

LORETTA RYAN STANTON

MEMORIES

Aunt Mayme Ryan was a perfect example of strong Christian faith. She went to daily Mass in spite of wind, rain or storm. Mayme lived with her parents and when they died she lived with Uncle Frank, Aunt Margaret and their children, on of which is our Sister Zacchaeus. I know that Aunt Mayme's example of Faith influenced this family, too, because everyone of them has a sincere Christian faith today.

One time Aunt Mayme asked me who my favorite saint was, to whom I prayed. I answered that it was the Blessed Mother. She smiled and said so do I.

Christmas of 1943 when I was at my parents with my other siblings, Bill and my three children, my Dad suggested that Evelyn and I go and visit Aunt Mayme who was on her deathbed. Rollie took us over. Aunt Margaret was by Mayme's bedside giving her sips of whey when she requested it. She brightened up when she saw us and started reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. We joined her in the prayers. I was so impressed with her memory. Aunt Mayme passed away that evening and I am grateful to have this memory of having been wither her that last day.

ST. PATRICK – DISTRICT #32

Now in my golden years I look back and can say my childhood was blessed with relatives in both my Mother's and Father's families who had strong Christian faith. Sister Zacchaeus mentioned being at St. Patrick's for Phil Donnelly's funeral in the fall of 1991. I was also there and many cherished memories were brought to mind for me, too.

My memories go back to the days when Father Cyril Farrell was our pastor. During his thirteen years there he was our hero. I attended School District #32 where the Parish Social Hall now stands. Father suggested that all children attending District #32 come to 8:30 morning Mass (we were all Catholic children). During Lent Mass was at 8:15 so he could read Our Lord's Passion. Grandma Hart was always present as was Aunt Mayme Ryan, who walked two miles to be there. Grandpa Hart would attend during Lent. He was the one who also started the stove to heat our one room school during the winter months.

One winter morning Bob and Vernon Ryan decided to take an extra sled ride before Mass. In going down the hill between the wood shed and outhouse the accident occurred. Vernon's leg was broken! This was very upsetting for all of

us when we came from Mass. I know the boys were saying "Why didn't we go to Mass earlier?" Vernon's leg healed and everyone looked forward to summer vacation. Father Farrell rewarded us with a picnic at Cedar Lake shore on Pat Hart's property. Father gave us rides around the lake in his motorboat.

Mrs. Mac, the housekeeper grilled hot dogs on a gas grill. We also had ice cream, which was a rare treat in those days. At the picnic we played baseball and all had a good time. This picnic was big stuff for us country kids.

The teachers at District #32 during my school days were Nellie Cummings Timmons, Rosella Donnelly O'Keefe and Genevieve Ryan Schaak. In 1930, the year I entered high school, Father Farrell was transferred. It was heartache to see him leave. The next time I saw him was in 1941 at the marriage of my sister Betty and Roland Boegeman. Father Farrell was the pastor at St. Michael Church, Prior Lake, Roland's parish. I saw Father for the last time in 1963 at Villa Maria in Frontenac. He had suffered a stroke and could not speak, but he had a smile when Mrs. Mac mentioned the name Ryan. Father Farrell was a priest and friend I'll never forget.