



CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Diocese of Amarillo

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VOLUME ONE

Spring

2018

## Program: LENTEN PRAYER



The museum is open Friday mornings 9 am to 11:30 am. and Friday afternoon 1:00 pm to 4 pm.

The museum is open by appointment for church and school groups.

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The three traditional practices for Lent- prayer, fasting, almsgiving- set the mode for conversion and change as we prepare to enter fully into the Paschal Mystery. Prayer is the energy that motivates our fasting and almsgiving. Without this energy we grow limp, distracted and indifferent.

Prayer is the "lifting of mind and heart to God." It's all about getting in touch with the source of our life and faith and being.

You are invited to come apart from the distraction of daily life and be renewed with an abundance of prayer-energy on Sunday, March 11, 2018 at the Diocesan Museum 3:00-5:00 p.m. *Sr. Marie André*



*Sister Marie André Miszewski*

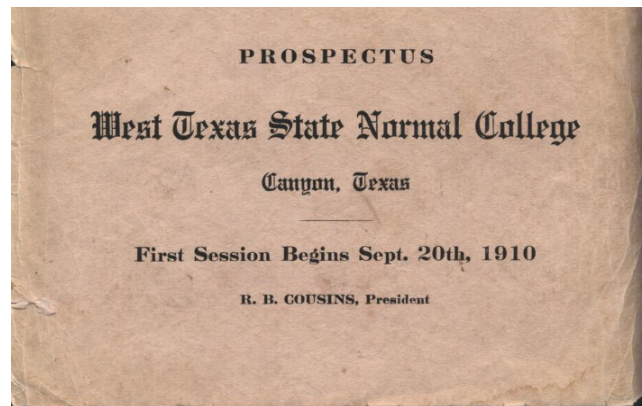
Sr. Marie André is a School Sister of Notre Dame, and a native of Wisconsin. Her ministries began as a middle school teacher and, after acquiring degrees in religious education and pastoral ministry, she served over the years as Director of Christian Formation; a pastoral associate; as well as a parish director. Now, semi-retired, she enjoys facilitating sessions for the deacon class of 2020 which have included not only input, but also a variety of reflections and prayer experiences. □

*Prayer is the "lifting of mind and heart to God."*

## A Trip Through My Missions, by Rev. J. A. Campbell (1910)

*Unfortunately the first page of Rev. J. A. Campbell 's narrative is missing from the Archives. So, we begin his trip on page 2 as Rev. Campbee begins rolling down a hill towards Canyon*

The descent is very steep by this approach to the town, and a semi-cloud burst has dug a deep gulley in the middle of the road so that we have to place the car astride it and go down cautiously so not enter the water-made fissure as that would mean a turning over and perhaps—well, with this missionary at the steering-wheel, you need not worry, he has plenty of nerve and goes through many other worse difficulties on his rounds. Pss, pss, pss, goes the little Ford as the brakes catch the axles, and as we near the bottom of the cliff, I give you the caution: hold yourself, for I am going to make the run to go up the next hill and here will be pretty sharp turn at the creek between the two hills. The engine growls dissatisfaction, then spurts and we climb the next hill gloriously and after crossing the two railway tracks at sharp angles we are in Canyon.



The only early picture of WT that I could find, the fire was several years after Chapman's visit.

Let me present you to the President of the Faculty of the Normal School, the hon. B. Cousins, a worthy man in many ways, and a most honorable and conscientious citizen. He will show us through the immensity of the State building for teachers, and will introduce you to Professor Guenther, a Catholic who holds the distinction of being the only one of his creed amongst the entire faculty. We have other with Irish names, but the name they have and nothing else. The churches have sent their best men here to engage in enlisting the sympathies of the Normal students, 600 of them, so as to create an atmosphere that will benefit them, as these students are going later on into different parts of the State as teachers. At present the Catholic population of Canyon comprises four families, which I visit twice a month; but, if we could have a missionary in Canyon to get acquainted with all of these students and work amongst them, what a vast amount of prejudice and ignorance could be put to rest. The question is where to get the funds.. We have the man for it in brother Lawrence, T.S.A., who is well known to the readers of *The Lamp*. Sent by the Father Minister of the Friars of the Atonement to aid us as a lay catechist, his former training and experience as a Presbyterian minister of the Southland, eminently fits him for the work. It is just a question of funds. If we had the money to support him, and to buy the necessary literature, we could, through Canyon, in time influence a goodly part of the State. The Paulists have recognized the necessity of such a work at the University of Texas and are doing immense good. Why not treat the Normal School towns in the same manner? Leaving the Normal we pass through the town, a mile in extent, on our way to the next stopping place, Hereford. We have already travelled eighteen miles and we have thirty-two more to go over before we stop again, and this time at headquarters.



You want a cigar? Thank you, I do not smoke. I do not either, and as we are speeding along I have to watch the road pretty carefully and you can pass the time by looking at the country. That's the smoke of a train ascending Umbarger Hill. We are two miles behind it but we will easily pass it as we are lightly loaded and the ascent is six miles in all. You will notice that the Santa Fe has placed here monstrous engines. We have seen on this part of the road at times engines 121 feet long, but every day we see though double engines, with two sets of pistons and cylinders, etc. they usually have two firemen to take care of their boilers and pull as many as eighty cars up the steepest grade.

The twelve miles are soon over and we pass through Umbarger between the North and the South church. Once upon a time they, a few families, had built two rival churches there, but I disposed of one and kept the other; and now they have a good priest of their own and get along nicely. We would stop to see Father Dolje, but the time presses as we have eighteen more miles before we stop and therefore: chuck, chuck, goes the engine as we merrily advance along the way. Nothing to be seen but windmills and occasionally a ranch house. Here is the Green Valley with many sections of land, given to the prosaic but profitable business of raising mules. A Chicago merchant is the owner. There is another cattle company and we call this place "Joel" and from here you have a view of Hereford; and were it in summer, you might see it, some morning way up in the sky, as we have mirages in this part of the country.

We have now reached the irrigation country, as Hereford is in that belt or zone, and smoke that you see arising on different points of the plain in spring and summer and fall time tells you that water is being pumped at the rate of about 1,800 gallons each minute to irrigate immense fields of alfalfa or sweet clover that feed numerous herds of hogs, which in turn bring prosper to their owners. What used to be called the "Great American Desert", in which neither a man nor beast could live, has developed to be God's chosen farming country. As we approach Hereford we are met with trees at every turn and every place. Hereford is a little city of trees and wind though it is a water and sewer system. It has a population of about 4,000 people, two schools, and four churches besides the Catholic chapel which is in the district court room of the old courthouse, for the Antidote building is the Deaf-Smith county Court House of former days.

This court house has witnessed at least one thrilling tragedy, and as I am writing I can still see the bullet holes though the wall in from of me. They had a little western



"Engines 121 feet long"



Umbarger Church



1,800 gallons each minute

fight in this office between the sheriff and some outlaws, and the sheriff “got his man” as the saying goes.

The Antidote building was bought some five years ago for a Catholic Church and School and as the few Hereford Catholics were unable to pay what they had contracted, the burden was transferred to The Antidote and that’s how The Antidote is now in possession allowing the Catholics to use a part of the second story as a chapel.

Here I have twelve Catholic families only. Not numerous, but good and real students of Catholic doctrine. There is a Bible class in full swing to which non-Catholics are invited and welcome, and once in a while we get up some function to which we invite our separated friends; and by placing wedges, we have dissipated much prejudice. The man with as good a name as anyone in the town and as good a credit and who is most consulted in delicate matters is the Catholic Priest. They have come to me in the dead of the night and begun by stating: “Well, Brother, I know that you keep your mouth shut; and I must unload on someone”-- and then the tale would come out. We have reached that point here after several years of incessant labor where we can do much if only we had the means to support the work. We need a church, we have none. There is a community of Sisters who would settle here, if we had the means to sustain them and rent or put up a school. The Antidote building was paid for by the work of my hand’s working as a printer 16 hours a day; but I am unable to do that anymore as I have a bad heart and straining lays me low.

You could not find a better set of people anywhere than in Hereford; respectful, considerate. It used not to be so. I have had to dodge rocks when I first came here, and the cry of “Cat Priest” was often heard on the streets. There came a preacher from Fort Worth two years ago for the purpose of ruining The Antidote and the Catholics. After having gotten his public under his sway he proposed wrecking the building, etc. after making vile and sensational charges. I met him on his own platform, called for investigation of his charges if the preachers themselves would submit to investigation. I had inside facts—they refused to be investigated, the public laughed and Morris went his way before schedule time, forced by the better element in town who resented his attacks. He came to curse, like Balaam, but the result was a blessing. If we only could get a school in here how many converts could we not make?

But why tarry in Hereford, as we have to go to so many other points?



Original Court House in Hereford



Hereford 1910



Hereford 1910



Yes, this is Summerfield and eight miles to the south there are two German Catholic families with children galore, but lacking facilities they seldom come to church though willing. The children go the public school and there learn to despise priest and confessional; but, let us pass on, as this is only a very common case. Friona, a smart little town on the side of a hillock and 23 miles to the north of it there is another Catholic family 46 miles from church and priest, just beginners, alone amidst a number of Congregationalists, whose preacher thinks he is the Lord and God of that part of the country. How long will those children hold on to the little faith given them by their parents is a big question.

At Friona we turn towards the south and strike the trail passing through two canyons being at one point fifteen miles from nowhere. We just follow a trail and should a blizzard arise as they do sometimes at this season, there is nothing to be done but to camp until it is over as you can see nothing in a blizzard. Put your curtains up and put up the collar of your coat and once in a while dance a lone jig by the car side so as to keep yourself from freezing, feed on imagination and sing in your heart whilst the winds howl. We have known many strong cattle to have perished in such storms at the winter season and will and old man like me with a bad heart-trouble resist cold and storm and not die when the least strain can bring about a crisis. And so I always go with pellets of strychnine and digataline and spirits of nitrite with me for emergencies, and times after exertion I have had to stop the car and lie low on the seat waiting for either relief or death as God would please. I have at times to travel the wilderness of the plains all alone at night, and it is not an easy matter to find your way in the night by the glare of electric lights when one nook of the plains looks exactly like another nook.

Two years ago, a good priest traveled over the plains to come to see me. I wanted him to wait for an experienced guide to go back or else to start in the early hours of the morning so as to make sure to see every track and follow them; but he was stubborn and went. The next morning, after turning this way and that he found himself, chilly and hungry, within a few miles of this point of departure. But here we are at a house and a Polish Catholic family occupies it. They have ten children besides a daughter who is a widow with one child. The pet of the children is a wild coyote or prairie wolf that will viciously snap at you. One of the boys will get in with us and we will push ten miles further to see another family of father, mother and five children, passing by the house of an Irishman who graduated from the Catholic Church into the *pro*. +



Friona Residents circa 1910



I always go with pellets of strychnine and digataline and spirits of nitrite with me.



The pet of the children is a wild coyote.

Presbyterian denomination. Then having filled up the oil and gasoline reservoirs, as we have already traveled 146 miles, we turn to the northwest to visit another family who were once Lutherans, but who have all, one by one, become Catholics. There are six in the family, and the good mother and father wish to have me in the parlor for a chat and then Fred will get in with us and from there we proceed to the Bovina church. +

### **A Storm of Bullets**

The Bovina Church used to be a school house, and I bought it from the Capitol Freehold Land; but zealous Methodist of the place started all kinds of troubles. Some of the windows still show bullet holes and when I was sleeping in there at night it was not pleasant to hear the window lights break under the blow of a bullet. They tried to get the place from my hands to turn it into a dance hall and even broke into it. I finally discovered my man and told him a few things “between us”; and after that he judged it more prudent to leave our church alone, though we dare not leave holy vessels there as they still break in one in a while, but not to dance. No need to go to Mexico for the sound bullets. Much nearer than that. Our Methodist friend God took care of, and he is gone.

From there we travel six miles more and we reach another family with three children and ten miles more and another family. The head of the family is Irish and his boys are Baptists and his wife is a Methodist. Through the prayers of St. Patrick may they all be converted. Passing along the New Mexico State Line we find a number of fallen aways.



And now you will kindly get out of the car and help shovel away the sand as we are in the sand dunes on our way to see a German Catholic family. To our right, fifteen miles away lives Clovis, New Mexico, and the Missionary attending it lives only 135 miles from his mission, down in Roswell; and Clovis being a railroad divisional point I am at times called there as the priest that can get in first on sick calls. Not very long ago there was a double shooting there, the usual result of Mexican Mix-ups, and I had to go through muddy roads as fast as gasoline power would make it. I had a companion and reaching the top of a knoll the car began to slide around and my man got frightened and screamed at the top of his voice: “Whoa, whoa,” but the little Ford was as stubborn in not heading his orders as the nations at war were in not heeding Ford’s plea for peace, and in the ditch we went and had to push hard to come out of it as the wheels would not grasp anything solid. However, I made Clovis in good time to prepare the shot parties for death; the woman was pierced by a bullet through the left lung, and the man through the head.

### **Ploughing Through Sand**

To return to our itinerary, or better to our route, we are now straining every bit of the power of the Ford car going through deep sand, which to avoid, we at times, ride ridges with a couple of inches to spare on each side so as not to fall into the very deep ruts, for that would mean we would have to lift the car bodily out of them and how can a

a man lift a ton of weight or even how can two men do it? Having visited our German family, we make for Muleshoe to see some Catholic boys who work on a ranch and from there we push on in the same style through some more counties and finally come to a family with a number of children that the mother, a good Catholic, is trying to keep for the Faith, notwithstanding the lure of the M. E. Church nearby. Would you not help such a one with influence of a catechist or missionary that would go about such localities and dispel prejudices. In every locality you find *The Menace* or *The Yellow Jacket* or some such anti-Catholic paper. In every locality preachers have denounced the Catholic Church and Catholics; and think of those lonely, isolated families, like the lone tree having to stand the full weight of the storm without the help of other families for moral support. It is astonishing that under such circumstances the younger generation keeps even a spark of the Faith in them. I have before me now a letter from a single man who lives 90 miles from a railway and 123 miles from a church. He wants me to go to him and give him the Sacraments. He has cattle and he cannot leave his ranch as he is alone. A trip to him would mean nearly four hundred miles of traveling or about two days with a car.

### **“Ex-Priests”**

In those places, were it only ignorance that you have to fight it would be an easy matter; but you also have numberless anti-Catholic books to overcome and some “ex-priests” like J. B. Daly, for instance, who is paid a fat salary by the Baptists to go to such places as I have described to insult Catholics and force them, intimidate them, into the Baptist Church if he can. There is “Sheehan”; and there was “Delaney”, etc. Poor Delaney went on until he died without a priest in a corner of Oklahoma. He had passed through the Panhandle and made charges so vile that we could not repeat them. I followed in his tracks and was met by organized opposition. I usually told those preachers, Western fashion, not to make fools of themselves by objecting to what I was going to say before I had spoken, but to wait and take notes and then I would let them have the floor; and when through with the subject in hand, they usually had enough and went away with the excuse that they would take it up later on with a bigger control.

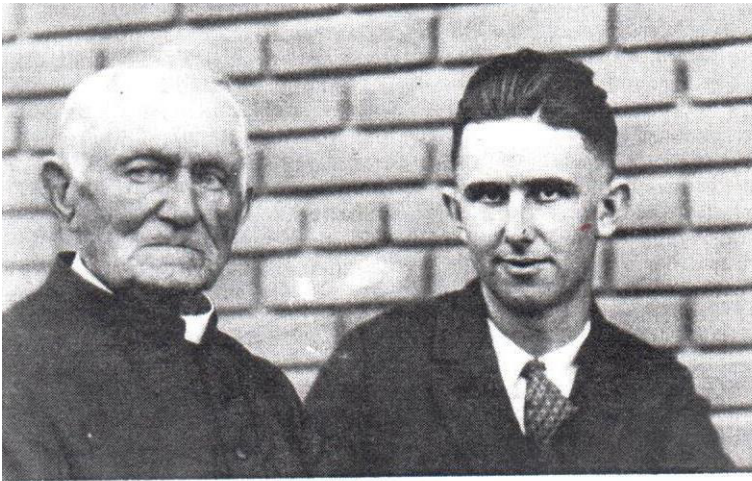
### **A Texas Branch of the U.N.B.L.**

Well, dear reader, I have given you an idea of the work on my hands here. I am not the only priest in the Southwest who has such hard missions. Can you not help us organize a Texas Branch of the U.N.B.L. with *The Antidote* as its organ, just as the *The Lamp* is the organ of the Graymoor Central Union. Look upon the two illustrations, that mother with four children about her lap trying to talk to them of God and the Church with a gang of proselyters nearby endeavoring to take away from her the souls of her children; and the other picture of eight children living with their parents so many miles away from church or priest. If only a well-posted lecturer or *The Antidote* could penetrate occasionally in such a place, what tower of strength to that mother would it not prove to be. What has been done in Hereford can be repeated all over the Great South West and will you become our intelligent co-workers to that glorious end by subscribing to *The Antidote*, the Catholic offset to the *Menace*. We have a glorious and meritorious work to do right in America, in the Land for God and the Church. end.

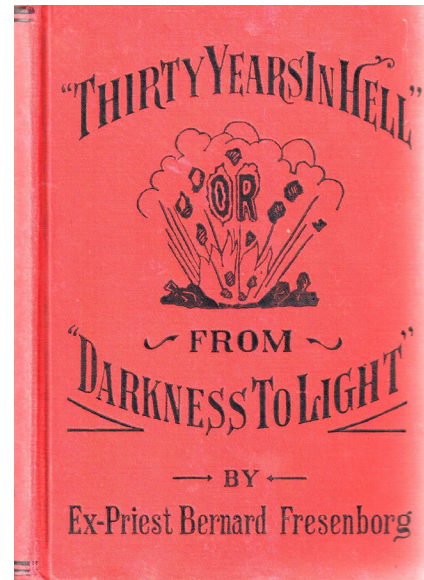
### **Hate Sheets and Hell Books**

From time to time, hate sheets such as *The Menace* or *The Yellow Jacket* circulated throughout West Texas along with the anti-Catholic evangelists. These standers continued to inflame a spirit of prejudice against the Church, and one priest, Rev. J. A. Campbell decided to take the offensive against them. Campbell had been a railroad worker in Canada and did not receive Holy Orders until he was thirty-five. Fr. Campbell was a controversial character. Bishop Dunne was unsatisfied with his orthodoxy and sent him back to the seminary for a review of his theology. While he was stationed at Corsicana he got into serious trouble and left for Idaho. In 1910, after a seven year absence, he returned against the wishes of Bishop Lynch and Lynch promptly exiled him to Umbarger.





Rev. Bernard Fresenborg, author of *Thirty Years in Hell*, in his late years after he had become embittered by his assignments to the Midwest. Here he is shown with his nephew, Joe Fresenborg.



Cambell soon took interest in Hereford and purchased the Old Deaf Smith County courthouse which he turned into a church. On the second floor he set up an office and began publication of a small monthly magazine. *The Antidote*, designed to counteract the influence of *The Menace* and *Yellow Jacket*. Campbell's parish work included a stretch of territory from Canyon to Clovis and Muleshoe. At Bovina, he bought an old schoolhouse and turned it into a church. In his absence, burglars frequently broke into the building, but one night while he was sleeping, someone fired shots into the structure.

Campbell received a transfer to Sweetwater where, among his building tasks in the missions, he commenced a new publication entitled *Let Us Get Together*. The news paper did not have the belligerent tone of *The Antidote*, but rather Campbell's writings tried to show that good Catholics were equally good Americans.

Evidently, he wanted to counteract the nativist hysteria of the "Red Scare" era which followed World War I, and in one article he demonstrated Catholic patriotism in this fashion: "If by any impossible suggestion the Pope should man an army and fleet to storm coast, do you know what Catholics would do? You would have 2,000,000 Catholics in the American army ready to die to resist the Pope's invasion; you would have 13,000,000 in their homes praying for their sons, brothers, and fathers in the field. "You would have 45,000 catholic nuns upon their knees beseeching the God of Armies to strike the guns from the roman emissaries; you would have 17,000 priests in the front rank of the army fighting until they died for the Constitution of the United States. We would be loyal Catholics still; we would say to that Pope; "We shall render to God the things that are God's yes, but we will also render unto Caesar the Things that are Caesar's"

The "ex-priest" that Campbell mentioned were often fakes, but for real was Rev. Bernard Fresenborg a German priest, whose name appeared as the author of an ant-Catholic testimonial book entitled *Thirty Years in Hell*. Fresenborg came newly ordained to Alton, Illinois in 1879 and his superiors took careful note of his ability to work with colonies of German immigrants. In due time they put him to work as a clerical trouble-shooter among the German in the Midwest.

However, by the time he reached the age of 55 in 1902, his health had declined and he had become convinced that his superiors were apathetic about the difficult work he had done. At that point, Fresenborg not only left the church, but he also allowed his name to be used on what was described as "one of the vilest products of the Church's defamers."

*Thirty Years in Hell* circulated all over the Midwest and first appeared in West Texas in 1905. One man recalled that when his father gathered the children together every Sunday, he read to them first from the Bible and then from *Thirty Years in Hell*. Later, in Sherman County, Texas, in the 1930's, one still encountered prejudice stemming from this book.

Fresenborg drifted from place to place until he settled by himself on a small farm at Hooker, Oklahoma, Catholics avoided him and protestants remained suspicious. Eventually, Bishop R. A. Gerken of Amarillo made contact with him and Fresenborg reconciled with the Bishop Gerken and the Catholic Church.



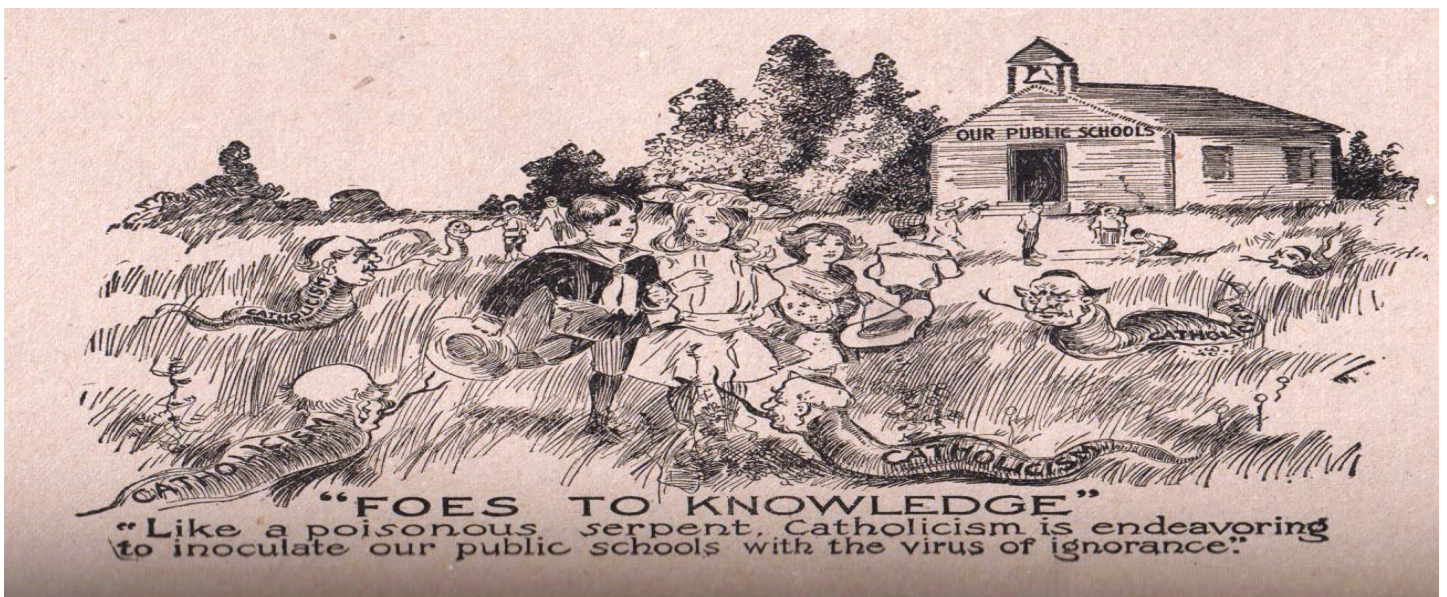
**Excerpt taken from: Thirty Years in Hell or Darkness to Light.**

*"I repeat what this nun related in order that the reader may not be compelled to take my statements alone. Her story follows:"*

*It was customary with the sisters in our convent to give the bishop and priests of my diocese a grand dinner once every year. Of course, this entailed a great deal of extra work upon our part; however, we were glad to undergo these hardships, as I thought at that time that it was a part of my religion, the finest delicacies of the season and the choicest wines graced the table. The dinner was always served in the dining room of the priest of the house. The bishop would usually arrive along in the afternoon about two or three o'clock. We would spread scarlet felt upon the floor of the cloister in honor of the occasion, and the drawing room would be banked with the rarest flowers; the dining table would groan beneath its rick silver and cut-glass".*

*Now, bear in mind that what I am going to tell you is what happened when there were a number of priests together with their bishop in their midst, and it is a well-known fact that "numbers" is often a check to the actions and ungodly inclinations of many, but if what this nun related is true, with an assemblage of a score or more of priests, with their bishop in their midst, then what could be expected of one of these priests alone in the presence of a female whom he preferred? I make this statement so that the reader can draw an intelligent conclusion. I will now proceed with the nun's story: 'this annual dinner would be made an occasion for great rejoicing and recreation on the part of the holy ecclesiastics. Everything was all right as long as the meal was in progress, but as soon as the sisters who had waited on them had withdrawn, after placing an abundance of wine, whisky and cigars on the table, then all restraint would be set aside and these holy fathers (?) would then exchange confidences as to the latest items of news they had gathered in confessional from Catholic servants employed in Protestant families, and, without mentioning any names would repeat, amid shouts of drunken laughter, the sins that some of their female penitents had confessed. "We nuns would often put our ears to the keyhole and listen to the stories that were being told by the priests, and upon my word, I never in all my life heard as many dirty, immoral, filthy stories told as these vagabond priests would repeat, and it always seemed as though the bishop heartily enjoyed them.*

*"These carousals would proceed for hours. The whiskey bowl would be placed in the center of the table, and then these drunken priests would sing songs which were "vileness personified." I feel that it is not necessary for me to go further to convince anyone of my readers that the lustfulness of the priesthood is a menace to the chastity of womankind, for if this nun has told the truth, and which I know from past experiences is true, and which I also know is a recital that could be intensified ten thousand times over, if the whole truth could be told, but which cannot be told in this volume, as I have too much respect for my readers to recite what I have seen with my own eyes and what I have had repeated to me by broken-hearted "sisters" who have come to me with tears in their eyes and with sighs in their throats to tell me of their miseries."*





## **Fray Juan Padilla**

Long before the New Diocesan Pastoral Center was built, I began negotiations for a large mural of Fray Juan Padilla to be painted on the large back wall of the new museum. Joshua Sorenson was honored to be asked to complete this task, but by the time the museum was completed, Joshua had begun his path to become a doctor and his studies took all of his spare time.

Another great diocesan artist came to mind by the name of Randy Friemel. Randy agreed to paint the mural, but in the meantime I spoke to Fred Sanchez, who had set up the Jimmy and Roslyn Carter museum, and he suggested that it would be better to have a painting done and then have it copied to linen and hung on the wall. This way you always have your original artwork in case there is damage to the building or someone in the future (heaven forbid) decides to paint over it.

Randy Friemel completed a 4 x 6 stunning painting. He then took pictures of the artwork and sent them to a company that specializes in transferring the photograph to linen. After 18 months, the mural is here, it is hung, and it is glorious. Please make plans to come and see this long awaited prize.



### **Why Fray Juan Padilla as the subject of our mural?**

An official Texas Historical Commission marker four miles east of Canyon alongside Texas 217 leading to Palo Duro Canyon acknowledges that Fray Juan De Padillo said Mass there on May 29, 1541, for the army accompanying Spanish conquistador Francisco Vasquez de Coronado.

The actual Mass was celebrated by Father Fray Juan De Padilla, O.F.M. Franciscan missionary, who later became the first martyr for Christianity in the United States and in Texas. The priest accompanied Coronado to Quivira, and later returned to the region where he worked toward civilizing and christianizing the Wichita and other Indian nations in the region of the Texas Panhandle. His martyrdom occurred in 1544.



**November 30, 2017 -Feb. 15, 2018  
Contributions**

M/M James P. Arend	200
Alfred Bednorz	25
Neva Burks	25
J. Thomas Campbell	25
Circle, St. Ann's Canyon	25
M/M James T. Clarke	25
Marily A. Commons	25
John & Phllis Doucette	25
Bille Glenn	25
Msgr. Norbert Kuehler	600
Carol Lindermann Family	10
Gladys Looten	100
Jan McCoy	2000
Jane Roberts	50
St. Hyacinth's Church	150
Leo & Sudrey Wink	250
<b>Total</b>	<b>3560</b>

**Museum Memberships**

Darryl Birkenfeld	25
Peggy Quinto	20
Sharon Moylan	20

**St. Lucien Project**

Gerald & Sue Diller	100
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**Honorarium**

In honor of Mary Brorman	
Joe & Pam Shehan	100
In honor of Thomas & Paul	50
Stich by Pat Stich	

**Thanks To:**

Don Allen, St. Thomas Parish, for repairs to statue of St. Ann, from St. Ann's nursing Home, Panhandle, Texas.



**St. Hyacinth's Parishioners Visit Diocesan Museum**

On January 19th, Rev. James Schmitmeyer and a large group from St. Hyacinth's Parish, Amarillo, spent the evening at the Amarillo Diocesan Center Museum. Starting in the large conference room, they enjoyed a "Build Your Own Sandwich" meal, catered by Chef Jason Haschke from the Bishop DeFalco Retreat Center. Then they met in the Museum for a tour and program presented by Catholic Historical Society Board Members – Natalie Barrett, Doris Smith, Don White, Museum Curator, Ann Weld and Archive Assistant Bernice Patino.

While the adults watched a DVD Presentation – "The History of the Diocese, 1954," the children went on a Scavenger Hunt to find items located in the museum collection. They searched for Stations of the Cross from Sacred Heart Cathedral; Price college jackets; a chair with horns on it; a statue of St. Anne with her child, Mary; a man who built an ark; a pope located near the front door; the name of our current Bishop; the name of the first cathedral in Amarillo, and a wall filled with Retablos. At the conclusion of the Hunt, they voted for their favorite exhibit in the Museum — the statue of St. Anne and Mary won top honors.

The group was then treated to a tour of the Diocesan Center. Give Susan Garner, Archivist, a call at 383-2243 if your parish would be interested in the "grand tour."







P.O. Box 5644  
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Natalie Barrett, CHS board member, is seen perusing the books at the Museum book give away.



Shave and a haircut ...2 bits. Ann Weld does touch up on our mannequin, Dave. We call him Dave because it was carved into his forehead. Dave is being cleaned up, evangelized and will then move into the chapel display in the museum. We believe that Dave is the mannequin from the Big Texan.