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THE CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Diocese of Amarillo



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## *Displaced Persons After World War II*



Mrs. Anna Januta

### This is her story:

I am a cradle Catholic. We have two sons and five grandsons.

I have worked in two local hospitals and one in San Antonio as a medical technologist. My husband and I are naturalized American citizens. Both of us were born in Poland about 150 km from the Russian border, before World War II. We were almost neighbors in Poland but never met until we came to the United States, in San Antonio.

In Poland, my father was a self-supporting farmer with five children, all of whom had to help with chores, with cattle and a large garden which provided us with our year-round food. In the summer-

time we picked berries and mushrooms which we preserved for the winter

My hometown, Omelanka, was a small community of about 100 – 150 families, and most of them were farmers who were kind and cordial people. Our home was centrally located in the community, and since church was about 4 miles away, on bad days we would have a prayer service in our home for the community with my mother being the leader. My mother was a seamstress, sometimes a nurse or a midwife by necessity, or a person of other numerous services to the community.

I remember in the summer months after the farmers came home from the fields and had eaten supper they would come as a family to our big and beautiful orchard for a “Majowka” prayer service of songs and praises, sometimes until late at night. The pretty green countryside, with its charming seasons, was to me a glimpse of heaven. Life was very simple and peaceful.

When I was almost 12 years old, World War II began, and that changed everything for me and my family – from good to bad – and also for Poland. It was like some dark power that invaded the entire countryside. Poland was then partitioned between Russia and Germany, and we were placed under Russian occupation. I remember the closing of our churches and the “brain-washing” in school – that there was no God. What was raised on the farm was divided in half with the government and they also helped themselves to our



Invasion of Poland



*Germany's occupation of Poland is one of the darkest chapters of World War II. Some 6 million people, almost 18 percent of the Polish population, were killed during the Nazi reign of terror that saw mass executions, forced evictions and enslavement.*

stock. When my father wanted to butcher a pig he had to hide in the forest so that nobody would see him because it was against the government regulations. Many families were sent to Siberian labor camps, for no other reason than being forest rangers, having a government job, or having too many acres of land, and they were always suspected of some wrongdoing. There was no longer freedom to travel, to speak, or to practice religious beliefs.

Two years later, in 1941, the Russians and Germans were at each other's throats and there was war again! As the Russians left our territory and the Germans followed, chasing after them, they left us almost without a crop, as they let their horses graze in our gardens. We almost starved that year.

The eastern part of Poland was heavily populated by Ukrainians, who were very anxious to have their own country. The Germans sensed the situation and made a proposition -- help Germany win the war and they would give them a free country. Together they decided to do away with the Poles and Jews living in that area. My words cannot describe what was going on in that part of the country for over a year. They were putting the Jews in ghettos or just shooting them on the spot. They began burning the Polish houses and towns and killing the people with guns, axes and knives -- it was terrible. These were our Ukrainian neighbors that sided with the Germans. After many people were killed and homes were destroyed, we were told to leave for Germany. Before all of the massive killing took place, I had gone to stay with my married sister, 60 km from home, to help with the small children. It got so bad shortly after that, that I was unable to return home, for the roads were closed and it was extremely dangerous to go through the forest on foot. It was then that I was separated from my parents, brothers and sisters for three years.

If you have seen the movie Holocaust, that was the way they were shipping us out to Germany. Only one small suitcase, a short supply of food, and 50 people to a box car. Our transport had over 2,000 people and transports like that had been leaving that territory for two weeks, two times a

day. I would go to watch the transports going to Malynsk, to look for my family as they shipped people from that area, but no luck. My friends, relatives and some neighbors were among them, but not my family. The last time they were seen, they were hiding in the forest from the killers. I was put on one of the transports.

After two weeks on the train (normally it is an eight-hour trip) we reached Dachau, the well-known Concentration camp in Bavaria, Germany. The transport had been stopped only twice at disinfection centers, where they clipped our hair, powdered us from all sides, showered us all day, and walked us naked before a group of German officers. Then we were placed back on the train. One day, as our transport was about ready to leave another one was pulling in and as I looked across the railroad tracks, I saw my family standing at the door of a boxcar. What a relief for all of us to know that everyone was still alive! Our train left and we found them through the Red Cross three months later. They were in the northern part of Germany working on different farms. It was the last time that I saw my father, who died after a minor hernia operation. If it was known that a "foreigner" was not able to work, he was put to sleep. I was not able to attend my father's funeral because foreigners had no right to travel.

**Anyone who didn't fit the racial hierarchy or anyone who fell at the bottom of that scale was in trouble, whether they be Poles or Jews.**

We had been taken, 50 people to a boxcar, from our homes in Poland to the concentration camp in Dachau, Bavaria, Germany. Aside from the stops at disinfection centers, sometimes the train would stop at railroad stations to remove dead bodies, mostly children, and we were given a slice of bread and thin soup; then we were on our way again.

There is so much to say about Dachau, and one might wish to say no more. I remember showers, powderings, long lines, sleeping on straw covered branches and fleas that would not let you sleep. I recall many barracks, loaded with people. Sometimes we would gather between the barracks and have a prayer service, as we knew it was the Lord's Day.

[Correspondent's note: Anna's group did not see the inside of the Dachau prison where so many people suffered agonizingly, and many met death. Anna and the others in the barracks were evidently not considered dangerous subversives. They were being taken to do the work of German men serving in the army. Although she knew that Adolph Hitler was at the helm in Germany, she does not mention his name in her story].

We stayed four months in Dachau and then they were taking 20 to 25 families and shipping them all over Germany to work in factories or repair railroads after the bombings. People were needed to do the work at home in Germany. Our group of 20 families was taken to Rosenheim, 60 kilometers from Munich, and we were assigned to work on the railroads. The camp was rather clean; the barracks were put together very poorly and when it snowed outside, snow would come in from the window corners. There was one wood stove in the middle of the structure



Every fifth diocesan priest was murdered in Poland occupied by the Germans and Russians

and bunk beds with paper mattresses all around. Our camp had barbed wire all around it like a net which was opened in the mornings and closed at night. We had no right to go to a public place, and if we were given permission occasionally, we had to wear a "P" label to show that we were Polish.

The work on the rail road was back-breaking, from dark to dark, and sometimes even at night, in all kinds of weather conditions. If it rained for six weeks, we had to wear the same wet clothes for six weeks. After a year, some of the men developed hernias and women would hemorrhage, and I was one of them. Then they assigned me to work in a downtown restaurant for 15 hours a day, and I must say the owners were pretty nice to me. After a few months I was the main cook, with 700 dinners a day (at the age of 17). Sometimes they would let me attend church. The owner's son, Vitus, called me a Polish pig because the breakfast I cooked wasn't good enough for him. I slapped him once on the cheek for it, and when his father found out about it, he gave him two more slaps.

There is so much to tell about life in the camps, from the poor food to other miserable conditions, that sometimes I wonder how we did survive. One might say that we felt like people without hope, but that was not so! We prayed a lot as a group and individually. We did not have Bibles with us, but we had our prayer books, which were based on Scripture, with many psalms and songs which we could sing and we had our rosaries in our pockets that we would recite on the way to and from work. Thanks to our parents and the church, we knew so many prayers by heart. We had great hope and faith; we knew our God was with us, even in Dachau.

We were liberated by the Americans on May 1, 1945. After all-night attacks with grenades and rockets flying over our roof, at daybreak all was quiet and still. Two of my Polish roommates, girlfriends and I



Ethnic Poles are marched to trains in Western Poland in late 1939 as part of an ethnic cleansing campaign.

on the fourth floor ran downstairs through a tunnel to the main street. We opened the big gate and walked to the sidewalk. To our surprise, there he was! A soldier in his helmet and raincoat, with a machine gun under his arm. He stood there in wonder to see us on the street. I was so overwhelmed with joy to see him, I almost shouted “Gutten Morgen,” as I did not know a word of English then. He smiled and said “Hello” (whatever that meant). He was the first American I had ever seen in my life. How great he looked! How much I wanted to put my arms around his neck and tell him, “Thank you for liberating me,” to tell him, “I love you,” but I was a little shy then for I was only 17

He looked very tired, his eyes were blood shot and he was dragging his feet as he passed by us. I am sure he had not got any sleep for days. Then I saw the street filling up with soldiers in camouflage green uniforms and the massive tanks. Some of the soldiers were blonds, some had dark complexions and some were black. The three of us stood there waving until we could no longer hold our arms up any longer.

Overwhelmed with joy, we went up to our little room in the attic, thanking the Lord for answering our prayers through the Americans. “Thank you, Lord, just thank you!”

Lord, you know how it was during the six years of war for me and so many like me—two years of Russian occupation in Poland and two years of German occupation. Then the evacuation of my hometown in Germany. Then separation from my parents; then all the camps, full of fleas and bedbugs. Then Dachau. After that, more labor camps and the backbreaking work on the railroads, under all kinds of weather conditions. Then this job in downtown restaurant 15 hours a day.

Lord, you know I did not mind the hard work or the hunger, but the denial of freedoms and the cruelty of war were getting under my skin.

Thank you, Lord, for watching over me and letting me walk close to you

during those six long years, and thank you for my liberation.

After the war, we were reunited—my mother, brothers and sister and me. But my little niece Alicia was dead and my father was dead. We wanted to go back to Poland, to our land. We knew Omelanka was burned to the ground and was off the map, but we felt we could start all over again. This was our homeland that our forefathers had worked so hard for. We were told that we could not go to the eastern part of Poland, that it was now included in Russian territory as part of the Yalta Agreement, made by the three main political powers led by Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt. They decided that Poland would be occupied by Russia. We were given the option to return and settle in that part of Germany that was included in the Polish-Russian occupied territory. The family then decided to go through immigration and look for a new home with freedom. We had lost so much school time that we decided to go to school while we were waiting for the visas and for the permanent stay to be completed. We did not take time for summer vacation or for Saturdays off and worked hard for four years, taking all the schooling we could.

The Catholic Welfare Conference (now Catholic Relief Services) helped us and many others like us to come to the United States as Displaced Persons. The Franciscan Sisters of Columbus, Ohio, were my sponsors. They made me feel at home with their love and compassion.

During the six long years of war and being exposed to so much cruelty, unmerciful killing and total destruction, I was at this time deeply hurt and could not love my Russian, German and Ukrainian neighbors.



Anna Januta is 91 years old and was born on 10/26/1927. Currently, she lives in Plainview, TX. and attends St. Alice's Catholic Church.

*Wise and Otherwise.*  
By Bishop L. T. Matthiesen

Change

World War II changed not only the geographical boundaries of many people, but their cultural boundaries as well. Ordained a priest a year after the war ended and after two years of training in journalism, I returned to Texas to become editor of the *Texas Panhandle Edition of the Register System of Newspapers*, a weekly publication of the Diocese of Amarillo.

I traveled the diocese, visiting the churches and pastors, took notes, shot pictures, and wrote the stories. Geographically, it was a stretch, five hundred miles from north to south, from the border of the Oklahoma Panhandle to within sixty miles of Mexico, and two hundred miles wide, covering more than seventy-six thousand square miles. Before the war, a pastor in this vast area was often the only educated person in the parish, a leader in the community, one to be treated with respect, almost with reverence. The horizons and the distances from their bishops in Dallas, three hundred and fifty miles away, produced men who were self-reliant, independent, sometimes authoritarian, occasionally eccentric, and generally resistant to change. Among the clergy they were sometimes referred to as "independent ranchers."

Father Norbert Wagner, deceased, was one of the old-timers reluctant to change, but on one occasion was compelled to do so. The story is contained in an exchange of letters between him and Bishop Laurence J. FitzSimon.

I was not ready to forgive my war enemies, who had done so much wrong to me and my people.

As time went by, the American people took me into their homes and their hearts. They shared with me whatever they had. They made me feel that their country was my country, that their church was my church, that their business was my business, and their worry my worry.

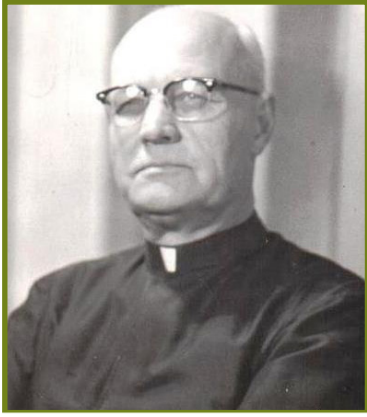
The American people showed me love. That was when I began to forgive my enemies. I found myself asking the Lord for their forgiveness.

Some of the memories of war made me shiver and you Americans helped to heal my scars. America would never be a disappointment to me and the American people became my brothers and sisters. I thank the Lord for every one of you because every one of you are the ones who have made this country a great place to live.

I remember a touching moment when I was in the hospital with my first child. A nurse, Mrs. Tom Locke, came to my room with a coffee cup in her hand. She said to me, "I was downstairs drinking coffee with the girls and they sent you a Cup of Love." The cup was full of small folded notes from the girls I worked with at the hospital.

I also remember the time when I made an emergency trip to Germany eight years ago, due to the illness of my brother. On the way back our plane landed in New York and I had to walk the long hallways of the airport in the main lobby. I remember walking very close to the wall. It felt good to rub the wall of a free and friendly country. I knew then that I was coming home for good.

To you, the great American soldier, my hero from Rosenheim, Germany, wherever you are, I salute you and your country. You made it possible for me to enjoy the freedom of this country. I hope I will never disappoint you as a citizen of America. I am not shy now to tell you, I love your country! God bless you and your country, America, the land that I love! end



Rev. Norbert Wagner

The exchanged began with a letter, paraphrased and summarized, from FitzSimon to Wagner, then pastor in Groom: "It has come to my attention," the letter said, "that you were seen in the company of your housekeeper coming out of the Esquire Theater on Washington Street in Amarillo. Henceforth, you are never again to take your housekeeper to a movie theater or anywhere else for that matter."

Wagner to FitzSimon: "I am outraged at your order. It implies that there is something going on between my housekeeper and me. I assure you there is not. She is as pure as the driven snow."

FitzSimon to Wagner "Nowhere in your rambling letter do I detect anything that indicates that you intend to obey my order. Therefore, you are now forbidden ever again to have your housekeeper in your car except within the city limits of Groom and only for the purpose of driving her to the grocery store, and when you do she is to sit in the back seat."

Wagner to FitzSimon: "I have received your directive. I will obey it when you give the same order to all the priests in the diocese."

FitzSimon to Wagner "I do not have to give a general directive to

compel you to obey the specific one I gave you. As of this date you are removed from the parish in Groom and transferred to the parish in Nazareth. Your housekeeper is to remain in Groom."

Wagner to FitzSimon: I have received your letter of appointment to Nazareth, which I gladly accept. Your obedient Servant, Father Norbert Wagner." Even so, Father remained independent to the end. It came when he became ill and incontinent. After failing to persuade him to allow us to take him to a doctor we called for an emergency medical team. When white-coated orderlies appeared at the door with a stretcher, Father Wagner dismissed the stretcher bearers, walked out regally, and went down the stairs to the ambulance. Directed to lie down on the stretcher, he suggested one of them get on it instead and the others accompany him in the rear of the ambulance.

"I'll ride in front with the driver," he said, and that he did. He was taken to the hospital and died shortly afterward.

Long-time hospital chaplain Monsignor Bart O'Brien lived by a routine from which he rarely deviated. He visited the patients every day, greeted them with "top of the mornin' to you," asked how they were doing, said that was fine, blessed them, and moved on. One patient said he was dying and got the response, "that's fine, God bless you!"

Monsignor O'Brien was not about to change. Faithful to the old ways, he relied on his monthly copy of the conservative Irish Ecclesiastical Review to interpret the church for him.

Most of the pioneer priests who lived through the changes that came before and after Vatican II either ignored them, protesting that they were too old to change, or argued against them. One rejected the use of the vernacular, urging that Latin be retained on the grounds that religion should have about it an aura of mystery. He was not swayed by our argument that religion was mysterious enough without being shrouded in a dead language.

Changes in the Church were resisted not only by some of the older priests, but by some lay folks, my mother among them. She made salmon patties every Friday and continued to do so even after the Pope ruled abstinence from meat on Friday elective. Home on Friday, I asked Mama to consider serving hamburgers for lunch. No," she said emphatically. "If the Pope wants to go to hell he can, but we won't.

"Habits of the heart are resistant to change. Catholics who learned their religion from the Baltimore Catechism were reluctant to go beyond that. They were supported by priests trained in a theology frozen in time, based as it was on the Roman Catechism, a product of the Sixteenth-century Council of Trent. The Church was accepted as One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, and its adherents were fiercely loyal to it. But change was in the air in the 1950's and burst upon the Church with the opening of the Second Vatican council in 1962. We were challenged to give the reasons for the faith that is in us. We were asked to reflect on why we were doing what we were doing. The answers produced changes that surprised some, exhilarated many, and unnerved others. Perhaps the inflexibility of the Josephinum's regimen prepared me, in an odd way, to be open to the liturgical changes that preceded and followed Vatican II. Pope John XXIII had opened the windows of the Church to allow fresh winds to blow in, and so they did. If he foresaw that cherished rituals and popular devotions and

exclusive clerical privilege might fly out the window, as they did, nevertheless persisted in spite of opposition.

The council, redefining the Church as the People of God, placed the clergy and laity into a new relationship with each other. The lay faithful were invited to use their baptismal and confirmation gifts of knowledge, wisdom, understanding, and courage to help build up the Church. Their voices were now to be heard. Then came the restoration of the permanent diaconate, open to married as well as celibate men. Priests and bishops were no longer to be the only ones qualified to engage in ministry. The changes led priests, including myself, to re-examine many unquestioned assumptions.

I was saddened to see priests leave our ranks. And was taken aback when I learned that Bishop DeFalco was reported to have said he would not be surprised if I, too, left. Eventually, he feared, he would be the only one left to celebrate all the Masses in the diocese. It was a measure of the grief he felt over developments for which he held himself personally responsible.

External changes in the life of the Church became evident immediately. In pre-renewal times only the priest proclaimed the readings from the Scriptures. Only the priest was allowed to touch the sacred vessels and to distribute Communion. He was accompanied by an altar boy who held a paten under the chin of the recipient. Prior to that, a cloth was draped over the rail and communicants, kneeling at the rail, placed their hands underneath the cloth. If, in spite of these precautions, a Communion host fell to floor, the priest halted, picked it up, and sent an altar boy to the sacristy to fetch a purificator. This he placed over the spot where the host had fallen, so that communicants would not step on it. After Mass, the priest searched for fragments and wiped the spot with the purificator.

Only the priest received Communion under the forms of both bread and wine. Only the priest distributed ashes on Ash Wednesday and palms on Palm Sunday, preached sermons, led Stations of the Cross in Lent, witnessed marriages, buried the dead, blessed people and objects, counted the Sunday collection, banked the money, wrote checks, and kept the parish's financial records.

In most parishes, especially larger ones, these ministries are now performed by married permanent deacons and lay women and men, young and old. Sacramental and social ministries have multiplied, more often than not led by volunteers. The increasing shortage of priests dictates greater lay involvement. Even if the decline in numbers of priests is reversed, it is not likely that the *Cristifideles* – the Christian faithful, as John Paul calls them—will return to their pews, content, as in olden days, just to pray, pay and obey.

Underneath the surface changes, there has been a dramatic change in the Church's self-understanding. She will not again present herself as the Church Triumphant with a lock on the truth. That fundamentalist model led the church of the past to terrorize non-believers and to force conversions. In the wake of September 11, 2001, John Paul wrote in his message for the celebrating of World Day of Peace 1 January 2002:

“Terrorism is often the outcome of that fanatic fundamentalism which springs from the conviction that one's own vision of the truth must be forced upon everyone else. Instead, even when the truth has been reached -- and this can happen only in a limited and imperfect war -- it can never be imposed. . . To try to impose on others by violent means what we consider to be the truth is an offence [sic, British spelling] against human dignity, and ultimately an offence against God whose image that persons bears.”



For our March Program we will have a presentation by the *Texas Panhandle Catholic Veterans Organization* and all during the month of March we will have an exhibit of our area veterans' pictures and artifacts. Watch for more upcoming information and mark your calendars for  
March 10, 2019 – 3 to 5pm.

# Hereford Man Recalls Life and Death of Prairie Town

TEN-YEAR-OLD Vern Witherspoon came to this area with his father, Uncle Billy Witherspoon, in the fall of 1890, a few months after Deaf Smith County had been separated from Oldham County.

Vern recalls that his father and two older brothers drove a herd of cattle through from Ellis County, arriving at a land camp near Canyon on July 4, 1890. He, his mother, and the younger children came out on the train in the fall after the cotton had been picked.

"My fathr planted a patch of cotton that year." Witherspoon recalls, "but he said he would move on if cotton would grow here--he was through with it and wanted to raise cattle. Well, not a boll of that cotton matured. The early freeze got it, so we stayed on."

THE YEAR 1890 was wet, similar to this spring, Witherspoon observed, and the ranchers found lush grass for their cattle. They also encountered continous trouble with cattle rustlers and outlaws from the Oklahoma nomans land strip and from New Mexico, which was then only a territory, with the nearest officers at Santa Fe. The only protection by law was from a small Ranger force at Amarillo and from soldiers at Mobeetie and Fort Sumner N. M.

At a special election held on October 3, 1890, Deaf Smith County, which had been joined to Oldham County, became a separate county and the the county seat was chosen. Two sites were considered, Granada and Air. The former, which was on the center section of the county, was chosen. The name was changed to La Platta about a year later because there was already a Granda in Texas, and the new town could not sec-

cure a post office under that name.

Out of this election came the first cases heard by a grand jury in the county. On Nov. 14, 1890, the jury-indicted four men for illegal voting. The four had planned to move to the new county and felt they had a right to vote in the election. Before their cases came to trial, they all had established residence in the county and Judge N. B. Plummer dismissed the charges.

When young Vern Witherspoon reached the County in November, 1890, he found four or five houses clustered around the court house in La Platta. Others were under construction, and the town finally included 28 buildings. Among them

a jail, hardware, dry goods, and grocery stores, an implement house, drug store, saloon, printing office, hotel, livery stable, blacksmith shop, school house and about 18 residences.

One year during the town's brief history 65 children were enrolled in La Platta School. The First Presbyterian church was organized and held its meetings in the court house, which was used as a community center. One oldtimer said he used to dance in the court house until midnight on Saturday night and then attend church services there on Sunday morning.

"The Sheriff finally had to kill a man to get the cemetery started," Witherspoon laughed. He was re-



—Photo by Bessie Patterson  
Vern Witherspoon of Hereford, left, one of the few pioneers who remember the first Deaf Smith County seat of La Platta, looks at a marker in the cemetery at the ghost town site. With him are Mrs. Witherspoon and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Schroeter of Hereford.



V. W. Witherspoon Ranch circa 1906



La Plata Courthouse

ferring to the first sheriff, Jim Cook.

As he recalls the incident, Cook was visiting in a general merchandise store when two strangers wearing six-shooters walked in and bought supplies. After they left, some of the men teased Cook for not arresting the men, who had broken the law by not removing their guns when they entered the store.

“It’s not too late yet,” snapped the sheriff, heading for his horse.

The story goes that when the sheriff came abreast of the wagon, he did not state his business but talked to the men about a horse trade. One of the men got down from the wagon, and the sheriff pulled his gun. The man on the ground reached for his gun, but the sheriff shot him down. The stranger was the first man buried in the Boot Hill cemetery.

Other occupants of that burial spot, now a part of a wheat field, were an unknown Mexican man, who died of natural causes two days after hitting town. The other three of the four graves in Boot Hill were



One memento of La Plata's brief life is the original portable jail, now on display at the Deaf Smith County Museum in Hereford.

occupied by a woman and two men who were involved in a triangle.

Two factors caused the county seat to be moved from La Plata to Hereford. The years from 1891 to 1894 were extremely dry - Witherspoon says “it completely forgot to rain.” Farming was impossible and ranching was precarious, since the nearest source of feed was Amarillo, and the ranchers depended entirely on prairie grass for feed and on natural ponds for water.

“We lost about half our herd of around 350 cattle that year” the ex cowboy recalls. Also disaster struck in February 1897, when a blizzard resulted in below-freezing temperatures for twenty-one consecutive days. More than half of the town’s populace was compelled to leave. Moreover, in 1899 the Pecos and Northern Texas Railway built through the southern part of Deaf Smith County and into New Mexico. On November 8 of that year the citizens of La Plata chose a new

county seat, the new town of Blue Water (or Bluewater, now Hereford), on the railroad. Nine houses, the courthouse, and the jail were loaded onto wagons and moved to the new location. Today nothing remains of the abandoned townsite except a few graves in the cemetery on land that has been reclaimed for farming. end

September 2018 to November 2018

### CONTRIBUTIONS

Dr. & Mrs. Malouf Abraham	250
Jim & Marge Arend	100
Joseph & Theresa Artho	100
Delores Frerich	100
Fred Griddin	50
Msgr. Norbert Kuehler	100
Lois Litsch	50
Kathrine Monceballez	25
M/M Jerry Poirot	25
Kevin & Cheryl Rickwartz	20
Sandy and Tom Riney	100
Jane Roberts	25
Mary Vigil	20
Donald White	100
Dalhart Knights of Columbus	100
Dnc. Blaine & Louise Westlake	100
	1265

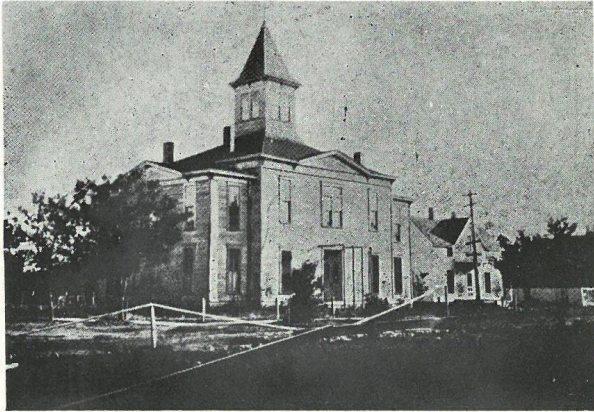
### MEMBERSHIP

Martha Lee Babb	25
Howard Birkenfeld	20
Edward M. Dunigan	20
Margaret Rettenmaier	25
Sandy and Tom Riney	20
Mary Virginia Schwind	25
	135

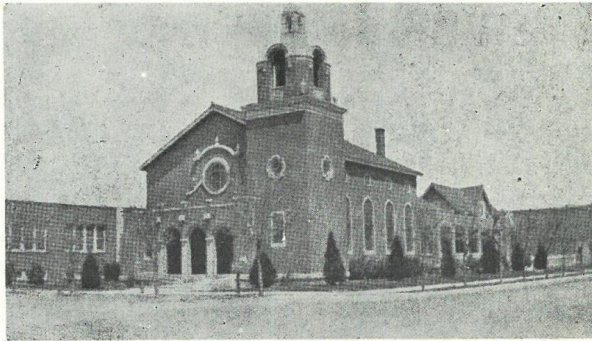
### HONORARIUM

Preservation of St. Lucien's Chapel: in honor of:

Gerald Diller	100
Manny Villasenor	25
by Maida Villasenor	
	125



Old Deaf Smith County Court House  
(Material transformed into Church below)



St. Anthony's Church  
Dedicated June 13, 1922



This window is one of eight that were originally placed in the first St. Anthony's Catholic Church in Hereford, the remodeled court house. This window was donated to the museum by the Family. Our carpenter, ManEnrique Alvarez of St. Laurence Parish, encased the window and added lighting; it is quite lovely. The crucifix in front of the window was donated by Our Lady of Guadalupe Parish, Amarillo.



### MEET THE SAINTS PROGRAM

Our thanks to Gwen Gable, Allen Barrett, Natalie Barrett, Don White, and Doris Smith for their inspirational presentations of St. Veronica, St. Frances de Paola, St. Louise De Marillac, St. Simon Stock and our newest Saint (canonized October 14th), St. Paul VI. The Feast of All Saints was instituted by Pope Boni

Paul II canonized more saints during his pontificate than any of his predecessors (482 until Pope Francis, who has canonized 892. Many canonized saints have their own distinct place in the roman Missal and the liturgical calendar, as do those who's "causes" are still in process for canonization, but not quite there yet. All Saints Day -- a holy day of obligation, celebrates even those who are not official saints, such as St. Veronica and St. Simon Stock, who are known to have lived holy lives by the people who knew them.  
Ann Weld



This pew is original to the first St. Joseph Catholic Church, Amarillo and was donated to the museum by Toby Vicent.

Thank you for your  
Generosity!

## Bishop Laurence Michael DeFalco to become Saint??

Dr. John Alpar has proposed to Bishop Zurek that he would like to begin the process of sainthood for Bishop Lawrence Michael DeFalco, fifth bishop of the Diocese of Amarillo. There are 5 steps to this process. Dr. Alpar needs your assistance with the first step:

**First**, the person's local bishop investigates their life by gathering information from witnesses of their life and any writings they may have written. If the bishop finds them to be worthy of being a saint, then he submits the information that he gathered to the Vatican's Congregation for the Causes of Saints.

If you knew Bishop DeFalco please send written documentation of his life as you knew him to Susan Garner at the Pastoral Center and I will forward these to Dr. Alpar. [sgarner@dioama.org](mailto:sgarner@dioama.org)



Prints of the Fray Juan Padilla Mural by Randy Friemel are now on sale.

You may purchase a print by coming by the museum or attaching the coupon below with your check and mailing it to the Diocesan Museum at 4512 N. E. 24th Ave., Amarillo, Texas 79107

### **Fray Juan Padilla Print**

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of the print of Fray Juan Padilla. I have enclosed my check made out to the CHS (Catholic Historical Society) in the amount of \$80.00 dollars per print with \$5.00 for shipping for a total of \_\_\_\_\_. My name and mailing address is \_\_\_\_\_

Limited edition... 25 Prints... Signed and numbered by the Artist



A Nativity on display in the museum, once belonged to St. John's the Evangelist Church, Borger. It was purchased by the Altar Society in 1961 for the new church. The nativity was made in Italy and was brought in by Father Richard Zanetti.



Have yourself a merry little Christmas...

Thank you for your continued-generosity and support...

Dave, Ann, Susan and The CHS Board



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You may stop by daily ( Monday through Friday) to view the museum, for a guided tour it is recommended that you make an appointment.. The museum is open by appointment for church and school groups. This includes evenings and weekends. Susan: 383-2243 Ext. 120 or even better: [sgarner@dioama.org](mailto:sgarner@dioama.org)