



Ss Zacchaeus Ryan

MY STORY

When I was born November 27, 1922, my parents were living in St. Paul near the Cathedral and so I was baptized at the Cathedral December 10th by Father George Rogan, who many years later was our pastor at St. Patrick's, Cedar Lake. Irene Brennan and Bob Hill were my sponsors.

I was a premature baby who weighed 3 ½ pounds at birth. My mother told me I was about the size of 2 pounds of butter placed end to end and that my first week I was wrapped in cotton to be kept warm.



Frank and Ethel



Grandma Ryan and Ethel

The following spring Grandpa and Grandma Ryan begged Dad to come back to the farm. We moved to a farm nearby. It was here that Margaret Patricia was born March 19th 1924. She was to be with us for only two months. The morning of May 15th when Dad went to her crib she reached up and grasped one of his fingers. Dad remarked, "I don't like that." Later that morning Mom noticed that Patricia didn't look well and they drove to New Prague with her to see Dr. Novak. When they reached the Dr. Novak, Mom said, "We have a sick Baby." Looking at her Dr. Novak responded, "She is a very sick Baby, she has died." The shock of this was often recalled by Mom and Dad. We all grew up very aware of our little sister, who was in Heaven and she was always mentioned in our "God Bless... Night Prayers." Although I was only about 1 ½ years old I remember a time when many people were at our home and all was quiet and there was a big basket of flowers. Later I came to know that basket as "Patricia's Basket" as it had been used for her wake and funeral.

We lived at that farm for another year and it was here that Lois Rita was born May 4, 1925. She was our brown-eyed baby with natural curly hair. During that time Harold Flynn worked for Dad and later he would tell stories of when he "baby-sat" for Lois and me. It was also about that time that we moved to the Ryan Farm and lived with Grandma and Grandpa Ryan, Aunt Mayme and Ethel O'Hern.

I don't have too many memories of that period except that when Ag and Frank Lawrence were married in November of 1925, I received a set of little tin dishes from Bob Hill and I remember sitting down in a corner of the dining room to play with them. I also recall being confused by all

the feet around me at that time. The following September 16th there was great rejoicing over the birth of a baby boy, Francis John (Bud) was born. I remember that Ethel O'Hern and I were playing school when Dad came from New Prague to tell us.

Sometime during the following year, we moved again, this time to Lakeville and we lived with Uncle Jack Brennan in his big (Woodruff) house on Cedar Avenue. By that time one part of it was really a shell and closed off from the rest of the house. During that winter the folks cleaned up the "Old House," waxed the floor and there was a dance held there.

Sylvia was born there the following December 28, 1927 and Mrs. Madden, a mid-wife and Dr. Gaffney delivered her. Mrs. Madden remained for a week and kept Mom in bed to rest. Mrs. Madden was very strict and wouldn't let us climb into the bed with Mom, much to our displeasure. It was there that I remember asking why Fried Bread was called "Slap Jacks" and mom explained that Jack had to slap them. Dad also used to entertain us drawing pictures of cars and wagons with horses. The most frightening memory of that time was of Bud falling from his high chair and cutting his head on the spoon he had dropped and was reaching for. The sight of blood became a scary sight for me from then on.

It was back to Cedar Lake that year and the Ryans moved to New Prague. Grandma was very ill during this time and I remember visiting her around St. Patrick's Day. She gave Ethel O'Hern money for us to go to Mach's Store and buy green ribbon to pin on everyone for St. Patrick's Day. It was a long walk to the store as I remember it and in passing Dubehal's Bakery the boxes of Star of Bethlehem Flowers (White and Blue) in the window delighted me and for years after I'd look for them. Later I learned that it was an Irish Tradition to pin a cross of green ribbon on for St. Patrick's Day. Soon after this the Ryans moved back to the farm. Dad had an accident and injured his right hand cranking the old Ford Car (I think this may have been the beginning of his dislike of Ford Cars).

Infection set in and Dad had the middle finger amputated. He was in the hospital the same time that Therese (Terry) was born, April 13, 1929. I attended school at St. Patrick that year and Genevieve Ryan was our teacher. At the end of the school term we had a picnic and Father Farrell gave us rides in his speed boat.

During May and June there were many relatives and friends coming to visit Grandma Ryan. One I recall was Mrs. Newsome and daughter Margaret. Margaret's eyes seemed to protrude more than normal and I ran to Mom and asked to have them leave before Margaret's eyes would fall out! During the weeks before Grandma's death, June 12th, our first stop after getting up was to go to Grandma's bedroom and greet her. The morning of her death she took my hand and said, "Will you pray for a sinner?" At six years of age these were strange words and never to be forgotten. About noon that day we all gathered around Grandma's bed and prayed as she died. It was a very sad day. The Funeral Director came from New Prague and we were sequestered off from that end of the house as he prepared her body. The casket was placed in the southeast corner of the living room and the wake was held for two days. The funeral Mass and burial were at St. Patrick. The little church was crowded and six priests officiated at the funeral. In the afternoon Grandpa went wild and paced through the house crying, "Julia, why did you do this to me?" It was frightening to hear him.

The O'Keefe Woods was still there and I have happy memories of going with Mom to pick wild gooseberries there also wild plums that grew on the border between Uncle Jim's farm and ours. We all remember the apple tree which grew near the road in the pasture and the choke cherry trees. Mom was great at making jelly and jam. One of my favorites was Mom's plum pie with whipped cream.

Gardens were planted and we looked forward to new potatoes, corn and melons. The first sign of spring meant digging horseradish. Then there was the ritual of knocking off the potato bugs!

That summer the relationship between Dad and Grandpa wasn't very comfortable and didn't improve so before long we moved again- this time we spent a month in a cottage at Prior Lake. My only memory of that period was of water lilies I couldn't reach from the shore. We moved to Jordan where Dad was employed by Henry Arndts who was a Congressman at the time. It was Depression Time so Dad also took any other job he could get to support the family. He unloaded carloads of coal for \$1.00 a day. Aunt Ag Lawrence and three of the children, Julia, John and Jerry stayed with us for some time that winter.

We had a very kind neighbor, Mrs. Lambreck, who from time to time would put jars of home preserves on the other side of the fence and call Mom to come and get them.

I attended first grade at St. John's School and Sister Justina was my teacher. One of our favorite recess activities was to open the gate to the Convent yard for the Sisters and whenever Sister Jusina saw me there she would lift me up and say, "You have to grow this much before tomorrow." Needless to say, I didn't do the growing over night, but her attention made me feel special. I remember my frustration at not being able to reach the "Pagan Baby" Mission Box on the window sill in our classroom and someone always had to get it so I could drop in my pennies. That Christmas we had a real Christmas tree with candles and it was also the year I was finished with dolls. I liked Lois' doll better than my own and teased Lois by calling her doll, Maggie Jiggs- because it had "real hair" and reminded me of the comic strip Maggie. Lois threw the doll down and it broke so I had to give my doll to her. I had a severe bout with bronchitis and Dr. Cervenka, a young doctor, who had begun practicing medicine with Dr. Novak came to our house to care for me. This was the beginning of a long relationship of our family with Dr. Cervenka.

While attending St. John's School some big second graders took to chasing the girls on the way home and pelting us with snowballs. One of the first Fridays of Lent I choose to head home instead of going to church for Stations of the Cross. When Sister stopped me to question why I was headed home Eugene Link came to my rescue and explained why I was heading home. After that my tormentors were detained each day to give me time to reach home safely.

The Moses Department Store in Jordan was enormous in my eyes and that year I had a pair of new "zipper" boots was bought for me. The first day I wore them we couldn't unzipper one boot. Being it was Sunday No Stores were open so I slept with one boot resting on a chain near the bed. Before school Monday Mom and I went to see Ben Moses and have the boot removed and replaced.

Another Jordan memory is of an after school stop at the Post Office and Pekarna's Butcher Shop. One day Ed Pekarna offered me a ride home, but I refused saying, "My mother said I couldn't ride with strange men." Only after Ed called home and lifted me up to the phone to hear Mom say it was OK was I willing to go with him. Some of Dad's friends who met me would say, "And whose little girl are you?" My answer, "I'm Frankie Ryan's little girl" always amused them and so they continued to ask each time we met.

In late February we moved to Lakeville again. This time to Joe Brennan's farm, which had been recently vacated as the former renters had built a moonshine still there and it had been raided and the renters left. Eileen Brennan had died in February and so it was a sad time for the family. Eileen had become ill at school, walked home and was rushed to Minneapolis where she died. It was believed that she died from diphtheria and so a private funeral took place. About an hour after the burial it was learned that it was not diphtheria, but a strep infection. Eileen had written a letter to me welcoming me to Lakeville and Uncle Jack was to deliver it. He treasured it and I never received it.

I stayed with Grandma Brennan and attended Lakeville School. Aunt Gert and Aunt Irene were still home. Gert was teaching at Savage and Irene worked at the Lakeville Creamery. Gert rode the Dan Patch home on weekends. Edith Kelly and Florence Filsticker roomed there so life was very exciting for me as I greeted their boyfriends and listened to their plans for social happenings-dances, box socials, masquerade parties in Shen's Hall. Recently I came across an article in the Dakota County Tribune telling of the Masquerade held there in 1931. Margaret Marrinan won 2nd prize for her costume- she had dressed as an English Lord.



Grandma Brennan

Aunt Gert had registered me for school as "Ethel Mae" and it took some time to shake that new name. I can still hear Evelyn Cherry coming and calling for Ethel Mae. Miss Smith was our teacher that year. Margaret Brennan had come to attend Lakeville School as she was so lonesome for Eileen and I was to befriend her. One day when she was crossing the road Margaret looked toward the Cemetery and began crying for Eileen. It took some doing to drag her across the street. The year went well and although I learned I wasn't a canary, but a robin in singing I knew I made good progress as Stub Gephart told Uncle Joe that he and I were best in the "A" group and Margaret and Francis Deegan best in the "B" group! I stayed on for second grade at Lakeville.

Miss Trimble was our teacher and I remember that each day was Adrift on an Icepan. It seemed to me that we'd never get off the iceberg. It could have been Adm. Byrd's story. The Christmas play that year was The March of the Wooden Soldiers and was performed at Shen's Theater. My role was as a Paper Doll and I was most disappointed when I didn't wear a crepe paper dress, but a yellow taffeta one. However, I did wear Mom's pearls. In the early morning of June 2, 1931, we were alarmed to learn that All Saints Church was on fire. We all went to watch with great sadness. I remember seeing the cross fall into the flames as the tower crashed to the

ground. "Several moments previous the huge bell weighing a ton dropped out of its position, gave a final toll on its way down and crashed into the flaming mass of debris" Dakota Co Tribune.

The following Saturday when Father Hart had us for religion class. We gathered near the ruins and picked up small pieces of stain glass from the shattered windows. Soon construction was begun on a large new church, but until the church was ready, we had Mass in the Shen Theater. For months after we would be genuflecting when we went to a movie. Excavation for new church was begun Aug 26, 1931. It was Romanesque in style with a seating capacity of 580. The cost of the building was \$56,000 and a gift from Sarah Bagley of \$35,000 provided a substantial part of the cost. The bell from the old church was used in the new one. Dedication was by Archbishop Murray.



Flower Girl at Aunt Gert and Al Huberty Wedding



1st Grade - Lakeville

Aunt Gert married Al Huberty June 24th 1931 at St. Joseph Church, Rosemount. I was the was at Gram's and that afternoon we traveled to Minneapolis for pictures, my first time in a studio!

That spring Mom had serious sinus infection and was going to Minneapolis for treatments with Dr. Kohler. One day I went along to the Medical Arts Building and Dr. Kohler operated on me and removed my tonsils. I was very excited about my first elevator ride and the prospects of having ice cream after the surgery. The surgery went well but the ice cream was never served and the throat was so sore all I wanted was to go home that evening.

Lois became very ill with double pneumonia in June, 1930 and a nurse, Bella Fuerst, came to care for her. The Doctor said that the baby, Therese, should be away during that time. Aunt Catherine Brennan agreed to take Therese (Terry) for the duration of Lois' illness. In August when Larry was born, he was so very frail that Father Hart came to the house to baptize him. Aunt Gert and Will Ryan were the sponsors. By that time Aunt Catherine and Uncle Joe had become very attached to Terry, as they called her, and offered to keep her for the winter.

One day the following spring Aunt Catherine and Uncle Joe came to the farm and asked if they could adopt Terry. Neither Mom nor Dad would hear of it so Terry continued to live with them and boast of having two Mothers and two Fathers. We were always aware that she was our sister.

Our next move was back to Jordan for the summer. This time we lived near the Omaha Stations. Near the station was a Hobo Camp and from time to time the men came begging for food. One time when Mom made a meat sandwich for the man, I saw him throw one slice of the bread away and said, "I wouldn't give them food if they throw it away." Mom's answer has stayed with me. She said, "If you give it for the right reason God gives you your reward and you don't have to be concerned about what happens to your gift."

A few memories of that summer were balancing while walking on the tracks, pennies for a gumball machine at the Station, a flashflood that we waded in on the road, a baby buggy given by a neighbor to wheel Larry in that we all enjoyed playing with it. One day Larry pinched his finger with a clothes pin and fainted. I thought he was dying, but a dash of cold water revived him. A major educational accomplishment that summer was that I learned to spell geography by reciting (George Elson's Old Grandmother Rode A Pig Home Yesterday). That summer we moved back to the farm.

August 29th Madonna Gertrude was born. She was to be with us for two months. Aunt Bina Hill visited us and wanted me to go to St. Paul and attend St. Luke's Catholic School. Her plan was that Grandpa would pay the tuition and when that didn't happen, I was enrolled at a nearby public school. I was disappointed and also very lonesome for the family so I wrote a letter saying that "my new shoes were pinching me." That was a pact with my Mother to let her know I wasn't happy there. Mom came for me that week.

Before leaving for school one morning I went upstairs to see Madonna and give her a bottle of milk. It was my good-bye to our little sister. About two hours later Dad came to school with the word that our baby sister had died. The following year also brought sad times. The following October Mom was preparing supper and accidentally spilled a pan of hot grease on her hand while setting the pan on the back of the stove. She had just finished making doughnuts and was taking baked potatoes and squash from the oven. Mom suffered 3rd degree burns and Dad rushed her New Prague Hospital. Mom was pregnant at the time and while in the hospital for treatment of the burns she gave birth to little Mary who lived two days. While Mom was in the hospital we were wishing for cake and I baked a Devil's Food Cake but left out the soda. We feasted on the 1 ½ inch cake and looked forward to Mom's return and also for her cooking and baking.

One of my happiest memories is of a ride to St. Patrick's Church on Christmas Eve, by sleigh. Our roads were not plowed so tucking in the sleigh, which had fresh straw in the box and covered with horse blankets we rode into the night lighted only by the stars until we reached Hwy #13 when we could see the light shining through stain glass windows of the Church. It was easy to relate to the First Christmas and sing Silent Night on our way to Midnight Mass.

Elizabeth Flynn, Catherine Doyle and Cecilia Doherty were our teachers at St. Patrick and for the next five years District #32 was my school and scene of many activities. Some years I was

the only student in my grade, but listened in on all classes and often recited with a class the year ahead. It was a good preparation for me when I transferred to Lakeville for eighth grade the next year.

Ryans, Deustermanns, Cilhars and later Benes, Schoenbauers and Vohnotkas were on the roll call for the school. Baseball games with all 26 pupils on teams, little feuds, games, sleigh-ride, programs for Christmas and St. Patrick's Day as well as classes filled our time. There was no playground equipment. Our site consisted of a one-room school, two outhouses, a woodshed for storing firewood, and the water pump. The big round stove in the corner kept us warm. On very cold days we huddled around the stove fully dressed in coats and boots. Unless you remembered to place your lunch near the stove you could have a frozen dinner.

There were also pranks by the older boys. Some may recall the time Otto D. didn't come in from recess and in the quiet his voice was heard from Father's barn, where he was trying to get out. Friday afternoons were special as we had a free period to do arts and crafts which we entered at the Jordan and Shakopee County Fairs. My very first check was one from winning on a Leaf Booklet at the Jordan Fair. The prize should have been shared with Albert Rybak as he had climbed a number of trees to select the best leaves for my booklet. I recall Christmas plays with Santa's visit as quite an event for the community. Hanging sheets for a stage curtains was quite a feat. One December I missed several days of school so the teacher gave me a monologue to learn and recite. "The Little Match Girl." I never forgot the Little Match Girl. My last Christmas at District #32. Mom had pinned big red bows on us for occasion. When Santa gave me my gift he said, "And where did you get the big red bow?" That was the end of ribbons for me.

Lois was injured at school and had a difficult time going back to school-adjusting to being away from home. Spring time brought a "Field Trip" to Hickey's Woods where wild flowers grew among them May Flowers, Jack in the Pulpit and violets.

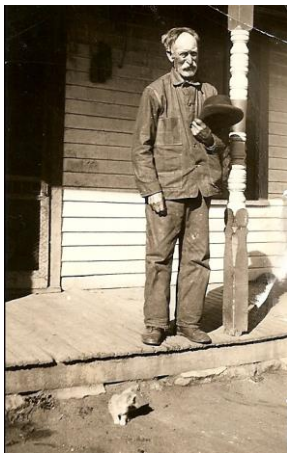
Our sleigh rides down the hill on the rectory grounds were great thrills during the winter and each day we dragged our sleds to and from school.

The radio we had was a battery one and to use it Dad would take the battery from the car and hook it up. My favorite program was Jack Armstrong, the All-American, sponsored by Wheaties. It came on just before supper so I seldom saw the whole episode. When that radio was out of commission, we went to Farnkamps to hear Slim Jim or to Uncle Jack Ryans to listen to Father Coughlin on Sundays. Other social events were visits to relatives – especially to Uncle Mike Ryan, who was blind. Lois was his favorite and he always knew her voice. Johnny Ryan visits were always enjoyed. He usually began his visit with this introduction, "I damn near got killed" and relate his experience – usually about his horseback ride. Then he would tilt his chair and at our request sing "Strawberry Roan", "Red River Valley" and "Mrs. Nash's Old Blue Cake." I have learned that there are many Irish Versions of that.

On days when Grandpa came for us at school with the big sleigh, we managed to hook our sleds on back and get a free ride. Some one had to be look-out and keep Grandpa busy so he wouldn't look back and see us. John Ryan recalled an exciting winter day when Grandpa Ryan drove a

team of horses down an embankment of 8-10 feet of snow when he met the New Prague Milling snow plow at the highest level of the ditch embankment. With Grandpa kneeling in the sled the horses leaped and plunged through the snow till they reached the meadow where the snow was not so deep. With the horses under control Grandpa drove to the school door showing no sign of frustration. John Ryan recently retold this story.

This may be a good place to insert my other memories from days with Grandpa which I recalled in our Ryan Update in 1994. Life with Grandpa Ryan holds many memories – some more humorous now than then! Grandpa listened for the New Prague Whistle from the Mill – to check his Elgin Watch and he also checked at sunset with information in Dr. Miles Almanac. From these experiences I learned the speed of sound and also my first knowledge of phases of the moon, evening stars, planets as well as time to plant and of course the birthdays of famous America, Buffalo Bull and Chief Shakopee.



Grandpa Ryan



Horses on the Farm

Many of us can recall Grandpa's famous trips by lumber wagon to Jordan and New Prague and his purchase of five pounds of tea at Mach's. Green tea was the only tea I knew of before I entered the Convent. Grandpa kept the canonical hours with his large, white cup of strong green tea. It was tea for breakfast, mid-morning, dinner, lunch and supper. After supper and the Rosary, he was off the bed. There were also shorter buggy trips to Lydia for a supply of summer sausage. When he didn't get the attention, he wanted he would call out, "All officers and no soldiers." We learned its meaning early in life and also that he was the commanding officer. The first cold day he would say, "This will make a man think of his last summers wages." One of Grandpa's last buggy rides took place on Easter Sunday when he insisted on driving the horse and buggy to Church – refusing to go by car with us. He and Aunt Mayme set off ahead of us and we waved at them as we passed them on Highway #13. When they didn't arrive at Church Dad left to check things out only to find them at home, shaken and bruised, but safe. The bit had broken and Mabel took them non-stop to Church, around the school and back home. The trip ended when Mabel attempted to enter the barn. During these years we had the following pastors at St. Patrick's and St. Catherine's- Fathers Farrell, Jordan, Casey, Cronin and Rogan. In the summer we had religion classes at St. Patrick's and St. Catherine's school (which was the school where Mom had taught). It was located down the hill from the church near St. Catherine's Lake. The Sisters from Frontenac taught. Pat Ryan and I attended class in the morning and played baseball and caught frogs in the afternoon. One day Eddie Flynn scolded us

for catching the “poor frogs” and he tipped over the barrel with our treasure of frogs – releasing them!

Other summers we were taught by Seminarians, Father Mark Farrell, Leo Howley and Raymond Reed. We thought they were the greatest as they played ball with us and also taught singing. I received my Private Communion July 16, 1932 and Lois, Bud and I received our First Communion May 1934. Mom made organdy dresses for us and Lois and I had borrowed veils from Rosemary Pekarna and Rosemary Huth.



Ethel, Bud and Lois Ryan



Sylvia, Lois, Ethel and Terry

After Aunt Irene was married it was thought a good idea to have someone live with Grandma Brennan so I went to live with her. I had lived there during first and second grades and also had spent weeks there during the summers. Grandma and I had a special bond and it were at times in the summer when we sat in rockers on the front porch that I learned part of family history and shared many stories. Many of them were written in my heart as she spoke of her happy and sad days. I only wish I could have written some on paper then.

Grandma was born in Spring Lake Township in 1862 during the Civil War. Shortly after her birth a Recruiting Officer came to have her father enlist, but he was not around at the moment. Her mother said, “Oh he left me.” And the officer replied, “Well he left his image behind.” Grandma shared many stories of her girlhood days and about her neighbors, the Jim Hickeys, Blacks and Marrinans with whom she would walk to school and church at St. Catherine’s. I heard about the Hickey cranberry marsh near the James Hickey farm. She told of her desire to become a Sister, but that her Father didn’t approve. So in some way she thought my entrance to the convent realized her dream. As she spoke of her family many tears were shed for her sister, Margaret and her brothers, John, Pat and Simon who had died.

Grandma’s brothers had traded horses with John Brennan and they introduced her to him. They were married at St. Patrick June 9, 1885. How she looked forward to visits to their graves at St. Catherine’s. Some days she would go through the old trunk and lovingly touch and tell the story of the various articles – Grandpa’s tie and the old pictures tied in ribbon. All there were lost

when the trunk was moved to Uncle Jack's House. The story of Grandma's Mother's shroud has been related by Margaret Doherty. Grandma had also told how Grandma Hickey was a Third Order Franciscan and wished to be buried in the brown habit so Nancy, Maria and Margaret had made it for her, but before she was clothed in it Grandma Hickey had given it away twice for other friends had who died and she always said "My daughters will make me another" and they did. Another story I recall Grandma telling me was how Grandpa Brennan had suffered a fall which resulted in a blood clot which eventually caused his death.

There was one black handled fork in her kitchen and the story was that it was all that remained of a set she received for her wedding. The rest had been scorched when one of her sister-in laws put them in the oven to dry. When I think of Grandma and I recall how her days went – Monday she was up early, about 5:30 AM and at the washtub and scrubbing board getting the laundry on the line before she went to 7 o'clock Mass. Other mornings she worked in the garden, cleaned up and went to Mass. Mornings were often filled with visits from neighbors. It seems that they always came to her as I don't remember her going out very often. She always had crocheting, fancy work or sewing to pick up. Ann Kelly, Mary Berres, Kate Marrinan, Mrs. Heglund, Bill Hickey, Mrs. Weren and Mag Donnelly were frequent callers as well as family members. There was always lunch to be served. Sundays in the summer often brought relatives from the cities and that was a time for me to run out the back door and up to Seuss Drug Store for Kemps Ice Cream. Grandma always had the cake, pie or cookies to serve with it. The visits of relatives gave me the opportunity to know many of the generations I would not have met otherwise and it certainly helped with contacts doing genealogy later. I could go on for pages about life with Grandma – remembering our searches for four-leaf clovers, cutting asparagus in the spring, the strawberry patch, the apple trees, the yellow rose bush where we picked a flower to wear to school in June. I'm sure her grandchildren remember her Sunshine Cake, Raisin-filled cookies and homemade bread. They many not know that she made her own soap and one day a saleswoman who was selling complexion soap admired Grandma's skin and asked what bran of soap she used. Imagine the woman's surprised when Grandma replied, "I use my own good homemade lye soap." Grandma did add a bit of perfume to it.

Another favorite Sunday afternoon pastime when there were no visitors was to choose a direction and count cars in a period of one hour. The winner was the one with the highest number. The numbers were usual in the single digits in the 1930's. Wouldn't she be surprised to see stop lights now in Lakeville.

I mentioned the apple trees which invited the small boys to come and sample the apples. Among the little boys who came were John Sauser and Gene Traeger. They came often asking for work to earn money or apples. One-time Grandma was ready to discourage them from coming and she had them dig a hole in the empty garden. She kept encouraging them to dig deeper and deeper. Finally, they were tired and asked what they should do next to which Gram replied, "Now like good boys would you fill the hole up?" Grandma's words of wisdom were many among them I recall her saying "stand tall", "Learn something new everyday." Her most angry words was to say "Bad Cess to them" it was only years later I realized that that was an Irish saying. The "cess" was the much hate tax the Irish Catholics had to pay to the Protestant clergy during the Famine Days.

My High School Days at Lakeville

In the fall of 1936, I went to stay with Grandma Brennan and attend Lakeville School for eighth grade. My teacher was Bea Barta from New Prague and so we were sort of townies. I felt that she liked me as we were both transplants to Lakeville. I was back with some of my former 1st & 2nd Grade classmates. Margaret Byrne, Ruth Mahowald, Ruth Medtvitt, Kathryn Hauer and Doris Matzoll were my friends and we were Girl Scouts. By selling chances and Girl Scout Cookies we raised money to go to Camp Pa-Hu-Ka at Fish Lake. We also had plays and picnics together the following four years. Early in 1939 we were saddened by the death of our teacher, Mr. Holland. He and a Krause were killed in an auto accident when they went to St. John's Collegeville for a game. John Marrinan was injured, but recovered.



Lakeville 7th-8th Grade

Some school activities I recall that Miss Barta sponsored were the History Umbrella Court on Fridays. The History Scrapbook of Presidents and the Mock Election which really helped make history come alive. There were social activities in school also- at our first Freshman Party we played "spin the bottle" and had cookies and hot chocolate. A sleigh ride party through the country-side ended at Gepharts for refreshments. During the summer Antlers Park was a desirable spot for a picnic and soon a Roller-Skating Rink was begun there. Many an hour we skated around the old dance floor.

October 19, 1936 Archbishop Murray came to St. Patrick to confirm six or seven of us. Before the Mass we were lined up near the rectory and while the priests were rushing about getting all ready. I happened to see the Archbishop all by himself and I thought someone should be with him so- I went over and introduced myself and had a nice visit. He wondered if I were related to Fr. Lawrence Ryan. During the Confirmation Service the Archbishop asked each of us a question. I was the last and smallest so when he came to me, he leaned over the pew and said, "How am I going to confirm you?" My first thought was he doesn't think I'm old enough- but

the Holy Spirit was there and I answered by giving the form for Confirmation, “The Bishop extends this hand...” I was confirmed!

Our family was living in Cedar Lake and I went home most weekends Mom and Dad would drive to Lakeville Friday for me and bring me back on Sunday. I remember Dad’s comment when we would come into Scott County- “You can tell we’re in Scott County because the roads were in better condition” I guess I thought Jim Garry kept up the Scott County roads.

Summer time was welcomed with strawberry picking at Dolans. It was good picking, and we enjoyed the money earned- about 3 cents a quart. We also had a picnic at lunch time. One of the last years we picked berries there was quite a gang of us – Margaret Byrne, Ruth Mahowald, Jim Pepera and Jerome Schweich (He died in the Bataan Death March WWII) were some of them. One noon Jerome took us on a ride around Lake Marion and we got stuck in the sandy beach and were a bit late returning. At the end of the berry picking season Aunt Catherine took me to Minneapolis to shop. One year I bought a dress, the material featured Snow White.

In our Freshman year we had initiation to look forward to and the Sophomore class saw to it that it was one to remember. They were a small group, but made us submissive (wearing our dresses backward, wearing green nail polish and the Shock Seat on the night of initiation.) Someone landed hard on the seat and it was out of commission for the night.

At the first school dance I wore heels and managed to knock one heel off, but the janitor’s room was unlocked and with hammer we restored the heel- it was a bit wobbly until Hubert Mahowald, Ruth’s Uncle fixed it the next day. Hubert was also our Skate Sharpener and good friend.

It was about this time that the high school addition was put on and a gym came into existence. That building has since been razed and replaced. Many new school buildings have since been built throughout the district.

Religion classes for the High School Students were taught by Monsignor Byrnes and we attended very faithfully. He was a good teacher and did much to acquaint us with books. He knew us pretty well and kept a check on some of us. One stormy winter night only four of us got through to class, Margaret Byrne, Ruth and Jim Mahowald and myself. After class we were treated to hot chocolate and cookies by Gert Byrnes and a fireside talk with Monsignor. Other Wednesday nights during the winter it was early class followed by skating at the rink on Main Street. I learned to skate by much effort and many falls – practicing while many were at the late Mass on Sundays and I had the rink to myself. Among the beginning skaters then was Inez Matzoll who went on to the Ice Capades.

In the fall of 1937, we learned that Mom was pregnant and there was great expectation. Ruth, Margaret and I saved our money and bought a baby blanket for the baby.

That January was one of our coldest winters. After the snow plows went through the drifts were so high that we had to tunnel out to the road and walk to the road to school – not many cars going through.

One day Dad and Mom came to Lakeville and picked me up at school to go with them to Minneapolis as the Dr. Cervenka was very concerned about Mom's condition and the baby's birth. We drove to the University Hospital, after Mom was checked in and we were in her room I heard the Doctor tell Dad that her condition was very serious and he couldn't be sure either would survive. I didn't want Dad to know I had overheard the conversation. It was difficult to face those at home when they asked how Mom was. I remember that Lois, Bud, Sylvia and I said the rosary lying across the bed that evening. The next day a blizzard struck and all telephone lines were down so we couldn't get any word. January 23rd came and I believe Aunt Gert was able to get a call through to Jack Ryan's telling us a baby boy was born and all was well. At the time we didn't have a phone connected. That week was also the Great Boxing Match of a Jimmy Braddock. No, Jim wasn't named for him. I wanted him named James Patrick, but the doctor who delivered him believed the baby's birth was a miracle and he asked mom to give the baby his name, Gerald, and so he was baptized James Gerald. The homecoming of Mom and Jim was a most happy one.

Jimmy was the center of our attention that winter and spring and he made our family complete. I can't recall any startling event of that school year, but during the year it became necessary for Dad to receive treatment and so Mom and the children moved to Shakopee. I took the train from Lakeville on weekends to visit. There were difficult times for all of us. In April Uncle Mike Ryan and Grandpa died within 28 hours of each other. The Doctor decided it would be best not to tell Dad as he was soon to be dismissed from the hospital. However, the chaplain asked Dad if he was any relation to Michael Ryan for whom he had offered funeral Mass. Father then remarked that Mike's brother had also died. That news really upset Dad and he called home furious at all of us. It was also difficult for us to be at the funeral without Dad. We moved back to the farm with Mayme. Dad ran the farm again. That August I was at Grandma's getting registered for school and learned that Latin was not being offered that year so I'm trying to decide whether to take French or Typing. I consulted Msgr. Byrnes. His comment was that I was wasting my time there and should look into entering the convent at that time. He said he was a friend of Mother Samuel, the Mother General of the Sinsinawa Dominicans, and he would ask her advice. Before long an answer came that I could enter. The word arrived the day that Mom and Dad were coming to take me home. My friends and I were at Antlers Park Roller Rink that evening. Grandma broke the news to the folks and they came out to the Park. They often told how I made the announcement that I wanted to go to the convent. I skated up to them and said, "I'm going to the Convent," Mom said, "We'll talk about it when you get home." I never doubted that Dad or Mom would object and they didn't, but they thought I had forgotten my earlier intentions to become a Sister.



Ethel Ryan c 1938



Lakeville High School

The next month was a whirlwind of preparation. I remember our visit to Holy Rosary Convent. The Sisters gave me the trunk which a postulant who had returned home left with them. They also instructed us to contact Mrs. Hegdahl whose daughter has recently entered and she would have a blouse pattern. Mom kept cutting the pattern down, but I still had very roomy blouses. Sister Petronita and I sill joke about sharing the pattern.

By August 20th I was ready to set out for Sinsinawa. Lois tells the story of my leaving home that morning and how she took Jimmy into the grove as we drove away. My friends, Margaret Byrne, Ruth Mahowald, Kathryn Hauer, Ruth Medvitt, Doris Matzoll, and others were excused from class to see me off. Monsignor Byrnes, Dad, Mom and I went the River Road through Red Wing, Winona, and LaCrosse to Dubuque a beautiful ride any time of year. A few years ago I read Mother Samuel's account of her entrance in 1885. She had traveled along the same route by train. For each of us the lofty Mound was a truly great sight to come upon.

I remember the awesome sight of the big St. Clara front door opening and our going into the parlor with its elaborate chairs and the painting of Father Mazzuchelli, my first meeting with our Founder. Mother Samuel, Sister Ambrose, Sister Sixtus, and Sister Benedicta sent for Gloria Higgins, a postulant, to come and take charge of me as my "Guardian Angel." She took me to the Novitiate and I donned my postulant garb.

We had a tour of buildings and grounds and after supper and goodbyes Monsignor, Mom and Dad left for Dubuque. I don't recall the rest of that evening. The next day I was into schedules and learning my way about. I learned later that Mom had called in the morning to see how I was and S. Benedicta said, "She was lonesome and missed you, but that is good because if she didn't love and miss her family, she wouldn't love us." Because I had high school classes to complete, I was known as an Aspirant but lived and took some classes with the postulants. In the Academy I found the students very kind and they welcomed me. Helen O'Neill and Denise Ruddy were particularly helpful as were the Sisters Antoine, Eugene and Cajetan. They made my classes enjoyable and successful. Sister Marie Stephen taught us Latin in the Novitiate and I feel very privileged to have had her as a teacher and friend. Through the years meeting her and the other Sisters have been joyful events. One of my classes in the Academy ended at noon and so I was often late going to dinner. When Mother Samuel was home, she too would be making a late arrival and we would walk down the stairs to the DeProfundus Hall together chatting as we descended. Years later Sisters would recall these times, we must have been quite a pair.

While attending the Academy I wrote my one and only poem which was published in The Sinsinawa Academy Yearbook. I'll share it with you.

AT THE GROTTTO

Before the Sacred Heart red tulips grow
 Their green palms raise.
 And from their chaliced flowers flow
 A silent hymn of praise

Too soon their petals fall to ground
 In answer to death's toll.

For only in the Sacred Heart is found
Beauty's Eternal Goal.

If He Who is such wondrous gowns
Array the earthly flowers.
Can He whose love knows endless bounds
Forget these souls of ours?

In 1940 a new group of postulants came and so began another year of getting know new personalities. August 4, 1941 was our Reception Day and in preparation we had our white habits to sew. The novice who helped me was S. Aquin and she allowed an extra inch in the back – which I didn't fill out and so I had a train on my habit for Reception Day. Mom, Dad, Grandma, Aunt Mayme, Lois and Bud came to my Reception. Sister Thoma Ryan came from Chicago to clothe me in the Dominican habit.

My duties during the Novitiate year were to work in the laundry with Sister Vincent DuBois. It also included preparing and bringing dinner to Sisters Marietta and Mellitus on Laundry Days. On weekends I helped S. Andreas in Guest Kitchen and I really appreciated the wisdom and kindness of these Sisters. Sister Marietta asked to put on my Black Veil when Profession time came. One of the most sorrowful days was when we learned of the deaths of Sisters Jordan Carroll and Sister Kenneth Loeffler. They died in an auto accident when returning from doing research in Florida. The whole community seemed to be in shock. I recall that it was also the week that Dorothy Day visited the Mound and I remember seeing her in Chapel at the Funerals. Later she spoke to us about her work as Catholic Worker. It was during this year that permission was received to have daily Adoration of the blessed Sacrament and what a joy that was for all at the Mound. While working at Bethlehem Academy I found a prayer Mother Samuel had composed honoring the Blessed Sacrament.

CORPUS DOMINI

White, all hues in one	Bread – flesh deified
Bread, all foods in one	Jesus Crucified
Host Immacualte	God articulate
I perceive.	I believe.

Love inconceivable
Joy unbelievable
Bread-flesh Christ
I receive.

The year the Novitiate was intense and busy, but passed very quickly and we were prepared for Profession which took place on August 5, 1942. That evening we were outside after supper visiting and the night bell rang. As we filed in, I was met by Sister Vivia and she asked me to take a letter to Mother Samuel's Mailbox, which was outside Mother's Room. I dropped the letter in just as Mother opened her door and in the dark whispered, "Is that you, Sister Januarius?" (Sister Januarius was at least six feet tall) I answered, "No, Mother, I'm Sister Zacchaeus." Mother came out and led me to a window and said, "Let me see how you look in

the Black Veil.” She then shared with me her love for work on the Missions and how when she was called Home, she wished she could climb up and hide in the Maple Tree outside the Infirmary and cry for the Missions. Laughing she said, “Like your patron, you can have a tree at every Mission.” Years after she would ask about my favorite tree or ask if I had climbed a tree lately. It was sort of our little pact. Speaking of Sister Januarius makes me recall a poem of hers:

Dear Master, Make Me Kind

O Lord, so many dreams are o'er
And life is flying by, realities are around
The door of death seems ever nigh.
And older now and wiser grown

But one request I find
And earnestly ask of You.
Dear Master, make me kind.
Yes, make me kind in thought and wish
In feeling, look and word

In heart and manner: even to those
Who from your love have swerved.
Kind above all to those with who
Is cast my lot in life, kind in the sunshine.
In the storm and kind amid the strife.

My lips have touched the Sacred Host
And could an unkind word
Be uttered by the mouth and lips
Whose nerve the Host has stirred?

My eyes have rested on the Host
Then they must kindly be
Nor pry unkindly into naught
That is not work for Thee

The Sacred Host has been within
My very heart and soul
Pour in the floods of kindness, Lord,
Until beyond control

-S. Januarius Mullen, O.P. printed on her Obituary Card

A special joy during that time was meeting Sister Walburga Lyons, of the Lyons Family in Prior Lake – When she retired and came to live at the Mound as it was a bond with home. Sister Walburga’s niece, Catherine, was married to our cousin, Frank Roach. When I left for my first

Mission, Sister promised to pray for me every Morning during her Adoration time from 9-10 O'clock. It gave me great support on many a day.



Sisters at The Mound



Margaret, Ss Zacchaeus, Frank Ryan

The two weeks following Profession we had Practice Teaching at St. Mary, East Dubuque. Sister Dunstan was the Director and S. Mary Hugh the supervisor for First Grade. After the Practice Teaching, we received our Mission Assignment and mine was to St. Brendan, Chicago, Illinois. Sister Austine, S. Leopold and I boarded the train in Dubuque and took off for Chicago. After leaving the Union Station we kept asking, "How much farther?" to which Sister Austine would reply just a few more turns. I then realized Chicago was a Big Town. Sister Lucida was at St. Brendan's and she was a welcome sight as we had been in the Novitiate together and often leaders in processions.

My classroom was #2 on first floor, next door was Sister Simone and down the hall was Sister Marie David's room. They were my mentors that first year. We have many stories to share about life there. A few months into school Sister Carmelita became ill and my class was divided between the other two First Grade Classrooms and I was to teach Sister Carmelita's Fourth Grade for the next few months returning to Room 2 in time for Christmas. In March Sister Mary Enos had surgery and again I was given a new Room – Room 5, Second Grade. The high point of that Grade was preparing the children for First Holy Communion. After six weeks in that Room I was asked to take Sister Marie Timothy's Room where she was called home. Her father had become ill and he died that month. In May I returned to Room 2 and finished out the year. So went my First Year of teaching or presiding in four classrooms!

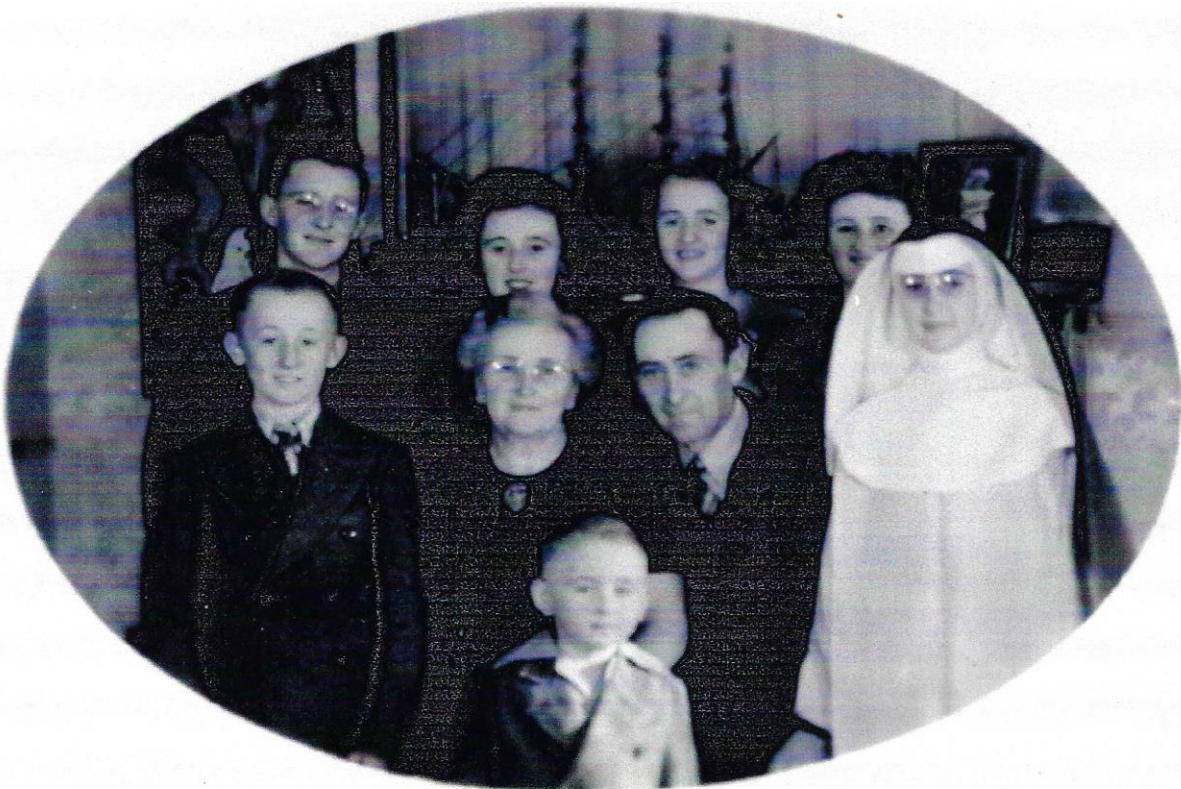
The following year S. Marie David was transferred and I moved to Room 4 and Sister Mary Rita was assigned to Room 2. Room 4 had 40+ students and I really learned what First Grade was all about. In 1944-45 I was also in Room 4 with a roomful of students.

Some special events during that assignment were Classroom May Crownings. Collections for Pagan Babies-Missions. Taking the 8th Graders to Stations of the Cross during Lent and the special lines for Dismissal as Sister Amelia kept order. One visitation of Sister Amata was particularly amusing. I was very anxious as the noon bell was to ring and Sister was not

departing. Carol Jean Hoppe noted my anxiety and commented on it. Sister Amata laughed so hard that her face became flushed. Carol turned to her and said, "Sometimes I laugh so hard I cry, too." That saved the day and the observation ended as the bell rang.

Mary Therese Wasek, a first grader, had a heart condition and she couldn't participate in many activities. She was much loved by all and a delightful child. She was chosen to crown Blessed Mother that May and a few weeks later became seriously ill. The first Sunday in June I was leaving to go to the Mound and Mary Therese's Mother came to Mass and we learned that Mary Therese had died in her Father's arms just two hours earlier. Marge Wasek kept contact with me for over forty years and at Christmas time she sent me a box of gifts as her "Little Girl" for many years. May God reward and unite Joe, Marge and Mary Therese in their Heavenly Home.

In September of 1942 Mom delivered a baby boy who was stillborn and Lois wrote me a postcard telling the news. It was addressed to Sister Mary Zacchaeus, Chicago, Illinois and believe it or not I received it! A postal miracle! Christmas Day of 1943, I received a phone call telling of Aunt Mame Ryan's death. Her wish to die on Christmas had been granted. I felt sorry I couldn't be there, but happy for her that she was home with her parents and loved ones.



The Frank and Margaret Ryan Family ca early 1940's

During that year Bud went into US Army. After his basic training at Fort Leonard Wood he shipped out to the Pacific Arena and saw combat in the Philippines. He was a scout in the Infantry and while the troops were enroute for the invasion of Japan the cities of Japan were hit by the Atomic Bomb and the war ended. While Bud was in Japan Dad became ill and the Red Cross brought him home. Everyone was overjoyed to have him home again. During the War

Years I dreaded hearing the news knowing that twenty-six of our relatives were in as many different battle fronts.

I attended Summer School at Rosary and it being wartime we had to take our ration of sugar with us. It was an enjoyable session as I had Sister Mary Henry for Sociology and my other class was Children's Literature. The following summer I took Science classes at Bethlehem Academy in Faribault and it was an opportunity to have a visit with my family.



Faribault – 1944



Ss Zacchaeus and Ss Tobias – 1942



Sylvia, Frank, Margaret and Ss Zacchaeus

The summer of 1945 was spent at the Mound studying and preparing for Final Profession. When we were about to leave for our five-day home visit Mother Samuel informed me that I wouldn't need to take a companion Sister saying, "Sure, no one will see you out in the country." After August 5th we left for our Home Visits.



The Ryan Family



Frank, Jimmy, Ss Zacchaeus, Margaret Ryan

In August I was assigned to St. Malachy's, Geneseo, located in western Illinois, to teach First and Second Grades. Sister Redempta was our Superior. There were six Sisters in Geneseo, quite a change from 26 at St. Brendan's. Sister Alain McGillacuddy was our Housekeeper, Sister Juliana in residence, Sister Francois taught 3 & 4th and Sister Robertia, newly professed Sister, taught 5th & 6th and the Liturgy. Our second year there Sister Marie Dorothy replaced S. Francois. Saturdays we taught Religion, did laundry, shopped and cleaned so little time was reserved for other activities. The people were very kind and Father Ross was most hospitable and he tried to provide good times for us. He had special titles for us – S. Redempta – Mother Samuel, S. Robertia – Galla Cuchi, and I was the Doll Sister. Each year the pastors of the three neighboring parishes gave a grand dinner for the three communities of Sisters at Geneseo, Atkinson, and Anawan. Many people were very kind to us, especially Curnyn, Oberle, Rink and Morrissey Families. When D-Day came an evening of prayer in Thanksgiving was held. Jerry Curnyn asked in Mary would take the Germans "lumps" away. Then it was learned that his brother, Arnold, had been taking him to visit Blessed Mother's altar and praying that a lump that had been detected on Jerry's throat would be taken away and it had!

Sylvia married Rudy Doerr Feb 16, 1946 at St. Patrick Church and they moved to Marystown. As the result of a tooth infection that year the nerves in my right arm were damaged and I lost control of the movement in the arm. That summer I rested at the Mound and in August was assigned to St. James, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Sister DeRicci said, "We're sending you to Sister Kathleen, who is very kind and will be good to you." S. Kathleen was that.

Lois married Jim Pepera at St. Patrick's Church August 28, 1947 and they moved to Lakeville.

My eight years at St. James would fill a book with memories of persons and events which were very significant in my life. Classrooms filled with 50 First Graders, working with their parents, and my years of church work at St. James all were colorful ones. Many friendships formed then have lasted through the years. It was also the year that Grandma Brennan died on Feb 28, 1948. I was able to attend her funeral in Lakeville. The May after Grandma's death Mom, Lois and Aunt Mayme Kohls spent a weekend with me in Kenosha. It was First Communion Day and Mom and I went to that Mass while Lois and Aunt Mayme visited with Sister Florence. Lois said the conversation was a game of "Who Can Top It?" between Aunt Mayme and S. Florence. Both had had sisters die from cancer and many other similar events to compare.

Bud married Marion Boegeman June 2, 1948 at St. Peter Church, Credit River, MN.

When Dad, Mom and Jimmy visited me a few years later they stayed with Paul and Wanda Naef. Recently Nancy Naef Wervie sent me pictures taken at that time. It was also Mothers' Day Weekend and Edgar Gastaldi took Dad and Jimmy on a tour and helped Dad get a corsage for Mom.



Ryan Family c1950

Terry married Gene Reisinger at All Saints Church, Lakeville, MN 25th of November 1951 and Larry married Agnes Gregory at SS Peter and Paul Church in Belle Plaine, MN 29 August 1953.

Father James Cotter was our pastor and assistants were Fathers Gaffney and Dobson. Father Gaffney was a favorite with all the children and it was a happy day when he came to teach. He would greet them with, "How are all my good little Indians today?" At recess he would rough up the boys by having them fall into Monkey Piles and then they would scramble to their feet laughing.

One March 17th Father Cotter "forgot" to give us a free Day so I had the First Graders make Irish flags, carry their Coffee Can Drums (made for Washington's Birthday) and march around the block, near the rectory. The next Day Father came and apologized for not having given us the day off. Church work at St. James was a heavy job at Christmas and Easter as we decked the altars with many, many potted plants. It entailed climbing the altars and arranging the plants in wreath formation at Christmas and many tiers at Easter. My first years I worked with Sister Tarcisia, later Sister Ciola and then Sister Marie William. During the latter years the church was redecorated and new vestments were to be purchased. Father Cotter sent Sister Marie William and me to Lohmanns in St. Paul to purchase the vestments. I called Father John Roach (later Archbishop) and he sent a Cadet from St. Thomas Academy to meet us at the train station and we spent a few hours watching the cadets do their military drill at the Academy, had lunch and did our Church shopping. That night we spent with Larry and Ag who moved to St. Paul and lived near the Capitol.

When Sister Romaine and Sister Carmenita were Principals and 8th Grade Teachers they would often be called to the office and if the sessions were to be long they would send a student to stay with my class and I would take 8th grade. When Edgar Gastaldi was in 8th Grade he became my permanent sub and endeared himself to the First Graders, whom they called, "Our Edgar." Edgar was also most helpful around Church and school. He must have painted the classroom Reading Chairs at least five times before we decided to scrape off the paint and varnish them. That year

Edgar graduated from St. Catherine, Racine and left for the Redemptorist Seminary. It has been a great joy to have shared in his Ordination, First Mass and ministry through the years. It was with great sorrow I learned of his sudden death May, 21, 1997. He died of a massive heart attack while he was enroute to set up a Mission Schedule in Indiana. The funeral Mass was at St. James, Kenosha and he was buried in St. James Cemetery. May he rest in peace.

The summer of 1954 I was assigned to study at St. Norberts, DePere, WI and it proved to be a very special time. Sister Jovita and Mary Magdalen were my companions. S. Jovita renamed us Gram, Mom and the Kid. The first week I encountered difficulty climbing into the top bunk (Men's Dorm) later I had a single room with a lower bunk. The summer was a great experience – meeting Sisters of other communities. Our art teacher, Mrs. LeMeiux kept us working at various media and the two Fraters in the class kept us entertained.



Frank, Brother Leonard, Margaret, Ss Zacchaeus

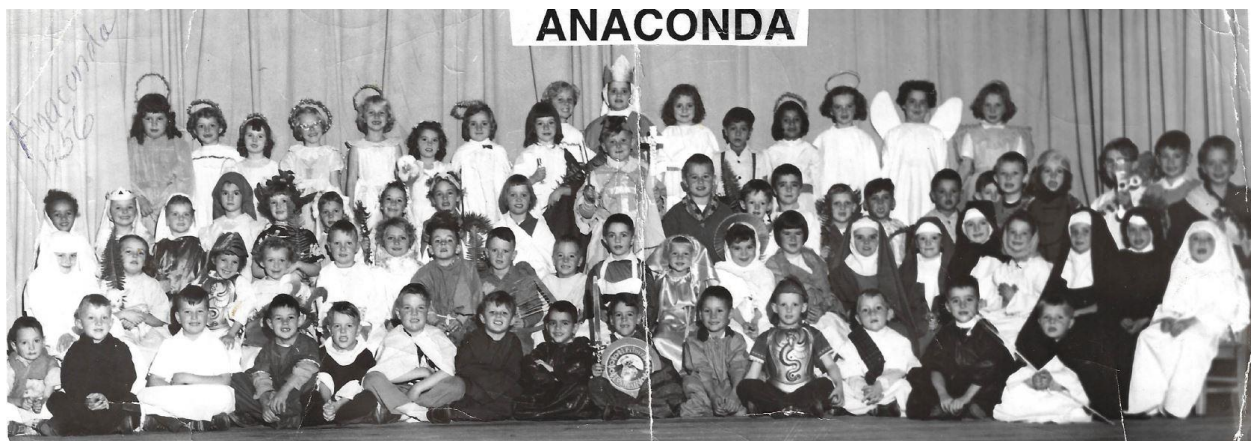


Frank, Margaret, Ss Zacchaeus Ryan, Ss Petronilla Dougherty

St. Dominic's Day was spent at Annunciation, Green Bay and I received my assignment to St. Peter, Anaconda at that time. After my home visit I waited in Minneapolis to meet S. Geneva and together we left on the Great Northern for Montana. The Sisters at Holy Rosary gave us a great supply of sandwiches, cookies and fruit which we were most grateful to have the following day. When we settled down in our Roomette we were in North Dakota. Next morning, we were still in North Dakota. When we went to the dinner, we learned we have been side tacked all night due to the derailment of freight cars and a track was being built around the wreck. No food was available so our lunch from Holy Rosary Sisters was most welcome. We arrived in Great Falls 12 hours late. The Hospital Sisters at Great Falls took us to their convent for the night. The next morning, we took out train to Butte. It was a one car train speeding through the mountains and my first experience at looking. We were met by the Sisters in Butte and after a warm welcome in Anaconda and a meal we headed for a 12-hour rest to get acclimated to the high altitude. It really took a few weeks to get over the lightheaded feeling. The people of Anaconda couldn't have been more kind and helpful. Denny, our mail carrier announced to the Sisters that there was another Jordanite in Anaconda, Rosemary Huth Greany. Dr. Byron Greany also mindful of Rose and my friendship gave me free dental care and gave me the Jordan Independent. I have memories of fishing trips, picnics at the park and in the mountains.

One Christmas Vacation we went to the Scout Camp it was sub zero weather. We dressed in heavy parkas and high boots borrowed from the High School students. Some Boys from Catholic Central had plowed out the road and built a fire in the fireplace so it was toasty when we arrived. When I recall the walks on untrodden paths and a beautiful sunset, we witnessed that day I have a great sense of peace. During hectic times over the years I have escaped in memory to that place in the Rocky Mountains. Other special events were choosing and cutting down our Christmas tree and a trip to Lewis and Clark Caverns. The Bartholomew and Connors were always planning trips for us to their Camp Take-Up-A. Rhea Connors taught first grade in the public school and we shared ideas and material for our students. It was a special joy to visit Rhea and the Bartholomews years later and be there for Timmy's marriage in the Chapel overlooking Georgetown Lake.

When S. Bernadetta visited our convent and saw that S. Mary Fox and I were making figures for crib sets to give our 1st & 2nd graders Sister bet us a box of Russell Stover's candy that we couldn't have the 125 sets finished by Thanksgiving. Given that incentive we did accomplish our task and true to her word Sr. Bernadetta sent the candy. The rubber molds had been filled with plaster paris about every hour for six weeks. St. Peter's holds many memories of happy times shared with our Sisters at Anaconda Central Catholic High School, Sister Clemens enjoyment of Lawrence Welk's program, her sharp card game, and the kindness of the Sisters of Leavenworth who had the hospital. They didn't charge the Sisters for any stay in the hospital. One year Sister Clemens made a set of vestments for their chapel in gratitude for their kindness to us.



In June I went to Outlook and Wesby, MT with Sister Mariette for Summer Religion. It proved quite an adventure out on the prairie. The first evening in Westby the water pump went out and we met our neighbors early the next morning with a pail and kettle for our water supply. The broken belt on the pump was mended that day but the second night a storm knocked out the electricity and phone. A search in the dark was rewarded by finding a candle. We did have a lovely group of children to work with and like the Israelites in the desert each evening a meal was sent in by the parishioners or we were invited to share a meal with one of the families.

After two weeks in Westby we packed up and were taken to Outlook, MT where we stayed with Mrs. Apollonia Meyer. She had attended a Catholic Boarding School and was always delighted

to have the Sisters board with her the years we taught there. Later her daughter Rita attended Bethlehem Academy. I believe Rita lives in Anaconda now. Mrs. Meyer managed a Family Restaurant and her son managed the tavern, next door. Apollonia was very enterprising woman. At Church she was the sacristan, organist, usher and took up the collection. She was truly a one woman show. All our meals 29. we taken at the Restaurant, with “locals” sharing the conversation and watching the girls meeting the boys from the nearby Air Base. One day Mrs. Meyer’s comment was. “She doesn’t know beans from buckshot.” Must be a Western line. Other famous Apollonia’s one-liners, colorful and long remembered were an invitation for a ride, “Throw your leg in” and another was “get on the stick.” Westby is located near the North Dakota border so the baseball diamond was in two states with home plate in Montana and the outfield in North Dakota. At the end of our teaching I went to Faribault to make a retreat before returning to Anaconda.

During the year Father Tom Garvey was ordained and his father, Mike sent me a ticket so I could attend the First Mass at St. Mark’s, St. Paul. It was an opportunity to meet many of my Garvey relatives and the beginning of a rewarding relationship with them.

August 14th 1957 Jim married Patricia Maus at Sacred Heart Church, Faribault, MN and they moved to Prior Lake.

That summer I was assigned to begin Theology Studies at Holy Rosary, Minneapolis and that fall, 1957, I went to St. Philip Convent, North Field, IL to teach first grade. This was the beginning of a wonderful association with the parish, the staff, the parishioners, and students. The Sisters there that year were: Sisters Clarella, Colman, Olivia, Novella and myself. Fathers John P. Henry and Robert Dougherty were the pastors.



1st Grade Class – 1958

The convent rooms were in the school building so we were very much together day and night. We shared some grand times at St. Philips. Father was most thoughtful and generous. Often he'd bring special treats of food or invite us for a fish supper on Friday night or a cook-out. During the eight years there were many changes- the addition to the school was built, the new Church, Rectory and Convent were planned and built. We were very much involved in the planning and choosing of the furnishings of the convent. We went to the Merchandise Mart to make selections. All were delighted when the day of moving came December 14th 1962. The first Mass in the new Church was celebrated Thanksgiving Day 1963. On March 8, 1964 Cardinal Meyer came to Northfield and solemnly dedicated the Church amid great rejoicing. The people had given so willingly through the years to come to that day. Our classes had also grown in size and most of the rooms had 45 or more students. Many happy memories of students there crowd in on me. The eager response of the First Graders when Father Dougherty taught religion and the reaction of the students when word came of Shannon Casey's death are very vivid memories. Pat Gallagher said, "Now my brother will have a playmate in Heaven." Mickey Rosetti kept me on my toes during Religion class – Always wanting to add his bit to the Bible Story and his words of wisdom were great. Mickey is now an attorney and lives in Texas.

Anna Mae Smith wrote and directed all School plays for St. Philips which were memorable – Anna & the King of Siam, Cinderella, and Alice in Wonderland.



Frank and Margaret Ryan Family c1962

In January 1964 I received word of Monsignor James Brynes illness. He died January 29th. He had been a very special spiritual director in nurturing my vocation. I attended his funeral.

During that year Dad and Mom visited and we had a trip to Elgin to check out John R. Ryan's Birthplace. We did find the Baptismal Records for him and for Aunt Ellen at St. Mary's Church, but not for Uncle Mike. Terry and Sue also came to North Field. Sue, a guest of the Rowell Family, who had a short time before lost their daughter Paula. The story of Sue's Confirmation

has prompted them to have Paula Confirmed. The Rowell's have continued their friendship for Sue with a special Christmas gift every year since then.

Dad's health was a concern at this time and so I frequently visited Mom and Dad. My train trips proved to be special events in the people I met who have been friends for many years. One Christmas time I had the opportunity to meet and visit with David Nasby, who was returning to St. Olaf College. This meeting led to years of a wonderful friendship with the Nasby family. On one trip a Jesuit Priest from India was also traveling to Minnesota and we met and visited enroute. He was also on the same train when I was returning to Glenview. This was the beginning of a valued friendship with Father Benedict Osta, who later became Bishop of Patna, India. I have had the joy of having him visit when he comes to the States.

When Katie Murphy was a first grader, I mentioned my upcoming trip to St. Paul and she informed me that her grandparents lived there. I invited her to go with me and that was the first of our yearly trips together and of a beautiful friendship with the Murphys and Bartons.

One of the first graders, Frances Cameron, died after a short illness at Christmas time and her death was keenly felt by all. Northfield was a very special community of caring people.

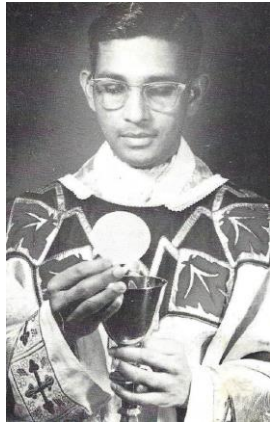
One of the last years there Dave Murphy and Tim took me to Notre Dame for the Notre Dame – Army Game. I had been invited by my former student, Tom Regner of Kenosha, who was an All-American that year. Steve Quinn of St. Philips was also playing. It was quite a thrill to be invited to meet the players after the game.

With the other convents in the area, Evanston, Winnetka, Waukegan, and Palatine we shared many get-togethers. Our beautiful grassy acres provided a great place for Sept and May picnics. October was celebrated at Palatine with a Costume Halloween Party. Thanksgiving, the special feast of Faith, Hope and Charity was a gathering at Winnetka. (We counted the collection) where Msgr Burke provided a feast for all of us. St. Mary's, Evanston was the perfect setting for Christmas Celebration around their fireplace. As the New Year came St. Patrick's Day, Easter and Spring seemed the come and go rather quickly with school activities.

Father Henry's sudden death on New Years Day, 1967, was a day of great sadness for all of us. We lost a great friend, pastor and benefactor. He had great loyalty to the Sisters. He had known and worked with out Sisters at Immaculate Conception and St. Sabrina's in Chicago. Father Henry loved to relate the story of his visit to the Mound in early October 1952. "When I was leaving the meeting with Sister Evelyn Mother Samuel stopped me and said, "Father, if I were a bit younger, I would volunteer myself. You parish sounds like a real challenge." Every August he would welcome us by saying, "Now our parish is complete, the Sisters are back." And we certainly felt welcome.

My Silver Jubilee was that year and Father Dougherty and Monsignor Houlihan, Fr. Henry's good friend, came to celebrate Mass in our Chapel for the Sisters. In the afternoon Sisters from the neighboring convents came for the movie, Maytime, with Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald, and we served refreshments. Later that evening some of the parishioners who

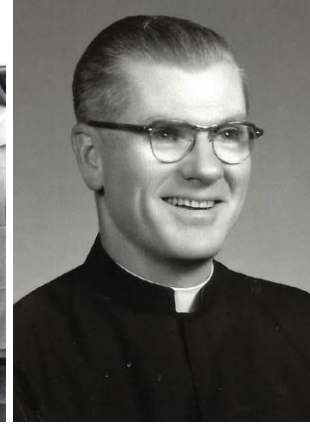
learned of the celebration surprised us with refreshments and song. It was a year of Celebration as we celebrated at the Mound and my family had a celebration at All Saints in Lakeville.



Fr Benedict Osta - 1963



Silver Jubilee - 1967



Fr John Henry

That August I was assigned to Visitation Convent, Chicago, and shortly after I arrived Irene Ziv from Northfield called to ask if they could come of a visit. What a surprise was in store when she said a group of parishioners wish to give me a gift – A trip to Rome and extra spending money. I still remember the time and place when Irene gave me that ticket!

In October I accompanied Sister Betty Kugi to her brother's Marriage in Milwaukee and while there became ill and spent two weeks in Lutheran Hospital before I could return to Chicago to have gall bladder surgery. It was an experience of the goodness of so many Sisters, family, doctors, nurses and friends. One nurse in particular was to become a life-long friend. Faye was a student nurse assigned to care for me and learning that I was a Sister she was a bit puzzled as to what to expect. I was unconscious from Sunday until Tuesday. Faye and I became friends and the final day I spent there I was invited to their staff meeting to meet and talk with the student nurses. That Christmas I received a special angel centerpiece from "My Nurses." I returned it to Faye Leatherman twenty-five years later. Faye had spent a weekend with me in Evanston the following year and has visited me in Minnesota. Faye, and her husband David live in Oshkosh, WI.



Silver Jubilee 1967



Sister Zacchaeus



Dave and Faye Leatherman Family

After a few weeks of rest and healing I was admitted to Evanston Hospital for gall bladder surgery in late November. My condition was serious due to hepatitis caused by a gallstone being

lodged in 33, the duct to the pancreas. Mom and Sylvia visited me at the hospital. I celebrated my 45th birthday in the hospital watching the staff enjoy my birthday cake, but I enjoyed the beautiful roses sent by John Gray, of Hart, Schaffner and Marx. The night of surgery Msgr. Wolfe and another priest came from Visitation. I had just come from the recovery room and I couldn't focus very well on my surroundings. I felt I had to say something and they tell me I said, "I'm not a very good conversationalist at this hour of the night." With wonderful care from Doctors McKeever, and Reid the Sisters, and staff I recovered and was back in school after Christmas.

School and plans for the trip to Rome kept the days very full. I was assigned Prioress at St. Mary, Evanston that spring. Sister Robertia Urban's parents gave her the trip to Europe and Sister Barbara Tilkens wished to accompany us. Mr. John Gray, president of Hart, Schaffner and Marx had a suit tailor made for me (American Airline Attendant style.) I had taught John's youngest son, Steve, at St. Philips. John had been a good friend of ours. In July with companions, ticket and bags packed we set off for Europe.

OFF TO EUROPE!

Sisters Robertia, Barbara and I left Ziv's in North field at 5:30 AM for O'Hare. We boarded a TWA and sat and sat until it was announced that we would de-plane as the stabilizer had failed. We checked another flight leaving Chicago, Detroit, NY, Rome at 12:30 PM. After a breakfast, compliments of TWA, with Dedie Reedy, Irene Ziv we returned to Ziv's. We caught a few hours rest and headed back to O'Hare for Flight #844. The beautiful weather and flight brought to mind the story of The Little Prince as we witnessed sunset, moon rising and sunrise all in a few hours. After 9 pm dinner and a movie, Yours, Mine and Ours we flew over the Riviera and saw the coastline of Italy. We arrived in Rome, gathered our luggage, took a taxi into the city. When we reached Loyola University, we learned that they had reserved rooms for two Sisters not three! We were advised to go to the Sisters Villa at Via Fani 31 where we had accommodations. After a few hours of rest, we took a taxi to the Hilton Cavalleri Hotel where we booked tours and an Opera-Aida.

We had an interesting meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Ragusi. The next day, July 12th was multo, multo culdo – 104. After Mass and breakfast at which we were served Rice Krispies, known there as Pif, Puf, Pof we caught our Tour A. (High Points of Rome) The following day we went to the Hilton to get Tour C. There we met Terry & Vic Castro, Designers from NY – very interesting. We visited the Ancient Roman Temples and the Coliseum that day.

Father Ralph Wiltgen, SVD had arranged to meet us at the Left Fountain after Mass. With him as our guide we visited the crypt of St. Peter's, climbed to the Dome and had a wonderful tour of St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel. Then we were ready for lunch at a sidewalk café. After lunch we hopped on a bus and visited a small glass factory. My interest was rewarded with a gift of a little glass horse hot off the fire. The glass blower wrapped it in newspaper and presented it to me. I in turn rewarded him with a Kennedy Half Dollar and left him in smiles. Because this factory was near the Trevi Fountain – we named the horse "Trevi". That afternoon we visited the Jesuit Churches of Gesu, St. Ignatius and the Cominican Church of Santa Sabina with its Chapel of St. Dominic. Our Founder, Father Samuel, had studied here and we found his name

on a chart. Father Ralph invited us to the SVD College where we enjoyed supper before leaving for the Baths of Carra Calla to attend the Opera, Verdi's Aida. We returned at 1:30 AM, tired and happy. One of the greatest delights in Rome was seeing Michelangelo's Moses and the Pieta. As we stood before the statue of Moses a stream of golden sunlight shone on the statue. It seemed unbelievable that Michelangelo was only 23 years of age when he received the commission to sculpture the Pieta. Mary's face is so youthful and the body of Christ shows great perfection.

FROM ROME TO FLORENCE

The next morning Sister Barbara discovered her traveler's checks were missing so we retraced our tracks. The tickets were found at the Hilton Hotel! After a plane delay, we took off for Florence. The flight provided a good view of Italian countryside and a fellow passenger, Mr. Azzini, gave us interesting insights on Italy's history. In Florence we were met by Sister Brice and Delores who took us to Our Villa and after Mass we had dinner and a tour of the Villa.

Due to shortage of beds I had the "Privilege" of sleeping on a Lounge Chair – Eleanor Roosevelt had slept on it when she visited the Myron Taylors, former owners of the Villa. Taylors had donated the Villa to the Holy Father with the stipulation it was to be used by the Sisters of Rosary College, River Forest.

In Florence we saw Michelangelo's David, he had created for the city reworking a huge block of marble ruined by another sculpture 35 years earlier. Michelangelo had worked steadily and secretly for four years and when it was unveiled the people were stunned seeing the 13'6" David with his sling ready to defend the city.

The following day Sister Christa accompanied us to visits of the Museums, Cathedral, Academia, Straw Market, and Mass at San Marco. That evening we visited Piazza St. Michel, with its statue of St. Michael overlooking Florence. July 17th, we spent the morning in Feasole where Mr. Bernelli took us shopping and we visited the Franciscan Monastery where we saw the frescos of St. Francis. I remember the steep hill we descended with great difficulty when returning to the Villa.

ON TO VENICE

Enroute to Venice aboard the Italia Airplane I suddenly realized we had changed directions and soon the pilot announced that due to storms we were going to land at Pisa – opposite side of Italy! At Pisa we had dinner, saw the Leaning Tower and continued by bus to Venice. There we about 50 Americans on the bus with an Italian Driver who spoke no English!

Fortunately, there was an American Exchange Teacher who spoke fluent Italian and could communicate with him. She also gave a great guided tour across Italy – with bits of history of cities we passed though. It was night so the only lights were those of the cities we came upon. After many stops at wayside inns the bus was alive with music. I think we sang all the songs in the 101 Best Songs Book before we reached Venice. As the driver announced we would go to took us to the Canal where we boarded boats and were taken to our hotels, arriving at 3 am. We

were very much awake as someone began singing, “Three o’clock In the Morning.” Needless to say we slept late and had breakfast in our room at 9AM. After breakfast we took a gondola ride to Marina Island to visit the Glass Factory, passing the Island Cemetery and Bridge of Sighs enroute. We returned to the Hotel for dinner on the patio. In the afternoon we visited San Marco Square, Church, Baptistery, and Clock Tower. At San Marco we were able to go out on the balcony where the Golden Horses are mounted. The mosaics in the St. Mark’s were wonderful. After this full day we left for the Railroad Station via a Gondola on the Grand Canal. The water was so rough it became necessary to take side canals and there we met a group of Gondoliers serenading.



Leaning Tower of Pisa



Bridge of Sighs

GOOD-BY TO ITALY AND ON TO AUSTRIA

Arriving July 19 from our overnight train ride we exchanged money and took a taxi to the Capricorn Hotel, where settled in and arranged for a tour of Vienna, including a visit to the Castle of the Hapsbergs. After lunch we visited St. Stephen Cathedral, St. Rupert, a Ukranian Church, and a Dominican Church. We left at 5pm for the operetta to Baden, passing through Modling, a 1000-year-old town where Beethoven wrote Missa Solemnis, and on to the wine growing village of Gumoldchuchen Woods to the spa at the Baden Town known as Aquae to the Romans. We enjoyed Dinner and the Operetta, Der Fledermus before returning to Vienna.

The next day we walked to St. Stephen’s Church and stayed to the Dominican Church where St. Peter Canisius had stayed. Here we met Mr. Clause, RN formerly of Chicago. He took us on a tour of St. Ignatius Church and a small church where St. Stanislaus is buried. On our way to the Station we stopped at the Church of St. John of God where a wedding was taking place. The families of the couple and the priest walking in procession with the bridal party all carried bouquets of flowers. Among the songs we recognized were the Ave Maria and the Virgin’s Slumber Song.

GERMANY

Arriving in Munich we took a tour of the city and visited the Modern Art and Tech Museum, the town square with its famous Glockenspeil, St. Michael Cathedral and the tomb of Father Rupert Mayer, SJ. After this we attended Mass at St. Michael's. The following day we arose at 6 am went to Mass at the Jesuit Chapel and we returned to the Hotel to pack and get ready to meet Honi, Sister Robertia's Cousin. We went to Vilsbiburg and spent the day there. We enjoyed seeing the Gothic Church at Landsolt, the Shrine, and the cemetery where the Urbans tombs are located. Honi showed us the oldest house in Germany. After a delicious dinner and a good visit with Urbans, Honi took us to the Munich Airport.

SWITZERLAND

In Zurich we were met by the chauffer from Wildermann Hotel, a unique old-world motel. After checking in we walked through the town, the famous Covered Bridge, Cathedral and watch shops, I purchased a watch for \$12.00 – real bargain.

The next day Sister Barbara and I took a train to Friburg to visit our Sisters at the Villa, After changing trains at Bern we had a wonderful ride through the Swiss Alps. Flowers were everywhere, we passed a funeral procession out in the mountainside. We were welcomed at the Villa and Sister Marta conducted a tour of the Old City and the Cathedral. We visited the grave of our Sister George Adamson who died there during WWI. We saw the statue of Wildermann and the Tree of Good News before returning to Lucerne. July 24th we went to early Mass at the Dominican Church.

FRANCE-PARIS

It was a warm, clear afternoon when we arrived July 24th in Paris. Sister Barbara had gone on to Belgium to meet some relatives so S. Robertia and I checked into the Prince deGalles Hotel on George Avenue with wonderful accommodations – Large sitting room with a big bouquet of peach glads to welcome us, a fireplace and cedar closet as well as beautiful bedroom. Only regret was our stay was for only two nights! We took the night Cruise down the Seine River before retiring. The next day we took two tours of Paris. We met a wealthy woman from Georgia who asked us to accompany her as she shopped for a Beaded Purse!

S. Robertia and I left Paris for London where we met S. Barbara and the Conroys, friends of Sister Katherine. S. Katherine was a Wartime friend of Fran Farrell. Fran had graciously arranged for us to stay with the Sisters of St. Bernard in Slough, near London. After an evening of getting acquainted and a good night's sleep we rose in time for Mass. We took the bus into London and were in time for the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. We also visited Westminster Abbey and Cathedral and St. Pauls's Cathedral. The next day we caught the Tour Bus to Stratford via Oxford. Having toured Shakespear's Home and Ann Hathaway's Cottage we went to the Theater to attend the play, Everyman. Before returning to London we had High Tea. Enroute to the airport the next morning Conroys took us to see Windsor Castle, the Kennedy Monument and the Magna Charta Monument.

IRELAND AT LAST

On arrival at Shannon we contacted Woodfield Guest House on Limerick Road and took a taxi to Limerick. After checking in we took a walk about the area and met a Mrs. Gertie Ryan, Dr. Jack's wife. She invited us back to their home, Tara, for the evening. On two later trips I also visited her, the last time we met at Glenstal Abbey near Murroe, where she was making retreat. Our B&B was near a Dominican Church where we attended Mass. I'll always remember seeing the altar boys with their white gloves, short cassocks and no stockings.

The following day we hired a driver to take us to Killarney and Cork where we visited Ross Castle, Killarney and Blarney Castle and a bit of the Ring of Kerry. It was a beautiful ride through that scenic area. I called the Parish House in Murroe to inquire about Mass schedule as I wanted to visit the townland of the Ryans. I rose early and took a taxi to Murroe. After Mass I met Father Kennedy who invited me to have breakfast with him. I learned that he had a cousin, Sister Constantia, in our Community and he had visited the Mound. We searched the parish record and located the marriage record of my Great Grandparents, John D. Ryan and Bridget Ryan as well as those of Matthew Ryan and Mary Ryan. That afternoon I visited the Dominican Priory as I had promised Sister Katherine in Slough that I would stop to visit her cousin. Cardinal Browne had just left a short time before I arrived and so Father greeted me with, "This is the day for Famous Visitors." From there I walked to St. Mary's Cathedral crossing a bridge the Ryans probably crossed when leaving Limerick as it was built in the 1830's. A lady near the church stops me to ask what Country I was from and she wasn't convinced that I wasn't from Ireland.

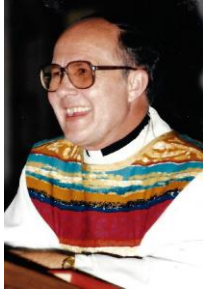
From Shannon and we were off to New York. There we stayed at Corpus Christ Convent while seeing the sights of New York took a boat ride on the Hudson, visited the Statue of Liberty and the UN.

John Walsh had arranged for a business associate of his to meet us on Wall Street and take us to the Stock Exchange and to Brunch on Wall Street. John Vinck met us and joined us for the tour and brunch. The next day we left by bus for Washington, DC and rented a room at the YWCA. We took tours to Arlington Cemetery, the White House, the Smithsonian, and the Capitol.

August 4th St. Dominic's Day we attended Mass at St. Matthew's Cathedral and went out for dinner. Our travels over we took the plane to Chicago.

In August I visited my family and shared the travel stories with them. Dad liked the blackthorn walking stick from Ireland. After my visit I returned to Evanston. Sister Martinelle was the Principle that year and a great help to me. Msgr. Hillenbrand was the pastor and very kind. We were in the process of remodeling the Chapel and I'm sure it was not easy for him to watch the old being replaced.

It was a busy year in Convent, School and I also taught evening Religion Preparation Classes for the Archdiocese twice monthly. During the following summer I had an opportunity to participate in a Science Workshop for teachers. It was held at Northwestern. It was classmates and met Nancy Banks, who was to be a great friend during the next twenty years.



Fr Larry Nemer



Ss Zacchaeus, Fr Walsh at Cong



Msgr Keyes, Ss Zacchaeus



Ss Z, Bishop Steinbach

Evanston was my home until 1978. Many memories fill that period of time – my association at St. Mary's, with the Haitian children and working with the Haitian people who had recently come to the community. In cooperation with Northwestern University we were able to offer resources to the adults. Arrangements for Liturgy with monthly were made in 1974 and 1976. We sponsored Sisters Bruno and Jean Charles study at Mundelein College. That could fill a book in itself! The Haitian people said I would never understand them unless I saw first hand where and what they had come from – Haiti and that proved to be true.



Nancy, Ss Zacchaeus, Ss Bruno in Haiti



Ss Bruno and Ss Zacchaeus



Ss Bruno and Ss Jean Charles

Dad's health was failing and I asked to be missioned closer to home. In 1971 I went to Faribault to teach First Grade at Immaculate Conception School. I had a lively, interesting class. My classroom was in the Church Basement – Later I learned that our first Sisters in 1865 also started teaching grade school there in the Church Basement not nearly as well equip as ours was. Years later my former students had many stories to tell and among them our visit from Tony Oliva, Twins Star Batter, of that year. My niece Joan, had married a friend of Tony's and Tony was bestman at the wedding. When he mentioned that they couldn't find a baby-sitter for their two children I volunteered my services and spent the night at Oliva's. When Tony was bringing me to Lakeville, I invited him to visit in our School in Faribault, which he did to the delight of the school and city. In 1992 Mark Dusbabek, a Viking Player, Mark Hunt and Steve Kohl told of the impression Tony's visit made on them. During the year I spent many weekends with Mom and Dad.



Gary Doerr, Chuck Ryan, Tony Oliva



Tony Oliva and Steve Kohl



Ss Z with Mark Dusbabek

In June 1972 we celebrated Mom and Dad's Golden Wedding Anniversary with Mass at All Saints and reception in the hall following the Mass. It was a day of picture taking and sharing stories. Joe Ryan sang Forty Years of Married Life and because Dad preferred red roses rather than yellow ones Nancy went out and bought a lovely bouquet of red roses. I was able to have Dad's baby shoes bronzed as a special gift and Nancy and I had a pearl Nancy brought from Japan set in a gold ring for Mom.



Sister Zacchaeus, Margaret, Frank and Jim Ryan

50th Wedding Anniversary

The spring of 1972 I received a call from Sister Ruella, principal in Evanston, asking me to return to St. Mary's, which I did in September. I had been replaced in First Grade so was assigned to teach Fourth Grade. In December I became ill with a severe case of bronchitis and Dr. McKeever suggested I get some sunshine in Florida. It sounded like an unlikely prescription, but Sister Ruella contacted her parents who lived there and they graciously invited me so I was off to Bonita Springs, Florida for two weeks – resting and getting lots of sun. I returned in time for Christmas and was able to spend a week in Minnesota. January 25th 1973, I received a call telling me of Dad's serious condition so Nancy and I left about midnight for Minnesota. The snow banks were high and we were both very tired by the time we reached the hospital in Shakopee. Mom, my brothers and sisters had been there the previous day and night. Dad had regained consciousness that morning and greeting each one. When we came into the room he said, "And here are the hitchhikers." Shortly after that he became unconscious. Mom had sprained her ankle and Dr. Olson suggested that Nancy and I take Mom home as he didn't think

Dad would live beyond a few hours. However, Dad lived that day and the night. Early the next morning the family called and asked us to relieve them for a few hours. Uncle Bill came to stay with Mom. On the way over I commented to Nancy that I wouldn't be surprised if Dad died while we were there as he had said he wanted me with him when he died and I would have been the only one not there. Nancy went to Eight o'clock Mass and I was standing near Dad when I noticed a change in his breathing and called the nurse. I prayed and watched and the nurse confirmed that Dad had gone to God. The Chaplain, Sisters and nurses came and we said the Prayers for the Dying. Then to notify the family. Jim said, "Don't move him 'til I get there." Father Rowan had the Funeral Mass at All Saints, Lakeville and Dad was buried at St. Patrick's on a cold January day.

One Sunday morning in the spring Mom called and asked Nancy and me to come and bring her to Evanston, which we did. After a few weeks of convent living Mom accepted Nancy and Janet's invitation to spend some time with them. We worked out a schedule – Nancy came for me after school each day. Mom and I had their upstairs apartment. During the day Mom had the run of the downstairs and we had our meals together. In the morning Nancy and I went to Mass at St. Mary's before Nancy took off for her classes at Goudy School in Chicago.

When school closed in June Gerry and Gail Ryan had their first plane ride to O'Hare. They joined in a ride back to Minnesota in Nancy new gold Ford. We stopped at the Dells and Gerry treated us to dinner.

After summer school at Mundelein Nancy, Sister Patricia Leahy and I left for a trip to St. Anne, Quebec, Canada. We stopped in Toronto, Montreal, Niagara Falls on our returning home route drove through Boston, where we viewed Old Ironsides (dismantled), then on to Pennsylvania and Illinois. Nancy and I spent a week in Minnesota and returned August 19th to attend Jane Smith's mother's funeral.



Ss Patricia, Ss Z, Nancy at St. Anne



Ss Catherine, Ss Zacchaeus, Fr Caney

Early that morning I received a call from home and Father Rowan told me of Ag Ryan's death. We left immediately after Mrs. Smith's funeral and drove to Minnesota. It was a very sad time for all of us. A short time after this Mom suffered a stroke and was in St. Francis Hospital until she was able to be moved to Stanford Nursing Home in Farmington. My first visit with her at the Home was very disturbing. Her roommate was very confused and kept up a steady chant,

“Call Hastings and see how they are, Give me an aspirin, Call Hastings...” We requested that Mom have her room changed and she did. It took some time before she was herself again, but she did improve and adjusted quite well. During the seven years she was to spend there she participated in activities and was a star Bingo Player – so much so that she was restricted to only three wins a session. She kept us supplied in soap and saved the apples she won for Sue Reisinger.

July 16th 1976 Nancy Banks took Mom, Gerry Ryan and me to the installation of Archbishop Roach as the sixth Archbishop of St. Paul & Minneapolis. Nancy also took this opportunity to introduce the Apostolic Delegate to us as we were waiting in line at the Reception!



Nancy Banks, Fr Gastaldi, Ss Zacchaeus



Archbishop John R. Roach

My project for my master's program at Mundelein College was in religion and sociology and I chose to study the Haitian culture and how we could best help our Haitian parishioners. As mentioned in working with the people they had suggested that I visit Haiti. After summer school Madeleine McMeneman and I left for Haiti. We spent two weeks with the Sisters in Port-au-Prince. I returned to Haiti with Nancy in the summer of 1976 and had more opportunities to witness the needs of the people and conditions there. After our first visit we sponsored two Sisters, Sister Bruno and Sister Jean Charlie in the ESL program at Mundelein. We raised funds to purchase a jeep for the Mission in the mountains. When Nancy and I drove to Florida to fly from Miami we took Sisters Austine and Innocent to visit S. Austin's brother in Pompano Beach. They were great travelers and enjoyed the trip. Nancy and I were tired on our return but the Sisters were all set for Disney World so we spent a day there. New Orleans was also a good stop and they were game to see St. Louis Cathedral and all the tourist highlights. At one town the only available lodging was a 4 bed room – real dorm style – a great experience!

In 1977 Janet and Nancy Banks asked me to accompany them to Europe. My part was to plan the trip and make arrangements for lodging. We booked with Mrs. Patty Crowley, who with her husband has founded the Catholic Family Movement in the United States and helped with the

beginning of the CFM in Europe. Patty put us in contact with CFM friends of theirs in France, England and Ireland.

In Rome we stayed at Santa Ana, a B7B near Saint Peter's and were able to attend Mass at St. Peters each morning. Again, I was fortunate in having contact through a friend, Jane Glatz of Northfield. Father Volk a relative of Jane met us and gave us a tour of the Vatican, Sistine Chapel and St. Peter's. We visited the Coliseum and Ancient Roman ruins before going on to Venice. Again, there was much to see and we spent time in St. Mark's Square and at the museum before we left for Vienna. We met Ursula in Munich. Gerry Ryan who was stationed with the army in Germany also joined us for the weekend. On Sunday Ursula took us on a Tour to Andechs Mountains. After taking the train we walked for a few miles up the mountain side to an old Monastery and its nearby Restaurant, serving German Fare – famous Andechs beer and giant pretzels.



Ss Zacchaeus at the Coliseum



Ss Zacchaeus and Fr Volk at St Peters

We left Germany and went to Paris where Patty Crowley's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Lentaigne, met us. We were there for Bastille Day and Bernard drove us to the Arch of Triumph and all around Paris. The next day he gave us a wonderful tour of Versailles and also visited his office at Renault Plant.

We took an overnight train to Lourdes in southern France, arriving there very early. It was a very full day from morning Mass, visits to the Shrine, Berandette's home and grave. We took part in the procession and blessing of the sick as well as making the Stations of the Cross on the Hillside. That evening it was back to Paris and as the train pulled out we could see the candlelight procession winding its way up the hill.

We flew to London where we were guests of Pat and Eileen O'Hara in the London suburb of Catford. They were a delightful family and so gentle with each other. I'll always remember the son's amazement when I helped with the dishes and he said, "But, Mother, Sister is a guest, not a maid." We saw all the tourist special attractions before taking the train to Edinburgh, James Banks' birthplace. When we arrived in Edinburgh, we had great difficulty finding a B&B as there was a convention for 10,000 Jehovah Witnesses in Edinburgh! Finally, a place was found near the Firth of Forth and we took a taxi. The driver was as tired and weary as we were and he said, "I suppose your great, great grandfather came from here." Nancy responded, "No, my

father came from Edinburgh!” Later we learned that the Banks and Gunns were probably related in Orkney.

Our B&B left much to be desired as there seemed to be a horse hair blanket beneath the sheets. We were so tired. We kept saying is it the Firth of Forth of the Forth of Firth out there? The next day we had a tour of the Palace, Princes Street and the Castle. I went to the Registry House to check out the records for the Banks and Rosies. Mr. Webster, who worked there was very kind and helpful so in the matter of a few hours we found James Banks birth certificate, his mother and father’s birth certificates, their marriage and Janet Rosie Banks’ death certificate, but no death certificate for Robert Banks so we assumed that he died out of Scotland. We also learned that they had come from Orkney. That much information was vital to our future genealogy trail.



Janet and Nancy Banks at Cambridge



Ss Zacchaeus at Orkney, Scotland

We flew to Dublin, but had a delay of several hours in Edinburgh and we arrived well after midnight. After calls to Kathryn O’Siochoin it was thought best that we spend the night in Dun Leoghaire and she would come for us in the morning. We took a bus tour of Dublin and that evening Kathryn took us to an Irish Musical. From Dublin we went to West Ireland and met Dan Hickey. We drove to Our Lady of Knock Shrine and to County Clare visiting Hickey country at Kilmihil, St. Michael’s Shrine and Limerick. We left Shannon for Chicago.

During a few summers we were able to have Mom vacation in Glenview at Banks Home and had many special side trips while there. One return trip to Minnesota was particularly memorable. Ursula, a friend of Nancy’s, wished to see Minnesota. When Ursula was driving, we had a heavy downpour of rain near Winona. Nancy became alarmed because of the speed Ursula was traveling and that she didn’t know the area. At on point Nancy suggested that she slow down. Ursula replied, “I am a good driver. I have driven in the mountains in Germany and besides my mother is in heaven and she will take care of me.” Mom very quietly added, “Ask her to take care of us, too.”

Our family members were able to have Mom out for special times with each of their families and she looked forward to each outing. The last was the Family Reunion at St. Patrick, July 1, 1979 at St. Patrick’s. Mom really was in her glory that day. We made the Newspapers with our reunion. Gareth Hiebert (Oliver Towne) a columnist from St. Paul covered the event as did

Claire Robling for Shakopee Valley News. July 1, 1979 marked the Hundredth Anniversary of the marriage of John R. Ryan and Julia Garry so I decided it would be a great day for a Family Reunion of their descendants and those of their brothers and sisters, plus the Hickeys.

Archbishop Roach celebrated a Mass of Thanksgiving, he spoke of our heritage as a Christian family. After Mass we had a brief program. I had an opportunity to say that it was most fitting that we return to St. Patrick to give thanks to God for all the blessings He has given to us. Soon all the picnic baskets, boxes and coolers were open and a giant picnic took place with much visiting. It was truly a great day for the Irish and all who have joined them. The cemetery proved a focal point for many as they learned more about their Irish Roots. For about twenty years I have been collection data, stories and pictures for a Family Genealogy Book I hoped to compile. The reunion was a good chance to stir up interest in the project.

July 18th 1979 Sister Eithene, Nancy and I left for Ireland from O'Hare arriving at Shannon 6 hours and 20 minutes later – 8:45 am and we took off in a red Ford Escort for Ennis and on to Kilmihil. We found Canon Stuart's House and visited there briefly before going to Callinans for the afternoon. We had a delightful time and delicious lunch before going to meet May Browne who is also a Hickey descendant. Her mother, Mary Hickey, was a sister of Dennis Hickey, Fintan's grandfather.



Fintan Callinan with the Greyhounds

We stayed in Ennis – S. Eithene and Nancy's snoring was a real duet that night. We stopped in Kilmaine and Fr. Crommel suggested we visit Mike Donnellan who lived near the Garry Homeland. He pointed out the Garry site as being where the "Sheep Dip" is located. We went on to Croagh Patrick and then to the McNicholas Farm – no one was home so we went to Boyles where we found Delia. We had accommodations at St. Mary Hostel that night and went to Mass at the Parish Church, Knock. Sister Eithene took us to visit the McNicholas graves and the Museum before going back to the farm. We left Ballyhaunis and stopped at Clarinbridge for tea and were treated to a program of Irish Dancers. It was on through the Burren to Lisdoonvarna for the night. The next morning when we drove to the Cliffs of Moher it was so cloudy, we couldn't see the cliffs! The O'Brien's Tower was visible. From there we went to Murroe and

Glenstal Abbey where we had the good fortune of meeting Fr. Mark Tierney, author of the book, Irish Parish-Boher and Murroe, which had supplied so much information on the Ryans of Murroe. Father shared records and in the 1827-47 we found John Darby and James Darby in Annaugh. We visited Annaugh Cemetery and found Darby Ryan's 1825 tombstone erected by a sons, Thomas and Patrick. In Abington Cemetery we located the tombstone of Dom John Ryan who died 1515, there were also ruins of the Abbey.

Tuesday, July 24th, we took the tour at Cashel and went on to Cork where we visited Larry McCaffrey's Class at the University of Cork. After the tour of Waterford Glass Factory, we locatec Chris Curnyn at Lynch's in Wexford and had a delightful evening with Chris and Mrs. Cleary at Talbots. On our way to Dublin via Glendalough we met Sisters Kay O'Neill and Michelle from Hutchinson, MN and gave them a ride to Dublin. We went to Trinity College, St. Patrick Cathedral, the Genealogy Library and National Library and were all set for a pleasant evening with Jacinta and Seamus Collins. They offered to take us to the airport the next day.

GLASGOW

Moira and Kenneth Sterling met us at the Glasgow airport. It was a great "getting acquainted for Nancy and Moira until 1:30 am. The next morning Moira took us to Bothwell Castle. We attended 12:00 Mass the afternoon was spent at Sterling Castle. Monday Moira drove us to Edinburgh where we met Eva, Cecil Brand and Mamie Rosie at the Post House. Moira left for home. I spent the next say at the Registry House looking up Banks and Rosie records as we were leaving for Orkney in the morning. Ceicil saw us off at the Railroad Station and on arriving at Inverness we booked a boat ride on Loch Ness – Hoping to catch a sight of the Monster! No monster and we had difficulty finding a restaurant, finally settled for a Chinese Shop. We left Inverness Airport and arrived in Orkney in the rain. At the Airport Nancy rented a car and we drove to Kirkwall.

ORKNEY

At a Fish Restaurant we met a woman who supplied us with names and addresses of four persons, who proved to be Nancy's second cousins. John Brown, Maggie and Helen Matches and Tom Cursiter. We booked a B&B with Mrs. Halcro in St. Margaret's Hope before setting off to visit the relatives! We made all the visited and returned to Mrs. Halcro's at 12:30 am after 3 High Teas Friday dawned sunny so we visited both North and South Cemeteries and homesteads of the Banks, Rosies and Coopers. All the people was most welcoming and at the Copper Homestead were offered some Scotch at 10 am, we declined the drink. Having learned from Margaret that Dr. Robert Anderson and his mother, Jo Banks, had visited Orkney in June and that Jo was a daughter of Nancy's Grandfather, Robert Banks. We checked at the Hotel, hoping that we could located their residence in the USA, but no luck. Leaving Orkney by ferry we arrived at John O'Groats where we visited Mrs. Muir (Banks) and continued on by train to Edinburgh. After Mass on Sunday Nancy rented a car and took Cecil with us on a Tour of Jim Banks' life in Edinburgh. His Birthplace – 22 Panmure Place, 1 Eyre Street, where his mother died and 15 Comely Banks – where he lived with his Grandmother Rosie. We also visited his school, The George Herriot School, and the Lindithgrov Cemetery where Janet Banks, the

Rosies and Brands are buried. Our last day in Scotland was spent at the Registry House before taking the train to London.

It was a busy day and we really packed lots of sightseeing into it – the Tower of London, Frames Tour to Windsor, Eaton, Runnymede, and Kennedy Memorial. We left early the next morning for Chicago.

In October of 1979 we were all saddened and shocked to learn that Lois and Jim Pepera's son, David, died as the result of an auto accident October 14. His funeral was at All Saints Church and burial in All Saints' Cemetery.

I was teaching in Faribault at this time and could take the bus to Farmington. The bus driver thought I worked at the hospital and would let me off at the corner near the hospital. I was grateful to my community that I had this opportunity to spend much time with Mom that year. I had been fortunate in that most of the relations knew me and with Mom's help I was completing our genealogy. Mom did the calling to remind relatives that I hadn't received their information) hoped to have it ready to go print in early 1980. The manuscript was sent to the printer in September and a November publication date of Thanksgiving was promised, but Thanksgiving came and went and no book. A week before Thanksgiving Mom suffered a severe stroke and was in a coma. I was with her on the eve of Thanksgiving and she was talking some I heard her say call Father. I asked if she meant Dad, but she said, "No, call Father Tom." I left a message for Father Tom Garvey and he returned the call and came to Farmington that evening. Mom wanted to ask him to offer her Funeral Mass, and he did a month later. Mom returned from the hospital to the Nursing Home and the next three weeks she seemed so peaceful and everyone and everything was perfect. She did say, "I'll never see the Genealogy Book." I reminded her that she had seen every page as most I had put together in her room. At that she said, "When they come you should hand me mine." Then the week before Christmas she slipped into a coma from which she never regained consciousness. The books came on December 22nd and I placed a book in her hands. In the weeks before she had made a few changes in her pallbearer list and wanted the grandsons to be honorary pallbearers. We all stayed with her Dec 22nd and 23rd and about 5:30 pm December 23rd Mom died and went to celebrate Christmas in Heaven. Father Tom Garvey celebrated her funeral Mass at All Saints and burial was next to Dad in St. Patrick's Cemetery, where they are surrounded by the graves of their five children. One of the nurses had a special story to share with us. Mom had a Musical Figurine of an Irish Lass and every morning when the nurse came to get Mom dressed, she would wind up the music box and it played, "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." The morning of December 23rd the music box was wound and playing, but as the nurse left the room, she heard it fall and found it still playing although broken into many peaces. It seemed rather symbolic (as Mom's body was worn out, we knew her spirit was very much alive and "singing" and her Irish Eyes were no doubt singing the glory she was soon to share).

40th Jubilee

Dave Murphy Family - 1982

I returned to Faribault after the funeral and Nancy returned to Glenview. Sylvia and Margaret Hermes had expressed their desire to go to Ireland. Nancy and I were planning to visit Nancy's new found aunts and cousins in Scotland whom we had located by writing to the Edinburgh Evening News. We also planned to visit Orkney Islands the summer of 1981. We left Minneapolis at 4pm July 7th and had a delay in Boston – leaving there at 8pm for Glasgow. En route we enjoyed our dinner and a movie, “O Heavenly Dog.” It was sort of a sign of the events to come. Arriving the next morning we found a B&B at Ballock with Mrs. Slattery and went for High Tea at Il Pucci – “The Dog”, and went for a cruise on Lock Lomond on the “Maid of the Mist” boat. It was a pleasant time, friendly people and music by the Chaperones. The next day was a sunny one and after breakfast with Margaret and Daniel Slattery we left about nine o'clock for a tour of Aberfoyle and Sterling Castle. Nancy had rented a car and we drove to Edinburgh arriving about 5pm. We saw the famous Princes Street and located the Gilmore Place where Cecil had booked us a B&B – sort of a Girl Scout Dorm set up, 4-beds in one room. After visiting Eva MacLeod, we returned to the Gilmore Place for the night. Nancy's cot was more like a hammock. We did make arrangements to have different accommodations. Sylvia and Margaret had a 1st floor bedroom. The next day, July 10th, we met Cecil after breakfast and I went to the Registry House while Cecil, Nancy, Sylvia and Margaret had a tour of Edinburgh. They met me at 2pm and after lunch we drove to Fife where we visited Dunfermline Abbey, it has witnessed constant Christian worship for 1500 years. The first was a Culdee Church built in the 5th or 6th century. Dunfermline was once the capital of Scotland.

The Abbey was actually founded by St. Margaret in 1070 and she was greatly responsible for bringing Scotland into the main stream of Christian tradition. The graves of St. Margaret and of Robert Bruce are here. Nearby is Andrew Carnegie's birthplace. We had dinner at Italian LaCastiera with Cecil. Mamie came with Eva that evening and Mamie also stayed at Gilmore Place.

The next day Moira and her son, Kenneth stopped to visit. Later we went to the Castle in Edinburgh, visiting St. Margaret's Chapel. A society of women names Margaret keep fresh flowers on the altar of the chapel through the year. Here is also located the room where Mary, Queen of Scots gave birth to James I. We attended Mass that afternoon at St. Mary's Cathedral near St. Andrew's Square. We returned to our B&B and took off to visit Ye Olde Golf Tavern,

located across the street from where the first games of golf were played. Nancy gave me some coins to put in a “machine – not unlike a slot machine. I punched a few buttons and 28 English pounds came out! I was sure I had broken the machine, but the bystanders encouraged me to pick up my winnings. We took our new found riches to the Potato Shop and feasted. Mamie visited us that evening and had tales to tell of the Rosie family. We planned to catch an early train to Inverness so it was early to bed.

INVERNESS

The train left at 9am and it took us through the highlands via Dundee, and Aberdeen to Inverness arriving at 3pm we checked into a lovely B&B with Mrs. Toomer on Ness Road. We enjoyed some music at the local hotel before retiring. We caught a 6:30 am train to Thurso. July 13th began cloudy, but the sun came out as we rode north. A passenger, Mr. Harry Sutherland, gave us a guided tour pointing out historical landmarks – Lady Sutherland’s Castle. We boarded a bus at Thurso to go to Scrabster. Nancy and I took a taxi to Canisbay, where some of Nancy’s ancestors were buried. On the way we saw the Queen Mother’s Castle and also the Queen Mother’s seat in the Canisbay Church.

On our return we all boarded the Steamer, St. Ola, to go to Stromness. We took a taxi from Stromness to Kirkwall where we rented a car and went on to St. Margaret’s Hope to spend the evening with Helen and Margaret Matches on Willow Bank. In the morning we were up by 9:30 am had breakfast and took off for Skara Brae, the Ring of Brogor, Standing Stones, Meastrow (Burial grounds of the early inhabitants ca2500 BC). We returned to Kirkwall had dinner at a Fish Restaurant before going to St. Margaret’s Hope.

In the morning (July 15th) Maggie, Nancy and I went to the South Parish Cemetery at Ossquoy where many relatives were buried, the Matches, Banks and Budes. While in Kirkwall the car stalled near the police station. We were given another car and returned St. Margaret’s Hope for dinner at 1pm and we left to visit Ophir, had High Tea at Albert’s Hotel and made stops at Burray Cemetery and the Bank’s Home. We spent some time at The Italian Chapel on Lambholm, Orkney. It is called the Miracle of Camp 60 – WWII Days. This chapel was built by Italian prisoners captured during the North African Campaigns of WWII, and sent to Orkney to work on the Churchill Barrier, a massive series of concrete causeways which seal the eastern approaches to Scapa Flow. The camp which consisted of cheerless huts was transformed by the active Italians who laid paths and planted flowers. The prisoners felt the lack of a chapel until the concern of Father Giacobazzi and artist Chiocchetti and fellow prisoners created the chapel which stands there today. That evening Helen, Maggie, Nancy and I visited Jessie Nicholson, a cousin of theirs. Maggie inquired for David, Jessie’s brother. David had gone to meet a friend at the airport. Maggie said, “He wouldn’t be getting married, would he?” David at age 80+ had been married twice. Jessie’s reply was, “Oh, my no!” to which Maggie said, “The older the fiddle the finer the tune.” The following year Maggie wrote to tell us that David had remarried.

We said our good-byes to Maggie and Helen, returned the car in Kirkwall and boarded a bus for Burwick, where we took the Soutars Ferry to John ‘O Groats. The trip was a bit choppy and we stayed below deck. From John ‘O Groats we went by bus to Thurso to catch the train back to Inverness where we had booked a sleeper to London. Larry’s friend, Father Peter Keenan, had

booked accommodations for us with the Sisters of Loretto. We arrived in London and checked in with Father before taking the Underground to the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, where preparations were underway for the Royal Wedding the next week. From there we took a bus to Westminster Abbey and Cathedral and Buckingham Palace. We took a taxi home in time for 6pm Mass. After 8am Mass the following morning we rented a car and drove to Windsor Castle returning by way of Chelsea. After a little rest we left for Catford to visit Pat and Eileen O'Hara with whom Janet, Nancy and I had stayed in 1977. We enjoyed tea and scones and a good visit after which O'Haras guided us back to 14 Blandford. There we met Father Kennan at 9:15 pm and went to dinner at a nearby Indian Restaurant. After Mass the following morning we had breakfast with Father and left for Stratford – visiting Shakespeare's and Ann Hathaway's Cottages.

It was one to Wales driving through beautiful country to Llandudno where we had booked a B&B with Mrs. Macara (Josie Mahony) a helpful, delightful person. We had an early drop off for the car and made the 9 am ferry from Holyhead to Dun Loaghaire, Ireland. We picked up the rental car and drove through Dublin to Bolten Abbey at Athy where dinner was ready for us. Fathers Ambrose, Martin and the other Fathers and Brothers gave us a warm welcome and entertained us with Irish stories. Nancy would say from time to time "repeat that I want to write it down." Father Martin had booked our B&B with Ann Byran. Sylvia was cold that night sleeping as the heating pad was not turned on.



Sister Zacchaeus and Fr Martin Garry



Fr Martin Garry, Ss Z and Maureen

It is truly a beautiful glen with its ruins, high crosses and tower. We continued on to Dublin and visited Trinity College before heading out to Clontarf where we were to stay. I called Kathryn O'Siochain and she went with us to an Irish Music Hall. In the morning we set out for Draogheda, to visit the shrine of St. Oliver Plunkett. Then on to the famous monasteries of Monsterboice and Mellifont. Here a little brown puppy appeared and took a liking to Sylvia and followed her around. We also spent some time at Newgrange, the stone age burial site. On our way to Galway we stopped at the cemetery at Ballinsloe where our Quinn, Golden and Hylands immigrated from in the 1840's. We arrived at Seamus and Jacinta Collins in Salthill, Galway about 7:30pm and they had a grand supper and rooms ready for us.

We left the next morning to visit Maureen Garry Tritcher's relatives. We met Dick Garry at the Western Hotel and went with him to visit Mike's family. They were very gracious and we met Clare and their sons and had dinner with them. That day was a full one with a stop at Ballintubber Abbey. Mass had been celebrated continually here even in penal times. We visited Westport, Crough Patrick, and took Dick back to Clarimorris. We drove to Knock for the night. We rose early the next morning and were at the Shrine for 7 and 8 o'clock Masses. We went to visit Sister Eithene's family, Delia and Michael McNicholas. We had arranged to "Collect" Dick Garry at 11:30am to go with us to Castlebar, Ballina, and Crossmolina, where our Sheridan ancestors came from – no sight of Sheridan tombstones in the Cemetery, but we could have fallen in the holes and been buried in that ancient cemetery! We went back to Collins and stayed there until noon and then went to Spiddal to shop, returned for lunch. At the Abbey at Clainbridge we stopped to shop and enjoyed the tea and scones while listening to "Waltzing Through Ireland". Our next stop was to visit Ellen O'Connell at Ballyvaughan. Even in the heavy mist we saw Galway Bay. Ellen advised us to visit Aillewee Cave, which was very interesting. We headed for Lisdoonvarna for the night.

The next morning, we drove to the Cliffs of Moher, where with good visibility, the scene was wonderful. We arrived at Kilmihil in time for the Rosary before the 11 o'clock Mass. Kevin Callinan met us after Mass and accompanied us to the "Hickey" farm. The afternoon was a busy one – visiting the Shrine of St. Michael, the cemetery, as well as the "relatives", Callinans and O'Sullivans. We left by way of Kilrush, Kilkee and Doon Beg (Roach Homeland) to catch the ferry to Tralee. The weather was beautiful (July 27th) warm and sunny as we drove to Killarney where we took a jaunting cart ride along the Lake and toured Muckross House and Abbey. After one o'clock we left via Macrom for our visit to Blarney Castle. Leaving Cork, we had a delicious fish dinner at the Hotel in Dungarvan. We booked a B&B in Waterford near the glass factory. We met Mr. Anthony Kelly, Tom Power's cousin in Waterford. He suggested we stop at O'Brien's Stud Farm near Cashel. We did stop – disregarding the notice to have an appointment – we drove in. I received a lovely reception and regrets that neither Mr. nor Mrs. O'Brien were home. Mr. O'Brien was out showing horses to a client and Mrs. O'Brien was in London for the Royal Wedding as horses from O'Brien's were being used in London. After our tour of Cashel, we spent the rest of the day in Ryan Country – County Limerick, visiting Murroe, Glenstal Abbey, Annaugh Cemetery, where Darby Ryan is buried, stopping in Limerick before going to Sheila Kelleher's B&B in Ennis. Sylvia and Margaret chose to watch the Royal Wedding on TV while Nancy and I spent some time seeing the shops in Ennis. We visited Sister Flannan's sister, Mary McQuane, and Canon Brady in Killaloe. They insisted in serving us a lovely lunch. Our last evening in Ireland we went to hear Irish Music by the Grogan Brothers. The next morning before our flight we had time for few hours at Bunratty Castle and Dirty Nellie and to return the car at Shannon and boarded the plane for home.

While I'm relating travels abroad, I'm going to relate the high points of our trip with Terry and Mary Jane Larson in 1985. Actually, Nancy and I also visited Scotland and Orkney. Larry and Mary took us to the airport July 7th and we took off for Preswick, Scotland arriving there at 9am we took a bus to Edinburgh and went to Eva Macloed's where Cecil joined us for lunch. We checked with David Burns, Genealogist, and James Simpson (We planned to go to Stroma Island with James Simpson). We took the train the next morning to Thurso. We were entertained by some delightful children on the train. On arriving that evening "Charlie" overheard our

conversation about needing a B&B and he introduced us to a Mrs. Munson who “piled” us into her car and took us to Davidsons for the night. Our room overlooked the shore of the Pentland Firth and about 3 am I woke and it was daylight – short nights at this season. In the morning we took a bus to John O’Groats and met the Simpsons at the pier where we boarded a flat boat for the trip to Stroma. Stroma was where the Banks and Rosies lived at one time. Everyone left the Island after WWII. James Simpson bought it from the government. He raises sheep and cattle there and when at Stroma they live in the Manse (Former minister’s home). Leana and her friend, Sheila Kelman and daughter Judy, also went to Stroma with us. They would spend a few days there preparing meals while the sheep shearing was being done. Nancy and I wandered about Stroma seeing the church ruins, school, and abandoned houses and were chased by a few goats. We returned to John O’Groats to take the ferry to Orkney where we rented a car and went to Helen Matches.

This time we did some research at the Library, visited the Italian Chapel, and Warebanks (empty now). After dinner we met Maggie and went to visit Bessie Sutherland, Andrew Kennedy and Lillian Parks Sutherland, All relatives! The next day we took Helen to the Doctor in Kirkwall and stopped to take pictures at the Rosie, Cooper and Banks Homesteads. At the Library we met Mrs. Oak who showed us a chart with the Allan/Banks connection. We found Peter Rosies’s and John Cooper’s death notices. We had dinner at the Hotel and went to visit Mrs. Wylie and the Devers, stopping at Jessie and Eunice Nicholsons for High Tea.

Saturday, July 13th we searched Burray Cemetery and visited Jim and Ada Muir – we had met them at John O’Groats in ’79. Later that afternoon we took a bus to Stromness where with Barbara Nicholson we visited Prof Ronald Miller – also a relative – and a former professor at Glasgow University. He had written books about Orkney. We boarded the OLA, steamship from Stromness to Scrabstar where we began our series of train rides to Edinburgh. On Monday we spent a few hours shopping, visited David Burns at Registry House and took the train to Glasgow where we caught the plan for Dublin. On Tuesday, July 16th, we met Terry and Mary Jane at Killoran House and left Dublin for points North/South – going to Newgrange and Hill of Slane. I left my footprints on a newly-painted white bench at Slane. It wasn’t posted “Wet Paint” and when I stood on it to see over the fence I had paint on shoes and skirt! A stop at the nearby gas station removed the paint. We headed south to Bolten Abbey and visited Father Martin and Brother Anthony. After Mass Father Martin went with us to The High Cross of Moone. We continued on the Glendalugh through the Wicklow Mountains in heavy rain. We stopped at Avoca, the Meeting of the Waters, made famous by Thomas Moore. We went on to Tramore where we had a B&B with Mrs. Dalton, overlooking the Ocean.

We called the Anthony Kellys and visited them that evening. We met Anthony the next morning at the Glass Factory and had a VIP tour. It was on to Cashel and Blarney Castle. It was sunny that day when Terry and Mary Jane kissed the famous stone. Then we were off to Killarney where Terry and MJ took a cart ride and Nancy and I did our laundry. We spent the night in Listowel and contacted Sheila Kelleher for a B&B on Saturday. In Kilmihil we had a visit with Callinans, met Sister Carmel Callinan and visited Bernie O’Sullivan, Josephine, Eileen and Maura. We also visited John and Kitty Hayes before returning to Ennis. Kitty served us five delicious desserts!

We went to 7pm Mass in Ennis, had dinner and to nearby pub for Irish Music. Nancy did laundry at 11 pm that night! As we were leaving Ennis Nancy sprained her ankle. She kept going and we went on to Knock. There I left a Mass offering for Bud as he was having heart surgery that day. We visited with Sister Eithene's Family and went on to Donegal and Glen Columkille via Killybegs. At Drumcliffe we visited W.B. Yeats grave before returning to Westport, Croagh Patrick, Louisburg, Roonah (Lyons) Ballintubber Abbey, Garrys, and to Castlebar for our B&B. We left about 9:15 the next morning to visit Dick Garry before going to Hollymount to meet with Fr. Walsh. At Cong we had lunch with Fr. Walsh and went to Ashford Castle. That evening in Galway Nancy and I visited the Collins awhile Terry and Mary Jane went to Leisureland Entertainment Park. Mrs. Ryan at the B&B thought Nancy should have her foot checked so she called Dr. Curtiss who checked it (free). The ride through Connemara that day was beautiful – we even met a donkey that almost decided to ride with us. We returned to Galway and spent the evening with Collins. From Shannon we left for home, but not before Terry purchased her sheep fleece!

GERMAN GENEALOGY

After our success in tracking down the Rosie – Banks Families in Scotland Nancy and I began to seriously research her German Ancestors and were able to find local records that enabled us to latch on the German ties. My good friend, Michael Stoeckl, put us in touch with Dirk Zimmer in Saarland. Dirk had compiled the records for Noswendel & Wadern, where Kock and Klauck had come from in the 1850's. Sylvia was also eager to check out Doerr records from the same area so in July 1987 we booked a flight to Germany. Their original flight was to Frankfurt, but a few days before we were to leave we received word that the flight would be leaving a day earlier would fly direct to Munich. So much the better for us as our plan was to rent a car in Frankfurt and drive to Munich. Arriving in Munich early the morning of July 2nd we rented a car and drove to Dachau. Words fail to relate the site and experience of being there. The only bright experience was hearing my name called just as we entered the gate. Among a group of students from Minnesota were two girls I had taught at Faribault. It was Mary Trinkka who recognized me.



Sister Zacchaeus and Nancy Banks at Dachau



Sister Zacchaeus and Nancy Banks

Leaving Dachau, we drove to Vilsbiburg, where I hoped to visit Honi Urban Ostermaier, S. Robertia's cousin. We met her cousin, Wolfgang Pannemeyer who found a B&B for us and also took us to Honi's home, but she was not home. The next morning, we attended Mass and Benediction and as we were leaving Honi (Johnana) came into the church. What a happy surprise. We went to her home for breakfast and onto Baierbach to search the cemetery for Doerr tombstones & records at St. Adrian's, but learned there was another town by that name in Saarland. Honi took us on to the shrine at Altotting, made famous by Father Rupert. It would remind one of Lourdes as there were many testimonials of cures/prayers answered. After a lunch of wonderful pastries, we said goodbye to Honi and started for Salzburg. We had reservations at a grand Alpine Lodge near Golling owned by Peter and Rosa Koloman, Stallerhof. What a view of the mountains we had from there! It was also a short driving distance from Salzburg where we visited the Hohensalzburg Castle, Museum with Wolf Dietrich exhibit, and the Cathedral. The next day we went to Mass in Kuckle at 6 am and drove to Buchesgarden (Hitler Hideaway) and on the Prien to see Ludwig's Castle at Garnish. That night we stayed at Huber Hotel in Oberndorf.

Returning to Munich we went to the two churches, Mariankirck and St. Pederkirch as well as the Glockenspiel. A very kind, helpful person escorted us out of Munich and we arrived at Ettal Monastery late that afternoon and found a nearby B&B at 13 Zimenfiel. This was to be a very special place for me. The Monastery was founded by King Louis, the Bavarian, in fulfillment of a promise made and as a shrine for the Miraculous Statue of Our Lady. I awoke early and decided to go to the Shrine in hopes of attending Mass. No one was there when I entered the Church, but a while later a priest and two men came. They gathered in the sanctuary and I was invited to come near the altar. It was a private Mass in honor of Our Lady of Ettal.

That morning we drove to Oberammergau and had a tour of the site of the Passion Play, costumes and the wooden table used for many years in the Last Supper scene. On our way to Karlsruhe to do research we stopped at Ulm, from which New Ulm, MN gets its name. Next morning we searched at Arzheim Church for Doerr records. That day we met the Zimmer family at Saarbrücken. We had been corresponding with Dirk regarding Kock Genealogy. We had an evening walking tour of the town with Zimmers. Noswendel and Wadern was on the schedule for the next day. We had been advised to go to the Rathhaus and to meet Ludwig Koch, the town clerk-like our register of deeds. Imagine his and our surprise to learn he was the person I had written to five years earlier seeking Koch relatives. He had the letter and exclaimed, "Nancy Banks, Chicago." He did not speak English, but a person in his office translated for us and Ludwig took us about Wadern pointing out their ancestral homes, business places, church and to their home where his wife, Gertie served us lunch. We also met their dog, Bronco.

Trier and Luxembourg were on our way north. I wish we could have spent more time there, but the highlight of that day was our visit to the US Military Cemetery. Sylvia had promised a friend that we would try to visit Cologne and meet the Vilz family, which we did. I was eager to see the Cologne Cathedral. When we reached the Cathedral there was a large crowd there and we were asked for our tickets. I tried to explain that we didn't have any. Then we were ushered to the front of the church. The Mass began and soon we realized we were at the ordination of several Deacons. Our pew ended at a pillar and there was no getting out until the end. So I got my wish to see Cologne Cathedral. We were expected at John and Marne Hermes that evening

near Frankfort and spent a few days there visiting the area. On Sunday we had a delightful boat ride on the Rhine River with stops at some of the castles. The views of the vineyards on the hillsides were magnificent. We also had the lovely ride through the Black Forest and Baden-Baden before returning to get our place at Frankfort and it was back to America.

1992

I had asked Father Martin Garry at Bolten Abbey, Ireland if I could make a retreat at their Abbey during my Jubilee Year so when Cheri Kluever suggested a trip to Ireland I asked if she'd like to make the retreat, too. At the last moment we learned that there were no seats available to Ireland, but we were able to get on Terry Flynn's Tour Air Flight. I met Cheri, Rita and Larry Ryan at the Aer Lingus Terminal in NY and we were on our way to Shannon. When we arrived in Shannon, I met Terry and asked where we could get a bus to Galway. He invited us to ride with his tour. There was a short delay while I waited for my luggage. It finally came, with a big red tag marked, LAST BAG! On reaching Salthill I called Jacinta and learned she had gone to Shannon to meet us, but missed us. After getting settled at our B&B with Ann Duffy we visited Collins. At breakfast we met Mr. & Mrs. Boland from Dublin and attended Mass at Claddaugh where their son, Fr. Vivian Boland, OP was celebrating Mass. He had studied in the states and knew Sister Martha Alken.

That afternoon we packed a lunch and we set out for Connamara to Kylemore Abbey. Jacinta made sure that Cheri was acquainted with driving on the left side before we left Galway. We stopped at Headford to take pictures of a thatched cottage. Its owner, Brendan O'Connell, came and shared his story of this cottage where he was born. He also knew Father Canny, pastor in Napa, CA. Brendan pointed out the Canny home. That night we stayed with Moira & Michael O'Malley. Moira took us to visit her parents, the Mike Garrys. The next day we shopped at Michael O'Malley's store Carriag Donn, in Westport on our way to Achille. We visited Croagh Patrick and Murrisk Ruins. On Achille we took a long walk through sheep pastures in search of Fr. Sweeney's Monument. We never found the monument but made friends with hundreds of sheep! That evening Moira, Cheri and I went to the Hotel, where Moira had had her Wedding Reception. She had a great story to tell of the celebration. Moira is so much like her Aunt Maureen and so kind.

We took off from O'Malley's enroute to Ballina and Crossmolina where we visited the new Heritage Center. Then it was on to Foxford a beautiful ride along the Moy-Del River. We met Mary Lewis at the hotel. Foxford is famous for salmon fishing and we did enjoy a delicious salmon dinner. We were at Knock for the Mass of the Anointing. On our way to Newgrange we visited the Delia and Michael Gerald McNicholas and took pictures for S. Eithene. We had booked a B&B in Clontarf and arrived at O'Flaherty's about 8pm.

Cheri's birthday was celebrated with a Tour of Dublin with the usual stops at Trinity and St. Patrick's. Mr. Fitzgerald was the tour guide and was an excellent historian and knowledgeable in the literary field. He pointed our statues of Joyce and Kavanaugh as he related stories of each author. On Saturday we met Tom, Monica and Jennifer Garry and they drove us to Bolton Abbey where we had a visit and dinner with Father Martin before checking in at Barrowsville B&B in Carlow.



Cheri Kluevers and Ss Zacchaeus – Irish Banquet



Bishop Osta and Ss Zacchaeus – 1997

Little did we realize that our Sunday Mass was the funeral Mass for eleven-year-old Desmond Walker, who died in a Bike/Lorry accident. It was very sad seeing the parents, his brothers and sisters and his Soccer teammates (in uniform) mourning the young boy. Seven priests concelebrated the Mass. Six men carried the casket on their shoulder to the nearby cemetery while the congregation followed on foot. The next morning, we took a bus to Waterford. There were two women from Seattle on the same bus. Their husbands were sent to Dublin by Boeing to train Czech pilots. One woman remarked to Cheri that it was lovely for her to come to Ireland and take her Mother (me) around. At that moment I became Cheri's Irish Mother!

A long walk from the bus stop to Bolton Abbey the next day took us to our home for the retreat. The quiet time, Mass, prayer and walks were special. Fr. Martin introduced us to the swans, calves and dairy cattle as we went for our daily walk. One of the retreatants, Jimmy Buckley, invited us to his ordination on the following Sunday in Limerick and as we were headed that way we planned to attend. When in Carlow our B&B was at Hayes on Dominic Street near the Dominican Abbey ruins. We even met the Hayes horse, Mr. Gotti, a jumper. Patrick Hayes, the 18-year-old son, served us breakfast the next morning and with great style as he put the last dish down he said, "Well, ladies, that's the show." Then it was on the road to Blarney, Killarney and Kilmihil. On Sunday we set out for St. Alphonsus Church for Jimmy Buckley's Ordination. Having arrived early we were in time for an Irish Mass in the College Chapel. After the ordination we spent the afternoon at Glenstal Abbey where Brother Michael showed us the Icon Room. We had tea with Fr. Tierney and visited Annaugh Cemetery and Murroe. That evening we visited Callinans. On Tuesday we went to Milltown Malby for Father Buckley's First Mass. He was a bit surprised and happy to see us again. Our last day was spent in Ennis and the Banquet at the Knappogue Castle that evening for the Banquet and in the morning we were off to America!

SUMMER OF 1995

It's Ireland again. This time with three Beuch Girls (Linda, Rita and Ann) for a week and Tom and Vickie Lindquist for ten days. Since many of the places we visited have already been mentioned in previous trips I'm only adding different stories. While I was waiting in NY for my flight, I met Dick and Helen Dennis who happened to be booked in at the same B&B as we were. I was to meet the girls there. They hired a taxi at Dublin and when we arrived at the B&B we

were told they couldn't stay until 1:30pm. – It was then 7am. Dick and Helen went downtown and I found a nearby Convent of the Sisters of Charity, where I attended Mass and had breakfast. Then I went to 10 am Mass at St. Gabriel's across the street from the B&B. There I met Mary Woods who invited me to her home to stay until 1:30.

Leaving Dublin our itinerary was Powerscourt, Glendalough, Carlow, Bolton Abbey. We celebrated Rita and Randy's 20th Anniversary that evening. –June 20th. Leaving Randall and Marie's at Carlow we met Tony Kelly at Waterford and after the tour and shopping went to Kelly's for lunch Eileen prepared. We met little Sarah, their delightful three-year-old granddaughter. Tony took us to see the Power's home he had recently purchased and remodeled. He seemed delighted to be in touch with Tom Powers through us.

We stayed at Phalen's Woodview House, recommended by Ahearns and planned to meet Ahearns at Blarney the next morning. At Blarney the girls met the Ahearns, who are cousins of Nancy Banks cousin, Bob Anderson. After their visit the girls climbed to the top of the castle to "kiss the stone" before going on to Killarney. We drove to Dingle and stayed at Ann Cahillane's Marian House. After checking in we went to a pub noted for Irish Music. There we met Emmett O'Melia from Derry, nephew of Phil Coulter. He also knew Tony Carlin, my friend in Napa. Small world. On Friday we saw the golf course, Ballybunion, and spent time in Adare. I chatted with the lady in the first thatched cottage. She raised ten children there in 1968. I hope to share that picture with her.

The next day we went to Murroe and met Ryans at the Ryan Pub. Eileen Ryan from CastleWaller gave me a picture of the Ryan Castle. The trip continued to Headford and Cong where we spent the nights.

After a tour of Ashford Castle, we headed for 10:00 Mass at Knock. Returning to Galway we arrived at Leenane in time to watch the Curraugh Races, then on to Kylemore, Clifton and to Clare Villa, Galway where Jacinta had booked a B&B. In the morning the girls set out for Dublin. That evening Tim and Vickie came to Collins for dinner and a visit. Early the next morning, June 27th we boarded the bus to catch the boat to Aran Island. It was a great day there with a buggy ride around the island and much walking and climbing. Jacinta met us at 7pm and after dinner we had a tour of Galway and Irish Music at a Pub.

On Wednesday we headed toward Knock, via Cong and Ashford, Westport, Achille and Crough Patrick staying at Knock where we met Delia McNicholas the next morning. She gave us a grand tour of Knock and about 11 am we left for Clonmacnoise Monastery and on to Dublin. On Friday we took a tour of the city and I spent the afternoon at Trinity while Tom and Vickie took a walking tour. Saturday, we went to Powerscourt, Glendalough and to Carlow before visiting Fr. Martin at Bolton Abbey. The next day we stopped at Kilkenny Castle, Cashel (where I visited Anna Hayes) and on to Tramore where we met the Kellys and had dinner at the Majestic Hotel and a tour of the fishing village of East Dunmore. On Monday we met Tony Kelly at Waterford and later visited them at their home before going to Blarney and on to Tralee and Killogrin.

There we made arrangements to attend an Irish Festival, Siamsa (Shee-am-sah) in Tralee. It is an onstage re-creation in mime and music, song and dance of day in the life of an Irish rural home, generations ago. It was begun by Father Pat Ahern who saw this as a means of preserving the folk culture of Ireland as he knew it growing up in County Kerry. It was well worth seeing. We had booked a B&B near Shannon where we stayed after our day's ride around the Ring of Kerry. Tom and Vickie left the next morning and I spent the day with Callinans in Kilmihil. I left the next day for America and back to work.

AT HOME – 1970's-1990's

Now that I've shared stories of my travels I need to get back to my times in America! Yes, I did teach school during these years. Many events in the family took place during this time. Some sad and some happy times.

Larry married Mary McGovern Grove in December 1975 at St. Michael in Farmington. They had a family of nine – all teenagers except Billy.

In October 1976 we were saddened by the death of Marion Ryan, Bud's wife. Her death was sudden and unexpected. I was teaching in Evanston at the time. The same day Nancy was in an auto accident and was unable to drive me to Minnesota, but I did get home to be with the family during this time.

Bud met Patricia O'Hara and in January 1978 they were married in Minneapolis and lived in Bloomington.

After Mom's death in the '80's I remained at Faribault teaching there until June 1983. My hearing loss became a serious factor and the doctor advised another type of work. I was assigned to be librarian at Annunciation School, Minneapolis. However, the need for a teacher made it necessary for me to teach fourth grade that year. The following three years I had a great experience in the Library, both with the students and wonderful helpers, Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Keough. In 1988 Sister Catherine Lyons and I went to St. John the Baptist Parish in Napa, California. We began the RCIA program, trained Eucharistic Ministers, visited the home-bound Parishioners, Nursing Homes, and helped with Word and Sacrament Services.

It was a great year with wonderful people. We enjoyed the slower pace, sunshine and watching the balloons go over the rooftops of Napa. I also had an opportunity to be involved with

Genealogy through my friendship with Marion McGuire, an accomplished Genealogist and Founder of the Napa Genealogical Society. While there I had visits with the Jim Garvey Family. Paul and the Pat Garvey's at Flora Springs Winery were delightful and we shared time together then and in other visits to Napa. It was a special joy to meet again with Andy and Marge Anderson, formerly of Northfield.



Ss Catherine, Ss Zacchaeus



Ss Zacchaeus, Marion McGuire



Pat Garvey, Ss Zacchaeus, Paul Garvey

That spring I accepted an assignment to Sacred Heart, Faribault as DRE. Father Peichel had been very supportive of our Sisters and had requested a Sister for this position so I felt privileged to work with him. Father had cancer and died that fall. I resigned from the position in the spring and accepted the position of Religion Chairperson at Bethlehem Academy. It was a happy experience and I was also involved in Alumnae work and in establishing a Heritage Room for our 125th/130th Anniversary Celebration.



Ss Zacchaeus and Nancy Banks 1986



The Nasby Family 1988

In the spring of 1989 Nancy visited us in Faribault and we made plans to visit her relatives in Scotland and spend a week in Ireland. Shortly after her return to Glenview she was hospitalized with what was believed to be a heart attack, but was soon determined to be lung cancer. After a few months of treatment, she seemed to be improving. At Christmas I had a good visit and she saw me off at O'Hare Airport. Little did we realize that in six weeks she would leave us. Janet called to tell us that the doctor didn't expect her to live beyond a few days. The morning of February 9th Jeff Reisinger took Terry, Lois and me to Des Plaines. When I didn't see Janet's car in the Parking Lot, I was aware that we were too late. The receptionist directed us to Nancy's room and we found that she had already died. We immediately went to Glenview to be with Janet. The days were sad ones for all of us, but the memories of happier times and sharing stories with her family and friends helped.

I remained for the week to help Janet and promised to return at Easter time to help her. Jim and Patty came and Lois and Terry returned to Minnesota with them. I did visit Janet in early April and helped her. Janet was planning to sell their home and move to a Senior Citizen Housing Apartment in the summer. About two weeks later Linda Banks Called Bethlehem Academy in mid morning asking how soon I could get there as they had found Janet dead that morning, April 26th. I was able to get a flight to O'Hare that evening and stayed until her funeral. Again, I felt keenly the loss of my friends and my "Glenview Home." I returned to Faribault.

One of the high points of the spring of 1992 was the 125th year Celebration with Mae Kelly Schiltgen present at our Graduation Ceremony. That school year Kathy Ogle learned that when her father's grade school teacher, Mae Kelly Schiltgen, celebrated her 100th Birthday one of her most precious memories was her graduation from BA. So, Kathy and I made contact with Mae at Woodbury. We had delightful times listening to her recollections and getting to know her. That summer Mae and her daughters also came to my Golden Jubilee Celebration at St. Patrick's. Her first teaching job had been at District #32 and she had boarded at Thomas Harts and had known Uncle Jim Ryan, the Harts and Garrys.

In February word of Shawn Silkey's death in an auto accident brought great sorrow to all who knew and loved Shawn. She was in my First Grade in 1971-72 at Immaculate Conception, Faribault.



Golden Jubilee – 1992



Terry, Ss Zacchaeus, Lois, Sylvia, Bud, Larry and Jim

After the wonderful trip to Ireland with Cheri, I returned and made preparations for Golden Jubilee Celebration at the Mound and at St. Patrick's, Cedar Lake. Among the 300 + present at St. Patrick's Celebration were: Fathers Garvey, Roach, Rowan, Gastaldi, Herberick, Halloran, Sisters Eithene, Catherine, Theresa, Mary Hunt, Cheri, Sue Berry, Virginia Urban and Virginia Cavallari. In August I left for St. Mary's, Portage, but returned to BA for the years '93-'95. Then it was back to Portage for three years. Life was very rewarding living and working with Sisters Mary Ann and Alfonso. I was able to get all the parish records – Baptisms, Marriages and Burials (1857-1998) on the computer. Thursday and Sunday, I helped with Liturgies at the Divine Savior Nursing Home assisting Sisters Kathy and Rose Miriam. It was difficult to say good-by to my friends in Portage.

This year – 1998 I begin in a new location, Cuba City, Wisconsin. It is good to be here and I'm sure there will be new friends and word to be involved in during the coming months. I am grateful to Jim for moving my belongings here and to the Sisters at St. Rose of Lima Convent,

Sisters Georgianna, Carl and Barbara who have been very welcoming. I'm learning a bit more about computers while working with the students. Keyboarding was never a great skill of mine. Being near the Mound is also a great opportunity to share in Liturgies and activities there.



Jim Ryan, Larry Ryan, Terry Reisinger, Sylvia Doerr, Bud Ryan, Lois Pepera and Ss Zacchaeus

My three years in Cuba City 1998-2001 were very happy ones. Sisters Barbara and Carol were with Sister Georgianna and me the first year. During February of that year I had surgery on my right leg for a tendon and spent from February to May at the villa. Everyone was very helpful and supportive and I was able to get about in the wheelchair to visit and do odd jobs – wrap silver, visit, show videos, work on making rosaries. In April Gene Reisinger died and Jim and Pat came to take me to Minnesota for the funeral. After therapy I was able to return to Cuba City and continue my work in the Computer Lab and weekly visits at the Health Center on Thursday mornings. My good friends – Judy, Tillie, Marian, Clarice, etc.

In September Cheri, Lorraine Kerndt and her friend Toni and myself set off to Ireland, England and Scotland. My trip was a gift from Lorraine. Sister Barbara had left for a mission in Montana and Sister Carol went to care for her father.

In 2000 Sister Catherine Lyons came. Father Richard left St. Rose and Father Dave Flanagan was assigned to the parish. During my years at Cuba City it was great to have opportunities to share in Mound Celebrations and to visit Sisters, especially Sisters Mary Hunt, Eithene and Bertha. I was there for the Dedication of the new Villa. I made rosaries for the St. Rose Grads of '99, 2000, 2001.

In June of 2001 an opportunity came to move to Minneapolis and form community with Sister Doris Rauenhorst at Seward Tower West so plans were underway when I went to attend the Western Province Gathering in Spokane during July. From there I continued on to Napa, CA to

visit Cheri Kluever and to attend her nephew's profession as a Franciscan at San Miguel Monastery. While there I fell and broke my wrist and it required surgery. After a week of care from my nurse, Cheri, I was able to return to MN and prepare to move in at Seward Tower.

P.S. Jim, you asked for this tale and I hope it will fill in some gaps in my life story. I realize that relationships are what life is all about and I have been blessed to have so many relatives and friends who have enriched my life. As I read through the pages, I realize that many events and good stories have been left untold so please add yours. I did not attempt to give the births of my lovely nieces and nephews and grand and great grand nieces and nephews. They are in the Family Genealogy Books and, in my love, and prayers.

Some events not covered: Stories Mayme told us at Bedtime: "When wolves were all around." The Hyland boy who disappeared and only his clothes were found, Grandma Sibby Garry, Emmanuel Kennifeck's wake, Henry Grapp – "No trouble at all", Tom Hickey's wake, The Brennan Genealogy, 1994 Ryan & Brennan Updates when the Joiner & Deutsch families helped assemble the Ryan book on the coldest day of the year! Working with Beth Brusius on the Reisinger Genealogy in 1995 and the Deer that invaded B A Convent in August, are some events I could have added. SZ

As I try to complete this little story, I find so many more memories that could or be should be shared – but maybe an UPDATE later with your additions and mine is a possibility and would make this story more complete. I feel very humble and grateful to God for my faith and vocations, to my family for the love and support I have received through the years and to my Dominican Sisters.

Please not the following balance of Sister's story is written by Charles (Chuck) Ryan, sister's nephew.

Sister wrote "My Story" in the year 2001 after my father Jim Ryan asked her to tell the story of her family before he was old enough to remember. She was the oldest and he was of course the youngest in their family. She left home for the convent when he was just a toddler of less than two years old. He didn't have many memories of the two of them growing up together. This book filled in many of the blanks in the stories he had heard of the family's early years. This book also filled in many stories of the good time and challenging times of an Irish Family, The Frank and Margaret Ryan Family. This book also told Sister's life story after she left home and her many adventures around the world. Sister lived seven more years after writing the portion of the book that you already have read and I, her nephew Chuck Ryan decided to fill in some of her stories from her remaining years here on earth. I also added her photos throughout the story.

As she mentioned Sister Z moved to Minneapolis in June of 2001 to form a community with Sister Doris Rauenhorst at Seward Tower West in Minneapolis. They attended St. Albert Church nearby and made many numerous friends including parishioners, John and Mary Scanlon.

Bud and Audrey Brennan held a family reunion on their farm in June 2002. There are some great photos of Sister and her siblings with their Brennan cousins.

Sister celebrated Archbishop John Roach's 80th birthday. Not only was the Archbishop a relative but was also a close personal friend of Sister Zacchaeus's. They had visited and communicated their entire lives. He died on 7 July 2003 and was buried in Resurrection Cemetery.



Pope John, Cardinal Bernardin and Archbishop John Roach

On February 14, 2006 Sister's niece, Sue Reisinger died. She was buried at All Saints Cemetery in Lakeville. Sue always held a special place in every Ryan family's heart. The following summer a picnic style celebration was held for the person everyone knew as "Sue". There were many Sue stories remembered and shared.

In May 2006, it was Sister's ninth and final trip to Ireland. Sister liked to tell people that her two nephews, my brother Gerry and I brought her to Ireland along with her friend Cheri Kluevers. Actually, Sister brought us. We might have driven the car around Ireland, but she gave us all the trip of a lifetime. This trip has been referred to as "The Abyss, The General and the two lieutenants." Cheri and I were the lieutenants. Gerry with his love of the soldiers and of course the Pub's was thereafter referred to as the General. Sister was the Abyss for obvious reasons. She was also the leprechaun for her special talent of getting to know everyone and always being at the front of the line.

We saw and did things tourists don't typically get to do. We went to the United States Embassy for a private meeting with the US Ambassador. Sister taught first grade in Northfield, Illinois some fifty years earlier, she had twin brothers in her class one year. One of them, James Casey Kenny became the United States Ambassador to Ireland. Sister had kept in contact with him and his family all these years, so of course we visited him in Dublin.



Ss Zacchaeus and US Ambassador James Kenny



High Cross at Moone

We went to the Embassy early and there was a long line. We were at the end of the line talking and the next thing we knew, Sister was up at the “front of the line” at the guard tower entrance. She had made fast friends with the guards and we were waved up to the front. Sister had this little way of always being at the front of the line. If you knew sister, you’d know what I’m talking about. I might be exaggerating a little, but there seemed to be at least seven layers of security. There were forms to fill out, they were frisking people and interviewing people. Sister explained that the Ambassador was a former first grade student of hers. She had this old photo of about 45 first grade students with this short little nun standing in the middle of them. The Ambassador was the little boy standing right in front of her. Sister did her magic, the guards loved her, so no security checks on us and we were ushered in to meet with the ambassador right away.

We visited Father Martin Garry at the Bolton Abbey. Sister had visited Father Martin on almost every trip to Ireland. Sister with Cheri had made a pilgrimage there in 1992. Father showed us the Abbey property that included the 9th century castle and a dairy farm. As Father Martin and Sister said good bye he mentioned it would likely be their last good bye. I had the feeling this was also her way of saying goodbye to the Ireland she deeply loved.



SS Z, Fr. Martin Garry and Cheri at Bolton Abbey



Ss Zacchaeus at Adare

Next, we drove to Tramore to stay at a Bed and Breakfast and to Waterford Factory, The Blarney Castle and to Dingle on the coast. From Dingle to Adare to Limerick and finally to Murroe! Murroe is the town where our Ryan ancestors left Ireland to immigrate to America. We visited the Church in Murroe where the old baptismal font from the old church still stands. This would have been the font where John D. and Mary Bridget Ryan were married. The new church was built in 1899 after John D. and Mary Bridget Ryan left for America. The stained glass in the church included the names of James Ryan, John Ryan, Patricia Ryan, etc.

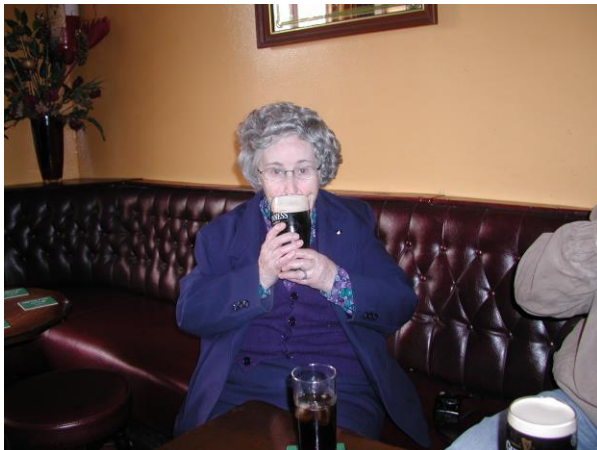


Ryan's Pub

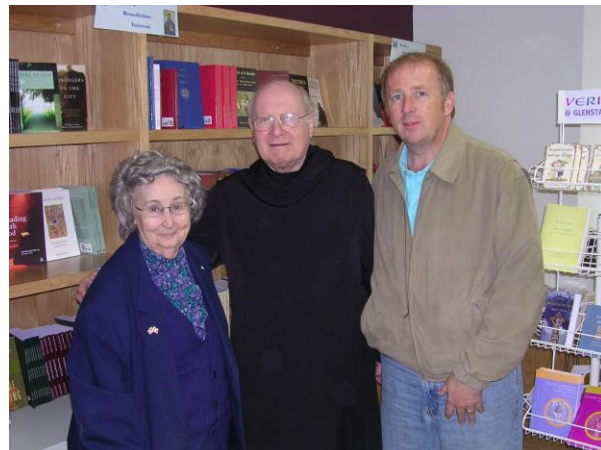


The Church in Murroe

The Pub across the street proudly displayed its name “Ryan’s Pub”. There was a Guinness truck delivering beer to the Pub. I think this was Ireland’s way of telling the General it was glad the Ryan’s had returned. The four of us: Cheri, Gerry, Sister and I had each had a pint of Guinness while we were in Murroe. When the pints arrived at our table, Gerry downed about three quarters of his immediately. While sister and I were talking, Gerry and Cheri exchanged their glasses of the brew. A moment later, Sister noticed Cheri sitting with her glass nearly empty and was shocked that Cheri’s was drinking so quickly. We all had a good laugh and of course a new story to tell!



Ss Z enjoying a Guinness in Murroe, County Limerick



Ss Zacchaeus, Fr Mark Tierney, Chuck Ryan

We visited the nearby Glenstal Abbey where again Sister met Father Mark Tierney. Father Tierney is the priest that sister met on one of her early visits to Ireland in search of our family genealogy. He had written a book about the families in the area that included the Ryan’s. Sister

visited Father Tierney on numerous trips to Ireland. He was a tremendous help for sister including directing her to the Annaugh Church ruins in Abington Cemetery and had recently written another book. He autographed a copy of his new book. We had a special moment at the cemetery where we prayed at the grave of Darby Ryan, sister's 3x Great Grandfather. This is a moment in my life that I will forever remember. This completed the connection from the Ryan Ancestry in Ireland to my son's in America. Eight generations of Ryan men and all to come after would know that they trace back directly to this place because Sister Zacchaeus made sure we knew where we came from.



Annaugh Church Cemetery



Darby Ryan Gravestone

We went to Cashel, County Tipperary where there is a huge castle and is the location where St. Patrick baptized the King of Ireland. We drove to Kilmihil, County Clare to meet Fintan and Marie Callinan. Fintan was Sister Z's fifth cousin and lived on the Hickey family farm in Shyan. We visited the Cemetery at Kilmihil with the shrine to St. Michael. We saw the grave of the Martyr Hickey Priest who was murdered by the Cromwell's soldiers.



Ss Z, Gerry Ryan, Chuck Ryan, Fintan Callinan



St. Michael Shrine at Kilmihil

I played golf at nearby Lahinch while Sister, Cheri and Gerry visited with Maureen Metcalfe in Ennistymon. Maureen's sister Nancy Cannole was the Lady Captain of Lahinch. There was a large framed painting of her in the Clubhouse Lobby. Sister shared a video of Nancy from about fifteen years earlier. Nancy Cannole was sitting in a chair with a wooded gun in one hand and a jug of whiskey in the other while telling the story of her father and towns people defending of the British troops on the local bridge with these guns made of wood stained dark to look like the people all were armed with real guns.

We then went on to see the Cliffs of Mohr, County Clare which like the golf course was along the Atlantic Ocean coastline. We continued on to the Shrine in Knock where Pope John Paul II visited in 1979 at the 100-year anniversary of the sighting of Mary, John the Baptist and St. Joseph by nineteen people.



The Cliffs of Mohr



Giants Causeway

From there we went to Giant's Causeway along the northern coast of Ireland. We had quite a history lesson while in Northern Ireland too. We spent time and toured Derry with Eamon and Sarah McDernot. Eamon was a friend of Gerry's boss in Maryland and had been a member of the IRA during the troubles in the 1980's. We saw the graves and monuments of the Bloody Sunday Civil Rights Protestors and Hunger Strike Victims and graves of numerous people killed in the troubles of Northern Ireland. While on a hilltop sightseeing, Eamon pointed out this large farm below and said it belonged to a famous pianist named Phil Coulter. Sister had told me numerous times that Phil Coulter was one of her favorite musicians.

We then traveled on to Newgrange, County Meath to see the in-ground tomb that is over 5,200 years old. We stopped to see the Hills of Tara, The Hills of Slane and to see the Book of Kells where the monks copied the gospel in very intricate colored detailed paintings. On our last days in Ireland we had what we refer to as a Padre Peo experience. Padre Peo would now be a topic of many discussions to come.

And, during the whole trip, Sister made many Rosaries while we traveled in the car. Sister made thousands of rosaries over the last sixty years. She continued this until her last days. There were beads and wire clippings under her bed even on her last days. She, of course, has recruited several people including my mother Pat who continues making rosaries. She even has my dad growing Jobe's tears plants and the beads from those are on many rosaries. These rosaries have

made their way all over the world. Can you imagine how many people are praying with these rosaries? The rosary that sister was buried with was blessed by Pope Benedict at the Vatican. Her great niece, Debbie, was there the previous summer and brought it back for her. My wife, children, friends and my co-workers often joke about the number of people I know because of the large family we have and the business that I'm in. Well, I don't hold a candle to Sister on the number of people she knew. When we were walking through a cemetery on our trip, Sister found an engraving on the back of a gravestone. She grabbed me and said "I found our motto"! It read "Well connected and much respected". That was her alright!

In January of 2007 Sister was diagnosed with Cancer and surgery was immediately scheduled. During surgery the doctors discovered that the cancer had already spread. The only thing they could do was slow down the cancer with chemotherapy. Sister continued to live her life, prayed for a miracle and began to put things in order.

When news of her illness spread in January 2007, the news made its way back to a very famous Pianist from Ireland, Phil Coulter. He was one of sister's favorite musicians. I believe the message got back to him via John and Mary Scanlon, parishioners from St. Albert's in Minneapolis. He wrote a letter to sister in February, 2007 wishing her well. I don't think sister ever met Phil Coulter but she did have a chance meeting with his nephew in Dingle, Ireland... of course.

I visited sister often at her apartment and she shared many stories with me. She had asked me a number of years earlier to carry on with her life's work on the family genealogy. The process would now be completely passed to me after her last update in December of 2007. We even spoke of one last trip to Ireland. But as the cancer progressed, she began to share her cherished belongings to the people of her life. Sister had numerous visitors and calls from family and friends that she had communicated with over her lifetime.

She spent times staying with her siblings as they cared for her. For Christmas 2007 she made the rounds to each of her sibling's family holiday celebrations. The cancer was taking its toll and she cherished the time she had with her family and friends.



Chuck Ryan, Cheri Kluevers, Ss Zacchaeus and Gerry Ryan



Ss Zacchaeus 2008

Our friend Cheri Kluevers from Napa, California visited in early 2008. They stayed a weekend at our home and we told stories, watched the video of her Golden Jubilee at St. Patrick's. A week later Sister moved down to the Mound in Sinsinawa, Wisconsin to begin her hospice care with the Dominican Sisters.

When Sister settled into hospice care at the Mound, she still stayed in close contact with her family and friends. She had many visitors. I visited numerous times and we even took day trips to nearby historical sites. She gave my boys history lessons about the Mound, the Ryan's in the area and Father Samuel Mazzuchelli the frontier missionary priest.

The Dominican Sisters were also her family and took extremely good care of her. Just spending a little time there, you could tell that they all thought the world of her as we all did. As it was no surprise to her family, everyone there knew Sister Zacchaeus and had a story to tell about her. She had touched their lives like she touched so many others. They also cared for us as her final days and hours approached. You knew you were in a special place there. Up into the last day and into the last hours of her life she was there to welcome the visitors and family.

I held her hand as she died on Thursday August 14, 2008 at the age of eighty-five at the Mound in Sinsinawa surrounded her siblings and the wonderful family of the Dominican Sisters of Sinsinawa by her side.

Sister was preceded in death by her parents Frank and Margaret Ryan and survived by sister's: Lois Pepera, Sylvia Doerr, Terry Reisinger and brother's: Francis (Pat) Ryan, Larry Ryan and Jim (Pat) Ryan and the Dominicans Sisters of Sinsinawa, many nieces and nephews, extended family and countless friends.

Sister funeral was held at the Mound in Sinsinawa.

At the wake the Sister's sang like angels as everyone held a candle while we brought Sister Z into the chapel. Several of us shared stories of sister's life and adventures. The funeral was the next day. Nephews from each of her sibling's families were the pallbearers. Burial was at the Mound Cemetery. Her grave was of course right at the front. Sister was always at the front of the line. An eagle soared above as we stood at the grave.

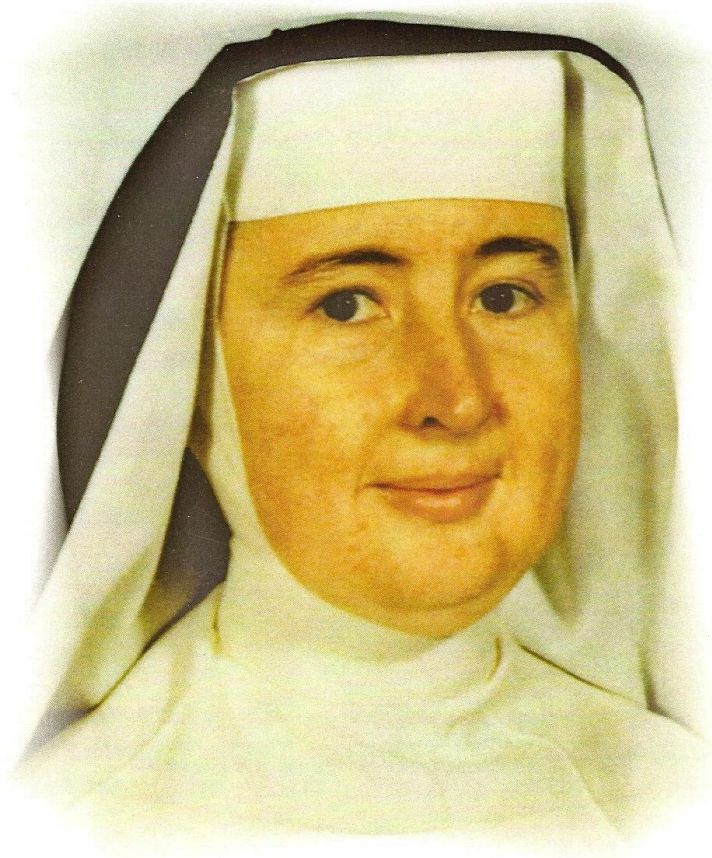
A memorial mass was performed the next week at All Saints Catholic Church in Lakeville. The church offered the mass and lunch free of charge because as they stated "It would be an honor to celebrate the life of Sister Zacchaeus Ryan a beloved sister of the parish." The mass was celebrated by Father Tom Wilson, Father Frank Roach, Father Tom Garvey and Father ... Readings were given by Sister Doris Rauenhorst and Bob Doerr, sister's oldest nephew. Presentation of the gifts were given by her nieces; Mary Jo Johnson, Karen Liemandt, Michele Reisinger and Mary Elizabeth Ozee. Eulogies were given by Father Tom Garvey and nephews Chuck Ryan (myself) and Gerry Ryan. The family and friends gathered in Murphy Hall Dining Room for lunch.

The following is a passage that sister read in a book about dying during her final days:

As long as we can love each other, and remember the feeling of love we had, we can die without ever really going away. All the love you created is still there. You live on – in the hearts of everyone you have touched and nurtured while you were here.

Sister Zacchaeus still lives in the hearts of all of us!

In Loving Memory



*Sister Zacchaeus Ryan, OP
Nov. 27, 1922 - Aug. 14, 2008*