

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Diocese of Amarillo

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VOLUME TWO

SUMMER

2018

Inside: The Grand Old Man is Dead... Fr. James Dolje



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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Bishop Leroy T. Matthiesen presents the papal medal Benemerenti to Sister Nellie Rooney for her historical work for the Diocese of Amarillo and Lubock, March 3, 1989

SISTER NELLIE ROONEY

assisted by Bishop LeRoy Matthiesen and others, was the prime mover behind the creation of the Catholic Historical Society in 1975, and the subsequent building of the first Amarillo Diocesan Museum which was dedicated in December, 1985. Sister Nellie was curator of the museum and secretary of the Historical Society until she was 93. She was born in Cheney, Nebraska in 1902.

Sister Nellie joined the Franciscan Mission Sisters and made her first vows in 1939. Upon learning

about the need for Catholic education in the newly created Diocese of Amarillo, she was assigned to the ministry of teaching in schools staffed by the community. She had written her Master's thesis at the Catholic University of America on "A History of the Catholic Church in the Panhandle-Plains Area of Texas from 1875-1916.

Sister Nellie was honored with a Mass and reception on her 100th birthday on Nov. 3, 2002 at St. Hyacinth's Church, Amarillo. She died July 11, 2003.

More Anti-Catholicism in West Texas

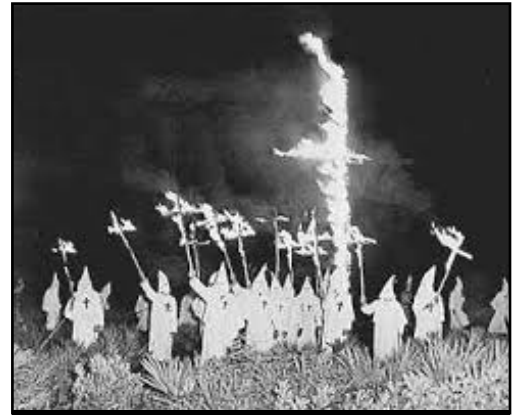
Catholics did not settle in the United States in large numbers until the great waves of immigration in the nineteenth century brought in thousands from Ireland, Germany, Poland, and Italy. The anti-immigration feeling that grew up during this period thus carried with it a strong dose of anti-Catholicism. First came the Know-Nothings in the mid-nineteenth century, warning that the Vatican intended to subvert America. Later, the American Protective Association made outlandish accusations and caused much bitterness before it expired about the time of the Spanish-American War.

The Church made the black-list of the Ku Klux Klan, and opposition to Catholics became so well organized that state legislatures began to feel the pressure. The Klan's legal efforts against the Church reached a peak in 1916 when the Georgia legislature passed the disgraceful *Veasey Convent Inspection Bill*.

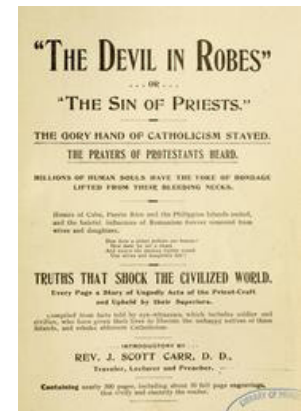
Itinerant preachers in the south and West sometimes based their message in attacks upon the Roman church, and West Texas attracted its share of these men. One, a Reverend L. Tomme, a Baptist minister from Clarendon, continually preached on these themes. He eventually incurred the wrath of the Southern Messenger after he published an article in *Industrial West* entitled "The Devil in Robes or the Sin of Priests." Tome accused the Catholic clergy of various and sundry crimes but made the special claim that priests were masters of the black art of wife-stealing. The Southern Messenger dismissed Tomme as an idiot.

Catholics moving into West Texas met occasional hostile responses from their Protestant neighbors. At Nazareth, the Protestants moved out when the Catholics moved in. At Umbarger, Pius Friemel's neighbors threatened him with a hatchet because they wanted no Catholics around. When the Incarnate Word Sisters came to St. Anthony's Sanitarium in Amarillo, they encountered a great deal of distrust from the townspeople. Frequently, the nuns found themselves the subject of caustic remarks. No all the stores in town were willing to sell their goods to the sisters, and those that did refused credit and demanded cash. Two months passed before the Sisters received their first patient, and he turned out to be a county case alcoholic. When Father Dunn moved St. Mary's to Amarillo, he received several messages warning him that the school would be burned. On several occasions he or his friends had to watch the school at night. About 1924 the Ku Klux Klan threatened to burn the school, but this time a Lutheran named Walter Irvin stood night guard with two loaded six-shooters to protect the school.

The threats and slanders, the fear and suspicion were small symptoms of a general malaise that infected the American people, and the anxiety finally came to a head in the violent period that followed the First World War. In the south, unrest gave birth to special wrath against Negroes, Jews, foreigners, Catholics, Labor Unions,



Ku Klux Klan burning Cross



Tomme's Article



St. Anthony's Sanitarium



St. Mary's School 1913

“Bolsheviks” intellectuals, and bums. Membership, fervor, and aggressiveness of the Ku Klux Klan skyrocketed, and the era became a time of lynching, beatings, burning crosses, threats, and rule by vigilante gangs. By August, 1921, Texas endured at least fifty-two acts of vigilante violence for that year, and by 1922, Texas Klan membership rose to 80,000.

In this climate of lawlessness, vigilante gangs in 1927 committed outrages against two West Texas priests. Catholics around the state reacted to these incidents as attacks upon the Church itself, but a closer look reveals that other circumstances complicated these matters beyond the blunt charge of religious prejudice. The first victim was Rev. Joseph M. Keller of Slaton who had initially come from Aachen, Germany, to work among German Catholics in the Diocese of Dallas. He arrived in America just before the First World War began, and Bishop Lynch placed him briefly at Hermeleigh before moving him to Slaton to help the dying pioneer priest, Father Jo-



Fr. Keller



Father Keller in front of Slaton Rectory



Slaton Church

At Slaton, Keller's life entered a web of personality conflicts and confusion. By this time, the First World War raged in Europe, and the editor of the Slaton newspaper began to denounce the Germans as Barbarians and “Hun” Keller had strong feelings about the war and confronted the editor with an angry retort. A few weeks later, the rumor spread around Slaton that the Kaiser had appointed several hundred priests to do spy work in the United States, and soon the jaundiced eyes of Slaton citizens turned toward Father Keller. To make matters worse, He placed a picture of the Kaiser above his study and did not remove it until his parishioners forced him to.

When the United States entered the war, Father Keller turned an about face and attempted to make a patriotic gesture at a rally by signing up to buy bonds. However, at the next rally a week later, the speaker publicly denounced him because he was the only one who had failed to pay his share. Regardless of what he did, the people of Slaton thought Keller to be disloyal, and the small town rumor mill began to grind out a long line of stories which, among other things, accused him of lechery and adultery, said that he had syphilis, and claimed that he broke the seal of confession. The congregation divided sharply over the its pastor. In 1918, some of the Slaton parishioners sent a petition to Bishop Lynch asking him to remove Father Keller, but Lynch rejected the petition and ordered the petitioner to grant Keller the respect due him as a priest. Resentment against Keller persisted, and when he attempted to become an American citizen in 1923, Federal Judge James Wilson of Amarillo refused to allow it because of the harsh testimony of two Slatonites against him.

On the night of March 4, 1922, Keller got up from his reading to answer the door and found himself facing six masked men brandishing pistols. Firing a shot at the ceiling, the attackers burst across the threshold and seized the startled priest. In the presence of his horrified housekeeper, the men quickly bound him and dragged him away to a waiting car. Keller's assailants stuffed him down into the back seat and sped away past the safety of the city lights out into the dreadful darkness of the country night. They drove out on a lonely road to a place several miles north of town, and when they stopped, the terrified Keller rose up to see fifteen or twenty more men waiting for him. They snatched him from the car, and he wailed for mercy, but his tormentors tore all his clothes off and began to lash him with a leather belt. The scouring ended after about twenty strokes, but the ordeal continued as the vigilantes proceeded to cover him with a coat of heated tar. Someone produced a pillow and after ripping it open, the group gleefully scattered feathers all over him.

As Keller lay there in anguish, members of the mob lectured him and berated him for his "crimes". they demanded that he leave the area and then departed on a chilling note: "What you got today is only a break-fast-spell for you," they warned, "We are five-hundred red blooded Americans of Lubbock and Slaton who are watching you." After the vigilantes left, Keller slowly made his way back to town and sought out the help of a local physician. On the following day he boarded a train for Amarillo and after a brief stay at St. Anthony's Hospital he left for Dallas and a conference with Bishop Lynch.

No Catholics were among the ones who attacked Keller that evening, but the next day, the leading citizens of the town gathered for a mass meeting, and seven of the fifty-four who signed a statement endorsing the action were Keller's parishioners. The incident provoked an angry response from Texas Catholics, and several chapters of the Knights of Columbus sent letters of protest to the city of Slaton. The National Catholic Welfare Council offered a \$2,500 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties. Meanwhile, Bishop Lynch watched and waited. For a time he considered placing Slaton under interdict (an interdict is an ecclesiastical censor that excludes from certain rites of the Church individuals or groups, who nonetheless do not cease to be members of the Church). but soon he realized that the damage was done and the Church would have to go on about its business. The sisters of Mercy, however, decided to leave the school for a time until matters settled down. Father Keller suffered a nervous breakdown and spent a year recovering in a St. Louis hospital. Eventually, he went to Milwaukee where he served in parishes until his death in 1939.

The outrage against Father Keller was still on the minds of many when another attack occurred against a West Texas Priest. This time the victim was Rev. Joseph Meiser, a German who came up in 1921 from Schulenburg to serve at Olfen. At his new assignment, Father Meiser soon built a school for his parishioners, but the withdrawal of Catholic students brought about the closing of the public school nearby. The closing of a school that received state aid caused a furor in Runnels County, and suspicion fell upon Father Meiser that he was bent on the undoing of the public schools in the county. In the meantime, documents came from an unknown source to the American legion in Ballinger requesting that Meiser be watched.

In the eerie light of dusk on September 3, Meiser's housekeeper peered out to see four strangers approaching the rectory. She quickly warned the priest, and as they knocked on the door, he placed a loaded revolver in his pocket. When he opened the door, the men immediately charged into the room and as he tried to draw his gun they struck him in the face with a rifle butt. Meiser's assailants covered his bleeding face and whisked him away to an isolated site about three miles away where four more men waited. The marauders flogged him repeatedly for about thirty minutes, and in between beatings, they charged him with disloyalty to the American government and accused him of advocating the teaching of German. They denounced him further for trying to break up the public school system and leaving him bleeding on the ground, the vigilantes warned Meiser that he was to leave the state or face the direst consequences. Father Meiser took a long look at the license numbers of the cars, but when he made his pain-

ful way back to helping hands, the sheriff told him that the numbers were useless because they were from another county. The Runnels County Grand Jury declined to investigate the matter for lack of evidence. Fearing further violence, Meiser and the nuns left Olfen, and the small Catholic school closed. Meiser disappeared from sight and did not reappear again until 1925 when he took the pastorate at Willow, North Dakota, in the Diocese of Bismarck.

Regardless of the reasons for these attacks, Catholics often interpreted these occasions as further evidence of Protestant hatred, but the fear of violence began to subside by 1925. Although West Texas, like much of the American south, remained a place where many people regarded Catholic with suspicion, prejudice eased with the passage of time. West Texas Catholics found ways to reconcile a rigid Catholicism with a Protestant environment, and the Church learned to be more careful with her public relations.

John Michael Harter

Fr. Joseph Keller Later On

Shortly after the priest departed Amarillo for Dallas, Bishop Lynch received a letter from St. Joseph's Parish of Slaton asking that the Bishop send Father Keller back to their church. Twenty-six members of the parish signed the appeal, including A. L. Hoffman, a founding member and head of one of the two families to participate in the first Catholic mass offered in Slaton back in 1911. Father Keller was not capable of serving the needs of the parish. He needed to recover physically and emotionally from the torture inflicted upon him. He spent the next year near St. Louis at the Sisters of the



Precious Blood Convent in O'Fallon, Missouri, not too far from Kendrick Seminary where he took his vows what seemed like an eternity ago. After his health returned, Father Keller travelled to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where the Diocese there accepted him into their ministry. He served faithfully until 1938 when his health began failing. In October he was admitted to the hospital and his body expired at 4:00 in the morning of December 18, 1939, as once again his homeland was involved in a world war. Poignantly, members of St. Joseph's Parish found out that upon his death, Father Keller wanted his \$1000 life insurance policy to be awarded to the Diocese of Amarillo to serve his Church in West Texas where he had been called those many years before.

Thank you for your
generosity!

The Grand Old Man is Dead Fr. John James Dolje

Rev. J. J. Dolje, Pioneer missionary to the "Roaring Camp" country, friend and Judge to quick-triggered, gold-mad prospectors of the Arizona rush, consoler of many a dying victim massacred by slinking blood-thirsty Apaches during the Geronimo campaign.



January 11, 1944.... The grand old man of the Diocese of Amarillo has passed to his Eternal Home to receive bountiful reward for his extraordinary labors and achievements in the service of his master. Father John James Dolje, priest extraordinary, has died.

Beloved by his Bishop, his fellow priests and the people who knew him, Father Dolje was revered for his saintliness, devotion to duty, and faithfulness to his calling. For years both clergy and lay people alike abided by his profound spiritual counsel and sage advice in material matters. His absence will be very keenly felt, especially by his fellow priests who eagerly sought his companionship, enjoyed his confidence and delighted in his wit and good humor.

John James Dolje was born in the village of Stettard in the Netherlands on January 7, 1861. He at-

tended the "common school" in the village of his birth and later entered the commercial department of the Jesuit College of St. Aloysius in Stettard in 1873, completing his course in 1877. In 1882 he completed his training in philosophy at St. Trond in Belgium. Then he entered The American College at Louvain where he received his degree of Licentiate of Sacred Theology degree in 1885.

Having achieved singular excellence in his studies at Louvain, Father Dolje was assigned to teach Theology in the University. After one year as professor, he found the work far too tame and decided to go to America where priests were desperately needed as civilization moved westward, opening new territories.



Having achieved singular excellence in his studies at Louvain, Father Dolje was assigned to teach Theology in the University. After one year as professor, he found the work far too tame and decided to go to America where priests were desperately needed as civilization moved westward, opening new territories. To America he came, and in August 1886 arrived in Santa Fe, New Mexico where he was assigned to work under the Most Reverend Peter Bourgade, Vicar Apostolic of Tucson, Arizona. Because of the great need for priests in the far-reaching southwest territory Father Dolje's opportunities to become acquainted with and acclimated to his new country were very brief indeed. Almost immediately he was appointed to the parish of Tombstone, Arizona, which included all southeastern Arizona, Fort Huachuca, and Apache. At this time Geronimo, chief of the Apache's was running amuck among the settlers and soldiers of the Arizona territory. So it was with well-founded misgivings that Father Dolje took up his assignment as pastor of Tombstone. Although he himself was never harmed by the Indians, he attended many an unfortunate person who had lost his scalp to an Apache warrior. Frequently he visited the Indians imprisoned in the stocks at Ft. Apache. He also talked freely with Geronimo after the latter's capture in the Dragoon Mountains.



In a most interesting address to the students of Price College several years ago, Father Dolje described the famous Indian chief as five feet six inches tall, of square build and ugly personality. Geronimo, it was stated by Father Dolje, was no Indian but a baptized Mexican who had been kidnapped and taken into one of the Tribes. Because of his shrewdness and cunning, Geronimo gradually became head of the Apaches. He obtained rifles for his warriors and organized raiding bands. These groups, Father Dolje stated, used a very efficient system of signals, which enabled them to disperse or assemble almost immediately. Thus for weeks on end they were able to elude the pursuing soldiers, Geronimo and his braves made their final stand in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Old Mexico. After his capture the elusive Indian chief became a Sunday school teacher.

But to return to the activities of Fr. Dolje.... From Tombstone to Wilcox the young missionary traveled 84 miles by packhorse through the Dragoon Mountains. Darkness usually forced him to roll up in his blankets for the night. Frequently, however, his sleep was interrupted by howling wolves or prowling animals.

A student, Mike Hennessey accompanied Father Dolje on one of these trips to Wilcox in an arroyo on the Dragoon ridge. Mike spied an Indian trotting toward them. Excitedly, he raised his gun to fire, but the Padre thrust his weapon aside, knowing that he and his companion had no chance whatsoever to shoot it out with the one visible Indian and his concealed companions. He knew that they had been spotted for many miles. Instead, so Father Dolje related the incident, he whipped up their ponies, speeding over the uncertain ground to reach the plain in safety. After riding a short distance, they came upon a company of United States soldiers from Ft. Apache, bivouacked for the night. Their sentinel had fallen asleep on his beat and failed to awaken at the Padre's approach. Hennessey's story of the Indian episode caused much excitement in the camp and Father Dolje's teasing remarks evoked much laughter.

In May 1888, Father Dolje became seriously ill with an inflammation of the liver. An operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, by a certain Handley, an army physician from the Fort at Yuma, performed against the advice of six consulting doctors, saved his life. An anesthetic, however, was not available and so Father Dolje watched the entire proceedings after taking a stimulus for his courage. When he was recovered sufficiently, Bishop Bourgade sent him to Silver City, N.M., for a brief rest. In a few months, the pastor there was made Vicar General and Father Dolje was left in charge of the Parish of San Vicente and the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy.

In 1890 Father Dolje was transferred to Prescott, then the capitol of the Arizona territory, with an assistant, Father Cuetu. His arrival with the Bishop, at Prescott was greeted with a severe thunderstorm. In order to avoid becoming drenched, they had to raise their umbrellas within the church; such was the condition of the building.

In the spring of 1883, Father Dolje left on a trip to Europe.

The Chicago Word's Fair and an old schoolmate provided the occasion of his coming to Texas. Father E. J. Dunne was Bishop-elect of Dallas and things were not very rosy at the time in the new diocese. Before he left Chicago, Father Dolje joined the Texas Diocese, his first assignment being the missions of Abilene. Soon after followed Waxahachie, Hillsboro and the coalmines at Thurber a "seven years Hell." A general strike broke up the mines and the population abandoned the place, a move that Father Dolje did not regret.

In 1906, he was assigned to Corsicana where he built a new residence. Soon the oil wells went dry and the Sisters of St. Mary' abandoned the school there because of lack of funds.

Father Dolje was then assigned as first resident priest at Wichita Falls. After seven years Fr. Dolje went to New Subiaco, Arkansas and taught school for one year, which he termed as a rest.

Upon his return to Dallas the following year, he was sent to North Fort Worth to assist Father Malone who was very ill at the time.

Father Dolje's next change was to Umbarger where he arrived on July 20, 1916. He had to go to Father Dunn, then pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Amarillo to find out where Umbarger was located.

He built a new church and rectory there, the nave and furnishings of which are designed in the spirit of Romanesque, coupled with the simplicity of the early missions which he learned to love so well through years of patient toil.

Fr. Dolje died January 11, 1944. Father Dolje gave many years of service to the Lord. He was a good and holy priest, and died a holy and peaceful death. He spent more than a quarter century in Umbarger and is buried on the east side of the church, according to a request in his will.

St. Mary's Church, Umbarger
built by Father J. J. Dolji



Early priests of the Diocese. Fr. Dolje is second from the left, front row.

I was baptized June 25, 1921, in St. Boniface church in Olfen, two weeks after I was born. I was carried to the church on a Sunday afternoon by my father, accompanied by my uncle and aunt, who were to be the godparents.

Mama stayed at home to prepare cake and coffee for relatives and friends who would arrive after the baptism.

“What name have you given to this child?” “Leroy,” Papa said. “Leroy? That’s not the name of a saint and it’s a French name at that,” the pastor objected. “That’s what Mama told me to tell you. His middle name will be Theodore, after his godfather,” Papa replied.

Well, it’s a strange name to give the boy. One day he will be a bishop,” Father Meiser said. Priests were apt to say things like that, usually passed over as a pleasantry. Papa told Mama about it, but Mama told me only after I was ordained a priest in 1946.

In the 1930’s I listened to the Great Gildersleeve on the radio. He had a loud voice and a nephew named Leroy. When he yelled “Leroy!” I cringed, picturing the Great Gildersleeve coming down on me with the weight of a giant.

When I went to the seminary in Ohio to enter the second year of high school shortly after I reached my fourteenth birthday, the other students called me Matt. My older brother was also in the seminary and he, too, was Matt. In our years at the seminary he was Big Matt and I was Little Matt.

A year after I was baptized a group of men came from Ballinger, nine miles to the north, kidnapped Father Meiser, hustled him into a car, and sped away, intending to tar and feather him. He had spoken critically about the way the Allies had treated his native Germany after World War I. The story circulated that the men were members of the KU Klux Klan, but no one ever came forward to identify them and the sheriff of Runnels County chose not to press the issue.

Unknown to the men, Father Meiser’s housekeeper had been aroused from sleep by the noise of the men pounding on the door. After they grabbed Father Meiser and left with him she rang a neighboring farm family to sound the alarm. Rural telephones were on the party line system. A call to one was heard in seven other homes.

Men Jumped into their cars and started in pursuit of the fleeing kidnappers, stopped, dragged the pastor out of the car, punched him out, and took off. The men pursued, thinking their pastor was still in the car, and eventually gave up the chase.

Meanwhile father Meiser walked across a pasture toward a light in a farm house was ministered to by the family, and returned to the rectory. Shortly thereafter he left Texas and Father Arnold A. Boeding, another German, came to be our pastor.

After the United States declared war on Germany in 1917, life became difficult for our community. My grandfather, the first to bring his family to West Texas, had left Germany because, in the words of Aunt Hattie, one of his daughters, he “was tired of the {Franco-Prussian} war.” He had become an American citizen, along with other German immigrants, and had written to his mother in Germany, that he was happy that he had gone to Texas, where he was free of conflict, free to farm and rear his family in peace.

The war with Germany, however, cast doubt in the minds of some “Americans,” as the Germans referred to their neighbors, about their patriotism. They were forbidden to speak German, a prohibition that resulted, allegedly, in a schoolboy being reprimanded for calling his mule a “dumme esel” more seriously, German pastors who criticized the surrender terms imposed on Germany by the Allies were treated harshly. Father Meiser was beaten up, and in Slaton to the north Father Joseph Keller was tarred and feathered because he was reported to have voiced a complaint from the pulpit. That German-Americans had served with the U.S. armed forces fighting against their relatives in Germany seemed not to matter to the “Americans.”

By 1945, however, attitudes had changed so dramatically that General Dwight Eisenhower acknowledged that the U.S. Army he led against the German forces in World War II was made up of a significant number of German-American citizen soldiers.

In Texas, many priests were of German descent and a dozen became bishops in the Lone Star State. I was to be one of them.



IF YOU MISSED OUR PROGRAM ON LENTEN PRAYER ----

You are sitting in a comfortable chair looking at white clouds floating over Palo Duro Canyon. To your right is Father Juan Padilla carrying a cross and leading Coronado and his soldiers – on horseback – into the Canyon. The soft voice of Sister Marie Andre says, “Place both feet on the floor, close your eyes and take a deep breath. Focus all your attention on taking another deep breath and then exhale. As you do this you will notice how your whole body begins to relax with each breath. Relax----- and think about God. ----- Do you feel his presence in your heart? Is his light shining down on you? His peace sitting on your shoulder like a dove? Relax.

Breath deeply. Sit in silence and think about God. Let Him soothe and relax your mind.” Five minutes pass. ”Relax! Breathe deeply.” The minutes pass. Then Sister says, “Slowly move your fingers and hands and slowly open your eyes and look around at God’s world which you inhabit.”

In our busy world, we seldom take time to just sit with God. When we wake up some mornings, we moan, “Oh God, another day – just help me get through it.” God cares about you – your health, your attitude, your outlook, your vision for your life. So, relax, set your eyes on the goodness of God. Do you see how he has dressed the fields with wildflowers? Do you feel the warmth of the sun and the chill of the rain? He has provided all this for you and He didn’t stop there. He sent His Son.

So RELAX! We’ve asked Sister to do another program on prayer. DON’T MISS IT! WATCH FOR THE DATE AND TIME IN OUR NEXT NEWSLETTER. -----Ann Weld



The upkeep and enhancement of your
Diocesan Museum is made possible solely
by your monetary donations.
Thank you for your prayers, continued support
and generosity to your Diocesan Museum
where the past is truly present.

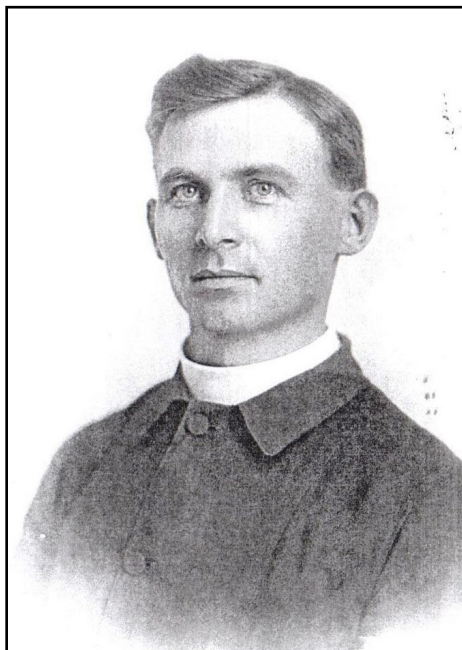


The Franciscan Sisters of Mary Immaculate (FMI) held their Chapter Meeting in Amarillo this year. The sisters made a visit to the museum between meetings.

PIONEER PRIEST – FATHER CHARLES BIER

Father Charles J. Pier was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1880. Two years later his family came to the United States. In 1905 he was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Milwaukee. Four years later he contracted tuberculosis and was sent to the dry climate in the Panhandle of Texas to recuperate. He ministered to the various churches in the area, going by horse, buggy and train.

Father Bier kept a daily diary of his experiences in the various communities. His entry of May 9, 1911 was about the Vega, Texas church. "As I entered the church the floor and the boxes that served as chairs were covered in dust, as usual, and the altar looked more like a shelf fastened to the wall rather than a table. It was too high and too narrow and therefore quite inconvenient, but it was the only way in which we could have a "High Mass" there. (Pardon the pun.)



Other memories of his "adventures" are chronicled in his book "CON-VALESCING IN TEXAS, 1905 – 1913. Copies are available at the Museum for \$15.00. Give Susan Garner a call at 1-806-383-2243 Extension: 120 to place an order for one.

Feb. 15, 2018 to May 18, 2018

CONTRIBUTIONS

Jody & Kay Bezner	150
Carolyn Blum	50
Gerald Brandt	75
Joseph R. Gassert	50
Alice Kuehler	100
Lori Monceballez	25
Bob & Mary Jane Sloan	50
Leo & Audrey	
Hargrove Wink	250
Bishop John Yanta	500
Msgr. Norbert Kuehler	600
Total	1850

MEMBERSHIP

Steve & Lori Beckham	25
Gerald Brandt	25
Grace Mojtabai	25
Biahop John Yanta	25
Total	100

MEMORIAL

In Memory of Jan McCoy-Lis by H.R. & Marcia Kelly	30
In Memory of Jan McCoy-Lis by Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wieck	100
Total	130



Beautiful Candle Sticks on loan from Fr. Scott Raef.



Msgr. Norbert Kuehler, senior priest of the Diocese of Amarillo, will celebrate his 89th birthday June 1st and his 63rd priestly ordination May 28th. Msgr. Kuehler is the Vice President of the Catholic Historical Society and is seen pictured with the latest acquisition of the museum, a sick call set that belonged to Fr. Ken Keller.

A sick call set is a collection of objects used in the visitation of someone who is sick (for Confession and the reception of Holy Communion), or for the Sacrament of the Sick (aka Extreme Unction or the Last Rites), which includes Holy Anointing.

The pictured set arrived with a note attached reading: In early 1950's, two blocks from St. Mary's, Amarillo, Mrs. Winifred Smyer cared for her invalid husband, as well as she could from her wheel chair. When her son, Msgr. Francis Smyer, would bring communion for his father, this silver home-communion set was placed near his bed much like a small altar. The set passed from the Smyer family to Fr. Ken at the death of Msgr. Smyer.

Dave, our Hundred Year old Manniquin, gets a new Look



When we acquire a new addition to the museum, we try to maintain its authenticity if at all possible. If an artifact is in danger of becoming more damaged, we repair and refurbish so the item can be enjoyed another fifty or hundred years.

Dave the mannequin is very old. He came to us covered in graffiti, his face and hands included. We tried rubbing alcohol, nail polish remover and hours of scrubbing, but we finally had to resort to painting his face and hands. Dave is so old he is carved out of wood. Even though the painting made him look much better, his wig, which was stuck on with spirit gum, still made him look like a "mean old man" capable of scaring small children. He now sports a new wig, a human hair beard and mustache and is looking quite dapper. His new home is in the chapel display area of the museum, where, as you can see, he is looking quite noble and pious.





After being refurbish, the carpet from the Price College Library has found a new home in the Museum.



St. Alice Parish Prayer Group, Plainview, Texas visits the Diocesan Musuem