly behind the venture. Mother Theresa set out with her usual precision. A week later she borrowed \$2,600 and two weeks later the building program began.

Day classes were opened to both boys and girls in the new Academy in January, 1903. The success of the venture was

most gratifying. The boarding school prospered and the classrooms were filled. After two years the Academy was open to girls only, but the accommodations still proved too small.

A sixty-acre tract of land called the Hornbuckle Estate lay south and across the Southern Pacific tracts from the land owned by the Congregation. Archbishop Christie had often pointed out this site to Mother Theresa as the location of the Sisters' motherhouse of the future. When it was advertised for sale in 1903, Mother Theresa hastened to purchase it for \$4,000. It was a splendid bargain and it proved that Mother Theresa had vision. Upon it twenty-five years later, was erected St. Mary's of the Valley - motherhouse, novitiate, boarding school, high and grade school, all in one. It became the center of the most important activity of the Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon.

Mother Theresa in February of 1905 began the construction of the west wing to complete the mother house. She met with financial reverses, but she bravely borrowed again, and on July 6, 1906, the new chapel wing was finished and dedicated by Archbishop Christie. The motherhouse was then complete. The large chapel was the main feature of the building. Into it Mother Theresa put her devoted love and care, for it was to be the heart of the Community for the next twenty-five years.

On the arch above the sanctuary was inscribed, "*Tota Pulchra Es, Et Macula Non Est In Te.*" This was an inspiration to the Sisters of St. Mary to love their Mother whose care would guide them through the years of their earthly life. The beautiful and immaculate Mary was to be their model. The exterior life of the Sisters was lived in the other parts of the building - in the academy, the classroom, the kitchen, the laundry, the sewing room, the dairy, and the bakery - but the chapel was the center of their interior life. Here in silence, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, spiritual growth was attained gradually in beautiful detail, and eternal decisions were made; ideals were reached for. When the motto was later covered over by Philip Stahli in 1914 to put up his masterpieces of art, there were those who mourned its obliteration, but it was stamped deeply in the hearts of the Sisters. Every change in something old and familiar makes some heart-ache.

When Most Reverend Alexander Christie dedicated the chapel to Our Lady of Perpetual Help in 1906, he congratulated the Congregation on the great things that it had accomplished. He gave much of the credit to the splendid leadership of Mother Theresa, who, in truth, was deserving of great credit. She had overcome obstacles which would have daunted a lesser person. She, without money, had bought land and built with a surprising vision of the future needs of the Congregation. The Sisters knew that George Hornbuckle after selling the sixty-acre tract in 1903 had laughed to his friends, "They will never be able to pay for it. I shall get it back in a few years, and be the gainer by the transaction." So he thought, and time kept its secrets. Sister Mary Engratia

Sparkman told of the solution of the problem thus:

Nothing Is Impossible for God

Mister George Hornbuckle,
Loud did you chuckle
And say that your land
You soon would reclaim.
Poor nuns with one penny
And prudence not any
Thought all your wide acres
They'd easily gain.

Great Saint Terese, who
A cloister was needing
And had but one sou
To accomplish her goal.

Terese was but nothing
And her sou counted lass.
But God gave the increase
And her sou He did bless.

Wise Mister Hornbuckle
Too soon did you chuckle,
These unworldly women
Have outwitted you.
They had but one penny
And prudence hot any
But God's strong right arm
Has carried them through.

The Glory of the Venture Was for God

Mother Theresa had the happy custom of having the evening meal once a week with the Sisters in St. Mary's Home and then spending the evening recreation with them. It tended to unite the two groups and gave the busy Sisters at the Home an opportunity to keep up with Community happenings. Mother Theresa was a frank, open-hearted person who believed that every member had a right to know about the material affairs of the Congregation and of personal activities of common interest. She seemed to be devoid of envy and jealousy.

Sister Mary Xavier Hyland was the head of the Home kitchen and for years proved herself to be an intelligent, competent manager. Her loving heart had been thrilled with the credit which the Archbishop had given to Mother Theresa, whom she loved greatly. At the evening recreation she exclaimed with Irish impulsiveness. "Oh, Mother, the Archbishop gave you enough praise to put up another building! You are just like your great patron, St. Theresa of Avila, who built ten convents depending on Divine Providence to supply the money!

"Sister, Sister, how you do exaggerate! The work accomplished is to the credit of all of you", replied Mother. She was too generous to take credit to herself. Then she

continued. "Sister, let us thank God for the help that He, in His love, has given to us and enabled us to build." On every occasion before starting a new project, when she consulted the Community, they were in complete sympathy with her plan.

The Heuberger Family Lends a Helping Hand

Mother Theresa's father, John Heuberger, was at St. Mary's advising his daughter. He sent for his two grown sons, Joseph and Nicholas, to come to his assistance. They, with Adam Susbauer, drove down from Sublimity in a little buggy to the convent in answer to their father's call. The four men moved the vacated Hornbuckle home to a new location as a dwelling place for the convent farmer and his family. They then cleared the rest of the tract for farming. This labor had added to the value of the land which was used for crops until 1929 when the first unit of the motherhouse was started.

John Heuberger's twelve-year-old granddaughter came at this time. She took this opportunity to make a visit to her four aunts at St. Mary's - Mother Theresa, Sister Anthony, Slater Lawrentia, and Sister Vincent. It was a memorable event in the life of the little girl; she, on this occasion, went shopping in Portland with her aunt, Mother Theresa. For the first time in her life she rode in flying elevators and thrilled at the city's shopping centers, crowded with busy people. In 1911 Miss Elizabeth Heuberger returned to St. Mary's and became Sister Mary Germaine and still quietly carries on the Heuberger traditions in the Congregation.

John Heuberger died on January 26, 1918, and at his last rites were five Sisters whose lives had been lighted by his ideals: three daughters - Sister Anthony, Sister Lawrentia, and Mother Theresa; one stepdaughter - Sister Vincent Ritzinger, who had become a loved member of his household when she was three years old; and one granddaughter - Sister Germaine. There was nothing but love and gratitude for his memory. Every Sister of St. Mary owes him a meed of tribute. Truly he had aimed very high! John Heuberger was one of the most generous benefactors of the Sisters. To all appearances, judging by the entries in the account book of those years, his left hand did not know what his right hand was giving to the Congregation which he loved.

When the five Sisters returned from his funeral, Mother Theresa remarked tearfully, "Our dear old Father has arranged with all the members of the family that the notes for the money that he loaned to the Congregation will never be collected, unless some of them meet with misfortune and are hard pressed for funds. All have agreed to respect Father's last wishes." The money was never asked for. Sister Germaine remarked, "The family said the Sisters received more than they had, but all were satisfied because it was a good cause."

Tears and Hope

In the history of Mother Theresa's term of office, there is

written a sad chapter of death's knocking at the Convent door: In 1902 Mamie Vandale came to the novitiate, a little fifteen-year-old postulant with eyes fixed on the stars, and all seemed starry bright for her future in the Congregation. She was received into the Community the following August and given the name Sister Mary Lucy. That fall she became ill and the doctor diagnosed tuberculosis. Sister Lucy returned to her home on French Prairie with the promise that should she not recover, she could make private vows at the end of her life. In April Mother Theresa was called to her deathbed and remained for three days with the invalid. Sister Lucy Vandale pronounced the holy vows of religion for all eternity April 6, 1903, and two days later she went to the Lord. She rests in the Community cemetery.

In 1905 the oldest religious of the group that had come to Sublimity from Himmelgarten, Ohio; Sister Mary Clara Hauch, passed quietly away full of years and virtue. Her work was done and she was happy to return to God after eighty-five years on this earth.

In the summer of 1906 an epidemic of typhoid fever occurred. The germ causing it came from the convent well. Six Sisters had the dread disease: Sister Mary Margaret Kindel, Sister Mary Regina Vanderbeck, and Sister Mary Engratia Theisen were the first victims. Then Sister Mary Lucille Vandehey and Sister Mary Veronica Jenck contracted very severe cases of the fever. The last, Sister Mary Agnes O'Rourke, had left St. Mary's and reached the convent in Tillamook before the germ developed, a mild case, but several weeks of school time passed before she took her place in the classroom. It was a sad time at St. Mary's. The appointments had been made and schools were to open, but doubt lingered as to whether the Sisters would be at their posts. Sister Veronica seemed to have overcome the typhoid germ, but complications developed and her life hung in the balance for a few weeks before death came. Sister Veronica, who had reached her thirtieth birthday on April 7, was a warm-hearted, understanding companion in the Community, a certified teacher much loved in the classroom, and a successful local superior. It seemed that years of apostolic labor lay before her, but God ordained otherwise. She was greatly missed, but the habit of accepting God's Holy Will in all things gave Mother Theresa the grace to say, "The Lord gave; the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!"

Laura Troeger, a trained nurse, had come to the novitiate in June, and she was able to give the patients the professional care which did much to bring them back to the health and strength, which was needed for life in the schools. Much to the surprise of the superiors, Laura left the novitiate the following November. She planned to return, but did not. Later, she told Sister Wilhelmina that she had vainly regretted it through the years. She had married a man by the name of Foote and, to her sorrow, found that it had been no marriage at all. She returned to hospital work to support herself and her child. When her young son, George Foote, reached school age, he became part of the boys' boarding school at Holy

Cross for his elementary grade years.

The Spiritual Life—The Better Part

The material expansion of the Congregation had been essential for the development of the apostolate of education in the schools. It was God's blessing on humble labor. Of greater importance, however, was the spiritual growth in the souls of the teachers, so that it might bear fruit in the souls of the children of Oregon. Archbishop Christie and Mother Theresa knew that no teacher could give what she does not have. If a deep faith in God and in Jesus Christ, Whom He sent, and in the Church which Christ founded was to be planted in the hearts of youth, that faith needs must spring from a deep interior spiritual life in the teacher. This must be developed in the novitiate and kept alive by the yearly retreat of the religious.

Jesuit Retreats

In 1902 Reverend Joseph Chianale, S.J. was the retreat master, and this initiated a new era in the Congregation. The experience was such an inspiration that not one of the forty-two religious ever forgot it. He interviewed each Sister individually, and in this way, he secured an accurate knowledge of the personal problems of each. The Congregation at this time was following the German Constitutions of the Sisters of the Precious Blood of O'Fallon, Missouri. He impressed Mother Theresa with the necessity of a Constitution in English. She, with the approval of Archbishop Christie, asked Father Chianale to translate the one they had for then. He took it to Gonzaga University and supervised the work himself. The next summer in 1903, Father Chianale was once again the retreat master. He brought back the translation to St. Mary's and, with the approval of His Grace, explained the rules to the Sisters.

In 1905 Father Chianale preached the retreat once more with the same zeal for the glory of God and the sanctification of souls. It was said of him that, "In the confessional he was a consoling Christ, a kind father and advisor." The debt to Father Chianale is too great to be paid with money.

Early in 1907, after the death of Father James Murphy, the Archbishop requested Father James Rockcliff, the Jesuit Provincial, to appoint a Jesuit to act as superintendent of St. Mary's Home, chaplain of St. Mary's Institute, spiritual director to the Sisters of St. Mary, and pastor of the Beaverton parish. In May, 1907, Reverend Joseph Tompkins, S.J., took up his residence at St. Mary's Home. May, 1907, to August, 1911, marked a five-year period of great spiritual growth for the three institutions named in the appointment. The Sisters of St. Mary profited by it most particularly.

A New Carpet for the Parlor

The parlor floor in the convent was of plain boards painted green. Sister Anthony had, with meticulous care, painted a

black border in broad lines with two diagonal lines crossing at the center of the room. It was a very careful piece of work, but entirely inappropriate for a parlor. It jarred on Archbishop Christie's sense of correctness. One day while visiting he said, "Mother, get a carpet to cover this floor! But knowing the many uses there were for the small sums of money in the house treasury, he added, "Go to Edward's Furniture Store and get a good carpet, cover this floor, and send the bill to me."

So it was that an expensive green Brussels carpet with a design of small red rosebuds graced the convent parlor floor for many years." It was recognized by Sister Eugenia in 1910 when she came to enter St. Mary's novitiate. Several years previously, Sister's father, Mr. E. Eugene Eberhard, had decided to purchase a new carpet for their home in Portland. He had selected two designs at Edward's Furniture Store and had asked his daughter Alice to go to see which she preferred. One was large clusters of full-blown roses on a green background, and the other, which was her choice, was the same design as lay in the convent parlor. When she had selected this pattern several years previously, her father, man-like, had preferred the large bright pattern to this dainty little rosebud design, and she had considerably yielded to his wishes. It pleased her to find the carpet of her preference in her new convent home, and she felt that this was part of her hundred-fold. God has a delightful way of expressing His approval of our poor human actions.

Changes and More Changes

On August 12, 1905, Archbishop Christie called a special meeting of the General Chapter of the professed members; forty Sisters were eligible. Several momentous changes were afoot, and the democratic Archbishop wanted to permit everyone to express her opinion about the matters to be considered. The Congregation was, at that time, diocesan, and Archbishop Christie, as Metropolitan of Oregon City, was its ecclesiastical head.

When the Congregation had been established in 1886, the foundresses had taken as their principal devotion that of the Most Precious Blood of Jesus. The title, Sisters of the Host Precious Blood, had naturally followed. Then Mother Ludmilla, being a member of the Congregation of the Precious Blood from O'Fallon, Missouri, had firmly fixed both title and devotion in the hearts of the Sisters during her stay of two years among them.

There had come to this diocese in 1892, an old, well-established French-Canadian community of cloistered religious, whose ecclesiastical title was Sister Adorers of the Precious Blood. As an outcome there had been some confusion because of the likeness of the names of the two congregations. In fact, two of the members of the Congregation, Sister Mary Josephine Grant, and Sister Mary Dominic Crowley, thinking to enter a strictly cloistered

congregation in which the divine office was a part of the daily life, had written for admission into the Congregation of the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood, Beaverton, instead of the Sister Adorers of the Precious Blood, Portland. These two Sisters, in spite of the miscarriage of their first plans, remained happy members of the Congregation. This incident had irked the Portland Congregation, and its superiors had complained to His Grace, asking to have the confusion of titles removed.

Another offense was of like nature. The beloved Archbishop Gross, a devoted lover of Mary, had dedicated the new convent to Our Lady of Perpetual Help when he laid the cornerstone in 1893. Then the Academy was completed and dedicated by Archbishop Christie, it was called St. Mary's Academy. This disturbed the Holy Names Sisters who had in 1859 opened a St. Mary's Academy, Fifth and Mill, Portland. They complained that it was a cause of confusion in the postal service. That Congregation, likewise had laid its complaint before His Grace. Therefore, it was necessary that something should be done to solve the problem.

The peace-loving Archbishop at this meeting of all the members asked that they take as their official name, that of Sisters of St. Mary" and to rename the new academy, of which the Sisters were very proud, Saint Mary's Institute. These points were humbly accepted by the Sisters, who understood that the last place in the diocese was naturally theirs.

But there was one request that was not so agreeable to many of them. Up to this time the Sisters had worn a red belt and cincture in honor of the Precious Blood of our Lord. Archbishop Christie thought it was too conspicuous, in fact, gaudy, and preferred a black one. Nevertheless, they accepted His Grace's wish in this unimportant detail of dress. He remarked humorously at the time: "That red cincture reminds many people of the Salvation Army, and you do not want to look like those people." Mother Seraphim at this time wisely told the older group, "We have worn the red cincture in honor of the Precious Blood, but now that the Archbishop has asked us to change, we can wear a black one in honor of the Precious Blood of the obedient Jesus." It had a soothing effect on the group.

There was one other point, however, that His Grace did not ask the Sisters to sacrifice to the older, well-established congregations. Twelve years previously, Archbishop Gross had assigned to his Sisters the beautiful feast of the Assumption of our lady, August 15, as the regular day for their annual ceremonies of reception and profession. The Holy Name Sisters had asked for that day to be fixed on his calendar for their ceremonies. His Grace answered, "No!" in much the same frame of mind as was Pilate's of old when he replied to the high priests' request that the title on Our Lord's cross be changed.

Sister Mary Josephine Grant

Sister Mary Josephine had come to the Community from Boston, Massachusetts, though originally born in Ireland. Sister Josephine passed forty-four years in the Congregation, 1898-1942, a happy and useful religious. Her first appointment had been to night duty in St. Mary's Home nursery. It was not a particularly difficult assignment, but Sister had no experience in baby-care and was not prepared to meet some problems that arose on occasion. For instance - should one baby awake and begin to cry and so awake another baby and then another until all were crying lustily - what should be done? This situation did arise; and Sister, not knowing what to do to quell the storm, went to chapel and prayed that they would go back to sleep. The experiment proved to be a perfect success for her. The next day Sister Josephine naively suggested that this delightful plan be used by all the Sisters when confronted with a like problem! Sister was a dainty little person who knew how to do the old Irish dances in perfect rhythm; often she would dance with a broom while sweeping the kitchen - and even a broom could be graceful when it danced with her. One St. Patrick's Day the Sisters were enjoying a noon recreation in the refectory when Sister Celestine Snyder came in from the Academy to display a bright high-crown hat with a green band and a white cane decorated with green streamers. The girls had been preparing for a folk dance. Sister Josephine's eyes lighted with sudden pleasure; and Sister, in a spirit of fun, handed hat and cane to her. Sister Josephine was charming as she rose, bowing to right and left, doffed the hat with a flourish, and tapped the cane. Between the tables she gave an impromptu demonstration of a lively Irish jig to the delighted audience of Sisters.

Sister Mary Dominic Crowley Comes West

Sister Dominic spent thirty-two years in the Congregation, 1901-1933. She was a very different type of a person from St. Josephine. She fully appreciated a joke, but she was quiet and prayerful by nature. She liked long prayers, and she knew many by heart. On her way westward, she had the mischance of losing her ticket while lunching in Chicago. She was about half way from her destination and felt that she should act be forced to purchase another ticket. She went to the railway authorities, who, at first, thought that nothing could be done for her, but after much "fuss and flying feathers" and many feverish prayers and promises in the depths of Ellen Crowley's heart, they had issued another railway ticket for her. Sister Dominic's Irish spirits rose with their native buoyancy - for she had won the skirmish, and she went happily on her way to Beaverton. Even after she arrived and discovered that she was not where she thought she would be, she kept her promise and invested the money that had been saved from the purchase of a second ticket in a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart for the convent chapel where it stood for many years. This beautiful piece of statuary was moved to the new convent in 1930. Since that time it has guarded the hallways and stairs and is a constant source of inspiration to all, young and old alike.

Mother Mary Theresa After 1907

The election which was held on June 20, 1901, had placed Mother Theresa in the highest office in the Congregation, and on June 29, 1904, Mother Theresa was re-elected for a second term. Archbishop Christie remarked after that meeting, "There is no doubt but that the Sisters know whom they want." Mother Mary Theresa had successfully held the office for two terms; why these were three-year terms is not known, and the records of the Congregation merely make the statement and give no reason for it.

Mother Seraphim was elected in 1907, and Mother Theresa returned to the classroom until she was named local superior of St. Mary's Home in 1915. Late in 1919 the ravages of tuberculosis began their course, but it was not until 1921 that she took a place in the convent infirmary. Three years later she passed quietly out into eternity.

There were two sisters who were at this time reaching religious maturity and taking definite places in the Congregation - Sisters Mary Alexander Fox and Mary Stanislaus Fox. They had come to the novitiate at the beginning of Mother Theresa's administration and within a decade had been named local superiors of schools. During their lives they both were to hold responsible posts in the Congregation.

The Fox Sisters

The misses Catherine and Agnes Fox entered the novitiate together on March 18, 1901. They were the two youngest of John Fox's five daughters. They had been born in the Coos Bay area where their father had taken up a land claim at what was then called Marshfield, soon after his coming from Ireland. It was to this frontier home that John Fox brought his young Irish bride, Mary Ann McKenna, who knew nothing of country life. She, like the valiant woman, assumed her duties and made a comfortable, happy Catholic home for her family. That it was Catholic was due to her endeavors, for the homestead was far from any Catholic Church and a priest seldom visited that district. To make their Easter duty, the older members of the family traveled many miles over the rough frontier roads or went south by boat to San Francisco. Mary Ann Fox gathered her children together in the evenings and heard their catechism. There was a little statue of Mary in the home and they early developed a deep devotion to Our Lord's holy mother. The children regularly attended the little public school house where they received the rudiments of an education. But it was a happy, carefree life in which the young people became expert horsemen, hunters, and fishermen able to assume a responsibility and carry it to a successful end.

There is an amusing anecdote of the young wife's first attempt to get a supply of eggs for her home. She had to go some miles away with horse and cart to buy twelve hens and a rooster as a start. Her husband's final advice to her had been,

"Be sure that the fowl have red combs on their heads." She came home to display thirteen fine big red combs on thirteen roosters; not one hen to lay the eggs that she wanted. It was too big a disappointment for her to take after a whole day of trying so she sat down and wept. It was not until later that she was able to laugh about it when her husband could not resist telling the story far and wide. This trait of telling humorous stories on oneself was passed on to the Fox daughters.

Sister Stanislaus told the Sisters at a recreation that her father firmly believed that no American goose ever produced such fine feathers for pillows as the big, Irish gray goose. While she was yet a little girl running about bare legged in calico dresses, her father had got a fine pair of geese from Ireland. These he placed down by a stream of water bridged by three logs to the house yard. One evening her father announced at the table that no little Fox should venture down into the bushes where the goose had made her nest and was setting. The old gander was a fierce bird with a bad temper who would punish severely anyone who ventured near their retreat. (He did not like little Foxes.) As soon as she was able to slip away unobserved, down she went to investigate for herself. As soon as she approached, the old gander flew at her and without mercy trounced her with his strong wings. She fled back to the footbridge, which had no handrail, but the angry gander followed, beating her all the way; and her light summer clothes gave her no protection. She gained the bridge, only to be knocked into the water by his final assault. A bruised, bedraggled, soaked little girl crept up to the house to meet a chorus of unanswerable questions from her family. Her only explanation at the time was "I went down to the creek and fell in.

Another story about her was: Little Agnes was old enough to go to school but she was not very strong. The little school was miles away and the older children rode horseback to get there. Mrs. Fox decided that the eldest daughter Margaret should hold class for her little sister in the home. But Miss Agnes, after a few classes, decided that she was not going to waste her time learning to read and figure, so she gave Margaret a bad time during classes. Mrs. Fox, seeing the problem, ensconced herself in a small rocker with a pillow on the seat to knit during the next period. The class and teacher assembled, but the book was missing and could not be found. Mrs. Fox, from her seat by the window, said that the book could not be far away and they should look again. The teacher looked in vain while Agnes waited patiently. Then the knowing mother grew suspicious and said firmly, "Agnes, you find that book." The naughty little girl saw that she was trapped; she said "I can't. You are sitting on it." The mother rose from the chair and Agnes picked up the pillow and brought out the lost reader.

The misses Fox went to San Francisco by twos and by threes as they grew older and went to work. They became stylish and sophisticated as they grew up but ever remained sweet Catholic girls. While there, they became an integral part of the Catholic life of old St. Ignatius parish and thus grew to be

proficient in taking an active part in the practice of their faith. One, Polly, married and returned to make her home in "Frisco". The others came and went in groups.

Sister Alexander recounts an amusing incident of the time when she first went to the big city to join her older sister, Sadie. She told it thus:

"Sadie had caught a beau," and they planned to take a walk in a nearby park one Sunday afternoon, Sadie invited her little sister to go with them. (It seems that this was not an unusual arrangement in the 1890's.) The elder sister carefully fixed both herself and her young sister up for the occasion while giving a proper amount of instruction on what she should and should not do. The proper young man arrived and the three sallied forth. All was going well and Sister Alexander's inexperienced spirits rose to the occasion. She became loquacious, then her downfall was near. In their rambles they came near a little house which was conspicuously marked "Ladies". Sister Alexander was perfectly ignorant of what the purpose of the house was, and she blithely remarked "There is a place where you can't go!" Sadie's face became scarlet. Sister Alexander not knowing what she had done amiss became silent and the walk, which had been progressing so well ended in a failure. A much wiser little sister was duly castigated that evening by an indignant elder one.

Not long after that Sadie caught a bad cold from which she did not recover. She returned home and her condition worsened slowly. The doctor pronounced it tuberculosis. Happy little Sadie lingered on for a few years before she died. The devoted members of the family were inconsolable, and it was with difficulty that they could acknowledge that God is wise and good.

It was at this time that Father Joseph Schell, who came to Marshfield periodically, met the Fox family. He became interested in the two youngest daughters, then twenty-two and twenty-five years old, and advised them to become Sisters. The idea pleased them and not many months later they entered the German-speaking Congregation in Beaverton. However, it was becoming increasingly evident that the German language was a real obstacle for English-speaking young women. Due to Archbishop Christie's influence after Mother Theresa's election, the German language was gradually dropped as a means of communication in the convent.

The misses Fox thrived and all went well - the novitiate years ran smoothly. The five years of temporary profession were easily passed and Sister Mary Alexander and Sister Mary Stanislaus pronounced perpetual vows on August 15, 1909. They matured into very fine religious and soon were named superiors; they were very successful in this capacity. The schools of which they were principals were happy, busy places.

Sister Stanislaus was one of the finest primary teachers that

the Congregation had, and the scores of children whom she taught to read and write and prepared for their First Holy Communion always loved her. Teaching was a happy duty for her. She was particularly successful with the child who had not made a successful start. She understood this type of child's mind.

One amusing story was told of a girl who had spent five months in the first grade without making any progress. She was placed in Sister's classroom. The child was in the school building a good half-hour early each morning so Sister Stanislaus started a special class with her. The little girl did not appreciate the extra work and went upstairs one morning to avoid it. Sister sent an older girl for her and the independent youngster announced. "I do not like to read for Sister Stanislaus. She is too hard to please!" Sister laughed. She knew from experience how to deal with the child. Ruth soon quietly submitted and completed her first grade quite creditably in June. When Sister became older, she stayed in the motherhouse and helped the young primary teachers to make their start.

Sister Alexander spent her religious life teaching youth in the last years of their elementary grades. There she met success. She was the Mistress of the boarding school in old St. Mary's Institute in one of its most prosperous periods. (There remains a picture in the archives taken in the school year 1909-1910 with her and the fifty members of the boarding school.) Sister Alexander was also Mistress of Novices during the years of 1918-1922. She died thirty-four years before her younger sister, passing away May 3, 1927, after twenty-six years of religious life, and Sister Stanislaus, on November 9, 1961, after sixty years in the Congregation.

There is a line of poetry written by Rudyard Kipling expressing a test for a truly great person. He must be able to - "Walk with Kings nor lose the common touch". In this test Sister Stanislaus did not measure up so well as she had in character tests of former years. Time has proven that it is not wise to put into a major office of the Congregation a person who is, at times, rendered unable to bear the burdens of that office because of advancing age, or who is a victim of a chronic illness which incapacitates her at intervals for a longer or a shorter time, or has a handicap which renders it necessary that an assistant be with her to bridge the gap - for instance, a case of advancing deafness. Of course it is possible that God could prevent these deficiencies from causing any harm, but in all Congregations that depend upon God for light and wisdom there are religious capable of assuming and exercising the offices efficiently without calling on God to work a minor miracle.

During the general superiorship of Mother Mary Juliana (1919-1931) an advancing case of deafness at last rendered such an assistant a necessity. Sister Stanislaus became her sound amplifier so that the highest superior could take part in an ordinary conversation. Sister Stanislaus became a necessary companion on all occasions and a part of every

discussion.

Then from 1931 until 1937, during Mother Mary Seraphim's last term, approaching age required a strong, steady hand at her elbow as an indispensable requirement. Sister Stanislaus' hand was there. Mother Mary Genevieve occupied the highest office from 1937 until 1948. The new superior was a chronic heart patient who could not bear strains or burdens. Again Sister Stanislaus was at hand to assume them all.

So it came about that twenty years of power lessened the luster on her bright escutcheons. A truly strong virtue is required for a human being to bear the stern test of power for a. long period of years - particularly power behind the throne.

Sister Stanislaus suffered a stroke in 1955 and for the last six years of her life lay on her bed unable to speak coherently - her mind remaining clear and active. The inevitable happened. She who had been the center of every setting was no longer so. The one who had been flattered by those who were seeking favors was no longer sought after. Even those who had been the recipients of her past favors neglected to give the attentions that they had been so generous with in the past. There is no way of evaluating God's methods of sanctifying those he loves, this trial she accepted as His gift to her for her personal sanctification and His greater glory.

Death entered in the early morning hours of November 9, 1961. Mother Mary Colette came down and renewed her vows with her, then the prayers of the dying were recited by her Sisters kneeling about her bed. All was ready for Sister Stanislaus' flight to the throne of her God Whom she had loved since she first heard of Him at her mother's knee - and about Whom she had instructed thousands of children in the primary classrooms of the Archdiocese over the long period of forty years.

Monsignor James Rauw, V.G., P.A.

After the departure of Father William Deeney, S.J., in August 1911, Monsignor James Rauw, V.G., P.A., assumed the responsibility for the diocesan orphanage for boys, St. Mary's Home. The Sisters staffed the institution in all its various departments, but it was under the official administration of a priest. Later when Mother Theresa was named local superior, she managed the details of the care of the boys, kitchen, laundry, bakery, dairy, sewing room, and garden, where the Sisters worked.

The Influenza Epidemic

In 1918 an epidemic of influenza swept through St. Mary's. In the Home, the convent, and the boarding school were numerous victims. It struck the boys in the Home particularly hard. The dormitories became Hospital wards - more than one hundred and twenty boys were ill at one time. Doctor Charles E. Mason visited the schools twice a day, and Mother Theresa was on almost constant duty. Sister Mary Columba O'Reilly

and Sister Mary Ursula Donnelly

went from the convent to help nurse the boys with the Sisters in the Home. It was a particularly difficult time, but the outcome had its rewards. The sick boys had the very best of care, and all but five recovered health and strength. Little twelve year-old James Keegan died and was buried under the pines in the boys' cemetery.

Mother Theresa took no rest after the strain of those long weeks of struggle with the influenza. She returned to the Community worn and tired, but she did not think of herself. There was much work to be done, and she knew that all of the Sisters had worked to the limit of their ability.

Another task lay ahead which was to drain her endurance to its very dregs. Monsignor Rauw had been a sincerely devoted priest of the diocese for thirty-six years (1882-1919). The last eight years of his life were spent as superintendent of St. Mary's Home. During this time he did much to improve the Home and its farming methods; he built a new wing with a chapel and dormitories for the boys; and he secured state aid for the dependent children in the orphanage, which did much to lighten the financial burden of its management. After that the Sisters no longer made begging tours for the orphanage.

In the sanctuary of the convent chapel was a perpetual remembrance of his sincere interest in the Congregation - a beautiful stained glass window representing the nativity of our Lord wrought in fine Swiss workmanship. It was at its best when the sun, slipping westward for setting, brought out all the colors. The convent daybook shows that on November 27, 1912, he gave \$500 when the community was hard pressed for funds. Monsignor Rauw was a firm friend of the Sisters in the beginning when many priests thought that the Sisters should not be formed into a new Congregation, but should join one already established.

Monsignor had suffered for years from a serious type of the painful disease, angina pectoris. He became ill in the summer of 1919, and after a paralytic stroke, he was a bed patient. At that time those who were chronically ill were not rushed off to the hospital for special treatment, with the exception of cases in which surgery was to occur; they were cared for in the institution to which they belonged. It was then that the duty of caring for Monsignor became the task of Mother Theresa.

During the period of Monsignor's last illness - because of the suffocation caused by his disease - he required great draughts of cold air to overcome his difficulty in breathing. There were no oxygen tanks in 1919, and windows were opened wide to the winds. This caused the Sister in attendance to remain in a chilled temperature while caring for the patient. At this time Mother Theresa developed a severe cold which she of charity ignored because of pressing duties.

During the weeks that followed Monsignor's death, Mother Theresa's cough refused to yield to the ordinary remedies in

the community pharmacy, and she consulted a doctor. After a careful examination he found active symptoms of tuberculosis. Mother Theresa was sure that they would yield to rest and good food, "because there never had been any lung trouble in the family," In order to separate herself from the other Sisters and prevent the spread of the disease, she built herself a little hermitage on the broad landing of the third floor fire escape of the west wing, for the summer of 1920. It was a pleasant place for her bed, about which the elm tops waved during the warm summer weather. The platform was under a striped canvas awning and a little wooden door kept adventurous boys down. Below was a boys' playground and an apple and prune orchard. When Mother Theresa lay resting in her fire-escape hermitage with the boys playing below, she must have thought of great St. Theresa praying with her brother in their hermitage in their father's garden in Avila. She went far up the hills of perfection in her attempts to aim high those days.

During that spring and summer she took charge of the Home vegetable garden, with the older boys to help her. God blessed the work and there never were better carrots, beets, cabbage, and lettuce for the many tables which were crowded with hungry boys. But the outdoor life did not cure the disease. In 1921 Mother Theresa returned to the infirmary in the convent. Three years of loneliness followed; during this time she lived with God in great detachment of spirit. Her natural gifts fitted her for classroom activity, and she missed the contact with people.

A Daughter of the Church - June 29, 1924

A retreat was in process at St. Mary's Institute and Father Patrick Dignam, S.J., was the retreat master that year. Mother Theresa lay in the infirmary. She no longer rose for Holy Mass, but Holy Communion was brought to her daily. On June 29, 1924, Father Dignam gave her the Bread of Life, and it was to be for her the Viaticum. While the priest was carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the infirmary, the Sisters in the choir were singing a hymn to the Sacred Heart. They sang, "O Jesus, open wide Thy Heart and let me rest therein, for weary is this stricken soul of sorrow and of sin." Mother Theresa, fully conscious, smiled and, bowing her head in acknowledgment, whispered in holy impatience to her attendant, "Is not Father coming soon? I am waiting for Our Lord! Waiting for Our Lord!" She was following the words of the Sisters singing in the choir. After Holy Mass was finished, Father was called back to the infirmary. Mother Theresa was sinking, but was still quite conscious. The end of her life had come more quickly than had been expected. Father Dignam, who a few days earlier had given her the sacrament of Extreme Unction, now gave her the Apostolic blessing and recited the prayers for a departing soul. Mother Theresa had done everything possible for her. She smiled in peace and died. Like great St. Theresa, her one desire had been "to die a daughter of the Church." At her funeral Archbishop Christie, in a few forceful words, bade his faithful co-worker farewell and drew attention to the lasting works of

this valiant woman.

It is attachment that makes death hard - attachments to persons, places, things, and most of all to self. This truth Mother Theresa had often meditated upon during the past twenty-four years. These years had been filled with heavy responsibility, thankless labor, and misunderstanding; fine instruments in breaking attachments of the human heart to earth and strengthening faith in the eternal verities of God. These instruments had wrought their work in her soul; and she, during this last week, had been longing for things of eternity.

A Sister had picked a perfect, white rose from the convent garden and brought it, wet with the morning dew, to Mother Theresa's bedside and reminded her that she had always loved white roses best. "Oh, Sister Odelia, when you get as far as I am now, no flower of earth is greatly loved any longer," was her response.

Archbishop Christie had visited her a few days earlier to give her his paternal blessing and encourage her in the last struggle. His Grace had appreciated her fine mind and fearless ability to undertake a task in face of great difficulties and carry it to a successful issue. He admired her humility and forthright action upon what she believed to be true, just, and honorable. The Archbishop had aged greatly during the last two years of struggle with the enemies of the Church in Oregon. And he was very tired. It would be less than eight months until he, too, would lay dying in St. Vincent's Hospital.

Both of these, Most Reverend Alexander Christie and Mother Mary Theresa Heuberger, had seen the gleam of the pearl of great price and had sold all to possess it. They had understood that the call of Christ to follow Him and work for Him in the Apostolate of the Church meant sacrifice - to leave themselves selflessly in the hands of God and let Him do as He willed with their lives. They had interpreted aright Christ's startling challenge: "For he who would save his life will lose it, but he who loses his life for my sake will find it." (Matt. 16, 25)

Chapter IV

The Society of Jesus - Otherworldliness

"How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace, of those who bring glad tidings of good things!" (Romans 10, 15)

Otherworldliness is a realization of one of the greatest truths that Christ came on earth to teach. It places a true evaluation on the hollowness of the good things which this world has to offer - wealth and pleasure, power and honor - and gives an ever-deepening appreciation for the things of the spirit - detachment and a personal love for Christ. The coming of the Jesuits initiated a new era in the Congregation. Somewhere

back in the dim past of unrecorded dates, a Jesuit retreat master had been secured, Reverend Henry Woods, S.J. This retreat had been so new and so strange that little remained but a shadowy memory of a most wonderful experience. In speaking of God's all-pervading, all-prevailing presence in the world, Father Woods had questioned with a humorous play on words, "Is God present even in this Woods?" Many Sisters thought that he referred to the deep fir growth of trees which surrounded St. Mary's Convent at that time. Then he answered his rhetorical question with a merry twinkle, "Yes, God is in this Woods too." This Story has been retold many times to the younger generations of novices. Which woods should be written with a capital letter was never ascertained.

Father Joseph Chianale, S.J., gave retreats in 1902, 1903, 1905, 1916, and two in 1931. His deep spiritual insight will never be forgotten. Sister Stanislaus, a member of the novitiate at the time of his first retreat, went to visit him for spiritual direction. "What is your particular examen?" he asked. "What is that?" asked Sister, quite taken aback by what seemed to her a new word; Father then patiently undertook the task of instructing the nervous novice.

Sister Stanislaus, many years later when she was holding the office of principal of St. Stephen's School and superior of the convent, laughed merrily and said, "Father Chianale gave me a bad time in that retreat, but he was a fine spiritual director, and I do appreciate now what he did for me then." It was Thomas a' Kempis in his instructions to his novices five centuries before who had quoted the Voice of Christ as promising - "What you do not understand now when you read, you will learn in the day of my visitation."

How are they to call upon the Lord if they have not been instructed? God in His love had created human beings and given to them the God-like gifts of understanding and free will, by which they were to give back to their Creator a free service of love. But original sin then came into the world and darkened that understanding and weakened that will, and it then became necessary for human beings to struggle back to God, hampered by this blindness and weakness. Then God in His unchanging love founded a Church which instructed other human beings and sent them as teachers to assist man to redirect his actions forward to God. The members of the Society of Jesus go forth as ministers to bring this gospel of peace to religious who have assumed the vows of religion and to assist them in carrying out the obligations of their state in life.

This great work the Jesuits undertook to perform for the Sisters of St. Mary when in 1907, at the request of Archbishop Christie, Reverend Father Rockcliff sent Father Joseph Tomkin to act as director to the members of the Congregation. He and the Jesuits who followed proved themselves well qualified to instruct the Sisters in the art of letting Christ live in them. Father Tomkin was greatly loved and trusted by the Sisters and children in the Home. Later when Father Deeney came to St. Mary's, he said that he saw

a large letter "T" on everyone's forehead.

Reverend William Joseph Deeney, S.J.

Father Deeney came to St. Mary's in August, 1908, and his influence had a lasting effect on the Congregation, which was then twenty-two years old. The members of the Community were young in years, also. The median age of the sixty Sisters and novices at that time was thirty-three years - the oldest member was fifty and the youngest novice was seventeen.

Father Deeney was an inspiring Apostle of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: He preached a personal love for Christ. This love was to make the Sisters Christ-like in their life in the Congregation and their work in the Church. Father believed that the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist was the best way to get to know Our Lord intimately. His was the happy task of achieving the end which our Holy Father Pope Pius X had when he granted the faithful the privilege of daily Communion. Father preached union with Christ by means of frequent reception of the Sacrament with a zeal which captivated the Sisters and had a lasting effect which flowed over into the classrooms where they taught the children of the diocese.

Father Chianale in 1903 had translated into English the German rule of the Sisters of the Precious Blood of O'Fallon, Missouri. This rule had been tried out for a period of five years, and it was found that it was in need of some additions and corrections. Time had shaped the scope and aim of the Community, and the special end of its work had become fixed to the purpose of the education of youth. Archbishop Christie requested Father Deeney to complete the work of which Father Chianale had made so splendid a beginning and to rewrite the Constitution for the Sisters of Saint Mary.

His Greatest Work

Father Deeney enlisted the experienced help of his novice master of Los Gatos days, Reverend Dominic Giacobbi, and together they revised the Constitutions under the light of Jesuit skill and experience. Special additions were made regarding the training and directing of the young members and the government of the Congregation. This last point was needed particularly, because the number of schools was increasing, and it was necessary to provide for an efficient government of the smaller houses. The minor points of discipline which would be influenced by time and place were removed to be written into a Book of Customs in the time to come. In the summer of 1911 the work was completed, and Father Deeney passed to each Sister and novice a printed copy of the Constitutions bearing the imprimatur of Most Reverend Archbishop Christie. This was a happy day for the Sisters of Saint Mary, and the little green-covered book became to them a priceless treasure.

The work completed then was of a lasting nature. This rule was tried for fifteen years; and when the Holy See called in

the rules and constitutions of all the congregations and orders to evaluate them in the light of the recodification of Canon Law, the Sisters of Saint Mary confidently applied for the approval of Home of theirs. On December 11, 1926, the Decree of Praise was granted by our Holy Father Pope Pius XI. He commended "in the highest terms the religious Congregation" which he "benignly approved and confirmed for a period of seven years by way of experiment." In 1933, the Congregation applied for a final approval of their rules and constitutions; and on May 1, 1934, Pope Pius XI "definitely approved and confirmed it." The work of Father Deeney lived on its own merits.

The Novitiate from 1910 to 1915

The Congregation made a rapid growth between the years of 1910 to 1915. With the entrance of Margaret Mary Jacques (Sister Mary Christina) and Elizabeth Rauch (Sister Mary Julitta) the last postulants to enter in 1915, there were one hundred and five members in the Congregation. Those were happy novitiate days in which young members were striving to rise above the natural and to attain to a supernatural plans of living in their interior and exterior lives.

Father Deeney was the prime mover of this spiritual activity. He animated the novices with his own spirit of vigorous Jesuit otherworldliness. He encouraged, advised, and instructed with apostolic zeal and devotion.

During the nine days proceeding the feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka in November of 1910, Father Deeney gave a series of talks to the members of the novitiate. He chose the outstanding virtues practiced by this saint, who is the patron of beginners in the religious life; and he gave inspiring instructions to the Sisters of humility, purity, charity, poverty, obedience, prayer, indifference, confidence, and one on joy of spirit which many thought to have been the finest of the aeries, though all were fine.

At this time he taught that a sense of humor was indispensable to religious life in community and in order to mingle intimately with other human beings. "Learn to laugh and close your eyes to the foolishness and mistakes in others. Pray for humility and keep yours eyes on God," was Father's teaching.

Father was a good judge of human nature. He taught that the spiritual life should be built upon the natural gifts which God had given to human beings. Nature was not to be crushed nor destroyed. It was to be perfected in the light of the perfections of God. These perfections were ever to be the subjects for meditation, that they become the models for imitation. Even though the goal could never be perfectly attained, there was a possibility of a faint likeness.

Father Deeney's Handiwork

Some incidents occurred at this time which illustrate the understanding, sympathy, and patience which Father Deeney displayed on all occasions. Sister Mary Michael Tavalli, a

impressionable Italian girl, seventeen years old but immature for her age, had gained admittance to the novitiate. She had all the qualities to make a successful religious but she needed to "grow up." On April 1, unthinkingly following the custom of her American childhood, she planned what she thought to be a joke. She called Father Deeney at the Home by telephone and said, "April Fool!" and hung up the receiver. As soon as the act was completed she saw the impropriety of what she had done and, like Adam and Eve in paradise, began to avoid Father Deeney. She slipped around corners and up stairways and kept out of his sight for a week, but at last she suddenly came face to face with him. She had to meet the issue. He stood still and looked sharply at her, then he threw back his head and laughed aloud. Sister Michael knew that she was still in his good graces. She said that she was sorry. He said it was unimportant; that maybe it was true. Father likened Sister Michael to St. Ignatius' famous novice of the sixteenth century, Pedro de Ribadeneira, who in time became a fine Jesuit.

Mary Bernards Came to the Novitiate

Mary Bernards had been a pupil of Mother Theresa Heuberger in Visitation School, Verboort. At that time Mother Theresa had said that Mary would one day be a Sister, but Mary was very sure that she never, never would. Nevertheless, God's grace was too strong for Mary Bernard, as it had been for St. Paul on the road to Damascus. Ten years later she asked for admission into the novitiate. Mother Theresa wrote the letter of acceptance with the necessary instructions. In it she enclosed a little card on which was a cross encircled by a crown of thorns surrounded by flowers with the motto "Leave all and you shall find all!" This was a shock to one who was, as yet, unwilling to give anything, much less all. She felt no natural desire, but a fierce aversion to entering a life to be lived under the religious vows. Therefore, she did not appear at the scheduled time.

Her cousin, Anna Bernards, who had entered the postulancy in June, 1907, and had taken the white veil and the name Sister Mary Gonzaga on January 1, 1908, had become a victim of tuberculosis; Oregon was rife with the pernicious disease at that time. She had returned to her Verboort home to recover and had taken with her the *Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, which she had voluntarily chosen to recite daily. Sister Gonzaga did not improve in health but gradually became weaker. On March 11, 1911, father Buck was called and gave her the last Sacraments. Then in the presence of Sister Mary Ignatia Reverman and Sister Mary Loyola Schmitz, Sister Gonzaga made private vows. Early the next morning she returned to her Maker. Sister Ignatia dressed her in the religious habit and laid her out, because she was to be buried in the community cemetery.

Mary at that time was visiting with her many cousins in Verboort, and on the afternoon before, had called to see Sister Gonzaga. Mary found the novice propped up on pillows

saying Vespers and Compline. She was strangely impressed as Sister Gonzaga marked her place and put the office book near at hand upon the bed. They chatted of indifferent things. The invalid to all appearances was no worse than usual. Neither knew how close the end was at that time. Hubert Bernards rode over to his second farm in Verboort the following day and found that his brother's oldest daughter had died. He sought out his daughter, Mary, and told her that he would remain and accompany her to the funeral Mass which would be offered at St. Mary's. Mary had planned to slip quietly away, for she was afraid to attend the Mass lest she meet questioning Sisters, but this unexpected appearance of her father prevented this move on her part.

After the Requiem Mass, at which Father Deeney had given an inspiring talk on the happy death of a religious, he stepped into the back parlor where the relatives were gathered, with Mary among them. Father stopped near Mary and shading his long slim finger in her face asked, "Just where should you have been those last two years, young lady?" She lost her breath and could not answer. She knew only too well where God wanted her to be. St. Paul in the dust of the road could not have felt more humble, nor nearer to the ground.

Mary Bernards remained at St. Mary's. Her only means of escape now would be that the superiors would declare her not adapted to life in religion or that a confessor or spiritual director would counsel her to return to her home. She formally entered as a postulant on March 31, 1911. Her father had not expected this sudden move, and feeling that it was the result of pressure or that Mary had some other motive in view, returned to St. Mary's with a suitcase to take her back to McMinnville. In his talk with Father Deeney, he remarked with knowing decision, "You do not know the girl!" Father Deeney saw deeper. His conviction was that, "Mary will live and die a religious. It is God's will!"

Reverend Henry Gabriel, S.J., who was in residence at St. Mary's Home and writing his book "An Eight Days' Retreat for Religious", which was published by Herder in 1914, interviewed Mary; and his decision was that she had a true vocation to religion, but was "kicking against the goad."

In August, 1911, Mary Bernards became Sister Mary Baptista, but she felt most unwilling to partake of the meager diet of her patron, St. John the Baptist, and often longed to board the red electric car back to McMinnville. Nevertheless, she felt God drawing her to remain willingly and to take the vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity freely for love of Him.

One morning Sister Baptista left the refectory after the slim breakfast of a dish of cereal, butter and toast, and coffee, and whispered desperate to another novice, "I shall starve to death if I stay here!" She was visualizing the family breakfast table she had left. Mrs. Hubert Bernards was noted for her fine table in her country home in McMinnville. Sister Baptista knew that that morning the table had been loaded with a great

abundance of food - platters of smoking crisp bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, plates of fresh hot buns and golden brown toast, cups of steaming coffee, pitchers of rich cream, an abundance of butter, honey, and preserves. The Congregation at that time was poor. To her, the pieces of butter were too thin and small to cover a slice of toast adequately; the coffee was the cheapest grade, the milk was blue, the bowls of prunes were lacking in sugar.

"Why do you not go home?" asked the novice pertly. "No one can force you to stay if you do not want to." Both knew well if she stayed it was to be willingly for the "love and service of His Divine Majesty." Father Deeney understood how to appeal to this generosity of youth. And he did so eloquently.

I do not dare to go!" moaned Sister Baptista. "I am afraid to leave. I would fall dead before I reached the station." It was true that God had used harsh measures to bring Sister Baptista to "come follow Him." She, like St. Paul, submitted generously at last and was able to thank God humbly on her knees for her vocation which she learned to value more and more highly through the fifty years of labor which lay ahead. Father Deeney insisted in his instruction that persons do not come to the school of religious life because they are saints, but to become saints. God calls and gives His grace to whom He wills, and He, in His infinite goodness, often calls sinners. It is not for us to question why God called Saul, a fierce persecutor of His Church. It was His good pleasure to make a St. Paul out of the persecutor Saul. This truth is valid in the twentieth century as well as in the first. We are called to be saints. "With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." (Matthew 19, 25)

Psalm 99

"Know that the Lord is God; He made us, His we are;
His people the flock He tends" - Psalm 99

God deals intimately with each soul as an individual. No soul is a part of a group for a general care. God gives a personal attention for each particular need. So did Father Deeney, in a Christ-like manner, tend each member of the Congregation from the time of his coming to St. Mary's in 1908 for the following forty years. However, the members of the novitiate received an extra tending, because there the need was greater.

Even after the Rocky Mountain province was divided and Father Deeney returned to his native California, he kept in touch with many of the Sisters whose feet he had placed on the path toward religious perfection. During the first twenty years he was a frequent visitor at St. Mary's; whenever business called him to the Portland provincial house, he would find time to see the Sisters at St. Mary's. His lessons made lasting impressions on the young women he taught with care and patience.

Father never made the mistake of belittling women in general. This is a fault that men of coarser grain at times fall into.

They seem to think it is amusing to ridicule women as a whole, by attributing to that sex faults which men fall into as often, if not at times oftener, than do women. For instance, the human weakness of talking too much or even the grosser fault of gossiping is not committed by womankind alone. Father Deeney was a priest who never took advantage of his state to lord it over lesser mortals - not even Sisters. He knew how to deal gently with women, especially with those who were spiritually sensitive.

Elizabeth Fennessey - Sister Mary Borgia
Peace Grows in My Garden

Sister Borgia was very sensitive to any spiritual suggestion - a beautiful sunset, a garden of flowers, a poem, a spiritual thought read or heard - all held such deep meaning for her to ponder. Although she was intelligent, she was unable to bear the strain of classroom work. She did not understand a child because she had never lived with children. She had been the youngest in her family and her mother had died at the time of her birth. She had been brought up in the home of a woman whose children were all well along in school and who were to leave the home for marriage or to take their place in the world of business. Thus it was that Sister Borgia grew up with an older woman who loved her well. She visited her family at regular intervals and when her older sisters begged her to return to her real home, she listened to the pleading of her foster mother, a life-long friend of her mother, and remained with her until her death. This unusual environment was probably the reason that Sister Borgia found classroom work so exhausting both physically and emotionally. Neither did she possess the physical strength for the more laborious tasks required in regular convent living. However, she was a diligent helper, and for many years she assisted in the care of the sick - dusting and cleaning their rooms, changing the bed linen, and carrying trays.

Many Sisters did not understand Sister Borgia because of her nervous movements and quick manner of speaking. She was a sincere, conscientious religious whose vows were the real force during the forty-eight years that she spent in the Congregation. "Blessed are the poor in spirit . . . Blessed are the pure of heart . . ." were counsels that Sister well understood. But the vow of first importance was that of obedience—a matter for meticulous performance—at times too minute in detail for the comfort and convenience of those with whom she lived intimately. Several times Sister Borgia regretted her unquestioning obedience.

Sister Mary Ursula Donnally was ill. The superiors thought that she had a touch of the "flu" but, as Sister did not improve, Doctor Mason was called. His diagnosis was a serious heart condition. He advised that the patient should be very quiet and that the nurse watch her carefully. Sister Borgia brought her a tray and waited upon her with great care relieving her of the slightest activity even to the moving about of the dishes. The superior still believed that Sister Ursula's condition was not too serious and told Sister Borgia not to shower so much

attention on her, telling her to bring the patient the tray and leave her alone to wait upon herself. Sister Borgia quietly obeyed. Doctor Mason called again the next morning and pronounced the patient's condition somewhat improved; this verified the superior's decision. At noon Sister Borgia put the tray down and withdrew. When she returned Sister Ursula was in a dying condition and breathed her last a few minutes later. This outcome was the cause of deep grief to Sister Borgia and she wept many tears over it. She believed that she should have gone back to the superior and said that she thought Sister Ursula was really not able to wait upon herself. Sister Borgia had hesitated because her orders had been definite, and she had the reputation of being inclined to be scrupulous - a tendency that she had always been forced to struggle against by means of simple obedience.

Sister Borgia told of a religious experience that had, in her childhood, made a marked impression on her. The priest who was preparing the class for the reception of the sacrament of Confirmation had read and given an explanation of the beautiful sequence for the Mass of Pentecost and the assignment for the following day had been to memorize it. The power of the Holy Spirit in human lives had left an unforgettable impression on her mind. She had carried out the priest's advice to the children to say that prayer every day of their lives. Towards the end of her life she loved to say:

"Holy Spirit! Lord of Light!
From Thy clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give"

and then on to the comforting thought:

"Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
Give them joys which never end."

On the evening of December 5, 1956, Sister Borgia was with the Sisters in the community room for the celebration for the feast of St. Nicholas - a German custom which had been observed since the early foundation days. Sister was bright and happy, but she did not partake of the cookies, nuts, and soft drinks that were served for the Sisters. She remained until the end of the hour and had enjoyed herself. Later that evening Sister Borgia suddenly became ill and very restless. Mother Colette came and prayed with her, and Sister became quiet under her soothing presence. After ten o'clock, Mother retired leaving orders with the infirmarian to watch carefully for Sister showed signs of an unusual weakness. About eleven o'clock Sister Ludmilla withdrew. She thought the patient was sleeping naturally, and when she returned about one-thirty, Sister Borgia had taken off to find the "joys that never end."

Sister Borgia was in her eighty-fourth year, forty-eight of which had been spent as a loyal Sister of St. Mary of Oregon. When her unexpected death was published throughout the Congregation, a Sister who knew her well and had a deep

respect of her sterling character, expressed a strange nostalgia. It was that she rejoiced with Sister Borgia, but her interesting Boston accent would be missed. It was stilled for all time on earth, but it would be heard again before the face of God where all will be made perfect.

Not all of the souls under Father Deeney's charge were so difficult to direct, however. The following is an example of one who was drawn to follow Christ and lived her life in an exceedingly simple manner.

Clara Gilbert (Sister Mary Lourdes) 1890-1943
First Vocation from St. Stephen's Parish

Merry is the word that will describe Sister Lourdes; and though sickness and pain pressed hard during the last years of her life, Sister Lourdes never lost her merry spirit. She has been remembered for the cheerful help that she merrily gave to everyone in need of assistance. She was a demonstrative French girl, but she was eminently practical and adaptable to all.

Sister Lourdes came to St. Mary's from Portland, but she had been born in Milwaukee, Michigan, on Saginaw Bay of Lake Huron; and her people were Canadians. Mother Theresa had opened St. Stephen's School in 1909, and one day, needing a traveling companion for a streetcar trip to St. Mary's, she had brought with her the nineteen-year-old Clara Gilbert, the eldest daughter of a new family in the parish. While Clara was waiting for Mother to transact her business, she had visited the chapel. She firmly believed that she had visited that chapel before in a vivid dream that she had had as a young girl. She said that she would have recognized it anywhere in the world; the altar, the green carpet with the red stripe over it were exactly as they had been in her dream. Later she entered the convent and took the name of Sister Mary Lourdes.

Sister Lourdes was a trained dressmaker and that was her principal occupation during the thirty-three years she spent in the Congregation. During the last years of her life, she suffered much from pernicious anemia and later a cancerous growth. Sister was on duty in the sewing room during the morning hours of the day she entered the hospital. She died on the tenth of Mary's month. On the previous morning Doctor Milton Murphy had performed emergency surgery but to no avail. Sister Lourdes went merrily to God.

First Vocation from St. Stephen's Parish

A Dream Came True

Far north in a French Catholic household
Clare Gilbert was entering her teens,
She walked in a world of high romance
And dreamed the most wonderful dreams.

When north winds roamed over the snow fields

And long icicles froze from the eaves
She would picture a land to the southward
Where winds breathed mid fragrant fruit trees.

One night as she slept on her pillow
Through the pane came the moon's golden gleam
She saw a high ivory altar
Standing tall on a carpet of green.

A bright pathway of red led up to it
With another crossed close to its base,
Black veiled Sisters were kneeling before it
With eyes fixed on this chaste throne of grace.

On the folded hands of each Sister
One finder was banded with gold -
Clare went forward and knelt down among them -
Scarlet floods streamed over her soul.

The cross on the altar pierced heaven
A fierce joy stabbed her heart to its core -
Then she woke to watch golden moonlight
Pattern evergreen trees on the floor.

She knew she would spend her life with them,
But she did not know then how or where -
All her plans for a future fulfillment
Were silently left in God's care.

She came west - found St. Mary's, and entered -
and merrily served - without faltering-
Then she walked to that high-crossed altar
And paid her vows to the King.

When grey fogs dimmed the bright sunlight
Clare served painfully on with no loss
Then she merrily went again to the altar
And died alone on the cross.

Very small things often drawn souls to follow Christ in the religious life.

Wise Instructions to Attain Otherworldliness

One day during recreation Father Deeney was talking to several novices. He smiled upon the happy group and prophesied laughingly, "You are all practicing great virtue which will wash off in the first rain storm that you are caught in."

Another time he remarked merrily, "You are so big and strong that you would be drowned in a drop of water of adversity." Father was training young religious who would in the future, he hoped, be able to make sound judgments with proper humility and a confident dependence upon God - religious who would attain to the spirit of union with God by means of prayer and a strong trust in His love and providence.

Humility was one virtue that Father Deeney was continuously reiterating in his instructions. "Humility is great stuff!" he remarked many times. "You feel cheap? That's great! That is fine!" laughed Father Deeney. "It is great to feel cheap." He said that again and yet again. "The only safe way to true humility of heart is by humiliations. It is a priceless virtue which you all should strive to acquire. And there is no humility without humiliations." These are all maxims of Father Deeney. He practiced what he preached. And those novices were to stand in need of this virtue to weather the storms which were to break over them in the future.

Holy Water Helped the Elm Trees

Mother Theresa had obtained from the nursery at Orenco a number of young elms. She carefully planted a row of these fast-growing trees along the west end of the Home to provide shade during the summer months for the chapel and the boys' playground. She also gave to Sister Juliana, the novice mistress, eight strong young trees to be planted by the convent chapel windows for protection from the late afternoon sun. The novitiate recited Vespers and Compline at one-thirty and Lauds of Our Lady's Office at four o'clock when the afternoon sun beat on the unshaded chapel windows.

The novitiate planted the trees carefully, but they were young and the weather was dry; so Mother Mistress instructed Sister Mary Michael Tavalli and Sister Mary Pulcheria Sparkman to give to each tree two pails of water after supper in the cool of the evening. The novices had carefully fulfilled their task a few evenings, when it became evident that the last tree in the row was not thriving as well as were the other seven. The young gardeners decided that prayer and holy water would be the best remedy for the ailing tree. Consequently, Sister Michael, after the usual watering each evening, brought a quart or two of holy water which she poured slowly down the trunk of the tree as they recited a Hail Mary aloud that the tree might take root and grow as the others. The tree improved rapidly and grew strong and sturdy much to the satisfactions of the gardeners.

Sister Mary Cecilia Boedigheimer was the sacristan, and part of her duty was to keep a supply of holy water in the crock for common use. To her surprise she found the crock empty much too soon, but she dutifully filled it with fresh clear water and had the chaplain bless more. Again she found it empty. The matter required investigation. She set out to ascertain what had become of the usually ample supply of holy water. Sister Michael, who was very active here and there all over the convent, heard Sister Cecilia's inquiries; and she realized that they were caused by the daily treatments for the elm tree. She knew too well that Sister Cecilia would have small sympathy with any unusual activity of novices. That evening the sacristan caught her red handed and instructed her that a few drops was all that was needed for the elm. This seemed quite inadequate to Sister Michael who decided that the elm was to have the usual full doses. She would take a pail of fresh, clear water, pour it into the crock and take out the amount that she

believed was needed. The watering with diluted holy water continued for some time. Sister Michael thrilled at nearness of danger. Indeed she had much in common with Pedro de Ribadeneira. Father Deeney could see the possibilities in her which St. Ignatius had seen in the Spanish boy.

Another vocation that Father Deeney guided into the Congregation and later directed in Jesuit spirituality was a young woman from St. Ignatius parish school.

Sister Mary Canisius
(Adele Margaret Schmitz, 1898-1960)
She was made of heroic stuff.

Sister Canisius was a perfectionist and demanded a valiant effort to reach that end not only from herself but also from others. This striving for perfection caused, at times, slight misunderstandings with her companions in community living. Sister was humble but outspoken in her dealings with her equals, and simple, open, and obedient to her superiors.

After Father Deeney left St. Mary's in 1911, he was stationed at St. Ignatius, Portland, for several periods of time. It was there that he met Adele Schmitz in the upper grades of the parish school, and he advised her to become a religious. Adele's mother was a widow and dependent upon her daughter for help and companionship, and this filial duty she lovingly rendered as long as it was needed. After her mother became securely established, Adele entered the Congregation in January of 1918 - a month before her twentieth birthday. Father Deeney never lost his interest in her spiritual life nor she her trust in his wise counsel.

Sister Canisius was trained to become a music teacher, and her work with her pupils was marked with success. The children responded wholeheartedly to her efforts for their individual advancement. Sister was gifted with a beautiful soprano voice, and her work in school singing produced fine results as did her work in the children's choirs in the parish schools.

In 1932 Sister Canisius was appointed to the office of novice mistress and held it until 1937. In this capacity Sister's efforts were not so satisfactory. She herself was somewhat inelastic and could not make allowance for those unable to aim at the summits that she so clearly sighted above. Sister was molded in the Victorian ideals in which her mother had trained her. With the young members she was unremittingly exacting in the rules of courtesy and conduct - a well modulated pitch of voice in conversation, carefully cleaned, mended, and well-adjusted clothing, orderliness in the care of articles given for their use - were some points that the young Americans of her day could not properly value or understand clearly.

But it was things of the spirit that Sister Canisius stressed as of prime importance. It was on these that she had early fixed her sights. There should be a perfect detachment from and no

inordinate love for anything created, always a voluntary seeking for the last and lowest place, an exact employment of time according to obedience, and an unquestioning submission of her free will to authority. Heroism was necessary to reach that goal - but she knew upon Whom she relied for the necessary strength and courage.

Sister was inclined to be too hasty in pressing forward herself and also in the leading of others. All who knew her realized that it was her manner of advancing in the quest that at times ruffled her neighbor, never a lack of goodwill on her part. She thought that all her Sisters who had freely taken upon themselves to follow Christ intimately were like-minded - not only the young members of the Congregation but also those with whom she worked in the smaller convents and schools. She believed that they all felt a like eagerness to sacrifice comfort, honor, even life itself, for love of God.

I

In August of 1957, Sister Canisius was to assume charge of the music department in St. Boniface, Sublimity. It was a demanding assignment, including a large class of instrumental music pupils and an exacting schedule of school singing. Sister was beginning to feel the approach of the malignant disease which was to bring with it the final two years of bitter travail - a bloodless martyrdom. Sister had consulted a physician during the summer months of 1957, but the beginnings of the cancer were not then detected. Sister Canisius set bravely about organizing her work for the year, but after two months she knew that the burden was too great for her waning strength.

It was on October 20, 1958, that Doctor Joseph Nadal performed major surgery for a malignant cancer. After regaining a modicum of her strength, she hopefully returned to her classwork in St. Boniface and completed the second semester.

Sister Canisius had never attempted to influence the free action of her superiors in their placing of her in the work of the Congregation. The doctor found no definite evidence of the reappearance of her malady, so there was no change in her assignment on the status of 1959. Nevertheless, in October she was again in the hospital and Doctor Nadal performed a second surgery. This time he put in a colostomy. After this ordeal Sister returned to the Motherhouse. Here she found no surcease from pain. The colostomy was not functioning properly. The surgeon offered to try a third surgery, but Sister now understood that no earthly physician could restore her health. She quietly prepared for the finale. Early in January she returned to St. Vincent's hospital and began the last three months of the courageous struggle for perfection.

Sister Canisius was never a self-centered person, disinterested in the well being of her religious Sisters. On the contrary, she was warm and outgoing; interested in all. She was ever ready to render a service to anyone in need of a helping hand or to give undivided attention to those coming to her for advice or consolation - not with sentimental sympathy - but with the

consolation that comes from abandonment to the will of God and a fresh, lively hope for the joys of heaven reserved for the heroines who are faithful unto death. Even to those who visited her during the last months in the hospital, she gave consolation rather than asked for it.

Sister Mary Canisius had early been taught the truths of her holy faith, which she had accepted with her whole being. From this faith had sprung a fervent desire to do God's Holy Will, and a hope that caused her to vision beyond to the joy and peace of eternity. Her love for God brought forth a spiritual love for her neighbor and his sanctification and also gave the strength to accept joyfully pain and misunderstanding. It meant nothing to her whether these sufferings came directly from the hand of God, as did her protracted illness, or were caused by a blundering fellow being who misjudged her intentions.

So it was that Sister Mary Canisius pressed forward for forty-two years with her eyes fixed on her goal, drawing other souls after her in the footsteps of our Divine Lord. Her release from earth came during the afternoon of April 1 in the year of 1960. The priest of God came and bade "the angels of the Lord receive her and present her to the Most High."

Father Deeney's Field of Labor

By his appointment to Beaverton on the feast of St. Ignatius in 1908, Father Deeney became superintendent of St. Mary's Home for Boys, chaplain of St. Mary's Institute, spiritual director to the Sisters of St. Mary, and last but not least, pastor of the Beaver ton parish. Beaver ton was a vast territory which stretched from the boundary of the Cathedral parish in Portland to that of St. Matthew's parish in Hillsboro. At that time there had been two smaller parishes in this district, one at Cedar Mills and the other on Cooper Mountain. These had been closed and united into a central one in Beaverton. In that parish was a poor little church dedicated to St. Cecilia, and many of the parishioners living toward the eastern boundary attended the Cathedral those toward the west had formed the habit of going to St. Matthew's. The building itself was a renovated cheese factory - small and inconvenient. Father Deeney set about uniting the people by developing loyalty and devotion among them. He worked long and hard. He preached love of God and devotion to the Holy Eucharist, shown by a frequent reception of Holy Communion. He made notable progress and could point with satisfaction to the number of men who had become weekly communicants and to the unusually fine representation on Sacred Heart Friday. It was convincing evidence of the progress made in that all important field of the spiritual life of the people.

He felt that there was a pressing need for a new church and later a parish school. In order to convince the parishioners of this need of starting a building fund, he believed that more social activity among the people would further the cause. All that he could think of that would be appropriate for the

mid-Lenten season was a St. Patrick's Day Benefit Show. It proved to be a success and soon the parishioners were becoming interested in St. Cecilia's | parish and its development.

Among those who were drawn back from the Portland Cathedral parish were Eugene Eberhard and his daughter, Mary Alice, of Sylvan. Another was John Baptist Lorch and his young family. Mr. Lorch was soon forced by the unexpected death of his young wife to break up his home, and he gave Father Deeney the children's pony, Chubby, with a sturdy buggy. This proved to be a most Convenient mode of travel about Father's country district in those days. The tall handsome priest in his new equipage soon became a familiar friend to everyone in and about Beaverton. There were many incidents of the kindness of his priestly heart toward the poor, retold by the recipients of his charity.

A sawmill worker, the father of a family of four, had been sick and off his job for several months. His wife had sold everything in the house that could be spared to supply their pressing needs - medicine, food, and firewood. At last she sold the cook stove. Father Deeney called on the family. The sick man was suffering from cold so Father took to him two pair of his own woolen underclothing. And he asked several women of the pariah to call on the mother and find what was lacking. The sad story had a happy ending. The people of Beaverton parish, following the example of their pastor, refurnished the house, supplied food, firewood, warm blankets, and skillful medical care for the head of the house who became well and strong once more. One of these understanding helpers was Mary Alice Eberhard. It was thus that the edifying story came to be known at the convent.

Eugene Eberhard's young daughter, Mary Alice, and John Baptist Lorch's only daughter, Dorothy Josephine, both became Sisters of St. Mary and accomplished much for the growth of the Congregation in the years ahead. Their stories and their accomplishments will be told in the pages yet to come.

Reverend William Joseph Deeney, S.J. (1873-1948)

Father William Deeney of Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, was born in the same year as was St. Therese of Lisieux to whom he had a special devotion. In early life he, as had the little French girl, gave everything into God's keeping and carried out his part with a charming simplicity for almost fifty- eight years.

He entered the Jesuit novitiate in January of 1891, but his first months in the order were plagued with illness. Father Dominic Giacobbi, his novice master, returned him to his home to regain health and strength, fearing that the young novice's lack of health was a proof that he had no vocation. Father Deeney regained his health once more, but he never became robust physically. However, he completed his philosophy in St. Louis, and his theology in the historic Jesuit

setting in Woodstock, Maryland, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1907.

In the summer of 1908, he undertook his first assignment in God's harvest fields in Oregon. He carried out his task with such smiling vigor that all were convinced that they were of first importance. However, later he said that maybe he had not given the boys the attention that he should have. "I could have batted out more flies to them," he remarked as he looked over the playground.

Nonetheless, harvests were garnered from his plantings long after he had resigned St. Mary's into the care of Monsignor Rauw, V.G, P.A., and the Beaverton parish to the new pastor, Father T. J. Daum.

Father Deeney worked in Oregon and Seattle until the Rooky Mountain Province was divided in 1932, after which he was instructed to return to his native California. Here he was procurator for the newly divided province for a term, and then he worked in St. Joseph's parish in San Jose. The symptoms of a cancer were beginning to show themselves about this time, and Father Deeney went to the hospital in Oakland and underwent surgery. The treacherous growth returned after a few years of activity, and a second surgery brought only a short respite. A siege of intense suffering followed. He was first placed in Santa Clara University; and it was here that Sister Eugenia, accompanied by Sister Crescentia, visited the patient on August 17, 1946. The changes that illness had made in the vivacious Father Deeney were heart-rending, but he cheerfully sent kind messages to all the "Beaverton Sisters" and asked for prayers* He was later removed to the Los Gatos novitiate where he had made his beginning in 1891. His only grief was that he was incapable of offering Holy Mass because of weakness. His soul waxed stronger with the strength of God for whom he had years before left all things. His death came on October 25, 1948.

A few weeks before his death his only living sister, Mary Deeney, went to visit her brother. She was overcome by his changed appearance and burst into tears. This turn of things revived his spirits and he gently teased his sister for being so earthly minded. "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity except loving Thee, my God." Later Miss Deeney exclaimed to a Sister who had known him years before at St. Mary's, "My handsome brother! All his beauty gone!" He will ever be remembered by the life-giving truth that he had uttered some forty years before in St. Mary's Chapel after the celebration of Holy Mass: "The highest point in the day for every Sister of St. Mary comes when the Chalice stands consecrated upon the altar."

Our Debt

Father Deeney left an indelible mark upon the souls of the Sisters of St. Mary. There lives a hope that the lessons he taught on supernatural living may never be lost to the young women who will be joining their ranks. No amount of money

could ever satisfy the great debt owed to him. On one occasion he laughingly remarked, "Of course I love this place, for it is where I earned my belt and spurs!" He seldom wrote a letter but that he reminded the one addressed that in every Holy Mass that he offered "the Beaverton Sisters" received a memento. Now that he has reached the throne of God, there is no doubt but that they are remembered there.

Chapter II

Mother Juliana's Term of Office An Era of Change (1919-1931)

According to God's Good Pleasure

Leading up to Mother Juliana's term of office, there were two Sisters whose religious lives did much to set the sights for the educational impetus which was fomenting in the Congregation - Sister Mary Clare Morressey and Sister Mary Regina Vanderbeck. Neither of these Sisters appeared to have accomplished any perceptible result, and their gifts, both natural and spiritual, were to be made expendable for the good of the whole. Sister Regina was two years the older; both had applied and received admission into the Congregation at the age of sixteen. Sister Clare completed her life on all Soul's Day, 1922, and Sister Regina, on the night following Sister Clare's interment, the two had studied and won state accreditation together and had spent several years working in the same schools. They fully understood and appreciated one another's upright qualities of mind and heart. It seemed fitting that they should complete their lives together.

Sister Mary Clare (Agnes Morressey, 1888-1922) A clear Discerning Mind and an Understanding Heart

James Henry Morressey brought his family of five daughters and a son from Nebraska in 1902 and settled on a farm that lay within the town of Cornelius, which was within the boundaries of Visitation parish of Verboort. At the church his daughter Agnes met Mother Theresa and, attracted by the outstanding qualities of this remarkable religious, she soon expressed an ardent wish to become a Sister of St. Mary. After completing the elementary years in the local public school, she registered at St. Mary's Institute. In 1903 Agnes entered the novitiate when she was sixteen. She had led an active, outdoor life, but was not strong or robust. However, she never complained of physical weakness nor asked for an exemption or indulgence from a community practice. During her early postulancy she showed a loss of strength and vigor. This became evident to Mother Theresa, who believed that it was the result of the change in food and living habits. Her motherly solicitude resulted in Agnes' being returned to her home to her mother's care in order to regain strength. Mother Theresa believed that there was a real vocation from God for the devout young postulant. The girl made a rapid return to strength and was once more in the novitiate when school

reopened.

Agnes received the religious habit and the name of Sister Mary Clare in the following December. Her habit and her name she bore with becoming dignity for the following sixteen years and a few months. Her earthly life was equally divided into two periods - the first, that of a carefree girlhood, and the last, that of a humble, obedient religious. She died when thirty-three years and eight months of age.

God gifted Sister Clare with a fine acuteness of intellect and a sympathetic heart. She was typically Irish with an abundance of firm hope, loving confidence, and a lively imagination. It is told of her that at one time she was speculating on the probability of her losing her soul and a wise Jesuit exclaimed with a laugh, "Now, you would make a pretty, little devil!" Those who knew her later could not imagine her as ever being in want of trust or confidence in God.

Sister Clare was a striking blond with a very fair skin, blue eyes, and long, pale-gold hair. Had she been inclined to feminine vanity, her coloring could have been an asset of no small value; that fault had never developed in her - in fact, she was somewhat careless about her personal appearance.

One bright, warm morning of early spring, when going into a sunless building is often a sacrifice, Sister paused at a sunny entrance to listen to the plaintive call of the quail from the field beyond the pasture - "Bob-white! Bob-white!" it sounded clearly. They are calling me to come," she said wistfully as she looked out over the dewy meadow. A few minutes later she resolutely turned away to go to the classroom. Previously a Sister had laughingly said that the quails called her "Bob-white" because of her fair skin. It was this remark that she was referring to.

Sister always enjoyed an outdoor game, and she was an agile, alert opponent in any contest. It is told that once she had gone as Mother Seraphim's companion to Jeanne d'Arc, a working girls' residence under the care of the Sisters of Mercy in Portland. The building was approached from the street by a flight of twelve or fourteen steep steps which in rainy or frosty weather were often slippery. As they were approaching the stairs upon leaving, Mother cautioned Sister to watch her step. As Mother Seraphim spoke, Sister Clare slipped but coasted gracefully down the flight upon the sole of one shoe and reached the bottom in an erect position. It was a feat of skill and agility, but the surprised superior failed to appreciate the demonstration. To her it seemed to have been an undignified exhibition upon the city street - all unpremeditated though it was. Sister Clare laughed about it merrily when she spoke of it later, but at the time it was no laughing matter.

After Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, a hymn to the Most Precious Blood was often sung, particularly during the months of June and July. A love for the redeeming Blood

of Christ had become a deep part of Sister Clare's prayer life and the words to these prayers in song, which had been written by the English convert, Father Frederick Faber, never failed to stir her. Sister Clare was a dependable part of the Sisters' choir. One Sunday coming to the recreation hour directly from the choir, she entered singing softly:

Blessed through endless ages, Be that precious stream
Which from endless torments. Doth the world redeem!

"Oh, how I love the hymns to the Precious Blood!" she said meditatively to a Sister waiting for her. Then her eyes lighted up as they prepared for an afternoon walk in the open.

As Sister Clare matured and her younger sisters and brother were following teachers' training courses in college, she longed for a like opportunity, but it was not to be for those in the convents of the early twentieth century. This was one of the many sacrifices that she gladly offered to God. She knew that her intellectual gifts could be made of great benefit to a teaching congregation but she accepted her superior's will.

Mother Seraphim was convinced of the weakness and inferiority of the feminine part of the human race. She had been taught to believe that a convent should be a place where young women should be carefully shielded from the frailties that had come down to them from their Mother Eve. This conviction influenced the training of the young members of the Congregation during the many years that she held the seat of general superior.

A change was to come in the education and training of the young Sisters for their active part in the apostolate of the Church. This change took root during the term of office of Mother Juliana (1919-1931) and it developed and flowered during that of Mother Colette (1948-1960). It was during this last period that the Religious Formation movement was set afoot for religious women.

Sister Clare's obedience in sacrificing her natural gifts must have been a pleasing oblation to her Heavenly Father. She became a humble, selfless religious during her brief life among the Sisters of St. Mary; and the radiance of her example has lost none of its luster through the years, but still shines down the cloisters of the Congregation.

Sister Clare was to gain most of her advanced education in summer sessions, Saturday and evening classes in the convent, and often by studying and reading by herself. She secured state teachers' high school certification by examination and became fully accredited for advanced work. She was naturally a gifted teacher and preferred classroom work, but as she had been trained in instrumental music and there was a deficit of teachers in that area, she was assigned to teach either science, mathematics, Latin, or English; and then between periods to squeeze in music lessons. Other times she was assigned an entire music class. Those who knew her well knew that she wished to be either a classroom teacher or

a music teacher and that this divided allegiance was distasteful to her. Sister Clare quietly accepted her superior's good pleasure. On one occasion she said to a Sister in whom she confided, "Come, let us be fools for Christ's sake!" This remark shows how literally Sister Clare had taken to heart Father Deeney's explanation of the chapter of our rules on the vow and virtue of obedience.

In 1921 Sister Clare was local superior and music teacher at St. Stephen's School of which Father Waitt was the pastor. There existed an understanding between the two, and they had long appreciated each other's fine mental acumen. Father Waitt had been her teacher, and 30 shared his fine training with her.

A form of leukemia began to visibly undermine Sister Clare's life early in that year though its approach was not noted. She gradually became unable to carry on her class work, and at the opening of 1922 she returned to the motherhouse and went to St. Vincent's Hospital for examination. Her eldest sister, Mary, who had become a trained nurse, hastened to care for her beloved younger sister.

The Morressey family was a closely knit unit and the mother was not at all willing that any of her six children should die. Nurse Mary understood the seriousness of Sister Clare's condition, and the family stormed heaven for her restoration to health. In spite of the skill of the best physicians in Portland and the care of her devoted elder sister, the patient's condition visibly worsened. After a long siege in the hospital, Sister Clare fell into a coma which was broken by brief inarticulate spells of consciousness. The doctors acknowledged themselves defeated, and Sister Clare was brought home to St. Mary's.

Mrs. Morressey had gradually resigned herself to the inevitableness of death. After Sister Clare had lain in pain uncomplaining for nine long months, then it was that God granted surcease to her poor, racked body. It was on November 1, 1922, that the end came.

Sister Mary Regina (Adeline Vanderbeck, 1886 - 1922)
She Was Not Found Wanting

Sister Regina was naturally of a gentle, unobtrusive nature, but she performed the intimate, personal duties of a superior with an understanding heart. Her most trusted friend in the Congregation was well chosen, Sister Mary Clare.

During her high school days, Sister Regina had attended an academy of the Sisters of the Holy Names and had formed several lifelong friendships among them. Her plans, as a student, had been to enter that congregation, but some strange force had led her to embrace the life of the Sisters of St. Mary, and she was ever true to her choice. She never lost her love for the Sisters of the Holy Names or her admiration for the advanced education they were then beginning to provide for their teachers. It was that Congregation that in 1919

opened a summer session for the training of teachers for the religious congregations of the archdiocese. However, by that time Sister Regina was fully accredited and had taken her place as a most successful teacher.

She was much loved by all children who came in contact with her. While she was a young professed Sister in St. Mary's Institute, she had been appointed to preside during the long rainy months at the evening recreation period in the junior girls' playroom. This was a difficult time for the younger girls and was apt, unless it was well managed, to descend into loneliness and bickering, and then end in a quarrel. Here Sister Regina was at her best. Thirty years later, long after Sister Regina was dead, one of the little girls of that group who was then a local superior of the Holy Names (Sister Mary Margaret of St. Dominic) related that she had never forgotten the pleasure she had enjoyed on those evenings. She still revered Sister Regina's wise understanding of the hearts of small girls. If she was so revered by small girls who came under her influence but for an hour a day, her students who spent the school day under her guidance revered her much more. The impressions that she made on their lives were lasting for time and eternity.

Sister Regina spent much of her teaching life in Verboort, Sublimity, and St. Louis in the public schools. The superintendent of Washington County had the highest regard for the work of the Sisters in the schools. At an annual institute held in Hillsboro in the school year of 1913-14 for all the teachers of the county, B. W. Barnes requested Sister Clare and Sister Regina, who were stationed in Visitation, Verboort at that time, to give a talk on teaching methods. Sister Regina was assigned reading in the primary grades and Sister Clare, the course of penmanship in the grade school. They both were well qualified and were very successful. Superintendent Barnes was well pleased and praised the Sisters highly. Sister Mary Crescentia, who was present in the hall, later reported to the Sisters, "I was so proud of them as Sisters of St. Mary that I was simply glowing with pride. Their poise, their voice, as well as their presentation of the subject matter was so fine. Of course, Sister Crescentia might have been a somewhat prejudiced judge, for she had been one of Sister Regina's eighth grade pupils of 1903, and the pupil's admiration for her teacher increased rather than lessened when they met within convent walls. It was the year of 1919 that the scourge of influenza left a trail of grief in the Congregation. Sister Regina became one of its victims. She was left with leakage of the heart, then gradually a mild form of epilepsy developed that played havoc with her night's rest. At first only its prostrating effects were noted on the following day, then the Sisters detected the nightly spells. In spite of medical care, nothing seemed to help her failing health. Nonetheless, Sister Regina pressed on for two years. The status of 1922 named her for St. Louis. The garb bill was to go into effect the following summer, and this was the last year that the Sisters were to hold that school. Early in the fall, Sister Regina caught a bad cold and a spell of grippe followed; Sister was brought to the motherhouse.

Sister Clare lay dying, and Sister Regina moved, sadly and quietly for two long suffering months, about her assigned tasks in the academy. Then in the early morning hours of November 5 she passed from time unnoticed by her Sisters. The priest came and anointed her unseeing eyes and deafened ears, and Sister Regina's body was laid in the cemetery beside that of her joyous friend, Sister Clare, who had died three days earlier. She had passed on to a land where there was no pain or misunderstanding - to a joy that no one was to take from her.

A Prologue and Epilogue to Mother Juliana's Administration

St. Paul in his epistle to the Ephesians penned some thoughts that might well be a subject for deep meditation. He reminded the people of Ephesus, whom he had recently brought to the knowledge of Christ, of the wonderful gifts and graces that God had bestowed upon the apostles on that first flaming Pentecost and so had made eloquent world conquerors out of these untutored men. St. Paul prayed that these, his converts, would likewise be "strengthened unto the progress of the inner man . . . so as to have Christ dwelling through faith in their hearts and be rooted and grounded in love." The great missionary went on to exhort them to press forward "in a manner worthy of their calling . . . in all humility and love." It was thus they were to build up the kingdom of Christ, first in their own hearts and then to spread it to others. Faith and love were the virtues necessary. "to comprehend the breadth and length and height and depth of the love of Christ and to be filled with the fullness of the Spirit of God." These exhortations of St. Paul to the people of the first century carried the same message as do those of the preachers and retreat masters to the Sisters of St. Mary in the twentieth. Thus they teach that God distributes His gifts to those whose faith and love are great enough to inspire them to sacrifice their all - even their most cherished dreams and ambitions - to a faithful adherence to their vows and promises. Some have more to give, others less; but when they give their all, whether it is much or little, it must be all. God will never be outdone in generosity. These were the inspiring teachings, the spiritual ideals that appealed strongly to these young women and encouraged them to follow their leader, Christ, faithfully.

They had *not* been enlightened by the noise of a strong wind or a burning flame; nevertheless, the Holy Spirit had filled their hearts with same gleaming desire as had filled the apostles, and they had gone forth and followed closely. Not only these two but there were also eighty other young women, who had been sealed with the Blood of Christ in Holy Baptism and had been called by a special choice to seek for admission into the novitiate of St. Mary's Institute while Mother Juliana was novice mistress. They too had seen the gleam and wished to follow the way of perfection and learn to know the joy of living for Christ. To some few of them the lesson was much too hard, and when they heard, "Give all and come follow Me, and you will have treasure in heaven" were grieved and turned away. So it was that during the ten years

that Mother Juliana guided the young members, the few who turned back brought sadness to her heart. But the many who pressed forward brought to her much joy.

Mother Mary Juliana (Adelia Hermens, 1879-1959)
A Burden Bearer

Mother Juliana's mother, Catherine Meullemans, was quite an unusual woman - wise and forceful in the management of her large family and highly esteemed in the parish. She had been born in Burbeeck, Belgium, on May 31, 1840, and had come to De Pere, Wisconsin, as a girl of sixteen. When she was twenty-one she had married William Hermens and they had a fine family of ten. When Adelia was almost four the family had come West, looking for greener fields and a milder climate and had settled in Verboort, Oregon. Thus Mother Juliana had been brought up in that simple farming district, but her mother had always set her sights beyond, wishing for an opportunity for a higher education for her youngest daughter. Soon the young girl expressed an ardent wish to devote her life to God in religion.

She was not eighteen years of age when she went from Verboort and cast in her lot with the Sisters of St. Mary; she bore the yoke of religious life for almost sixty-two years. Fourteen years of this long span she was a member of the generalate of the Congregation, and for twelve more, she bore the responsibilities of the highest office - that of General Superior. In addition to this she was the local superior of Sacred Heart Academy, Tillamook, for six years.

In her later years Mother Juliana said the happiest years of her religious life had been those that she spent as a teacher and as the mistress of novices. She possessed the patience and the understanding that make a splendid teacher. In the field of mathematics she was at her best. Those whom she trained in the novitiate rose up in later years and "called her blessed."

There are several stories which illustrate Mother Juliana's characteristic honesty and determination that have come down through the annuals of the community.

One evening, tired and thirsty, as she was trudging a hot, dusty road home from school, she passed near an apple tree where ripe fruit lay in the shade on the ground. The temptation to help herself proved too strong. She picked up the largest, reddest apple and walked on, munching it with satisfaction. Soon after it was gone, her conscience knew no peace. The next morning before leaving for school, she took with her a large, red apple and placed it under the same tree in the same place. Peace returned for a time, but one of her older brothers who had learned of her theft and retribution, told it and she became the object of much teasing by her much loved five big brothers. Years later, when Mother Juliana was old and retired at St. Mary of the Valley, her older sister Constance, accompanied by her husband John Van Dyke, came to visit. He brought, in a spirit of fun, a large red apple "to keep you humble he laughingly told Mother

Juliana when he presented it to her.

Another story has been told about her leaving home for St. Mary's novitiate. One of her "big brothers" drove the family spring hack up to the door and put her new trunk, neatly packed by her mother, in the back. It contained the clothing and things needed in the novitiate. She resolutely told everyone "goodby" and climbed in by her brother. As they drove away she looked back at her home and tears trickled down her cheeks. Her brother said "you don't have to go, Delia. I'll take you back home!" She said "No! No!" and he drove on. When it happened again he began to turn the horses around. That action of his roused her spirit and she protested, "I have to go! Go on! Go on!" Drying her tears, she went to St. Mary's and spent more than sixty long years as a Sister of St. Mary of Oregon. Those years were crowded with joy and sorrow.

The last decade of her life was filled with lonely inactivity. During those years the deafness which had first made itself evident about 1924 rapidly increased, and she became irremediably deaf. A paralysis which at first crippled her hands was soon to be coupled with slowly developing cataracts which defied surgery. These took from her the joy that she had felt in skillfully creating with the needle and crochet hook. At last the paralysis attacked her feet, and she became unable to walk unaided. Her tall, wiry body became frail and attenuated. Mother Juliana, who had been active and full of vigor, was a fixture in the infirmary - cut off from the affairs of the Congregation.

Mother Juliana had been elected on June 29, 1919, but she would not reach forty, the age required by rule, until August 3. Consequently, it was decided that Mother Seraphim should continue in office until Mother Juliana reached her fortieth birthday. She quietly stepped into rank and waited one month and four days. Then she assumed the duties of her office to which the members of the community had elected her.

She had always loved a garden plot and things growing, so she first gave an undivided attention to bringing the convent farm up to a state of high production. Her brothers were successful Verboort farmers and following their wise advice, the convent acres were soon producing abundantly.

Early in her administration she personally cultivated the vacant plot behind the graves in the cemetery (there were only eight Sisters resting in the first row at the time) and planted dahlias, asters, chrysanthemums, gladiolas, and all the varieties of daisies for use in the chapel and house in general. The novices assiduously weeded and watered. There had never been such a gorgeous show garden in the county before. It was a riot of beauty and fragrance.

Mother Juliana's natural timidity in assuming a burden and pressing out into new and unexplored frontiers was rapidly waning. While working among the flowers, she was thinking - planning big moves. It was here, while she planted and hoed

and cultivated, that she laid the minute details of the plans for her financial campaign. Such activity is conducive to constructive thinking, Mother Juliana often said. It seems to have been so, for she planned well.

After her election in 1919, Mother Juliana paid off the debts of the Congregation and wisely started a savings fund for a new Motherhouse. She was a wise financier, and the fund increased rapidly during the 1920's. Much of the credit for this belongs to the Sisters who were faithfully reciting a novena of rosaries throughout the Congregation for God's blessing on the undertaking, as well as sacrificing many of their few pleasures toward that end. All saw the need of a larger Motherhouse and Academy.

The Dodge

In 1902 Mother Theresa bought a new carriage, but in 1920 Mother Juliana felt the need for a new automobile. In the beginning her plans were laid for a Chevrolet, a lighter, inexpensive car. Then Hubert Barnard, a wealthy farmer of McMinnville, encouraged her to buy a Dodge, a heavier more durable car; and she in the end followed his advice. She had thought that he would help to pay for it, but as he made no move to do so, the price came out of the yet meager funds of St. Mary's Institute.

Who was to drive the Dodge? No one in the Congregation knew how! The first chosen were Mother Juliana, Sister Ignatia and Sister Baptista; the Sisters held their breath in happy expectation. At last Sister Ignatia was pronounced to be proficient, and she boldly took the Dodge out all on her own to prove her skill. A short trip to Aloha was planned for the trial. As soon as she had joined the stream of traffic westward, her nerve deserted her, and the Dodge became refractory. At first it crept slowly along, then it speeded up and rushed ahead; it wobbled and jerked and twisted down the center of the highway. Other motorists fearfully left its pathway. No one either in the car or on the road could foresee what it would do next. It was Sister Ignatia's trail-by-fire, but she brought the car home un-daunted, quite ready for another try. She tried once and again before she acknowledged defeat, and it was high time she did so.

Mother Juliana on two occasions drove the Dodge into the ditch; of the three, she was the best equipped mentally and emotionally to drive - even though she inflicted the greatest physical damage to the well-being of the Dodge. But the day came when she met her Waterloo. It was necessary that she go to Hillsboro on business and she took with her for a ride Mother Seraphim, Sister Lourdes, and Sister Brigid. Mother Juliana was visibly nervous that day. The trip to Hillsboro was made without mishap, but on the return trip the car slipped on a little stretch of ice; Mother Juliana put on the brakes too fast, and the car flipped over on its sturdy top and stood with its wheels in the air. As the passengers were scrambling about inside to get into an upright position, Mother Juliana's brother came upon the scene. He laughed as

he extracted the passengers, righted the car, and brought all back home. They were not much the worse for the experience, except that Mother Seraphim had sprained her wrist slightly and went about with her hand in a bandage for some time. But all were suffering from jittery nerves. However Mother Juliana would never drive again, although there is no doubt but that she would have become proficient with practice. She said, "I cannot be responsible for the lives of others!"

Riding with Sister Baptista at the wheel was always a nerve racking experience. One Sister remarked to a confidant afterwards, "I was on the point of ordering her to stop and to let me out. I would rather walk home than be so fearful while she talks and laughs." Those who rode with her told of the car jumping up and down on a crowded intersection in Portland and of her laughing as they dashed onward afterwards. All suffered when they approached a sharp curve or a bridge over a stream, while rushing along a high ravine, or climbing a steep hillside. At last she drove no more. Nobody knew just what brought it about, but the Sisters were secretly relieved.

At the time of the accident Mother Juliana was becoming more and more deeply involved in the finances of the Congregation. She was rapidly assuming the role of a forceful, independent superior general, and it was difficult to realize that she, a few years previously, had been a pliant, dependable follower. None of the Sisters who were named to acquire the skill of driving succeeded - in fact they were fearful of assuming the responsibility. After Sister Mary Berchmans Portman and Sister Mary Consolata DeMartini were received in August of 1928, they gradually became the official chauffeurs, relieving the men connected with the farm of the duty.

Changes in Education

The first member of the Congregation to receive formal education was Mother Seraphim, who, while still in the novitiate at Mariazell, spent a year with the Holy Name Sisters in Salem. It had been Mother Wilhelmina who had initiated this move, and it had also been she who had procured the services of Sister De Sales, a Franciscan from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who spent a year in the Sublimity motherhouse and conducted a class in English for the Sisters there.

Again in 1901-1902, Mother Theresa, laying plans to open an academy in connection with the motherhouse, sent Mother Seraphim and Mother Juliana to the Benedictine Sisters at St. Joseph, Minnesota, for a year of study. It would not be until Mother Juliana was in office that any Sister was to spend a whole year to prepare for her apostolic work.

In 1894 Mother Theresa had secured certification by means of teachers' examinations. It was a wise move on her part, as that was the approved method at that time. It had insured for the Congregation not only a source of funds, but also public recognition of their work. But with the reevaluation of education by the state, this method of certification was rapidly

being outmoded. As a consequence, one of the first moves on the part of Mother Juliana was to initiate a refocusing of sights on the preparation of teachers for the apostolate of education. For the past twenty years, it had been an individual preparation of one or several in one house, and of groups of young Sisters in the Motherhouse. However, there had always been a regular organization of groups for intensive study during the summer months, for these classes most often an outside instructor was secured.

In 1919 a formal course of preparation was organized and offered to the teachers of the Archdiocese by the Sisters of the Holy Names. It was sponsored by Archbishop Christie and held in St. Mary's Academy in Portland. There were ten or twelve young Sisters registered that first session. To reach the classes they took the red electric into town and got off on Fourth and Jefferson Streets and a pleasant morning walk took them to the school in ample time. This two-year course was to lead to a teacher's certificate. Everyone was happy! Then some of the Sisters upon completing this course went to Columbia University (later renamed Portland University) and secured a degree, while others still later went to Gonzaga University in Spokane. The first three to start for a degree there were Sister Mary Crescentia Tanzer, Sister Mary Aquinas Reverman, and Sister Mary Veronica Lingelbach.

Beginning in 1922 many Sisters began their advanced education and obtained degrees. The first two to receive their Master's were Sister Mary Aquinas Reverman and Sister Mary Eugenia Eberhard.

Mother Juliana early in her administration secured the services of Miss Lucille A. Mint, who was the founder of the National League of Arts and Science, to give a course to the Sisters in the fundamentals of art and sketching from nature. Many Sisters enjoyed the course, but Sister Veronica absorbed the most from it. The principles she learned then stood her in good stead during her long years of work in the classroom.

In 1956 Mother Colette wanted a member of the Congregation to give the young Sisters their basic courses in philosophy, in order that they would become forceful teachers in the apostolate of the Church. Mother named Sister Mary Ermelinda Vandomelen to make the start in St. Louis University, and she received a Ph.D. in June of 1961

A Second Motherhouse Comes into Being

In January of 1930, a chimney fire was detected in time to save the loved, old St. Mary's Institute from destruction. (However, the first school records, which were in a wall cupboard beside the chimney, were lost.) This was Mother Juliana's cue for action. The building fund at that time had reached the sum of \$100,000. Those about her had been unaware of the amount of the fund. It was decided that it was sufficient for a beginning.

On the plot of land across the highway was the site chosen by Archbishop Christie and purchased by Mother Theresa in 1903 for the new Motherhouse, and the building soon began to take form late in 1929. It was to be a fire-proof structure of steel and cement, faced with tan brick. All was progressing well. Then came the financial crash and the depression of 1930. However, the \$100,000 which had been so carefully garnered was safe. When the Portland banks closed, fortunately the money was in the hands of the architect, contractor, and builders. There would be little on hand of the thousands still needed for finishing and furnishing the building. All the Sisters were happy at that time, because the money was safe and the Motherhouse was going up; Mother Juliana was hopeful for the future.

A Move Never to be Forgotten

She succeeded in opening the center unit of the new St. Mary of the Valley Academy in September of 1930. Many things were lacking, and the registration of the boarding school was greatly depleted. (During these depression years, the people did not have the money to register their daughters in the institution.) Nevertheless, the school continued its educational work uninterruptedly.

The horrors of the move from the old St. Mary's Institute to the new St. Mary of the Valley will never be forgotten by those who made it. The superiors attempted to save money by making the move without hiring help. Thus the labor fell upon the man employed on the farm, the high school Home boys after school hours and on Saturday, and the Sisters who were to perform the major part of the work.

In the old building was the accumulation of thirty-five years to be moved to the uncleaned new building, where the workmen were still finishing cupboards and storage space. Mother Juliana plunged into the task - scrubbing, polishing, pushing, and pulling. As soon as the sleeping quarters were completed, the Sisters and girls moved into the new apartments, leaving many things of value yet to be moved. When the old building was thus left untenanted, it became an easy mark for looters, and there were many things of value that were never found again. Mother Wilhelmina long mourned at the loss of the old community bell which had rung in Mariazell Convent to call the first ten foundresses to community exercises. In 1893 it had been moved with care and reverence to the first motherhouse in Beaverton, and there had hung for twenty-seven years above the low-roofed laundry. Its call had been the voice of God to the first 160 devoted members of the Congregation. At last the building stood empty - deserted.

New Adjustments and Heartaches

Then men came and tore the old St. Mary's Institute down and heartlessly bargained for money for the piles of lumber on its front lawn. They ruthlessly trampled the gardens of flowers,

uprooted the bushes, and ruined the trees. Children from round about came to school and announced, "My grandad is building a chicken coop from its lumber." Another reported, "My Uncle Ted got material from your old convent to mend his barn." Such stories hurt the supersensitive feelings of those who had loved every nook and corner of that beautifully symmetrical old building, which had been a throbbing powerhouse of prayer and sacrifice for the good of all. One Sister remarked, "There was good lumber in that building. Old William Holtshausen built it, and he never accepted second-class material. He was a great, honest carpenter! A good friend to us!"

The new building stood naked on bare rutted ground. Two Sisters walking up St. Mary's Avenue to it one evening looked long at its windows staring vacantly into the setting sun. Then Sister Mary Vincent Engeldinger voiced her feelings - "It looks as though it had no soul. It's just a house of cards that we could run and push over with our hands." But the Sisters of St. Mary all valiantly united and assumed the hard, cold task of bringing God's blessing down upon the new St. Mary of the Valley. It had to be done by prayer and sacrifice.

Our Starving Austrian Sisters (1922-1927)

During the postwar years of 1921 to 1925, Father Francis Prange, a brother of Sister Mary Boniface, was a student in Innsbruck, Austria. That war-ravaged period of reconstruction was a time of great suffering for the cloistered nuns of Europe. The people were in such straightened circumstances themselves that they were unable to come to the aid of those vowed to a contemplative life. Father Prange came into contact with the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, a community on the verge of extinction from starvation. He applied to the Sisters of St. Mary for help for them until they would be able to help themselves. Mother Juliana was deeply absorbed in amassing a building fund for the new motherhouse. Nevertheless, she organized a plan to gather finds from the children in the parochial schools in addition to asking the Sisters for more sacrifices to increase the donation. America was in a flourishing state at the time, and she had little trouble in collecting a monthly donation to send to Mother Mary Magdalena of the Holy Trinity. The idea of charity for starving Sisters made a strong appeal to generous American children.

Father Prange, when asking for aid for these religious, gave this information about them:

"Community numbered thirty-eight nuns. Composed of Austrians, Germans, Poles, Belgians, Slovaks, and two Swiss. Of the thirty-eight only eight were regarded as fully able-bodied. Their source of income was charity. Their endowment was destroyed by inflation and a service with monetary rewards was non-existent, even impossible."

Many Years later Father Prange said: "Thanks mainly to

Mother Juliana, the community survived, only to fall victim to Hitler's Nazis who expelled the nuns and confiscated the convent for Nazi headquarters in Innsbruck. I am told the community has revived and Perpetual Adoration is again in existence. Mother Mary Magdalena was a Saint." The Congregation received glowing letters of gratitude from the cloistered nuns, and God's blessing seemed to descend in showers upon the Sisters of St. Mary and their works.

The Decree of Praise

Mother Juliana's greatest achievement during the twelve years that she controlled the fortunes of the Congregation was not the accumulation of \$100,000, nor was it the bringing to completion a modern fire-proof building. But it was the securing of papal approbation for the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Mary, before the institute was forty years old.

Right Reverend Anthony Hillebrand, V.G.,P.A., a staunch friend of the Congregation from the beginnings in Sublimity, had put the English rule into Latin to take with him to Rome. He promised to plead the cause with the Sacred Congregation while he was in the Holy City, and he was successful in his undertaking. The Decree of Praise was granted the Congregation after a thorough investigation of its apostolate spread out over the Archdiocese of Oregon City and a careful study of the Constitutions which had guided its members in their work. Mother Juliana had taken precautions to secure recommendations from a number of prominent churchmen: five were from bishops, one from a monsignor, and two from heads of religious orders of men. These churchmen knew the Sisters and their work well and were qualified to make just evaluations of the worth of the Congregation and its work in the Church. The following is a copy of a letter from Bishop Crimont concerning his recommendation of the Sisters of St. Mary:

Juneau, Alaska
January 24, 1923

Rev. Mother Juliana,
St. Mary's Institute
Beaverton, Oregon.

Reverend dear Mother:

It is with exceeding joy and with sentiments of ardent gratitude to God that I received, through Sr. M. Theresa, your secretary, the good news of the steps you are taking to obtain the official approval of your Institute by the Holy See.

Our Blessed Lord has already put the seal of His approval and complacency on your dear Community. Your splendid religious spirit, your self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of education, the wonderful fruits of your labors, the high esteem you have won from all who are the beneficiaries or the witnesses of your zeal, of your edifying life: all these are glorious proofs that God blessed your beginnings, and blessed your growth and your activities in a signal manner.

The approbation by the Holy See is a well deserved reward which we fervently desire to see bestowed on your Institute. We pray that this consolation and this great encouragement be given you without delay, as it will stir up your generosity in the service of Our Lord in His little ones - to greater strides still towards the realizing of your holy Vocation and will be a pledge of stability in your aims, your mode of life, your helpfulness and fruitful service.

May God grant you such increase that you may soon extend your good work beyond the limits of Oregon even to the extreme Northland of Alaska which needs you, and calls you.

Believe me

Yours devotedly in Our Lord,
+ Joseph R. Crimont, S.J.
Bp of Ammt.V.A. of Alaska

For the Congregation to have reached this maturity in its growth and development, Mother Theresa with the help of Father Joseph Chianale, S.J. had dug and planted; Father William Deeney, S.J. with the approval of Archbishop Christie had watered and cultivated; so Mother Juliana with this background and encouragement was able to present the ripened fruit to the Bishop of Rome for approval.

It was at this time that the official name of the Congregation was lengthened to Sisters of Saint Mary of Oregon. This was done, to distinguish the western Congregation from several other Congregations of Sisters of St. Mary in the United States. The Congregation was then under the patronage of Rome and was given an apostolic delegate to represent its needs. It had the freedom to spread to other dioceses or into the foreign missions when such occasion arose.

The Decree of Praise had been issued on December 11, 1926, and it reached the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Mary in early 1926 quite unannounced. Its arrival was a happy surprise to all. Nevertheless, as a whole, the Sisters did not understand well the vast importance of the document. As the significance of the dignity which the decree gave to the Congregation became understood in the Archdiocese, its earthly prestige grew apace, and all groundless suspicions, worn out by age, died a natural death. Archbishop Gross' faith in the foundresses was realized.

To publish the arrival of the Decree of Praise, a great dinner was later given to friends among the clergy. That day the guest of honor was the Dominican priest, Father Pope, O.R., who had put into English the Latin document from Some. Priests of that order were then translating the book of Latin rules into English to be printed and presented to each Sister of the Congregation later that year.

Final Approbation of the Holy Rule

The seven years of trial quickly passed, and it was during

Mother Seraphim's fifth term of office that final approbation was sought. It proved to be a much simpler matter to secure this document than it had been to procure the Decree of Praise. The news that it was soon to become a reality arrived with the new year of 1934. and it was accepted and signed by His Holiness Pope Pius XI on May of that year. In due time the mails brought the precious document to the Congregation. During the months of waiting, there had been little doubt in the minds of the rank and file of the Sisters but that it would be granted. Nevertheless, there was a long sigh of relief when the decree came stating that "the Institute and its Constitutions are definitely approved and confirmed,"

The honor for this achievement belongs under God, to Archbishop Gross who had inspired the ten young women to make the beginning in Mariazell, and to all the courageous leaders within the Congregation, beginning with Mother Wilhelmina on to Mother Juliana and the Sisters who loyally upheld and sustained them, and last but not least to Father Deeney, to whom much credit is justly due.

The Sting of Death Was Felt

The Congregation withstood the siege of five serious epidemics. The first, in 1906, was typhoid fever, which took the life of Sister Veronica Jenck, a very successful teacher who had just completed her thirtieth year. The next was smallpox, and it came in 1908, causing much worry and inconvenience but taking no lives. In 1914 diphtheria crept into the novitiate and almost before it was recognized, a young first-year novice, Sister Mary Immaculata Gallagher, was dead. There followed in its wake many complications requiring medical treatment and lengthy periods of isolation or hospitalization. It was vanquished several times only to reappear again. And it made its final assault in 1926.

Influenza reached Oregon in 1918 and within St. Mary's Institute it gained a stubborn foothold. As a result many Sisters were physically weakened and became an easy prey for tuberculosis. Twelve cases of this disease did not respond to treatment, and after a longer or shorter period of suffering and isolation succumbed to death. Of these victims of tuberculosis, one had passed her fiftieth birthday, two were but eighteen. The average age of the twelve was twenty-eight. It was a severe loss to the Congregation.

At the time that Mother Juliana was elected to office, there were only eight graves in the community cemetery; but when she retired in 1931, twenty-two more had been made. In her battle against disease and death, Mother Juliana had added an infirmary wing to the rear of the chapel. It was pleasantly located with windows to the west and the north and a wide veranda running around two sides. The west windows were shaded by the lovely elm trees which Mother Juliana and the novices had planted in 1911. The trees had given shade and rest to the community through the years.

Doctor Charles Mason had through all the diphtheria and

tuberculosis sieges stood loyally by the Sisters of St. Mary. His conscientious, untiring care, his understanding heart, his patience and cheering sympathy gives him an indisputable right to eternal gratitude. The name of Doctor Mason will go down in the annals of the Congregation as most honorable. The worried superior and each individual Sister to whom he administered all "speak loud his praise."

There were no elderly or incapacitated Sisters at the time Mother Juliana took office, and many of the problems which she needed to solve were inherited from the past administration. The responsibility for them as they came up were definitely hers to bear and she shouldered them manfully and struggled grimly forward.

Disease and death came like landslides down upon the Congregation as Mother Juliana valiantly sought to withstand their onslaughts. From the summer of her election to the February of 1931, there was no surcease. Twenty Sisters who wore in active service succumbed. Mother Juliana learned to conquer by bowing her head and saying - "God's Holy Will be done."

The Risk of Exercising Power

Power in a religious congregation is a very dubious honor. When our Divine Lord was about to enter upon His public life a desire for power was one of the temptations with which the evil spirit approached Him. Satan wished to assure himself whether this extraordinary Human Being was God or man. Of course, the Prince of Darkness discovered nothing new at that time, and it was long before our Lord acknowledged Himself to be Christ, the Son of God.

A religious superior needs to walk warily lest he conclude that the complete submission, the generous acceptance, the unfeigned humility, the simple trust, the gentle courtesy with which his decisions and orders are accepted by the religious are not generated by his own personal excellence or his superior judgement and wisdom; rather than the result of a sincere desire on the part of subjects to do God's Holy Will as announced by the person who welded the power of office. It can well be that when a superior steps out of office and finds that he is no longer surrounded with attentions and honors that he should feel himself strangely deflated. Then it is that he comes fully to understand that the exterior honor and attentions which he enjoyed a short time before were not given to him but to the office that he held. If he shows a calm demeanor and quietly accepts his changed position, he becomes a source of edification to those with whom he lives. Should he not, he is a great disedification. There is often grave danger that a person in power may attribute all his successes to his personal prowess when it is in fact the result of the support and prayers of the Congregation which he represents. Let him remember that his talents are a free gift of God to be used for the good of all and are not to be used for his own glorification. God could in a trice withdraw them and leave him poverty-stricken.

For these reasons the greatness of heart and soul of a religious are best evaluated not when he is exercising the power of a superior, but when he once again takes his place with the rank and file of the community.

Another appalling responsibility is the fixing of the life work for a fervent young religious. It is a decision to be made after much prayer because of its far-reaching effects. What might be acceptable at that early date might prove to be a fierce trial in the years to come.

The Years of 1931 - 1957

Mother Juliana was a living member of the Congregation for sixty years; and when she went out of the office of Superior General, a long, twenty-six years stretched out before her. The general chapter at that time elected her to the office of general treasurer, but she refused the honor because of her defective hearing. Then from 1937 to 1943 she was named local superior of Sacred Heart Convent, Tillamook. It was during these years that she would hand a little writing pad to a Sister who came to speak to her. Mother's spoken reply to the written message would be made in the high, strident voice that the deaf gradually assume. However, there remained a few Sisters the timbre of whose raised voice could produce a sensation on her tympanic membrane. It was a problem to deliver to her a telephone message or some urgent request or a business matter that was received by the portress that was to be relayed to the superior. At times many trips back and forth between Mother and the door were necessary. Such arrangements were bound to result in wounded feelings and misunderstandings.

Mother Juliana spent the last fourteen years of her life in the motherhouse. Paralysis was very slowly preventing any activity. For a person who had been full of life and physical action, this was a source of humiliation and suffering. In 1954, Mother Juliana became a fixture in the infirmary isolated by her physical handicaps. Sister Aquinas Reverman would take her out in a wheelchair into the fresh air and sunshine when the weather permitted. But for the most part she lived in a world separated from the life of the community by a wall of deafness and partial paralysis, seeing only shadows of the Sisters who moved about her.

For support in walking, she pushed a chair before her down the long waxed hall to the chapel into the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Here she found solace and rest as she performed her duty to the Congregation by prayer. In those last years she had regained her gentle, humble spirit and had once again become submissive and pliant to all about her.

An Unfulfilled Desire

Mother Juliana was the youngest daughter of the youngest son of William Hermens who had come to Verboort with the early settlers. Her older brothers and sisters married and had large families. She had always hoped that some of her forty nieces would join her at St. Mary's. Many times she would

single out this one or that one and then storm heaven for a vocation for her. These objects of her prayers all married and settled down as thrifty farmers' wives much to Mother Juliana's disappointment. But her prayers were granted, for five from among her grandnieces have joined her as Sisters of St. Mary: Sister Mary Alberta Schwall, Sister Miriam Joseph Schwall, Sister Mary Petronella Evers, Sister Jean Marie Van Dyke, and Sister Mary Gabriel Van Dyke. Five others entered various other communities.

When Mother was old and ill, it became a never-ending joy to her to receive little extra attentions from these young Sisters who became a constant object of her prayers.

Mother Juliana's Last Day on Earth

Early in May of 1959, Mother Juliana, who had finally become a bed patient, was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital. The doctor pronounced her to be in a serious condition of dehydration, but she lingered on for some time in a semiconscious state. Then in the early morning of May 19, the hospital notified the superior that her heart was failing. Sister Mary Angela Lehman, the local superior, with Sister Alberta and Sister Miriam Joseph, Mother's beloved grandniece, reached her bedside before six o'clock and found her in a dying condition. They notified Sister Petronella, stationed in Holy Cross School, but she was due in her classroom in an hour and could not leave for some time.

In the hospital was Father Gerhardt, a priest from Austria, who was acting as assistant chaplain for a brief time. He brought the Blessed Sacrament into Mother's room as he carried Holy Communion about the hospital that morning, and blessed her with the Sacred Host. He returned later to say the prayers of the Church and a rosary. Then he blessed her and said in very broken English, "Goodby Sister! Our Lady is waiting for you." and blessed her once again. This lovely promise Mother Juliana's grandnieces have remembered with joy. It was a rare privilege for Mother Juliana to have a priest praying beside her bed during her last hour. The weary patient lay breathing rapidly. Then about nine o'clock a change came over her waxen face; she opened her eyes wide, drew a long breath and her earthly days were ended. It was a very quiet passing of a soul and would have slipped by unnoticed had not the Sisters been watching.

Mother Juliana's life had been a long useful span of years, during which she had shouldered heavy burdens without a murmur and never sought to shift them to the shoulders of others. She had many gifts of mind and heart which she had dedicated to the glory of God. If mistakes were made, this often came about because of the unqualified advisors on whom she had relied because of her impaired hearing.

Mother Juliana was a doer of deeds. She visioned a well functioning central government properly housed, and she saw that it was the propitious moment to accomplish the undertaking - most speedily and successfully. Mother was

also a dutiful daughter of the Congregation which she loved above all things. For sixty years she served faithfully.

Mother Mary Seraphim's Fourth Term from 1931 to 1937

When Mother Seraphim was elected to serve a fourth time, she was but sixty-three years of age but she was old in body and chronically ill. However, her will was still strong. There were elected to her council Sisters whom she had always loved and trusted - Sister Ignatia, Sister Genevieve, Sister Caspar, and Sister Agnes. She placed Sister Stanislaus as superior of the house. Mother Juliana, who had been elected treasurer, resigned; so they carried on without a formal member to care for the finances, which were in good order. Everything was prosperous for the administration.

The new four-story building, in which the community had been housed for a year, had been planned to be a central unit with three wings. Mother Juliana had formally dedicated, on September 28, 1930, the central unit and the west academy wing as well as a strong, permanent foundation and first floor for the central wing. This large room was eventually to be the community refectory, but it was used as a temporary chapel. All was in readiness for the two-story chapel which was to be built above it. At that time there had been no more money and Mother Juliana was too wise a financier to borrow \$50,000 more in addition to the existing debt, but she immediately started a building fund for a chapel.

Mother Juliana was a financial genius. The work that she had so well begun was only half completed, although her second term of office was expiring. Some Sisters suggested that Rome be petitioned for a dispensation to permit her to serve a third term and so get time to finish the work that she had begun so well. This plan was discussed by the electors as feasible. God in His eternal wisdom and love willed otherwise.

Mother Seraphim had long dreamed of some time erecting a place of worship worthy of God - now the opportunity lay before her. The Golden Jubilee was to come on August 14, 1936. It would be a propitious occasion on which to complete the venture, the foundation for the superstructure was in readiness and waiting. The building fund had swelled to reasonable proportions - much credit for this had accrued from the hard work of the Sisters during the Harvest Festivals, held annually during the fall between 1921- 1942 on the Campus of the academy, averaging about \$1,700 profit each year. Then came a windfall which brought the building of the chapel to the immediate future.

A Benefactor, Father Charles Seroski

Father Charles Seroski, who had been chaplain to St. Mary's for seven years, unexpectedly died after an intermittent illness of several months, and in his will he had made the Sisters of St. Mary beneficiaries for \$10,000.

Father Seroski had been born to a Polish family who had emigrated to America when he was a small child. The family had passed through the vicissitudes that harass most immigrants' lives - poverty and lack of understanding. His father established a small store in St. Louis, Missouri, and supported and brought up his family according to his European ideals. After the boy had completed the parochial school, he took his place in his father's store. During the next years he gained a modicum of medical knowledge which stood him in good stead in his work among the poor in his Oregon parishes. He stayed with his parents assisting and comforting them until their death.

Then at the age of thirty he set out with grim determination to prepare himself for the priesthood. He asked for no indulgence or dispensations, but entered the preparatory high school seminary of St. Cyril and Methodius in Detroit, passed on to St. Francis seminary, Milwaukee for philosophy, and for theology he entered St. Paul Seminary, Minnesota. He reached the goal of his dreams when in 1903, at the age of forty-one, Archbishop Ireland ordained him to the holy priesthood.

During the next thirty-two years he worked in the apostolate of Oregon City, and was ever held in respect for the people among whom he lived. It was said that "Father Seroski was a plain, blunt man who hated pretense and the trappings of pride. He never sought honor or distinction for himself, but in Christ-like simplicity exercised the sacred functions of his high office as a priest."

Father George Thompson, who had been his classmate in St. Paul Seminary and been instrumental in his coming to the Archdiocese of Oregon, said at his Requiem Mass, "Father Seroski's ministry has been characterized by self-sacrificing devotion to duty that is not easily equaled. I know of no other priest who has been more indifferent to self-comfort than Father Seroski was." He bade farewell to his old classmate and brother priest with words of high praise: "He fought a good fight, he finished his course. He kept the faith."

Every Sister of St. Mary owes him a debt of gratitude - not only for the \$10,000 that went into the chapel, but also for the seven years of humble and gentle spiritual care that they received from his consecrated hands.

The Chapel of 1936

With the assurance of this last sum, Mother Seraphim quickly laid plans to begin the new chapel. Father Theophilus Eisle on St. Joseph's day, 1935, broke ground in the myrtle bed at the south-east corner near the firm, strong foundation stones of the central wing. The digging was only a symbol, as the second-story level was where the building of the chapel was being done. The massive steel girders were hoisted into place, and then the form of the Romanesque chapel could be clearly discerned. The long bright autumn months gave the men time to get the building under roof before the winter rains fell.

The building was planned to match the Romanesque dome under which it stood and the arches of the entrance which led into it. The Sisters were full of joy as they watched the windows from the old chapel put in and the beauty which was becoming more and more evident under the high arched roof. After a new green carpet was laid in the sanctuary and the high-spined altar was placed, holding the precious Prisoner of the Tabernacle with Our Lady enthroned on high, the Sisters' hearts were inundated with gratitude to God for His goodness to this least Congregation. Then all was completed and ready for dedication, which Archbishop Howard did on October 25, 1936, and the Golden Jubilee of the Congregation of the Sisters of Saint Mary was celebrated with great gladness.

The Golden Jubilee of Profession (1887-1937) of the First Ten Sisters

There were ten young women who had come to Mariazell Convent in 1886. Of these, five sisters were more mature and had had more religious training: Sister Clara, Sister Benedict, Sister Wilhelmina, Sister Josephine, Sister Cecilia, and these had made their religious profession of vows on March 25, 1887. The other five (though they were always counted as foundresses because they were one heart and one soul with the first five in that great venture had, under the protection of the Most Reverend Archbishop Gross, had made their profession on the feast of the Most Precious Blood, 1888. They were: Sister Gertrude, Sister Aloysius, Sister Rose, Sister Johanna, and Sister Magdalene. These ten were always classed as the ten wise virgins, be that as it may, they were faithful unto death, and seven were alive and active fifty years later to enjoy the honors justly meted out to them by the members of the Congregation on their Golden Jubilee. The community well knew of the generosity and heroism which had brought God's blessings on those early years of the foundation.

The Jubilee was celebrated on May 9 with a Pontifical High Mass and a renewal of holy vows. Archbishop Howard congratulated the Sisters and reminded them that the "true greatness of a Congregation does not lie in its beautiful convent or the many schools that it conducts, but in the spirit that has prompted the work."

The Sisters who follow these departed leaders all know the strength and beauty of soul that prompted the foundation of the Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon. The spirit of that humble beginning, fraught with many dangers of time and earth, had safely brought the Congregation with marked courage to its culmination in this Pageant of Golden Years.

Queen of the Valley - May 2, 1937

The Pageant of the Golden Years was a brilliant performance that showed the part that the Sisters of St. Mary have taken in the planting and propagating of the faith in the Archdiocese of Oregon City. Many peoples with a wide diversity of

customs and interests had been involved during the three-hundred-sixty years which led up to the small beginnings made by the Sisters in Mariazzell Convent in 1886. These peoples in their colorful costumes were portrayed by a cast of two-hundred-fifty students from the grade and high schools conducted by the Congregation. The pageant was opened by a colorful procession of the entire cast through the auditorium. Then in seven episodes each country told of the gifts which it had brought to enrich the life and culture of Oregon. This sequence of historical facts was presented in a restful variation of rhythmic prose and blank verse and was enhanced by graceful dances and drills against a background of song and music. The pageant was brought to a grand finale by a beautiful tableau in which the Queen Mother of the Precious Blood was crowned as Queen of the Valley - the fair Tualatin Valley where St. Mary of the Valley stands as her royal seat.

The script for this beautiful pageant was prepared by Sister Mary Eugenia Eberhard for this special occasion. Mrs. Elsie M. Christensen, Sister Eugenia's elder sister, who gave private lessons in speaking and elocution, assisted her in the training of the students for the speaking parts.

Mrs. Mary V. Dodge directed the musicians of the sixty-four piece orchestra which furnished the music for the performance.

The presenting of the pageant had been a tremendous task and great skill had been required to weld all the parts into one working whole. But the task had been accomplished with great success. Each teacher demanded and got perfection from her group.

Mary Alice Eberhard - Sister Mary Eugenia (1910-1963) Father and Daughter

Sister Eugenia was born in Portland in 1886 and always remained a most loyal Portlander. She had seen the city develop from a busy river port of ten thousand to a city of three-hundred thousand. Her people were immigrants who had arrived in the middle of the century. The Eberhards had taken up land in Hubbard in 1853 after a brief sojourn in California; and the Lacey's (her mother's family) after enduring almost overwhelming hardships and losses crossing the plains by covered wagon had settled on land claims in Milwaukie in 1852. Grandmother Eberhard had filled Sister Eugenia with stories of Michigan from which the family came, California in the roistering days of the gold rush, and French prairie. After the death of her mother when Sister Eugenia was seven, she had spent long summer holidays on the French prairie with her grandmother and Aunt "Alie" Eberhard Dimick.

Her father, her beloved and understanding companion, was a well educated man. He had seen the coming of Archbishop Gross to Oregon and had taught in St. Michael's Boys' School on fifth and Mill in the 1870s and knew the history of

Portland first hand. Sister Eugenia had been a graduate of the old Portland High School, which later became Lincoln High School; she said that it was from her father that she had gained her knowledge of history and the classics. It was with him that she had reread Shakespeare and the English novels and received a deep lasting love of English literature.

Sister had inherited from her mother some acres of land in Raleigh Hills on beautiful old Canyon Road. When she had come of age, she and her father had planned and built what she considered an ideal home upon it. They moved from Portland into this fringe of the Beaverton parish. At first they had continued to attend the Cathedral, but when the Jesuits assumed charge of the wide-spread Beaverton parish, they changed their affiliation to St. Cecilia's. Sister Eugenia became a devoted church and civic worker in the new setting. Father Deeney assumed charge of Beaverton parish in the summer of 1908. Later he knowingly remarked, "Alice is in the world but she is not of the world."

Her Vocation

Sister Eugenia, then in her twenty-seventh year, entered the novitiate in October of 1910. At one time while she was a very new postulant, Mother Seraphim had laughingly asked her during a relaxed recreation period, "Alice, do you think that you will be able to rise at five o'clock every morning during the rest of your life?" Sister Eugenia, with her hair still in a becoming coiffure and wearing high-heeled slippers rose, and skillfully paraphrasing Shakespeare, answered: "I dare do all it doth behoove a nun to do." She did this faithfully - as far as in her lay - for the next fifty-three years.

For Mr. Eberhard, her entering religious life had been a major sacrifice. He kept the home on Canyon Head open until his last sickness. Death came for him when he was seventy-nine years old on June 11, 1929. However, he was a frequent visitor at St. Mary's Home before his death, and he became much interested in the homeless boys there.

It was while Sister Eugenia was yet in her home that her father had written "Champoeg", a long poem in dignified blank verse. Sister had worked with him in his researches that had led to his believing that the name Oregon was an Indian corruption of the name of the Spanish province, Aragon. The sailors on the Spanish treasure ship that had been wrecked on Manzanita beach near the foot of Mount Neahkahnie had sailed from that province.

This historical fact had been the subject of much thought and research on the part of Mr. Eberhard. In all these matters Sister Eugenia's opinions decidedly reflected those of her father. This knowledge of Oregon history was brought out in the outstanding blank verse history that went into the Pageant which she wrote for the Golden Jubilee.

By an interesting coincidence, Sister Eugenia had been born the year of the foundation of the Congregation. She was six

months old when Mariazell convent was taken over by the foundresses in Sublimity.

She spent more than five decades in the Congregation and made a fine contribution to the schools of the Archdiocese. However, her finest work went into the four years that she spent as novice mistress training the young members to be religious. This is well attested to by the numbers of young woman whom she had taught by word and example "to do all it doth behoove a nun to do."

Death Cane to Sister Eugenia

At last a crippling heart condition developed, and she could no longer continue in the schools. Those final years were lonely - for hers had been a life filled with activity. Slowly her memory for historical persons and books slipped from her, and she could no longer carry on a conversation about an event in Oregon history or a hero of Shakespeare's tragedy. Macbeth. Her thoughts always turned back to her family or maybe "old St. Stephen's." A final heart attack brought the need of oxygen, and she was moved to the Congregation's nursing home, Maryville. Here the finale was quietly enacted a week later in the early morning of November 15t 1963, in her seventy-eighth year.

A bit of blank verse was written by one of Sister Eugenia's friends in religion who had deeply appreciated the Pageant of the Golden Jubilee. Its concluding stanza is the expression of a final wish for Sister Eugenia.

The Pageant of the Years, 1886-1936

With faith in the wisdom of Archbishop Gross
Ten brave young women vowed their lives
To serve as torchbearers in the schools of Oregon.
The far reaches of that diocese was a desolate field in 1886,
They were urged on by a firm hope and burning love for Christ.

Now after fifty years the hearts of those workers beat high
with joy.

Those who made the very humble beginning in 1886
Now in 1936, after the bearing the labors of the years,
Rejoice to hear the ringing of the Jubilee bell.
It is for them a day of glad fulfillment, of deep gratitude to God,
A day of retrospect and of clear vision for a bright future.

To Sister Mary Eugenia Eberhard's pen was given
The task to tell in song and verse
Of gratitude for the past and of hope for the years before -
That youth who follow through the years ahead
May know and value the labor of the foundresses
Who in times long gone cleared the land and broke the sod
And left the reaping of the harvest for younger hands.

November 15. 1963, marked the completion of Sister's time
on earth.

All her years of labor are now merged
In wide eternity with those who passed along the way ahead
As Sisters of St. Mary faithful to the end -
As well as those who yet will follow in their footsteps
To enter the glad encampment on the hill
And be united there in that religious family.

May her work, done for this pageant celebration,
Accomplished with great love and skill,

Remain her special marker in the archives of eternity.

After Sister Eugenia's father's death, there was an old Ford
left at the family home that no member of her family wanted.
It was in good running condition so Sister Eugenia brought it
to St. Mary 's, and it served for years in the humbler, harder
tasks around and about the convent that required driving.

Lizzie Jane Ford - 1922

We had an old Ford christened Lizzie,
She helped out in times we were busy,
She rattled the roads
And carried great loads,
The merry old car we called Lizzie.

In the days that Miss Jane was most thriving
To gather fresh fruit called for driving,
We picked every pear,
And apple with care,
To can fruit for the winter meant striving.

As the Dodge made the trips to the city
Lizzie Jane ever honked the same ditty,
"I'm ready for work
I never shall shirk."
Things couldn't get done without Lizzie.

One trip had been planned in a hurry,
We forgot to check gas in our flurry,
Alack and alas
We ran out of gas,
Kind old Jane hastened home without worry.

To crank Lizzie Jane required muscle,
On one trip she gave us a tussle,
She stopped in the road
In vain did we goad,
Lizzie Jane was not going to hustle.

When we were quite worn with contriving
Miss Jane once again began striving,
We reached home too late -
Oh, sad was our fate!
They had worried at our slow arriving.

Mother Seraphim Passes from the Scenes of Time on the
Feast of St. Theresa of Avila, 1943

The elections that were held in 1937 and 1943 had placed Mother Mary Genevieve Vandervelden in the office of general superior with Sister Mary Stanislaus as her vicar - while in both elections Mother Seraphim had been named to be third councilor.

Mother Seraphim's health had never been good after she had sustained an internal injury by overlifting while waiting on Father Fessler during his months of illness. She had undergone surgery several times but the operations had failed to effect a complete correction of the unfortunate injury, and Mother Seraphim suffered pain in her back for the remainder of her life. During the six years which followed her retirement from office, her health deteriorated at a rapid rate. A softening of the bone set in and her back gradually became so curved that she was unable to sit or walk erectly. This caused her not only much pain but also it was a source of humiliation as she had ever been most careful about her posture and attire. She was forced to creep slowly across the hall from her room to her place in the choir for Holy Mass and community prayers.

Early in October of 1943, Mother Seraphim fell on the hard cement floor of the choir and was unable to rise. A bone in her shoulder had been broken, but this was not known at the time. Doctor Mason visited her and she discounted the seriousness of the blackened shoulder, saying it was only a bruise. However, Mother took to her bed weak and in too much pain to move about. With the dawn of the feast of Saint Theresa, Mother seemed more ill than usual. This chanced to be confession day for the community. After dinner Sister Mary Agnes O'Rourke visited her in her room for a few minutes and promised to return after confession to attend to some of her needs. Mother Seraphim told Sister Agnes to go and rest awhile as she needed the time to prepare to receive the sacrament of penance. These were Mother Seraphim's last words, for when Sister Borgia came in somewhat later, Mother Seraphim's spirit was gone far beyond recall.

Mother Seraphim would have reached her seventy-fifth birthday two days later on the seventeenth of October, but it was fitting that she departed on the feast of St. Theresa whom she had ever loved and honored during her lifetime.

A Sister, the dates of whose life in the community record book coincides almost exactly with those of Mother Seraphim, was Sister Mary Bernadine.

Sister Mary Bernadine (Fredalina Eyer) 1871-1944

A Beloved Child of God

Sister Bernadine was born and brought up on the slopes of the Alps in the Italian section of Switzerland. She came in 1891 to Oregon to join her elder sister, Sister Mary Nicola, O.S.B., who had come to Mount Angel with a group of missionaries. These young women left behind their native land - the imposing beauty of whose mountain and lake draws thousands of tourists to its heights every year. But what cost more to these devoted daughters was a complete sacrifice of

all their closest family ties. They could never expect to see their father or mother, their sisters or brothers again during their earthly life.

During her childhood in Switzerland Sister Bernadine's father had two homes for his family—one was lower in the Alps where they lived in the winter and the children went to school in the village. Here there were bams of hay for winter feed for the cows. Their other house stood high up the slopes on green grassy pasture land where the herd was driven in the spring and the family followed with it. The children loved these summers high in the Alps. Here there were deep ravines and high crags and cliffs. The men prepared hay for winter while the boys tended the herd through the summer months.

Sister Bernadine told that after she had learned to knit she became so fascinated with the art that her mother forbade her to carry her knitting with her when she took her little four-year-old brother out to play. One bright morning, a thing so terrible happened that she remembered it the rest of her life. Little Fredalina had disobeyed and taken her knitting along. She fully purposed to care for her little brother but soon became completely absorbed in the work in her fingers. She glanced up in time to see a bright child's dress fall and roll down the incline toward a steep, rocky cliff. Fredalina ran and threw herself on the ground just in time to catch the back of his clothes in her hands. She pulled him back from the very edge. It was a fearful lesson that she never forgot. The wisdom of her parents became part of her very existence, and obedience was very dear to her throughout her religious life.

Sister Bernadine told that it was a common sight to see tourists climbing the Alps near to where she gathered edelweiss. Once a group of Americans stopped and asked if they might take her picture. Fredalina quickly took off her apron and smoothed her hair and dress. "No, no !" said a lady. "Leave your apron on. It is pretty. We want you to wear it in the picture." She wondered in later years after she had crossed the ocean who had those several snapshots that had been taken that day. She said, "Who brought my picture to America long before I ever came here?"

Fredalina was of a small, frail physique and the Benedictine Superior soon decided that she could not bear the demanding burdens of that oldest order. Then the Benedictine priests at Mount Angel directed the young girl to Mariazell. She was accepted in early 1902 and climbed joyously toward God for the following forty-two years as a happy Sister of Saint Mary. The younger Congregation was the gainer!

Sister Bernadine always had a smile and a pleasant word for the Sisters as they returned to the convent for an afternoon snack, tired from a long arduous school day. It was always a pleasure to meet her for she was at peace with everyone.

Some wise spiritual director has said, and truly so, that the housekeeper is one half the peace and contentment of a religious house. Sister Bernadine spent most of her religious

life keeping one or another of the smaller houses a place of peace and contentment for a group of teachers in a parochial school. To accomplish this requires the practice of the many little virtues of selflessness, impartiality, generosity - a love of God as He is found in each person.

There is a little story that exemplifies this characteristic as it was portrayed in Sister Bernadine's life.

One Saturday she and a young Sister had gone across the city to represent St. Agatha's convent at the celebration of the patronal feast of the superior of Holy Cross. Sister Stanislaus, the local superior, had agreed to prepare the evening meal, and the visitors planned to be back in time for it. Streetcar connection delayed them, and the evening meal was well underway when the teachers entered the refectory of St. Agatha's convent. Sister Stanislaus began to laugh and pretended to hide the piece of pie that she was eating as she chanted, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." Sister Bernadine knew that it was the pie that she had baked early that morning for the Sunday noon dinner. Nothing like that ever disturbed her equanimity. She wisely quipped back, "What you eat today you will not get tomorrow." She knew that she could serve cookies and fruit in place of pie very easily.

Throughout her life she loved to play Rook, which was popular during the community recreation hour. Sister Bernadine was a shrewd player and always enjoyed a good game. She would take her place at the card table with the challenging call to her partner, "Set your teeth! We will win!" However, she was ever a generous loser. At intervals during the game Sister Bernadine would make the most enigmatical remarks. She might solemnly announce: "This is to prevent." A game of Rook with Sister was a most relaxing hour in a busy day of convent living.

The love and sympathetic understanding that Sister Bernadine displayed in her practical spiritual life brings to mind a pertinent teaching of the Apostle of Love, St. John. He begins the third chapter of his first epistle with the thought - "Beloved, now we are children of God and it has not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that then He comes we shall be like Him for we shall see Him just as He is."

One evening a Sister came into the kitchen and found Sister Bernadine sitting in the twilight resting a little before she served the evening meal to the community. "I am dreading stories of long ago," she remarked a bit wistfully. There must have been many wistful moments of dreaming when she grew older and there was no one left in the old home who had been there with her.

Sister Bernadine, in visibly failing health, spent the last two years in the Motherhouse. Toward the end, a cancer was detected, but she kept herself busy.

It was almost sixty years since Sister Bernadine had knit a sock on the sunny Alpine slope that she sat in a rocking chair

in a little room near the chapel at St. Mary of the Valley knitting a shawl for a Sister. It was a more intricate stitch that she was using that day than she had used in making socks in her far off childhood. The pattern of two stitches forward and two back became too tedious for her weary fingers and tired brain. Sister Bernadine put the shawl aside for another to complete. She was too tired.

A few weeks before her death she became a bed patient; nevertheless, she did many things for herself. On the morning of All Saints' Day of 1944, Sister Borgia came to prepare her room for the coming of the Blessed Sacrament, and found Sister Bernadine unable to render any assistance. After Holy Mass the superior of the house visited her and found her unable to talk. The chaplain was called and Sister Bernadine received as viaticum the Holy Eucharist a second time that morning. A few minutes later her head fell to one side and Sister Bernadine went out to join the myriad of Saints - and to learn what the beloved children of God become after they meet Him and see Him face to face.

Introduction

Another Sister whose religious life lay almost entirely within the span of years during which Mother Seraphim controlled the destinies of the Congregation was Sister Mary Alphonsa, who along with Sister Bernadine presented the epitome of the religious standards and ideals of the times. Both were intelligent, willingly humble and obedient, able "to submit their wills and judgments to the will and judgments of their visible superior." Both understood and carried out their vow of obedience as it had been explained to them. The two were very different in physical strength and personal appearance as well as in character and in disposition. Sister Bernadine was gentle and pliant with a ready smile and a quaint sense of humor, but she also had a courageous spirit with a great deal of determination and endurance. Sister Alphonsa was tall, well built, and capable of wise leadership - a person who could plan a course of action and carry it to a successful issue.

Sister Mary Alphonsa (Dorothy Riehm) 1871-1935

He who loses his life for my sake will find it. Matt 10:39

Dorothy Riehm at the age of twenty-four left her home in Melrose, Minnesota to come West and enter the religious congregation that was taking deep root in Beaverton. With all the deliberate purposefulness of her decided nature, she determined, God willing, this move to be final. There was to be no looking backward to what had been. Her faith was deep and strong and she was earnestly determined to live the life of the rule of the Congregation. Dorothy Riehm became Sister Mary Alphonsa on August 15, 1896, and set forth fearlessly.

One rule which St. Ignatius had laid down for his sons and which had been incorporated into the constitutions of the new institute reads thus: Let the Sisters rid themselves of all inordinate affection for their relatives and friends and strive to cherish them with that nobler spiritual love which

well-ordered charity requires - that they may live only for Christ their Heavenly Spouse. This principle of religious life Sister Alphonsa accepted wholeheartedly, and she seemed to her Sister religious to have come as nearly as possible for human nature to reach the heights of complete detachment. Within the knowledge of her Sisters, Sister Alphonsa had never spoken of her relatives or her life before her entrance into the Congregation. Thus it was our Lord taught - He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. The young religious was well favored by nature as well as by grace and wore the religious habit with a becoming dignity. She had a tall, strong physique and managed the heavy laundry work for St. Mary's Home or the Institute for the greater part of her life in religion. At that time there was only one steam laundry for the use of the two buildings, and Saturday was the only day which was utilized by the convent and academy for the washing and mangling of the laundry of their clothes. On Friday afternoon after the Home had completed their use of the washers and wringer, Sister Alphonsa took over and put several washers of white clothes through so that there would be some mangling and folding ready for the novices who would arrive early on Saturday morning. She planned the work and the use of her help well - always remaining serene, and quiet spoken. After assigning a task to every one who was to help her, she returned to her place at the washers where the heaviest work lay and cheerfully held it all day. It was a big task to get all the laundry completed by the time the novices left for the Saturday recitation of Matins and Lauds, but Sister Alphonsa never lost her peace of mind and quietly finished the work on schedule. Her appearance even after a heavy day's work was always neat, never disheveled or irascible, and her face showed no strain or hurry.

She was an intelligent person, naturally a splendid leader and organizer. She was able to study a problem and work out a practical solution that would be a saver of time and labor. It was she that planned and built the first pigeonholes for the clean clothes in the Sisters' laundry. This method of distributing the freshly washed and mangled clothing has been used and appreciated by the community ever since. In the beginning, the many baskets of soiled laundry were carried by hand from the convent to the laundry. She devised and built a box on wheels in which the soiled laundry was pushed from the convent to the laundry and the clean clothes wheeled back at the close of the day - a forerunner of the later dollies and serving carts.

During the other days of the week she starched the mountain of linens that were required for clean veil strips and collars, a part of the first habit of the Congregation, not to mention the altar linens (there were two priests at that time). This was painstaking labor which Sister Alphonsa did for the greater glory of God. This slow hard work was done with sadirons, the heating of which required frequent trips to and from a stove kept hot by a wood fire.

It was told quietly among the Sisters that the clever planner had patterned new "head clothes" for the Sisters which would

require much less starching and ironing and which looked very well too. But Mother Seraphim was very unhappy at any suggestion of an innovation in the beautiful habit "every thread of which I love." So the changing died aborning and the new idea was never again spoken of openly in the convent for at least twenty years.

Sister Alphonsa moved on with a quiet smile on her lips - a prayerful, dutiful member of the Congregation, in an immaculately clean and well ordered laundry. There was never a spot or wrinkle on the cloth that covered the ironing boards or the linens that were ironed and plaited on them. Sister Alphonsa, tall and straight in a white apron with white cuffs on her sleeves standing long hours each day, was a model religious. Her last tour of duty was at St. Mary's Home. It was here about 1930 that the dropsy was to attack her lower limbs and brought about the last three years of severe suffering.

The community and academy had moved to the new St. Mary's in 1930, but as the new laundry had not been equipped with modern machinery, the work was still carried over and done in the Home laundry. There in 1932 a sudden fire destroyed the old tower and left both buildings without any laundry facilities. Sister Alphonsa was without a field of action as then the work was sent out to be done in commercial laundries. The old Home was being vacated and the children were all being cared for in the new St. Mary's Home for boys at Huber. So Sister Alphonsa returned to the mother-house.

Several months before her return the membrane on her limbs had begun to break beneath the pressure of the fluid in them and abscesses had formed on the abrasions. She had patiently wrapped them with clean white clothes and with the greatest difficulty continued her daily duties. She asked for no respite. Then after the complete destruction on her place of labor, she entered the infirmary. There followed many long months during which the developing disease prevented Sister Alphonsa's reclining on a bed, and she took her place in a chair with her lower limbs elevated. Her greatest consolation was found in the reception of the Blessed Sacrament. Her years of dedication were climaxed by long weary days and sleepless nights of constant prayer.

During the last months of her martyrdom, medical men came to believe that they had discovered a remedy that would relieve the ravages of dropsy. Sister Alphonsa's sufferings were somewhat assuaged for a brief period but they soon returned in all their ferocity. The end came during the dark morning hours of October 28, 1935. Sister Alphonsa departed from her vicarious sufferings with no one near to pray.

At that time Mother Colette, twenty-six years her junior, was convalescing in a room near by. She had, since her novitiate days, been an admirer of Sister Alphonsa and had been visiting the senior religious frequently bringing her little comfort and giving her attentions. On the evening of the ninth, Sister Alphonsa told her that she wished for a sip of

wine, but that it was too late to get it. Mother immediately volunteered to make an attempt, but the patient remonstrated, "No, it is too late." Then she added "I shall not be here in the rooming." Mother was too inexperienced to realize the seriousness of her condition and after a brief goodnight returned to her bed. All martyrs were not made in a Roman arena or in a modern torture chamber or before a firing squad.

During Sister Alphonsa's illness, Father Powers, C.S.S.R., was the confessor at St. Mary's, and his weekly visit to the sickroom had brought her comfort and assurance. The Redemptorist had laughingly told her that she was acting the part of a good Redemptorist well - living up to her name and to the example of the holy founder of his Congregation. After Sister's death Father Powers said that Sister Alphonsa had died the death of a saint and was ready to appear in the sight of her Holy Redeemer. So all her religious Sisters rejoiced with her as they asked God with confidence for her eternal rest.

Chapter III

Mother Genevieve's Administration

Mother Mary Genevieve (Rose VanderVelden) 1883-1949

Rose VanderVelden was born February 17, 1883, in Verboort and there attended Visitation School which had been opened by the Sisters of St. Mary in 1891. Her early life was the simple life of the children of the country side. These people had no great interest in intellectual growth. What came up out of the earth was of paramount importance in their evaluation. They had clung to their native Dutch language and wooden shoes for farm work and had held themselves aloof from the other settlers of southwestern Washington County for more than a decade of years and were to do so for several decades more. These people feared to become intimate with their Protestant neighbors on purely religious grounds. They believed that such contacts would jeopardize their true faith so they lived closely together and intermarried. They had their own Church and school in order to keep Protestantism at arm's length. They were frugal, hardworking farmers who were adept at laying aside comfortable sums of money. Necessary business transactions were carried on in Forest Grove or Cornelius with trips to Portland now and then when marketing their produce made it advisable.

Both sides of Rose's family, the VanderVeldens and the Hermens, were members of the original five families who had settled in Verboort in 1875. While attending Visitation School, she came into contact with Mother Theresa. Rose entered St. Mary's novitiate when she was completing her eighteenth year. As Sister Mary Genevieve, Rose received the habit of the Congregation on August 15, 1902, and pronounced final vows in 1911. She had been a timid person inclined to scrupulosity.

Sister Genevieve became a skillful teacher, and she thoroughly enjoyed the work. She earned a teacher's

certificate by examination and began at St. Mary's Home, but she spent most of her teaching years in the public school classrooms - Visitation at Verboort; St. Boniface at Sublimity; and St. Louis district school on the French prairie.

In the mid-twenties Mother Genevieve developed a heart condition which incapacitated her for routine classroom work, and she was named for part-time work in the grades at St. Mary's Institute. Later she was appointed local superior of that house and then local superior of the burgeoning St. Stephen's grade and high school unit.

In 1937 Sister Genevieve became Mother Genevieve. She was a semi-invalid by that time, but Sister Mary Stanislaus was her first assistant and stood ready to bear the brunt of the burden and assume most of the responsibility. Mother Genevieve was always most grateful to her for relieving her of all the worries which were necessarily connected with the highest office.

It was at this time in 1939 that the Congregation opened classes for religious instruction in the new St. Martin de Porres Social Center for the Negro children of the Albina district. It was a summer religious vacation school followed by classes on Saturday morning throughout the year. In the summer of 1940, Father Jerome Schmitz added a day nursery school for the children of working mothers. In September of that year two Sisters assumed charge of the preschool group for kindergarten work. The teachers had been trained for grade school classes and were needed in the work in the parochial schools of the archdiocese; therefore, the work was discontinued. In September, 1941, and three Benedictine Sisters came to carry on. Thus the work among the Negroes came to an abrupt end.

St. Michael's Indian Mission at Grand Ronde

The Congregation made another attempt to help the less privileged children of the archdiocese in 1946 at St. Michael's parish at the Grand Ronde Indian mission. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary had opened a parochial school there in 1874. At that time the mission was under government protection and all was well. Then there was trouble and the Congregation withdrew and the Benedictine Sisters replaced them in 1881.

Father Adrian Croquet had been a selfless missionary among the Indians from 1860 until 1898, and there was no one to assume the arduous duties until the coming of the Salvatorian Fathers in 1904. Father Felix Bucher was the first and he bore the burden for the following thirty-two years and deservedly merited the reputation of sanctity. He was followed by Father Guntrim Scheffold who made a determined effort to secure religious teachers for his school. He would be able to offer no remuneration for their labors at that time. The Sisters of St. Mary responded and agreed to work for five years without a salary and assumed charge in September, 1946.

The Grand Ronde area in a district of very rich lumber people and very poor Indians. When the Sisters of St. Mary went

there in 1946, the Peter Murphy family had five charming young children, the oldest of whom was reaching school age. Not wishing to put their son in the poorly staffed public school that was there at that time, they pressed Father Scheffold to get teaching Sisters and to reopen the parochial school. With the promise of two teachers, Mrs. Murphy furnished and opened a house for them, arranged with a local grocer to have the grocery bill sent to her each month, oversaw the cleaning and furnishing of two pleasant classrooms, and Mr. Murphy agreed to send the lumber mill bus, after the bringing in of the mill workers, to get the children for eight-thirty Holy Mass.

So all was arranged and three Sisters opened St. Michael's School with over fifty pupils in the lower grades in September 1946. For twenty years the school has been in session and all goes well.

Financial Aid during Mother Genevieve's Term

Father Charles Seroski left \$10,000 for the new Chapel wing at his death in 1935. Then Father Theophilus Eislie was named the new chaplain for St. Mary of the Valley. He was a master of five languages as well as the Church Latin and conducted classes for the younger Sisters in the Motherhouse in Spanish and French during the six years of his stay. They profited greatly by his instruction. Father Eislie had spent many years in South America, and early in 1942 he returned to visit with some Franciscan priests in Venezuela. While there he became ill and after several years, he died. The Franciscan Fathers sent a very brief notice stating that Father Eislie had "died a holy death" on December 1, 1945. He left some valuable farm land to the Congregation, the sale of which did much toward erasing the debts still owing on the convent chapel.

Last Years of Mother Genevieve

Mother Genevieve was reelected in 1943 to the Generalship. She rapidly became even weaker and at last was a bed patient, then finally a hospital patient. In 1948 she resigned her office and a general election put Mother Mary Colette Lorch in the position.

Mother Genevieve rallied sufficiently to return to the Motherhouse and became somewhat active again. She was always a happy traveler and expressed a wish to make a short trip to the Verboort and Roy district. All was planned for her to go on October 18. Then on the evening of October 17 she had a severe heart attack and passed on to eternity before any one was aware that God was making His final call for her to come to Him.

Interesting Sisters

The lives of several Sisters made a noteworthy impression on the Congregation during Mother Genevieve's administration. Sister Mary Imelda Van de Hey who had joined the Sisters of

St. Mary in 1895 had in 1939 completed forty years in the classroom. Mother Genevieve named her to work for the yet unformed Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. She there added an interesting chapter to the history of the Congregation.

Rose Van de Hey
Pro Ecclesia Et Pontifice

Sister Imelda came to the Congregation on August 15, 1893, as an eager little girl who had just completed her grade school. She was still too young to receive the white veil the following year and dutifully waited until March 19, 1895, to take her initial step in the religious life. On that date a unique situation existed. She and Sister Mary Ignatia Reverman received the habit in the same ceremony in which the highest superior, the youthful Mother Mary Seraphim, pronounced her final vows. These three were to be especially intimate for many years to come.

Sister Imelda's first appointment was to St. Patrick's School, Portland. Then in 1899 she took the teachers' examinations in the Hillsboro school office and, having creditably passed, was appointed to the public school in Sublimity which the Congregation was opening that year. Sister Imelda was to remain a public school teacher, with the exception of one year, until the enactment of the garb bill in 1923. During the seventeen years that followed, Sister continued teaching in the parochial schools of the Archdiocese.

In 1939, Father Albert Carmody, pastor of St. Stephen's decided that something had to be done for the religious instruction of the children of that parish who were in the public schools, because there was no room for them in the parish school at that time. It was then that Sister Imelda entered the field of Confraternity work - long before it was officially established as part of the framework of the archdiocesan educational system. Then she forged ahead and visited the homes to secure the cooperation of the parents for the work. Later she organized the parents into classes to instruct them on how to extend the lessons in the homes beyond what she was able to initiate in the short time allotted to her for class work. Lastly, after the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine had been organized, she instructed lay teachers to carry on in the field. It had been a most satisfying work for Sister Imelda, and in 1959 she wondered what return she could make to the Lord for all that He had given to her.

Father Martin Thielen realized that she had nearly completed her task at St. Stephens, as at the close of that year Sister Imelda would be eighty years of age. Sixty of them had been given to instructing the children of the archdiocese. He wondered what acknowledgment could be given to so loyal a laborer in the schools of Oregon. He spoke to Archbishop Howard who in turn asked the question of the center of Catholicity in Rome. The reply was a surprise to Sister Imelda as it was to all her religious Sisters. A great honor was conferred upon the Congregation.

The response was an official document from Monsignor Angelo dell' Acqua stating that His Holiness Pope John XXIII was conferring the August cross *Pro Ecclesia Et Pontifice* upon Sister Mary Imelda of the Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon for her long years of faithful work in the field of Christian education.

The members of the Congregation believed that God had regarded the humility of His handmaid. A long step had been taken since the humble beginning had been made in Mariazell. One thought came to the minds of many - "We wish that our beloved Mother Mary Wilhelmina were with us now." However, Mother Mary Colette was there with her understanding appreciation for the work accomplished and of rejoicing in the honor conferred on one of her Sisters.

Sister Imelda had completed her last year of formal instruction. She returned to the Motherhouse, but her restless energy called for a task to do. She was named to work among the elderly people at St. Mary's nursing home - advising and helping the patients along the way to the throne of God to receive their final reward.

Helena Rose Vogt - Sister Mary Martha
Judge Not and You Shall Not Be Judged

Sister Martha had a most sympathetic, understanding heart for all those with whom she lived - especially the old or anyone who had received less education. She was a good listener to the tiresome storyteller and would laugh at their attempts at humor. She had a sympathetic ear for those who felt an imposition had been foisted onto them and she could prudently hold her peace.

In 1937 Sister Martha was stationed in the Gervais School as local superior and it was this last mentioned virtue that brought about a painful misunderstanding - a small matter but it had far-reaching results.

The pastor had a huge dog that lived with him intimately in the parish rectory. It required special food and left hair over the carpets and upholstered furniture. The women of the parish cleaned and cared for all the rectory, and they objected to cleaning up after a dog. One day, thoroughly exasperated, they voiced their complaints to Sister Martha and Sister imprudently sympathized with them in their trials and troubles instead of wisely consoling them by advising patience and a quiet bearing of what was really a minor problem. The women went away and talked. The story grew. The pastor heard it and believed that Sister Martha was undermining his authority. He hastily wrote to Mother Seraphim requesting an immediate removal of the local superior, Sister Martha, without a hearing, was recalled to the motherhouse and was given charge of the guest department. She never taught again. Sister Martha was human enough to feel the hurt, of course, but she quietly maintained her peace of soul. The change of work made little difference to her. She was very active during the last twenty years of her religious life - in the community

sewing room or as housekeeper in the smaller houses of the Congregation. When she was in convents connected with the smaller schools, she had charge of children's choirs, a work she had thoroughly enjoyed during her earlier years in the schools.

Sister Martha gave a good example to her religious Sisters by practicing Christian perfection after the manner of her great model, Christ, as it had been shown to her by her Jesuit instructors.

Sister Martha had been born and brought up in Chewelah in north-eastern Washington, one of a happy family of five boys and five girls. Their home was a big farmhouse with a beautiful orchard on a south slope behind it and a pond, which in the long, cold winters of northern Washington, froze into a skating rink. This pond became the scene of many gay skating parties for the family and its young friends. The center of family social life was a large living room where there was ample room for everyone's activity. There, during the long winter evenings, checker games became long, hard-fought tournaments lasting for days before a victor could be found. There were stores of popcorn, nuts, and apples for evening refreshments. An orchestra developed under the supervision of an older daughter Mary which made music for the singing. As the children grew older, the rugs were rolled up and dancing was added. It was a happy family which became the center of social life of the neighborhood. If dancing had been strictly forbidden, it might have been a replica of the Quaker household so picturesquely described by the New England Whittier in "Snowbound." However, the Vogt home was a thoroughly Catholic one under the supervision of a pious mother who firmly believed that things of the spirit were of utmost importance. The home was closely connected with Holy Rosary Church in Chewelah, which at first was a mission cared for by the Jesuits from Gonzaga University. In the 1890s a permanent pastor was appointed after which Holy Mass was offered daily in its altar. The Vogt family formed part of the parish choir and Sister Martha there acquired a knowledge and skill in church music. She had received no formal training except what her elder sister Mary had given her, but she was gifted with a natural talent and became a proficient organist. This talent she used throughout her religious life in the schools where her choir work was a definite advantage to the parish in which she was stationed.

It is not strange that the youth of the family were in no hurry to leave the home. Sister Martha had celebrated her twenty-ninth birthday before she, at the recommendation of Father Patrick J. O'Reilly, placed her application for admission into the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon. She arrived at the convent on the evening of December 2, 1911, but her formal entrance was on December 3, the "feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the Congregation, and she made her final profession on August 15, 1919. The period of her novitiate and temporary profession slipped by quietly. She was an agreeably happy companion, always well adjusted socially and loved by all. For seven years of the last

half of Sister Martha's religious life she as in charge of the community sewing room. During those years there were several elderly Sisters who had had long and useful lives in the Congregation and, as they grew older, felt that they were overlooked if their names did not appear on the autumn list for charges and duties in the motherhouse. Consequently, the Sister Superior considerably listed them for the sewing room. She told them that they should pull out the basting threads. None of them had any skill in sewing and so it was part of Sister Martha's duty to make them feel useful and happy. Sister Martha had an understanding heart and was adept at making people happy.

One morning one of them came in and told Sister Martha, "Sister Josephine is supposed to be here working and she is sitting in chapel sleeping. Shall I go and wake her up?" Sister Martha could see the humor of the situation. She laughed as she answered, "Oh no! There are no bastings for her to pull, so let her sleep. She is doing it for the love of God and she is bothering nobody."

This little incident gives a picture of Sister Maltha in her dealings with the children in the classrooms as well as the Sisters during the forty-six years that she lived as a Sister of St. Mary of Oregon.

Sister Martha, during the last two years, suffered from a heart condition. On the morning of January 23, 1958, she lay down to rest at nine o'clock; at eleven it was found by a Sister that she had very quietly: "Folded her tent like the Arab and silently stolen away." And we who loved her rejoiced that Jsh^had found perfect peace.

"My Kindlings Are Gone"

A quaint story this is
But as true as true as can be.
I shall tell it to you
As 'twas told unto me.

In the days of oil lamps
With stoves filled with wood -
To Roy went three nuns
To help children be good.

One hailed from green Erin -
One blew in from the coast,
But dear Sister Martha
Was Chewelah's boast.

In the school of that farmstead
They worked, laughed, and prayed -
When evening shades fell
The morning fires laid.
It was most important
The kindlings to set -
Or they'd freeze in the chapel
And no breakfast they'd "et."

The year nineteen-sixteen
Would that night close its eyes
And would bring the Sisters
A startling surprise.
They were wrapped in deep slumber,
In dreams far away,
When the church bell pealed loud -
To the bell-ringer's dismay!

"The Mass bell is ringing!
Alas and alack!
Late into the church
These three nuns will track!"
She sprang from her warm bed
Rang the bell near her door
Struck a match to the kindlings -
Her mind an uproar.
On the stairs was a giggle
In the dark a soft tread -
"Happy New Year, dear Sister.
Better go back to bed -
It is only midnight
We don't rise till six."
Another wild vision -
A horrendous trick!
"My kindlings are blazing
Not another to fix!"

Sister Mary Columba O'Reilley (1879-1956)
Let your Moderation be Known to all Men
Philippians 4,3

This verse is admirably illustrated in Sister Columba's life. Scripture scholars have elucidated it this way: Moderation in Greek, (which was the language in which St. Paul wrote) means forbearance, a willingness to waive one's rights. Sister never defended her personal rights but left the way open for coarser natures to take the rightaway. The humility of mind and heart was hers to do this - ut her drawback was that she could not do it with a smile. She was a sincerely devoted teacher and superior, but when her sensitive feelings were hurt, her face showed it even when she would "offer it up" and then forgive and forget. She would confide in a discreet confidant but Sister Columba was never a talebearer, and hurt feelings did not later influence her dealings with pupils or subjects. This caused some to believe that Sister Columba was a gloomy or moody person, but she could quickly rise above her feelings and be a cheerful companion in a short time. She had a quick Irish wit and could make a clever play on words that would bring a merry laugh from the Sisters.

A religious vocation was a precious gift to Sister Columba, and she guarded hers most carefully. Final perseverance was a grace for which she ever sought and prayed. When she became old and was suffering from the effects of a stroke, her first efforts were toward assuming once again the prayer life and the practices of humility and obedience in use in the Congregation. The exhortation of St. Paul to his brethren, "we

ought to observe the things that we have been taught lest perhaps we drift away," held practical meaning for Sister Columba. This admonition was used not only for her own well-disciplined life, but also in her direction of others for whom she was responsible as a superior. However, Sister Columba was always considerate of the Sister who was slightly ill with some passing indisposition, even when to exempt her from the daily duties in a small community worked a hardship on herself as superior.

Sister Columba was a Canadian, and as the youngest in the family, she had been surrounded by much love and attention from her older brothers and sisters.

There is an amusing story that was retold many years later. Little Clara and Julia O'Reilly had heard of the benefits that men won by going on a strike, and they decided to try it out. In the evening they sat down on the floor before their father and announced that they were on a strike and would not move until he gave them what they wanted. Their father was much interested and asked for their demands, "Candy!" Clara told him. "A pound of candy, and nothing less." After a long argument the father capitulated and promised to bring a bag of candy the next evening. Long before his return all plans were wisely complete. A discarded sugar bowl minus its two handles stood in the center of a rug. All the family watched as the father came in and was challenged by the determined strikers. He slowly drew a bag of hard-mix from his pocket and demanded a promise from them that they would "stay on the job" and perform their daily duties as they had before the strike. They promised and received the bag. The strikers, ignorant of how much a pound was, were well satisfied as they sat down to enjoy their hard earned benefits amid the shouts of laughter of their big brothers.

Sister Columba's mother died when she was fifteen and her father followed her two years later. Then, at the wish of her oldest brother, she joined Clara and took a course in nursing, but she was never happy in hospital work which her sister enjoyed. Suddenly she left the hospital and entered St. Anne's Academy in Vancouver, B.C. and took a course in office work. She was well fitted for this work and with her superior gifts of mind secured a place as stenographer to a law firm. This position she held for thirteen years—until the day she entered the novitiate at St. Mary's Institute in 1914 soon after her thirty-fifth birthday. Sister Columba was faithful to her vocation for more than forty-one years. This was no mean accomplishment and the force of her example will pass on down for the edification of the Sisters who come after her in the Sisters of Saint Mary.

It was Father Patrick Joseph O'Reilly S.J. who directed her to the Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon. He made arrangements for her to come south to meet the Sisters and visit the convent. Sister Columba passed the Canadian emigration officials on a visa permitting a short stay to Beaverton, Oregon, but after visiting St. Mary's Institute, she entered the novitiate and made arrangements to spend her life in that Congregation.

Then she wrote and told her eldest brother that she was about to enter the Congregation. He was the senior member of the family and his Irish pride was hurt that his youngest sister (whom the family called "our Jewel") had not confided in him. It was many years before her sister, Clara, could placate his Irish ire. Seventeen years later Sister Columba returned to visit her family. By that time only two of the six sons and daughters remained to welcome her, but it was a heart-warming reception that she received. When she entered the house she found upon the mantelpiece a beautiful enlarged picture of herself in her religious habit. Their Irish hearts had been proud of their "little sister" all the time.

One of God's gifts to Sister Columba was a clear, analytical mind, and she became a splendid teacher of algebra and geometry. She did superior work in her study of philosophy, but she was a down-to-earth, practical administrator. During the eleven years that she was superior of St. Mary's Home for Boys, she made the intricate annual, semiannual, and quarterly reports that were required for that state-supported institution in which there was an average of one-hundred-twenty-five boys. The state office had never returned a report for correction of an error during that time. It would have been a stupendous task for most Sisters, but Sister Columba accomplished it with a minimum of visible effort. This was accomplished in addition to her other duties.

The first ten years after her entrance Sister had successfully directed the commercial department of St. Mary's Institute and later had been stationed in the other high schools conducted by the Congregation.

Many years earlier when Sister Columba was in the novitiate, lively and cheerful Dorothy Lorch joined her and readily became a friend of the older novice. It was then that a strong lasting friendship was made. Sister Columba was just twice the age of the postulant and, quite understandably, was finding adjustment to life in the novitiate much more difficult than the little seventeen-year-old postulant was. Dorothy, who was soon to become Sister Mary Colette, immediately began her lifelong task of smoothing difficulties out of the paths of others. Sister Columba did want a second cup of good hot tea with her meals, and Dorothy soon learned that the novice server was careless in the performance of her duties. But Dorothy quite unobtrusively remedied the problem and nobody was the wiser. Thirty-two years later Mother Colette was placed in the highest office of the Congregation and Sister Columba became a shelved teacher with nothing to do but crochet edges on handkerchiefs. Once again Mother, by little attentions and pop-calls, made life brighter for her.

It was when she was seventy years of age and was stationed in Sacred Heart Academy, Tillamook, that she slipped on an icy pavement and broke her hip in 1930. The bone knit and she was back in the school the following term, but she was never strong again. That year she developed a case of phlebitis and gallantly carried on her class work in spite of the pain that she suffered. She had always enjoyed splendid

health, and she could not envision life as a bed patient. Then a slight stroke necessitated her return to the mother-house. Her active classroom life was over for her. After she had recovered sufficiently to move about and become a part of community life, a vacancy occurred in the general council and she was elected to complete the unfinished term. Her mind was clear and Sister Columba was well qualified for the task. The gesture was a deserving act of confidence that the Congregation bestowed upon forty years of faithful loyalty which Sister Columba had given to the Sisters of St. Mary.

Early in 1956 Sister Columba suffered a second stroke and she prepared for her meeting with God which she believed was near. It was early in February that a third stroke paralyzed Sister Columba and she became unconscious. She was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital because the doctor ordered oxygen for her. It did not bring about a return of conscious life. Then on February 26, 1956, Sister Columba passed from earth to "enter into the fullness of life in God." It was her baptism that had laid the cornerstone upon which she had built the superstructure during her life as a Sister of St. Mary of Oregon.

Chapter IV

Mother Colette's Administration John Baptist Lorch and St. Mary's Institute

Patrick Joseph Cronin and John Baptist Lorch, at the turn of the century, carried on a thriving leather business on First Street in young Portland. They had done well in those horse and buggy days selling and adjusting harnesses, saddles, and bridles, making buggy tops and fancy riding whips, and leather articles of all kinds. Those were the days before the coming of the automobile had forced the horse out of the race in American travel and transportation.

John Lorch had been living in East Portland with his wife and family of four children when an epidemic of diphtheria took the life of seven-year-old John and left Mrs. Lorch weak and ill.

For the first few months she seemed to be improving, then she fell into a decline. The worried husband took his young wife to her family in Canby in hopes that complete rest and the nursing care of her older sister would restore her to health. But Mrs. Lorch became no better and died on April 14, 1905. She was laid to rest in the family plot in Canby and Mr. Lorch moved the graves of little John and baby Mary, whose brief life had been less than a week, and laid them beside their mother. He placed Dorothy, seven years old, and little Francis, two, with their aunts and took Daniel, ten, with him to the lonely home on Barnes Road. After a time, the arrangement did not prove satisfactory so he took them all home and tried to be mother as well as father to the brood. They proved to be too young to assume any responsibility in helping him make a home. He went to Father Deeney, parish priest of Beaverton, for advice. The result was that the oldest

boy was placed in Mount Angel, and Dorothy and Francis with the Sisters at St. Mary of Oregon. This was how it came about that little ten-year-old Dorothy Josephine Lorch came to be a part of St. Mary's Institute. The sequel was simple.

In the boarding school, Dorothy brought joy to everyone because of her happy, carefree ways. When she was seventeen years old, she entered St. Mary's novitiate on September 13, 1914. The following summer on August 15, she received the habit of the Congregation and the name of Sister Mary Colette. It was on August 15, 1920, that she pronounced her perpetual vows of religion.

Mr. Lorch, with his fine vision and business ability, rendered invaluable advice and monetary aid to the Congregation on many occasions. It was at the advice of Mr. Lorch that John McTierney, his personal friend, decided to name the Sisters of St. Mary as beneficiaries in his last will. Mr. Lorch informed Mother Seraphim of the act and then all concerned, not knowing when it would come about, had laid the fact away in their memories. At the beginning of 1917, a note for \$3,000 came due, and Mother Seraphim worriedly asked the Sisters to beseech St. Joseph for the necessary money to pay it. At the end of the novena, the morning mail of February 17 brought a check from the legacy of John McTierney for \$4,224.19, and so the note for \$3,000 was promptly redeemed. The happy Sisters were indebted to Sister Colette's father and Mr. McTierney, and to dear St. Joseph who brought their kindly deed to fulfillment at the propitious moment.

Then from 1924 to 1927 Sister Colette specialized in music in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. On her return to St. Mary's she was appointed community supervisor of music. In 1929 she attended St. Louis University, Missouri, on a scholarship, and later during the years 1938-1940 she returned to St. Louis and earned a bachelor of music degree from that institution. During the following eighteen years, Sister Colette worked in the music department of the Congregation; for six years of that period she had the added duties of local superior of St. Agatha's Convent in Portland.

When Mother Genevieve resigned the office of superior general in 1948 because of ill health; the general chapter elected Sister Colette to that office.

The following twelve years were very productive for the good of the Sisters of St. Mary. Mother Colette had inherited the fine financial acumen of her father, and this quality proved to be an advantage in her work in the Congregation. She satisfied a long-felt need by planning and erecting the five-story east wing of the motherhouse, thus completing the central unit begun by Mother Juliana in 1930. This wing, which was finished in 1950, is a monument to her planning ability and foresight. The third, fourth, and fifth floors furnish seventy-five single rooms and an infirmary; on the second floor are community rooms and a novitiate; the first floor has a bakery, deep freeze, and store rooms. This alone was an

enormous task, but Mother Colette also accomplished much to lessen the workload of the Sisters by modernizing and remodeling the kitchen, laundry, and dairy in the central part of the building. She installed heated cafeteria units in both dining rooms and a hot water tank with a coffee urn for the use of late shoppers and young students among the Sisters.

Another outstanding accomplishment was the organisation and initiation of the Religious Formation Movement in the training and education of the young members of the Congregation. This gradually did much towards expanding the opportunities for furthering the higher education of the Sisters.

Jubilarians of 1965

A fitting close to this chapter of community history is the speech Mother Colette gave at her Golden Jubilee in 1965:

Fifty years have passed since we, the class of 1915, were given this habit of the Sisters of St. Mary - and today we pause to call to mind those to whom we owe a debt of gratitude, a debt so great that it cannot be cancelled with earthly coin.

First to be remembered are our pioneer Sisters - brave, strong, and wise - who placed a lighted candle in our hands and pointed forward; they themselves were leading the way that we should follow. They encouraged us when we failed and selflessly aided us forward with work-worn hands. None of us would be here today were it not for them. Their example was ever an inspiration to us.

Then our companions through the years are also graciously recalled - both those who yet remain among us as well as those who have passed beyond our ken. We were a united, joyous group with the common end of - all for the greater glory of God, the welfare of Holy Mother the Church, and the honor of the Sisters of St. Mary. (It was thus that Father Deeney phrased it for us long ago.)

We also prayerfully remember all those who have companied with us along the way and with courage held their places in our ranks. May God bless them always.

And lastly, to all who have helped to make this a feast of glad rejoicing, we extend our gratitude. May God bless you, our Sisters, one and all for your smiles and gracious greetings, for your prayers and the many Holy Masses that were offered to God for us. May we all meet at God's throne as Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon.