

## Mother Of Eight

Dr. and Mrs. Halloran's children are Walter Halloran, who was ordained to the Holy Priesthood at St. Mary's, Kansas, on June 20 of this year, a Jesuit, he has returned to St. Mary's for the completion of his studies of Theology; Mary, Mrs. William Harrington, Washington, D.C., William, married and living in St. Paul; Mark, a pre-medical student at St. Thomas College, St. Paul; Anne, Sister M. Gilberte, O.P., Sinsinawa, Wis.; Marie, College of Saint Teresa, Winona, who later plans to take nurse's training at St. Mary's, Rochester; a son, who died in infancy, and Margaret, who died in 1952.

"Therese" as the Doctor calls Mrs. Halloran, belies some of the facts of her dual family and professional life as she greets you within the entrance of her delightful home; pours coffee, visits casually.

Mrs. Halloran was well prepared for the strenuous program the care of these youngsters requires of her. After grade school and high school at Shakopee, Minn., where she was born July 24, 1896, she attended the College of St. Scholastica, Duluth. She took nurse's training at St. Paul Hospital, Duluth. She married Dr. Halloran at St. Mark's Church St. Paul, in 1921.

Going to Jackson to live, they first acquired Knox Memorial Hospital, then later built their own hospital, bearing their name. Mrs. Halloran managed both, nursing, also when needed. At first they lived downstairs, with the hospital (Knox) occupying the second floor.

That she is much to many people is attested everywhere you turn at the Julie Billiard Home across the street, where a nurses aid, confides "She seems like your own mother – a wonderful lady – she does just about everything."

Lots of cuddling is an attitude obviously fostered by Mrs. Halloran, who hugs a baby; chucks a chin, as she walks with you through the home. Of her helpers she says, "Those girls are great for cuddling them." Sweet and wonderful to witness is the response of the children.

It all ties in with a framed poem on one wall of the downstairs nurseries. The title is Childlike Faith, and the poem reads:

"Dear Jesus here me, for I sleep, Though small and weak I be For Thou has said 'Let Little Ones Fear not come to Me.'"