

A TREE TAKES TIME

Sister Barbara Beyenka, O.P.

I was born on April 20, 1911, in Houghton, Michigan, the oldest child of six born to Thomas John Beyenka and Leona Poull Beyenka, who were married on June 21, 1910. Thomas Beyenka was a native of Duluth, Minnesota. He was employed in Houghton when he courted and married Leona Poull of Lake Linden, Michigan. Omitting the data on Thomas, Leona was the third daughter born to Nicholas Poull, a native of Chicago, and Elizabeth Kemp Poull, born in St. Donatus (south Dubuque) , Iowa in 1854. Both Elizabeth and Nicholas were of families with eleven children. Their three daughters were born in Port Washington, Wisconsin.

In St. Donatus, Iowa, one can ask to see the baptismal records of the Kemps, and at St. Mary's in Port Washington, the records of the Poull girls. Some Kemps, including Melchior and Michael, are buried in Port Washington. The family must have moved to Wisconsin where they were involved in the grain and hops business, at Kenosha, formerly "Southport", and in Port Washington.

Leona Poull had two older sisters, Mary Barbara (Mame) , born September 12, 1878, and Mathilda, born in 1881, who married Thomas Newton. Mame never married. She was a professional fine artist and painter, and she was my godmother and my namesake. Mathilda had seven children of whom four are still living — Elizabeth (Sister Thomassia) ; Claire May, (who had been married to Michael Sims: They adopted three children — Penny, Michael and Thomas) Patricia, who married Lee LeClaire and had four children; and Thomas, who had four children. Of those who have died, Robert Lee married Loretta Healy. They had three children; Marcella, a victim of polio since the age of two, never married; Virginia married Robert May. They had five children. After Virginia died, Bob May married Claire Newton Sims. Bob died in 1977.

After some years in Chicago, Nicholas Poull had followed the Bosch family to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and began the Poull Mercantile Company. Joseph Bosch, husband of Katherine Kemp, began the Bosch Brewery and later the Lake Linden Bank. This town was the focal point of the family from then on. In 1893 Grandpa Poull took my mother, Leona, aged ten, to the World's Fair in Chicago, a long train ride on the Copper Country Limited. She tells of a nightmare when she walked the aisles of the racing sleeper But she also told of his buying her a watch, and their buying many mementoes from the fair that became our playthings when we were growing up.

Leona Poull was fifteen years old when her brother was born. The birth of Robert in 1898 was a great joy to Nicholas Poull —he kept store and had Robert with him when he was a toddler. Then came the father's sudden death on March 2, 1900, while preparing to go out for a dinner party. He was forty—one. Eventually the home on the hill was sold and the family moved into the Bosch home, bereft of its mother, by the recent death of Katherine. Her last request of her sister

Elizabeth was to raise her children. This promise was kept. Actually, as the oldest of eleven, Elizabeth had always assumed much responsibility for their upbringing, too, so she carried a large share of child rearing in her lifetime.

Robert Kemp Poull married Edna Kettenbiel and had one son, Robert, who lives in Mequon, Wisconsin. He had four children, two boys and two girls. When Edna died, Robert married a family friend, Mary, and they enjoyed more than ten years of married life until he died suddenly in Laurium, Michigan, close to Houghton and Calumet. Mary died in 1983 in the Poull home which had many lovely pictures painted by Mame Poull and many antiques from the family.

The children of Joseph Bosch and Katherine Kemp Bosch were Mary Bosch (Mame), from Joseph Bosch's earlier marriage to Mary Wertin; Antoinette, who married Peter Ruppe and had three children; Katherine (Katchen) , who never married; Joseph, who married Elsa Weisell and had one son; Ernest, who married a Meyer girl from Minneapolis; and Martha, who died as a young child before her mother died. Elizabeth Poull moved into the Bosch home with her four children and presided over the household of nine children in all. Mathilda was married in 1905, Leona in 1910. The Bosch children were about ten years younger than their Poull cousins. All the cousins were close all their lives from this experience of being together during their youthful years.

When Leona Poull finished high school in Lake Linden she went for a year to study piano under a professor Appel in Ann Arbor or Detroit, Michigan. She was there just a year and then returned to become a bookkeeper for the Bosch Brewery Company, owned by her uncle. They formed a close relationship and Leona greatly admired him as he moved into his later years and was generous with his money and with his wisdom.

Thomas and Leoria lived at first in an apartment in Houghton, but when a Captain Smith was planning to go around the world, he asked the newlyweds to live in his mansion, the beautiful Smith House, which later became part of the University of Upper Michigan. I visited the Smith House about 1967 and saw the offices of the administration of Adult Education, bedrooms with fireplaces that had been converted into a university building. I was born in the large bedroom at the top of the stairs, I told the guide, and I just wanted to see it, having heard so much about it from my mother. The former ball room on the third floor had been converted into a language laboratory, the stately dining room was a conference room.

I have a red stone from the fence which surrounded the property, with its great posts of concrete, each with a large round capital. We have pictures of the Smith House in our family album. It has since been torn down and replaced by a skyscraper building on the University of Northern Michigan grounds.

When I was three days old my grandmother baptized me for I was hemorrhaging in the uterus. Little hope for my recovery was held out. My father brought the holy water from church on Sunday and was also prepared to give me a blood transfusion. But when the doctor saw that I was beginning to perspire behind the ears, I was on the way to recovery, and the blood was circulating.

They said only one in a thousand survived such a condition at birth, and Dr. West made medical history by his treatment of me. God be praised

When the Smiths returned from their voyage around the world my parents moved to Duluth into the Beyenka home on Sixth Avenue East. There John Thomas was born on October 2, 1912, and Katherine on December 13, 1914. I remember the snow of Duluth, and my losing my gold ring one time, expecting to find it in the same spot when spring came. I remember my three goldfish being frozen in the water of the bowl — their names were Hickory, Dickery and Dock. I remember seeing a dog carrying my favorite blanket in a pail, which I called my “Cricket”, and I knew I could never get it back. I remember Polish cousins and aunts and also that my grandmother came and took me home with her several times, both from Duluth and from Chicago after we moved there. I went to Kindergarten and to second grade in Lake Linden, not for an entire year, but while I was staying with my grandmother. At that time I did not like school at all. In second grade we sat in long benches with “double desks”. The teachers were Notre Dame Sisters whose convent was across the street from the Bosch home.

We moved from Duluth when my father had come on ahead to find a job as a pipe coverer, as was his brother Ignatius, and to find a place to live. It was a “flat” across from the Newtons on Sawyer Avenue in Our Lady of Mercy Parish. It was the year 1916 and my sister Annette was born there on September 4, Labor Day, about four months from the time of our arrival in Chicago. While we lived there my mother and I had scarlet fever and were quarantined with other members of the family. At first my father stayed away and a practical nurse cared for us. Soon, however, the arrangements were unsatisfactory and my father came in to take care of us. Our house was fumigated after we recovered. All the doors and windows were sealed and fumigating candles were brought into the house while we were locked out.

My mother was left with acute Bright’s Disease and I with a running ear infection. My mother could hardly care for baby Annette and the baby lost rather than gained weight. These were war years, too, and food was hard to get. Then my mother took the children to Lake Linden to be with her mother for a while. I remember the two cousins, Joseph and Ernest, coming home on furlough from the Navy, and also our meeting a good friend of my mother who was widowed when her husband went down with a ship that struck a reef in the Pacific, off the coast of Canada. And I remember the Armistice in Chicago when even my parents took a street car to the Loop to celebrate.

I attended Our Lady of Mercy School on Troy Street where the Newtons also went and the Kretschmers, who were cousins, since our Poull grandfathers were brothers. We were about the same age as they were and the first four of us entered school the same year as did the first four of Theodore and Molly Kretschner. Molly’s mother, Anastasia Poull, lived with the family on Troy Street. We had many happy times with them. They are in many of our family photos and I distinctly remember we were at their house the day that Charlotte was born on June 20, 1921.

We made our First Communion at the age of seven although the custom of receiving at so

early an age was just getting started in the Church. I know that Agnes Schultz made a “first” communion at seven and a “solemn” communion at eleven. We moved from Sawyer Avenue to Sacramento Avenue and later to Albany Avenue, always within the same area so that we attended the same school and Church over those first six years. First Communion days were always memorable and my mother took many pictures of those events. John and I were confirmed by Bishop Hoban. By then we had moved from Our Lady of Mercy to St. Bartholomew Parish.

While we lived on Albany Avenue I recall our grandmother coming to visit us and also several cousins from among the Bosches and our Aunt Mame. One day in June of 1922 a telegram arrived saying “Mother died. Inform all the Poulls.” Life was never the same afterwards for our mother and her sisters. My mother went to the funeral and took Charlotte who was a year old. We four went to stay with Uncle Ignatius and Aunt Rita in Villa Park. Our father came to visit us on the weekend. After the will was settled, my mother had enough money to plan on buying our own home. With the help of Uncle Tom who lived west on Addison Street in St. Viator Parish, they found a new subdivision being developed in Portage Park. For \$7800 we began to own our home which had two bedrooms on the first floor and a large back porch; a carpenter made three bedrooms upstairs with heated rooms and a bath; the basement was a full basement with area for washing and hanging clothes and a coal bin and lots of storage space. We lived there seventeen years.

In 1937 by some technicality that was dishonest on the part of the mortgage company, the house was foreclosed. Then followed other moves in St. Edward Parish and eventually back to Our Lady of Mercy on Warner Avenue where our parents lived their final years of fifty— three years of married life. In the new house and on Patterson Avenue we went to St. Bartholomew School which was in its second year when we entered. I finished there as did all the other members of the family. On graduation I had the “highest” average and was given \$25 by Father Morrison to buy a watch. We knew a jeweler, Mr. Katz, who helped us select a beautiful silver watch. John and I were in the same room in “double” grades. He graduated the year after me. By then he had decided to be a priest. So he went to Quigley Minor Seminary. I went to Alvernia, again the second class to finish all four years. My cousins, Claire Newton and Marcella, were there and one of the Kretschmers followed. At the same time Agnes Schultz went to Providence High School on the west side.

When Agnes and I were to be juniors in high school, Mother Eustacia wrote and asked us if we would like to spend a year in Crookston in the boarding school, Mt. St. Benedict. Our parents and we had a solemn conference about it one Sunday afternoon down at Schultz’s house. It was decided that the answer was “no”. But Mother Eustacia did not take no for an answer. Early in October she arrived with Sister Bernadette “to get the girls”. My mother did not want me to go so far from home or give up my schooling at Alvernia. But finally she gave in and we hastily prepared to leave with the sisters about October 6. I remember the train ride, especially being in the upper deck of a sleeper while the two sisters were in the lower deck or “berth” as it was called. I thought Mother Eustacia had in mind that we might like to be Benedictines Some day. We would get a feeling for the convent by being in school with postulants, boarders and novices. I did my best to dispel the notion to the other girls. I was not what you would call a “model” student as the niece of

the Mother Superior. I had a good time and did well, yet I always felt that being late in arriving I had missed out on some of the fine points of Vergil, of chemistry and solid geometry.

At the end of the school year there was some difficulty in the community of Crookston when the prefect, Sister Clement, left and went to California. We girls had thought of her as a great favorite and to us it was a shattering experience. So I returned to Alvernia and finished high school in Chicago in 1929. The Franciscan Sisters were fine teachers. They wanted their students to earn scholarships if at all possible. They specially coached three of us for the exams at Rosary College. Helen Krizek and I each won four—year scholarships, Helen in first place, I in second. She majored in chemistry, I in Latin. We both stayed through to graduate and we both went on to get our PhD's, she at Chicago University, I at Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. She never married. I understand she was part of the brains at the University of Chicago, who worked on the atomic bomb in the days of the war. We were together in 1983 to celebrate 50 years since graduation from Rosary in 1933. I also won a scholarship to DePaul University in which I took the Latin examination getting a perfect score. I had liked Latin from the very first days when I started it in High School so I had no problem deciding to continue with it in college.

My godfather, Joseph Bosch, wanted me to go to an eastern college, but I went to Rosary because of having the scholarship — \$150 tuition per year for four years. Jo Bosch, my 'Petter', put me through the first year as a resident student but I continued as a "day hop" for the other years, traveling by bus from home to River Forest, a trip taking over an hour each way each day. I worked Saturdays and summers to earn enough to pay the carfare, and I carried my lunch. It was 1929 — 1933, the days of the Great Depression. My savings from my godfather's gifts were lost in the failure of the Inland Bank, only a trickle eventually coming to the depositors several years later.

When I was in my senior year at Rosary I felt drawn to being a Dominican, a great disappointment to Mother Eustacia, and one she tried to change by letters and even a visit. Both John and I had our "vocations". Our parents understood this although it meant hardships to them since we were unable to earn and help the financial situation at home. Their faith was tested in these years and did not go unrewarded. I know that my mother was pleased that I had chosen the Dominicans rather than the Benedictines since I would be closer to Chicago and would be entering an order that was larger and very interested in education. On September 6, 1933, I left for the Mound, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin with two dear friends, Mary Haley and Ethel Spelman. Many people said, "They won't all three stay". But we did and just recently we met at Trinity High School and reminisced.

I received the habit on March 7, 1934. Mother Eustacia came for the event. Later she went to Clyde, Missouri, with Mr. Conlon. She became ill there and was taken back to St. Mary's Hospital in Minneapolis. I never saw her again. She had several years of ill health and died on May 29, 1936. My parents and the Newtons were also at my reception. It was a very hard day because we were wearing some uncomfortable long white habits and hardly knew how to handle ourselves. We also knew we would not have visitors for one year. However, my aunt Mame did visit me once

and was kindly received. I was even allowed to go to the train in Dubuque when she left. I now was known as Sister Melchior, a name of one of my favorite uncles, Uncle Millie. I went back to my baptismal name, Barbara, in 1968.

Our “crowd” made its simple temporary profession on March 8, 1935. Relatives were not allowed to come. John could have come but he was not allowed to leave Mundelein. He came for my final profession on August 5, 1938. By then he was ordained for a year. I attended his ordination and first Mass, April 3 — 4, 1937.

On March 9, 1935, I went to Edgewood High School in Madison, Wisconsin, where our sisters conducted a grade school, high school and junior college, all on one 50—acre campus on the shores of Lake Wingra. It is perhaps the most beautiful campus or~ can imagine ——a gift of a former governor Cadwallader Washburn, later the founder of the Washburn Crosby flour mills. An academy building housed grade and high school and some college girls, as well as some fifty sisters who taught in the various schools. As the “youngest” sister, I had plenty to do before the week’s end. I taught five classes in Latin, ancient history, American history and English literature. Somehow I got through the balance of the semester. In the following years I continued to teach Latin and Religion and after 1938 I had charge of the “boarders”. That meant 24—hour care of about fifty girls, supervising their study, play and housekeeping. There were thirty in one dormitory and the rest in smaller dorms or double rooms. We had a good reputation built up over fifty years so our students came from many states and from various walks of life. Some were wealthy, such as the Blatzes and Weixes, others were sent to us by the welfare agencies of Milwaukee, some were from broken homes and during the war some came from families whose father was in service overseas.

In 1946, after eleven and one-half years at Edgewood, I went to Catholic University to study for my doctorate in Latin. I had earned my master’s degree in summer study at the University of Wisconsin between 1936 and 1941. There I had majored in Latin and minored in Greek. At Catholic University I found a strong department in Latin and Greek with emphasis on the Fathers of the Church. My work in the classical pagan authors at Wisconsin was now supplemented by the early Christian writers from the second to the sixth centuries. I studied archeology, paleography, epigraphy, grammar of Greek and Latin, literature, history, comparative philology, numismatics, art —— everything which would bring alive the ancient classical and Christian world. I wrote my thesis on “Consolation in St. Augustine” —— a study of Augustine’s use of Christian consolation in letters to the bereaved, funeral speeches, treatises on death and general themes of consolation in his other writings, especially the City of God. We were required to publish our thesis in a series of Patristic Studies from Catholic University, of which mine is Volume 83. It is still in print. I used to receive small royalties from it. One copy is still on my book shelf.

During the course of my studies I studied the works of a Swiss scholar also interested in this topic. He was Charles Favez. Later when I traveled to Europe I met him and spent a day with him in his home in Lausanne. My thesis, as all Catholic University theses, were circulated among scholars both in America and in Europe, and were reviewed in learned journals. I have a file of

these in my possession. With my doctorate, I was assigned to teach at Rosary College where they had a strong Classical department. I spent eight years there from 1949 — 1957 with Sister Winifred Mary Carmody who had been my teacher in the same department 1929 - 1933. We got along famously.

Soon after I went to Rosary I was asked by my former professor, Dr. Roy Deferrari, to translate the Letters of St. Ambrose for the Fathers of the Church series of translations. It took me three years to complete the task. By the time it was finished I had formed a deep love for St. Ambrose, now added to my love of St. Augustine, and these two authors and saints have been an inspiration. ever since.

In the summer of 1954 I applied for and received a Fulbright grant to study at the American Academy in Rome. Thirty Latin and Greek teachers and students of ancient history went under the direction of professor George Duckworth of Princeton to study the ancient monuments in and around Rome in relation to the literary authors, chiefly Cicero, Caesar, Vergil and Horace. Each day we went to a different part of Rome or to a museum, going on foot and walking many miles each trip. After lunch and siesta we returned to the Academy on the Janiculum for ice tea and cakes, followed by an hour of class in the library. Then at 8 o'clock we sat down to dinner which lasted until about 10:30 p.m. I then returned to the Dominican cloistered convent across the street where I had the retreat master's suite. There were eight doors between the street and my sleeping quarters: I ate my meals at "the turn" and carried on long conversations with the prioress who was from Ireland.

After six weeks in Rome we went to the Naples area to study Vergilian remains at Cumae and other towns near there. We stayed at a convent in Naples, a place which still showed scars of the bombing during the war. They were restoring the beautiful chapel, decorated with gold leaf. My brother John came to Italy for his vacation that year with Father Ed Skoner. They were in Rome for a few days and then went to Paris where I met them after the Naples sessions, which had lasted ten days. From Paris we went to Lourdes and John flew home from there. I went to our house in Fribourg, then to Genoa where I took the U.S. Constitution for the ten—day trip back to New York. We had flown over on Air France but our tickets for the return were by sea. It was a time to rest up from the strenuous summer. Our experiencing the tail end of Hurricane Dolly on the high seas had its ill effects on everyone. We had the thrill of seeing the Statue of Liberty as we came into New York in early September.

In 1957 I was changed to Edgewood College where I began doing many things, beginning with publicity and recruiting for students and living with the college girls in the dorm, the renovated Marshall Hall. For three summers of 1956 — 1958 I was asked to teach at the summer branch of Catholic University in San Rafael, California. Those were wonderful times and included my being able to visit my relatives in Hayward and San Jose — Aunt Polly, Monica and Phil Sheridan and their children, and Gertrude and Al Reidy and their children. Once I returned via Seattle and visited Felicia Beyenka and Jim Kelley and their boys. Thus I was able to keep in touch with the cousins who had "gone west". I have quite a collection of pictures and slides that could be

part of the family archives.

In 1965 Sister Marie Stephen Reges and I were part of the group that went with Madison's university Seminar in the Land of the Bible, sponsored by the Hebrew Studies Department by Professor Menahem Mansoor. We were partially supported by the State Department in an effort to get American citizens more informed about the new State of Israel. We left by Air Italia from O'Hare on June 24, 1965, with a three-day stop in Rome. Then at Naples we boarded a Jewish ship, The Theodore Hertzl, for a four—day trip to Haifa in Galilee. En route we saw little but water although we did see Crete in the distance one morning. On ship we gave papers which we had prepared earlier so that we would have a better idea of what lay ahead for us. I had written a paper on "Early Christian Pilgrimages to the Holy Land". They were on foot: On our sea voyage the food was kosher, all the signs were in Hebrew and we were being immersed in a new and old culture. It was most exciting. Sister and I were wearing our Dominican habits and ran into some trouble since we looked like the hated "Arabs". The PLO was just beginning to form at that time and enmity between the Israeli and Arabs was bitter.

We had to go to Israel first and then to Jordan. We could not bring anything from Israel into Jordan, not even books. So we sent home any vestige of that country before going through the Mandelbaum Gate. An Assumptionist priest, Jean Roget, was our guide. He understood well the feelings of both sides. The Six Day War had left many marks of casualties in the country. We began to understand what Israel was all about. Crossing to Jordan, we saw the refugee camps with their masses of women and children who for seventeen years had known what it was to be in exile. No other experience than going to Israel and staying six weeks could give an adequate picture of the situation. We got acquainted with the political, historical, cultural and religious foundations of the Israeli people and then in Jordan saw the ancient remains of many Christian shrines reaching back to Old Testament and New Testament times. Many were also in Israel. My brother John came for his month's vacation, spending about a week in Israel, and ten days in Jordan. From there we went to Athens and spent a week touring the country. Our next stop was Rome and Florence where John visited the American Cemetery where many of his war buddies were entombed. From Florence we went to Lourdes again and finally flew home. School was about to start~

Our mother died at age 80 on September 1, 1963. She was buried on September 4 from Our Lady of Mercy Church and taken to St. Joseph Cemetery. She had suffered a massive stroke about forty days earlier and was at Belmont Hospital until she died. Our Dad continued to live at Warner Avenue but by the first of the year was beginning to fail. Since John was at St. Albert the Great Church in Oak Lawn, he found a nursing home, Parkside, on 79th Street, not far from his Parish. Charlotte and he were within easy distance. Kay had married Ed Simmons in 1960 and lived on the north side. She was busy raising a family of teenagers and young adults, using her expertise in nursing, and teaching the families to grow. She and Ed now have fourteen grandchildren, a wonderful clan to behold

Our father died on February 14, 1965, the very day on which John went before his new parishioners at St. Monica Church as pastor and introduced himself. John had been called to our

father's bedside several times. Just that week he had been appointed by Albert Cardinal Meyer, along with eleven other priests, to head parishes in Chicago and the suburbs. His appointment came on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, our mother's birthday, and of course I was delighted that the mother of St. Augustine was the patroness of his parish. I will never forget his telephone call and the question: "Guess where I will be pastor?" After seventeen years he is retired and remains in residence at the former Convent now the Parish House. On John's 70th birthday, on October 2, Father Francis Fraser, his first assistant, suffered a brain tumor and operation. He recovered, thanks to the prayers of countless friends.

Charlotte married Art Meany May 15, 1948. They moved into their home in Evergreen Park as soon as they were married. There they had their six children and there Charlotte and Margery still live. Art died on March 4, 1972, having suffered an aneurism about four weeks earlier. John, their oldest, had just begun graduate work in biology at Western Michigan in Kalamazoo; Mary Louise was a senior at Edgewood College; Paul had just finished high school at Brother Rice; Michael was at Quigley, planning to be a priest; Cathy was at Evergreen High School and Margery was in elementary school. The family held together and now twelve years later Mary Louise is married to Michael McKenna. They have four children: Kelley Ann, Christin, Joseph and Thomas John. John Meany has entered the Dominican Order and is studying philosophy and theology at St. Louis, Missouri, in the Aquinas Institute. He received his Masters Degree at Michigan and his doctorate at the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks. Paul is married to Susanne O'Connor and is a union card carrier with the pipefitters, as was his father. Michael was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Chicago on May 14, 1980. He celebrated his first Mass at Holy Redeemer Church on May 18. He is now assigned to St. Mary Star of the Sea, Chicago. Cathy lives in Chicago Ridge and works with an insurance firm in the Chicago Loop. She will marry Joseph Cotter on June 9, 1984. Margery finished her degree in education at St. Xavier College. She teaches at St. Francis de Sales School in Chicago. She plans to be married to Francis Connelly on August 11, 1984. Charlotte is now studying at St. Xavier, too, in the Weekend Degree program. She is employed part time at Katalco Company on Chicago's west side.

Annette married Emil J. Haut on September 13, 1941, just weeks before World War II began. They lived in Chicago for four years and had their first four children there — Vincent, ordained a priest of St. Augustine Diocese June 29, 1968; Frances Ann, who married Tom Towle April 25, 1970 and have three children, Tiffany, Tom III and Michael Anthony, living in Miami. Barbara Louise married David Ruppert in 1970. They have four children, David, Stephen, Anne Marie and Mary Theresa. They live in Kensington, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D.C. Anthony married Mary Ann in 1982 and they have a daughter, Nicole. They live in Raleigh, North Carolina. Anthony was a "babe in arms" when Annette flew to Jacksonville, Florida, with Barbara and Anthony, while Emil drove south with Vincent and Fran. Emil was employed by Ryder Trucking until he retired in 1976. The four children born in Jacksonville are Joseph, who married Sandra Sweat, and they live in Valdasto, Georgia. They have one daughter, Jody Lynn. Peter married Susan Vickers and lives in Duluth, Georgia. They have a daughter, Shannon Danese, and a son, Daniel Joseph. Mary Catherine married Piero Evangelista and lives in Vasto, Italy, with one child, Francesco Alberto. Thomas lives at home. He is a seaman and sails on a barge," Alice

Moran”, out of Jacksonville or wherever they call him. His home is the sea when he is away from home.

The entire Haut family gathered in September 1981 to celebrate the 40th anniversary of Emil and Annette. There are many pictures from that event, treasured by us all. Barbara put together a banner that traces the family through the many steps of the forty years and the girls also created a blanket which is made up of patches designed by each of the children and immediate family members, showing their birth dates and their symbolic representation in the Haut story.

Returning to my own story as a Dominican, an event tied in with Emil and Annette, they accompanied me and Gertrude Puestow on my third trip to Europe in December of 1974, when I went as a delegate to an International Congress on Ambrosian studies, commemorating 1600 years since St. Ambrose became bishop of Milan. We traveled by Air Italia to Rome and then by train to Milan for a ten—day stay there. Then we went to Innsbruck, Salzburg and Vienna before going to Zurich where Annette and Emil left for the USA. Gertrude and I went to our school in Fribourg, Switzerland, and then returned to Madison. A highlight of the trip for us all was being with Sister Lelia Makra, a Maryknoll friend, who was secretary to Archbishop Mindzenty. We also saw operas in Milan at LaScala and at Vienna Statsopera and Volksopera. And we saw mountains — the Alps

In 1976 I resigned from Edgewood having served twenty years since 1957, nine of them as academic dean and six as founder and director of the program in Continuing Education. I spent a year at our House of Prayer in Clarendon Hills, Illinois, during which time I wrote the history of Edgewood College for its golden anniversary in 1977. I spent a year at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with Sister Giotto Moots, director of the Sagrada Art Studio. Then I had two years at the Mound where I assisted Sister Louis Russley, director of the Dominican Education Center. During that time I wrote the history of the southwest province of our community, Province II, Focn~ onth~ Southwest. In 1980 I accepted an invitation to teach Latin at our high school in Dallas, Texas. After a year and a few months I was forced by ill health to leave. I came to Chicago and am residing at St. Cajetan Convent on the far southside. I am engaged in several parish projects among which is the giving of At Home Retreats to women of the neighboring parishes. A laywoman and myself are the directors of this Cenacle— inspired program. I also enjoy being with my community which is mostly engaged in teaching. I “keep the homefires burning”. Also I am close to Charlotte in nearby Evergreen Park and I can get to the north side if something is going on there. It often is

Annette calls 1983 the “year of the child” because of the birth of four grandchildren, Daniel Joseph Haut, Jody Lynn Haut, Michael Anthony Towle and Mary Theresa Ruppert. A new age begins. When they are 18 it will be the year 2001. “In the end is our beginning.”

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October 24, 1982
Revised November 13, 1983

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ADDENDUM

The above narrative was written at the request of Antoinette Schultz Cieslak who began compiling a family history in 1981. Because she had a great amount of material on her mother's family I did not wish to repeat it in an account of my father's family. To set the record straight, however, I wish to add a few details.

My paternal grandparents were Francis de Salles Beyenka, born in 1844 in Posen (then part of Germany) Poland and Antonia Foiski Kaminski, who had been widowed by the Franco-Prussian War. She had two young sons • When she married Francis de Salles Beyenka they came to Duluth, Minnesota where the Poiskis had homesteaded. The newlyweds did the same: they purchased land at ~1 per acre.

The children of this marriage were: Frank who married Frances Inda and had two children — Felicia and Frank; Wanda who became a sister at the Benedictine Convent, St. Joseph, Minnesota, near St. Cloud and received the name Sister Adulgundis; Mary who entered the community of Benedictine Sisters in Duluth and received the name Sister Eustacia; Ignatius who married Rita Bosch and had no children; Thomas who married Leona Poull and had six children; and Pelagia who married Felix Schultz and had six children—Antoinette, Roger, Agnes, Gertrude, Monica and Robert.