



CATHOLIC CABIN

St. Joseph Catholic Church

Family Building the Body of Christ

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Faculty and Students Create St. Joseph Altar

by Ray Nielsen



St. Joseph Elementary School faculty and students recently collaborated on setting up a special decorative altar in honor of St. Joseph Day which was held May 19th. In the Catholic Church, Joseph, the husband of Mary and legal father of Jesus Christ, is venerated as a saint. He's viewed as both the patron and protector of the church, the patron saint of workers, and is obviously the patron of St. Joseph Church and School as well. A special feast day, known as the Solemnity of the Feast of St. Joseph, is held annually on that date. This religious feast is especially unique in 2021 since Pope Francis had declared it to be the "Year of St. Joseph" for the worldwide church.

Constructing such altars has been a tradition for centuries. It began in Italy during the Middle Ages when droughts and famine were plaguing the country. Local parishioners prayed to St. Joseph for relief. When the rains finally came, local farmers and fishermen established altars in their homes to thank him. They were laden with fruit, fish, fancy pastries, decorative breads and much more. Families then shared their good fortune with the needy.

The school began working on an altar, which was set up in the cafeteria, on March 15th. Principal Courtney Pope wanted the children involved so they could be introduced to this wonderful tradition and develop a sense of ownership. Classroom teachers urged the Kindergarten through 3rd grade students to bring things to be placed on the altar such as religious items, handmade flowers, candles, or symbols of St. Joseph such as carpentry tools or sawdust. Administrative Assistant Jane Royal made the homemade bread dough, and art teacher Shannon Chamoun crafted it into the likenesses of the chalices and Eucharists seen.

Growing Up in Conway—The Schichtl Family

by Nancy Breedon Mitchell

The Joseph Jacob and Mary Catherine Emerine Schichtl family arrived in Conway in 1873 from Ohio earning them the distinction of being the first Catholic family to arrive in this city and to become part of St. Joseph Catholic Church. Anna Mae “Pete” Hart was the daughter of George and Anna Mae Halter Schichtl. When St. Joseph was celebrating its 125th anniversary, she submitted three essays about her family. They are contained here.

Introduction

The family of Joseph and his wife Marie Theresia Magel Schichtl emigrated to the United States of America from the Rhineland region of Germany. They sailed on the La Duchesse of d’ Orleans departing from Havre de Grace, France arriving in New York City on December 30, 1846. The ship records list the following family members: Joseph and Maria Theresia (Magel) Schichtl, Annie, Theresia, Catherine, Johann, Joseph Jacob, Anna Mary, Victoria Theresia, Madeleine, George, Francisca, Joseph, and Robert. From New York, the family traveled to New Washington, Crawford County, Ohio.

As the family’s children became adults, they began to settle in other parts of the United States. Joseph Jacob Schichtl and his wife Mary Catherine moved from Ohio to Conway becoming the first Catholic family to settle here. He arrived by train and the family rented rooms at the Markham Hotel at 1314 Oak Street until their log cabin could be completed. Joseph erected his new home a mile east of Conway on the Lewisburg Road in 1874. Father Brehm, who was assigned to take care of several Catholic families in the Arkansas River Valley, rode the train between Little Rock and Atkins. He held the first Holy Mass at the home of Joseph Jacob Schichtl on an improvised altar in the Schichtl home. Joseph Jacob and Mary Catherine had ten children. They were George, John Joseph, Frank, Mary, Sarah, Nicolos, Anna, Matilda, Anthony and Jake. Joseph’s sister, Theresia, married Joseph Schneider and they too moved to Conway. They accompanied their daughter Catherina and her husband Edward Lachowsky in 1876.

Dr. George Schichtl

My grandfather, George, was born in 1870 in Ohio of German parents, Joseph Schichtl and Mary Catherine Emerine. In 1873, his family moved to Conway. They came by train and stayed at the Markham Hotel until their log house was built on Lewisburg Road, now known as Siebenmorgen Road. The Joseph Schichtl family was the first Catholic family to move to Conway. There was one store; transportation was by horses, mules and wagons. The first transportation of the Schichtl family was a mule and an ox.

In 1876, George’s family was joined by five other Catholic families: the Lachowskys, the Schneiders, the Webers, the Wuryelbachs and the Rappels. The first mass was said on the front porch of the Schichtl’s log cabin with these six families attending.



Fredrica, Anna Dora, Ruth, Marie, and George “Doc” Schichtl



Annie and George

George married Anna Dora Schierlang, also of German descent. They had four children. Marie, the eldest was born in 1900. She was the head of the Art Department at the University of Central Arkansas for over 30 years. The Schichtl Art Building was named after her. Ruth, born in 1906, married Fritz Worm. Fredrica, born in 1910, taught school in Conway for years then married Buck Conner and moved to Springfield, Missouri. My father, George, was born in 1902 and married Anna Mae Halter (daughter of Amos Halter).

Grandfather and his brother, Frank, at one time owned the Schichtl Brothers Meat Market. He later owned a livery stable located in the middle of the 800 block of Court Street on the west side. Grandfather was of medium height, but I especially remember his strength. Dad told how he and Doc were training a new surrey horse. The horse ran away with them and when they came to a curve in the road, Doc grabbed the inside wheel and skidded the surrey around the turn. I really had a problem with this until so many people told me how my grandfather never slowed his horse for a corner; just grabbed the wheel and skidded.

Grandfather loved animals and after studying textbooks on veterinarian medicine, he passed the state

licensing test and from then on was Doc Schichtl. When treating horses, he lowered his head under their stomach, placed his left arm around their hind legs and his right arm around their front legs. He raised the horse over his shoulders, pulled the legs to him and gently laid them on their side. Doc's vet clinic was a small building located on Bruce Street next to the railroad track.

Very few times did I ever remember seeing him dressed in anything other than a black suit, black vest, white shirt with a black bow tie and a black derby (hat). He made quite a picture on his transportation, his horse. In his eighties, he rode a grey pacing horse. The horse died and he never mounted another one. When parking meters came to Conway, Doc tied his horse to one, opened a loaf of bread, placed it on the sidewalk and Old Grey ate lunch. Doc Schichtl died at the age of 94 in 1964.



Dr. George Schichtl



Marie Schichtl

Marie Schichtl

Marie Schichtl started her career at Arkansas State Normal School (now UCA) in 1920 after obtaining a two year Licentiate of Instruction. She initially taught in the Department of Drawing and Penmanship. She later earned a Bachelor a Peabody College in 1934. In the same year, she became the Head of the Department of Art and Drawing and remained so until she retired in 1967. She received a Master of Art Degree from Columbia University in 1939. She attended graduate school at the University of

Southern California in 1937 and Columbia University in 1947.

Because of her 47 years of service to the college, the Schichtl Art Building is named for her. She continues to hold the title of the longest serving female employed by the school. Marie died in March of 1992 at the age of 91. She is buried in St. Joseph Catholic Church Cemetery.



Doc Schichtl with his horse.

Memories of Home

The earliest memories I have of my home and family came from a white frame home on Donaghey Street. The home has been destroyed. The lot is now the UCA parking lot. My grandfather, Amos Halter, built the house, and it was given to Mom as her share of his estate.

George, Jim, Tom, Della, and I along with a still born brother, Matthew (Dad's first child), were delivered in that house. I remember Christmases there. Mom tied lots and lots of candy on the tree with fruit, tinsel, lights, and mounds of presents. I remember Dad bringing home a family of geese who attacked us as we ran for the feed shed in the middle of the lot. I remember Dad making home brew in a storage room in the garage and us kids burying it in the pasture under the big oak tree. I remember my mom milking a cow every morning and night, hating it, and telling me, "Never learn to milk a cow." I remember distinctly Mom's moans and groans as she went through labor and the first cries of my brothers and sisters. Dad was in and out as the doctor and a mid-wife assisted Mom, and us kids were pushed outside or in another part of the home until we were called in to meet our new brother or sister. I remember riding Pearl, our painted pony, running down the sidewalks and across the vacant lots. After Mom succeeded in getting rid of the cow, George and I rode every day to Grandma Schichtl's home on Conway Blvd. to bring home the milk. We were 7 and 8 years old.



*George and Anna Mae
Halter Schichtl*

Although Mom attended Arkansas State Normal School (now UCA) for two years, Dad only finished the 8th grade. My father was very enterprising, and when he was yet a teenager, he was butchering livestock and selling meat from door to door. This business grew rapidly, and he opened his own meat market in town on Front Street. He had a slaughterhouse where he killed and butchered hogs and cattle at the end of Bruce Street next to what is now the airport. (The area is now Central Landing.) An African American man, John, worked for Dad doing the butchering. John sometimes took us kids with him in the wagon. After he loaded the wagon with the quarters of beef and pork, he gave the old horse his head. He would sit up on the wagon seat and sleep as the horse came down (Highway) 365 next to the St. Joseph Cemetery, on down town, down the alley, and back the wagon up to the back door of the meat

market and stand until John woke up. During the war, help was not to be found, so Jim and I delivered the grocery orders. Dad expanded the meat market to a grocery store and families called in their orders, and the groceries were delivered.

When Della was eight weeks old, we moved from the small house on Donaghey to 1315 College Avenue. This was in 1937 and I was eight years old. The home was the location of the first home built in Conway. The home (a cabin) was owned by a Robinson and was located where Dad's barn and his garden was. He dug up pieces of pottery and glass for years in the garden. We were not aware of this until years later when the Faulkner County Historical Society asked for permission to put a marker in the front yard. It remains to this day. (Asa Peter Robinson is considered the Father of Conway. He was a chief engineer for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. He was awarded 640 acres of land in appreciation for his hard work upon his retirement. He chose the area 30 miles north of Little Rock where, in 1871, he built Conway Station.)



Schichtl Home. Now the St. Joseph School Endowment Office.

When we first moved there, there was an old dug well east of the barn 6 feet in diameter. Mother could not relax until we filled it. We threw rocks, wire, dirt, tin, etc. Little did we know that we were filling the first well ever dug in Conway.

There were only three bedrooms in our College Avenue home. One for Della and I, one for Mom and Dad, and the sleeping porch for the boys. We had one bathroom for the family of eleven.

Dad left Uncle Fritz to manage the meat market and grocery store and started his sale barn business. He never ceased to amaze me. His memory and his eye for livestock was uncanny. He could tell you the weight of cattle as close as one to two pounds. He could identify a cow or steer for years with statements like, "We sold her at Monticello last year." At one time, he owned 2 sale barns in Warren and Malvern and sent cattle in at Morrilton and Malvern. Later Dad bought a commission company at the Greater North Little Rock Livestock Yard. When the new sale barn was built in Little Rock, he owned it all and retired from there.

We had a happy childhood and plenty to eat, a home, and two great parents. There were no extras back during the 30s and 40s. We made our own toys. All of us worked. The boys at one time had over half of the paper routes in town. I started at 15 working at Ben Franklin's 5&10 and then J. C. Penny Co. During my spare time, I decorated store windows. I put myself through college. I had two dresses when I started. Dad did not believe in getting a college education and did not encourage my brothers. Mom did. Marie, Dad's sister, (head of the Art Depart. at UCA) was my mentor. I will be forever grateful.

When Butch started to attend grade school, Mom began managing St. Joseph's school lunch- room and continued for years. She was "Grannie" to the entire school. I was so proud of her. She raised nine children with very little help and still had her very own career in a business she loved, foods. During the summer, we canned enough for the winter months. Fifteen bushels of tomatoes, eight of peaches, green beans, sauerkraut, pickles, etc.

Dad made all kinds of sausage: liverwurst, deer, etc. One year after Mom warned him twice that his fire was too high in the smoke house, it burned down. Dad rescued only a few pieces which we ate for Christmas breakfast. Since the smoke house was lined with linoleum, one of my brave brothers said, "This is the best linoleum smoked sausage I've tasted!"

Mom used to remind us that as a girl, she traveled to Little Rock in a horse and buggy. The trip took two days with a halfway hotel in the Morgan area. Before she died, the trip took 25 minutes by car on I-40. From 2 days to 25 minutes in her own lifetime!



All of my brothers except Robert and George were in the armed services. Jim and Tom were in the Air Force. Ed, Butch, and Will were in the Army. Robert happened to be between wars and George escaped because of a disability. Mom and Dad went through the worry of having five sons in the military. By the grace of God and many prayers of Mom, they all came home safe.

George Schichtl (center) surrounded by his family.

One by one we left home either for school, for service, or to get married and have our own homes. Then came the grandchildren. Thirty-seven in all and thirty-three great-grandchildren.

Mom and Dad never moved after they left the house on Donaghey for the College Avenue house. Will, Robert, and Ed were born there. Butch was the only one born in the hospital. Mom and Dad lived there until they died. Mom died first, July 4, 1975. Dad then remarried Ruby Bullion losing her several years later. Brother Will lived with Ruby and Dad and later helped all of us take care of Dad when he was bed-ridden until he died at age 88 in 1990. Our home is now the property of St. Joseph Church (St. Joseph Endowment Office). At the time of this writing, all of the children except the still born child are living. (1995)



*Amos and Maggie
Lienhart Halter*

Amos Aloysius Halter

A.A. Halter, born (January 14), 1876, married Maggie Rose Lienhart, (born on November 4, 1883) on September 23, 1901. They had six children. Their oldest child, Anna Mae, was my mother. His sons were Andrew, Amos, and Leo. His daughters were my mother, Helen, and Margaret. A.A.'s father and mother (Ferdinand and Susan Waggoner Halter) were immigrants who settled in Canton, Ohio and then moved to Conway in 1878 when he was two years old.

He was engaged in the lumber and building business for 23 years. (Halter Brothers Construction Company originally consisted of brothers Lawrence, Frank Urban and Amos Halter.) He was owner of Conway's first lumber yard, the Conway Lumber Co. located on the southwest corner of Parkway and Main Street. He was also extensively

interested in real estate. A.A. played a major role in Conway's development. He was a wealthy man by Conway's standards and owned the first car in town.

A.A. built the science building at the University of Central Arkansas (then Arkansas State Normal School) along with other homes and businesses. My grandfather built his family a large beautiful

Victorian home located on Oak Street on the 400 block west of Wendy's. I remember the garden, the potato cellar, a huge three-car garage, and the porch swing. In 1965, the home was destroyed by a tornado.

The family was among the first Catholic families to move to Conway. He was always interested in the general welfare of the church as well as his own parish. There were few diocesan activities that he did not become actively interested in. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Catholic Knights of America, and St. Joseph's Society. He was particularly interested in the future church that was being planned for the St. Joseph parish and gave much of his time to it just prior to his death.

In 1924, at the age of 48, A.A. died of stomach cancer leaving his wife with a very young family. His estate took care of them until her death in 1950.

Anna Mae "Pete" Hart



*Anna Mae "Pete"
Hart*

Anna Mae "Pete" Hart, passed away on Saturday, July 31, 2004 at the age of 75. She was born May 2, 1929. She was a 1947 graduate of St. Joseph High School. She earned a Bachelor of Science in Education degree in Home Economics with a minor in Art and Science in 1951 at Arkansas State Teachers College (now UCA). She started work as a County Extension Agent in Perry County, AR. She married Dr. John William "Doc" Hart on June 7, 1958. She had four children Clay, Toby, Mitch, and Grant. She was active in the community and the St. Joseph Church. She began a real estate career in 1972 and with Betty Dunaway started Century 21 Dunaway & Hart, Inc. in 1979



The Amos Halter Home



ADORATION

Jesus, this is my quiet place, a place where time stands still;
A place that never changes; a place that truly heals.
The year that's ending has been a challenge in oh so many ways;
Yet You are always waiting here, twenty-four hours a day.

Sometimes words are spoken; often they are not.
Because sitting with Perfect Love, doesn't require a lot.
Yes, it takes a little effort, to carve out a slot in my day;
But I've never been disappointed when I stop by along the way.

Sometimes it's a quick hello; other times a longer stay;
But I always know when I leave here, that, regardless, life will be okay.
This place is where I often hear the words You want me to write;
Perhaps because the world's distractions are temporality out of sight.

So thank You for this special place where You are seen and adored;
Help me spread the invite to others so this church will be filled with
more.

You have so much to give us, if we find time to pause for a bit;
Like Mary, help us choose the better thing, as at Your feet we sit.

*Diane Bausom
December 31, 2020*

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The Seven Secrets of the Eucharist

by Kathy Kordsmeier

St. John Vianney, the patron saint of the parish priest, once said that our hearts would be so full of love that we would die if we could totally understand the mystery of the Eucharist. A book by Vinny Flynn titled *7 Secrets of the Eucharist* dedicates a chapter to each of these 7 secrets. I pray that your burning desire for Jesus in the Eucharistic will grow as each of these mysteries is revealed and pondered in your heart.

Secret 1: The Eucharist is alive. It is a holy and living sacrifice, the Person of Jesus Christ, True God and True Man.

Secret 2: Christ is not alone. Glorified in Body and Soul, Jesus is seated at the right hand of the Father, surrounded by the whole heavenly hosts of angels and saints, and reunited with His Mother who now reigns as Queen of heaven and earth.

Secret 3: There is only one Mass. God is the Eternal Now, not bound by time and space. Each and every time we go to Mass we are truly at Calvary, one sacrifice, one Mass.

Secret 4: The Eucharist is not just one miracle. We are actually participating in the very same Mass with the angels and saints in the one divine liturgy that is being perpetually celebrated in heaven as Christ presents His once and for all sacrifice to the Father.

Secret 5: We don't just receive. We are not called to receive communion passively. No, Christ invites us to actively respond to His invitation. He is calling us to be completely one with Him, to enter into communion with Him and form but one Body in Him. This union requires active participation and communication from each person to achieve the desired union.

Secret 6: Every reception is different. What happens within us depends on our spiritual disposition before, during, and after receiving the Blessed Sacrament. It will produce good fruit in proportion to how well we prepare our hearts and remove every obstacle to our union with Christ.

Secret 7: There's no limit to the number of times we can receive. St. Thomas Aquinas says that there are two kinds of partaking of the Eucharist, the spiritual and the sacramental. Both are accompanied by a real longing for union with Christ. Although we may be limited in how often we can receive Jesus in the sacrament, we have unlimited opportunities during the day to think and ponder on the Eucharist and enjoy a spiritual communion with the Lord.

This is especially important for us to know in the time of a pandemic when our ability to participate sacramentally may be limited. At these times and any time you may pray an "Act of Spiritual Communion" by St. Alphonsus Liguori:

*My Jesus,
 I believe that Thou art present
 In the Blessed Sacrament.
 I love Thee above all things
 And I desire Thee in my soul.
 Since I cannot now receive Thee
 Sacramentally, come at least spiritually into my heart.
 As though thou wert already there,
 I embrace Thee and unite myself
 Wholly to Thee; permit not that I
 Should ever be separated from Thee.
 Amen*

(7 Secrets of the Eucharist, Vinny Flynn, Ignatius Press, January 2007)

Close-Knit Faith Community—Through the Pandemic

by Jean Leffler

*“You formed me in my inmost being; you knit me in my mother’s womb.
I praise you, so wonderfully you made me. Wonderful are your works!”*

Psalm 139: 13-14

We are called, Close-Knit, because we are, **CLOSE-KNIT!** Our group has been together since September 2007. Our numbers have waxed and waned over the years, but our ministry has remained constant. We gather weekly, year ‘round, to knit and/or crochet for local and regional charities. We give of our time and talent, serving God.

Our ‘fearless leader’ is Cassie Bergschneider. Typically, she leads us through the Mass readings for the following Sunday, though we have gotten a bit lazy about that since the pandemic. Before we leave our weekly time together, we share our concerns and create a prayer list. That list is shared via e-mail later in the week. Each member is called on to pray for each other’s concerns through the remainder of the week. We have seen, and been the recipients of, some extraordinary blessings as the result of this prayer practice.



CKFC with baby coverlets - intended for our newly baptized babies

Some of the recipients of our handiwork are: newborn babies at Conway Regional Medical Center, preemies at Baptist Hospital NICU (in Little Rock), the (now disbanded) Faulkner County Nursing Home Gift Fund, Life Choices, Arkansas Children’s Hospital, St. Joseph Welcome Baby gifts of carrier coverlets, St. Joseph Prayer Shawls, and hats for the Ministry Center (distributed to the homeless). One year we made scarves for our vets. Postage for that project got to be an unanticipated expense, so we only did that one winter. Currently, we are making lap robes to be given to Superior Nursing Home and Rehab residents, here in Conway. Before any of our gifts are distributed to the recipients, they are prayed over and blessed by one of our priests.

As the COVID-19 quarantine began in March 2020, our group retreated to our homes and were as isolated as everyone else around the country. In late spring, we began to communicate via our e-mails. We were lonely and not very productive in those three months. That changed in mid-June.

With the weather improving, a few of us began to meet outside, on my shaded back deck. It was good to be together again – though we only a few in number. We remember what Jesus said, *“For where two or three are gathered in my name, there I am there among them.”* (Matthew 18:20) The summer wore on, and the Arkansas heat became uncomfortable. I made a ‘measuring string’ to estimate our six-foot self-distancing – we moved inside to the air conditioning. Each of us are very careful in our community contacts and none of us has been infected with the cursed virus.

We have delivered several hundred baby hats to CRMC twice since the ‘shutdown’. We are able to use up our yarn leftovers to make more baby hats and continue that project throughout the year – every year since our inception. We have a good supply of baby coverlets to gift to new babies born within the parish. We have a great supply of Prayer Shawls in a variety of sizes, shapes and colors. These are intended to wrap folks in prayer as they face fear, stress, worry, sickness, or isolation.

Karin Kirk and Christy Trantina are at the ready to receive our finished prayer shawls and baby coverlets, get them blessed, and distributed to those who request them. We are always thankful for contributions from the community. Early this winter, a new parishioner read of our group and donated five lovely afghans for our nursing home project! We would love for you who knit and/or crochet, and feel so moved, to add to our

'stash.' We have pledged to donate as many lap robes as we can to Superior Nursing and Rehab in late November for Christmas distribution to their residents. Their census is full at 118 – so you can see we will need to keep our needles and hooks flying for every resident to receive one for Christmas! We can use all the help we can get! The only stipulation is the yarn you use should be acrylic so it will withstand the rigors of an industrial laundry.

Recipients of our Prayer Shawls are not limited to parishioners. Recently someone came and requested one for a friend who was anxious about an upcoming surgery. Asking for a specific color, Karin took this person to our storage closet for her to choose the perfect one. In a few weeks, Karin received a heartfelt thank you. Part of that special e-mail is paraphrased here:

[A friend wanted a blue prayer shawl for a co-worker who was facing foot surgery.

After receiving the Prayer Shawl, before the surgery, she reported that she had an experience of being wrapped in a warm, fuzzy embrace and was filled with peace about the surgery. It surprised her, and all her anxiety left. The feeling stayed with her on the day of surgery, which went very well. During a visit the next week, she told of having an experience of complete peace about it all and, again, reported to feeling like she was wrapped in a warm, fuzzy embrace through the whole experience. Her doctor is well pleased with her progress and she is back to work. She says often, 'many prayers were answered.'

She spent two weeks at home for rest. Her doctor reported that she did excellent. She has returned to working-from-home and she is doing fine. She says often, 'Many prayers were answered.']

In a postscript, a special 'thank you' was given to Karin for coordinating the sharing of prayers and blessings given with the shawl. We, in the CKFC, reiterate that thanks! If you feel the need for your own "warm fuzzy embrace" wrapped up in a Prayer Shawl, please contact Karin or Christy at 501-327-6568 to make arrangements for pick up. If you are a caregiver for someone and could benefit from your own "warm fuzzy embrace," you are welcome to pick one up for yourself too.

The Close-Knit Faith Community continues to meet. We look forward to the lessening of restrictions to a day when we can re-convene in the Spiritan Center.



Father Robert blessing baby hats to be given to hospitals.

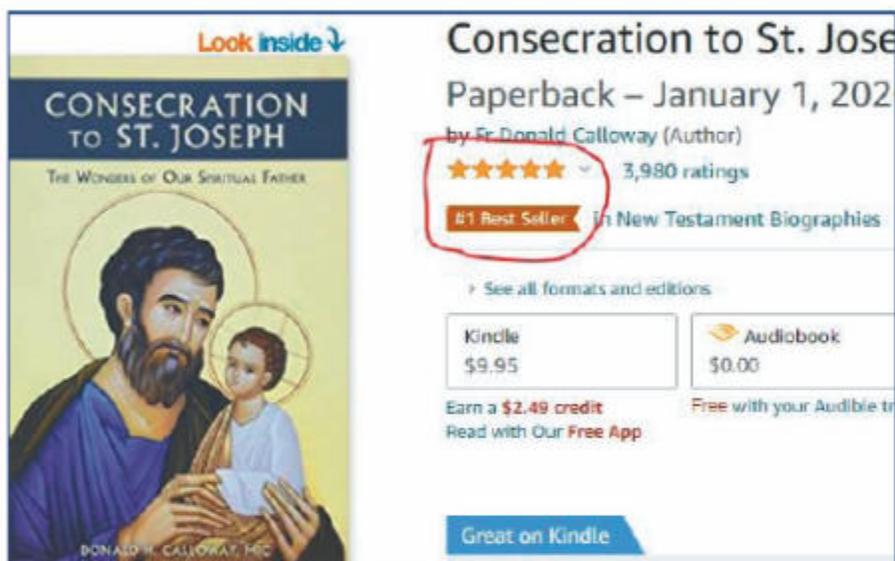


Cassie Bergshneider displaying a cake during the 10 year anniversary celebration in 2017.

Join us in **CONSECRATION TO ST. JOSEPH**

MARCH 30-MAY 1, 2021

A 33-Day prayer journey with our spiritual father



Grow in holiness and grow closer to God through our Patron Saint and spiritual father. The book has 33 daily readings (20-30 minutes each) reflecting on the life of St. Joseph.

We will have discussion via Facebook LIVE, 5 weekly sessions on Tuesdays starting March 30th, 6:30-8:00pm
Mass & Consecration service is Saturday, May 1st, 9:00am in the church.
****Attendance for weekly sessions & consecration is optional****

Cost: \$5.00, and includes the book

Signup Online: tinyurl.com/sjp72032sj

Or contact Christy at the Parish Office, 501-327-6568, ctrantina@sjparish.org

Note: a fall session will be offered as well.

Growing Up in Conway—Memories of Raymond Anthony Luyet

by Nancy Breeden Mitchell

In 2004, Raymond Luyet and Gene Gardner worked together collecting family histories from the descendants of the early parishioners who had arrived in Conway in the late 1800s. Mr. Gardner gave me the pages of histories he had collected and among the papers were the memories that Raymond Luyet had written about his experiences as a young man growing up in Conway. Raymond also wrote about a miraculous healing which took place as a result of a Marion Conference which took place here at St. Joseph.

I was born on June 19, 1936 to Emil Peter and Julian Dussex Luyet. I was the second child born in our family. My father's parents were Lee Joseph and Eugenia M. Moix Luyet. They were both from Switzerland; my grandmother from St. Martin and my grandfather from Ormone. My mother's parents were Antone and Marie A. Ruduz Dussex. They were both from Salin, Switzerland.



Emil and Julian Luyet



Emil and Julian's Family. Raymond (back row, center) in his US Navy Uniform.

There were seven children in my family, but one died at four days old. The children were Patricia Ann (Casey), Raymond Anthony, Vivian Marie (Bates), Robert Joseph, Carolyn Eugenia (Hopkins), David Allen, and Dorothy Ann (Pate). When I was born, we lived at Chestnut and Deer Street where the Hambuchen Dental building is today. We lived on the corner and John Grummer lived just south of us. In December we moved on the Vilonia Highway (as it was called back then) or Highway 64 East where Taco Bell is now. In 1936, Dad bought the house and the whole front half of the block for \$750. Later we sold four lots to my Uncle George Luyet and two lots to my Grandfather Lee Luyet and two lots to Clarence Henley. We kept four lots. Arthur Hoyt and Virgil Posey wired our house in the 1940's.

Growing Up



Raymond

I did not have a lot of time for recreation, but on Sundays after church and milking we would go horseback riding to someone's house to play ball. Most of the time it was to Clyde Moix's. On rainy days, we would have corn cob fights. We would choose up sides and one side would hide in the barn and the other side would try to hit you with soggy corn cobs. The one that was hit was dead. Clyde's sister (Mary Ann Moix Nahlen) and mother would make popcorn balls and cookies. We always had treats. Once a month Clyde's dad, Joe, would line us up in a row and give us all a haircut. If you were there, you got a haircut.

If I was lucky, on Sunday night after milking I would get to go to the movie and the grownups would go to Norbert and Louise Strack's house to play cards. I would walk over there after the movie. The first time I went to the Grand Theatre, it cost \$.10 to get in, \$.10 for popcorn and \$.05 for a Coke. Later years, I also went to the Conway Theater. It cost \$.25.

I went to St. Joe 1st through 11th grade. We had "socials" at school. Women would cook hamburgers and you could smell them, and you would be starving. They smelled so good. Ten cents would buy one. In the 4th grade, I became an altar server. We had to learn Latin for you answered the priest in Latin and the prayers were fairly long and for me I did good to learn it in English.



Raymond in childhood

From 7th and 8th grade and up we had dances. They were held in the school auditorium. We had a basketball team in my 10th and 11th grade. We just started it and we had a long way to go. We played Mayflower, Enola, Mt. Vernon, and Liberty, I think. I still have my shirt. It was an undershirt dyed purple and the number 11 sewed on in gold. We played our home games in the Armory at Locust and Caldwell Streets. Father Lachowsky, our pastor, arranged for me to clean the bathrooms and the hall each week at St. Joseph for tuition during the school year. Tuition was \$25.00 a year.



*St. Joseph School
Basketball Uniform*

When I turned 13 years old, I had a Whizzer motorbike. On Sunday I rode it to Liberty to play ball at the Paul's place. But the best part of it was that the crank shift in the motor was flat and I had to put another set of inserts in before I could go back home. I carried an extra set in my saddle bags with oil and tools. I rode it to Pickles Gap several times for I was on that team in summer. Our team members were Travis Acklin, Dean, his brother Jim Acklin, a Davis, and an Ingram guy pitched.



*The Whizzer came in a kit
that you mounted on a bicycle.*

One of my younger memories was a time when the U.S. Army camped across the road from us. It was on J. Collier's property. The circus was on this property before it moved to Ingram and Oak. That year the circus came on a train and marched east to Highway 64 to the Collier's property. It rained and it rained, and it was a mud hole. Elephants were tail to trunk about twelve of them. Some were pulling lion and tiger cages. But the fun started when it was time to leave. Highway 64 was not busy then. You would see cars in the morning, people going to work, and in the evening going home. Lee Mode, a heavy equipment owner, had a winch truck and it sat in the road all day pulling out wagons and cages. Then it started on the elephants and that was slow for the trainer would have the elephant lift one leg at a time and the winch would pull a little. The elephants had a leather harness over its shoulders and around its rump. The elephants could not lift their legs high

enough to get it out of the mud. After a full day, they made it back to the train. I remember my uncle and my dad took me to the circus in the early 1940s to see Shirley Temple. She sat on a stool and had long ringlets in her hair. The circus and the fair moved to Ingram and Oak Streets after that terrible year. I remember two years that Fred Fields and Johnny Constantine ran a race around the horse racetrack backward in their Model T trucks.

The Bazaar

From the earliest time, I looked forward to the St. Joseph Bazaar. Most of the time we stayed until they gave away the grand prize, a bale of cotton. For years, the bale of cotton was the grand prize. We had a candy stand where you could buy fudge or divinity and peanut brittle made by the Altar Society. We had an ice cream stand, hamburger stand, mouse stand, cane stand, and country store stand. When I turned 14, we started running water and gas to the hamburger stand and hooked up gas stoves to cook on. That lasted for 20 years. Then I started frying chicken. We have changed the menu, but I still work in the cooking. I also worked in the pull tab booth for two or three years.

Growing up, Conway was a small town. There were no stop lights. There was a red heavy metal dome with STOP embossed in white bolted down in the center of the street where you were supposed to stop. City limits were Ingram Street on the east, Bruce Street on the south, Donaghey Avenue on the west, and Fleming Street on the north.

Work

I started my first job at 6 years old. I worked for 7 years for Ray's Dairy off and on for \$.25 a day. We used electrical machines to milk the cows. I went to work for \$.25 a day delivering milk door to door riding on the

running board of a milk truck. The summer I turned 8, I went to work at 3:00 AM and milked until 7:30 AM. At 8:00 AM we delivered until 10:30 or 11:00. Then we were back at 2:30 until 5:30 milking again. I made \$2.75 a week. I picked cotton, chopped cotton, hauled loose hay to fill three barns each summer. I ran a Ghee Whiz (horse drawn gardening cultivator plow) through corn. Ran out the middle. I dirted* cotton after it was chopped, all with horses. We didn't use a tractor until 1946 but rather a horse drawn cultivator.

I quit milking to pick cotton or chop cotton for \$1.75 a day. I could make \$3.50 picking sometimes. I worked one year for a filly (to buy a young female horse). We would bind oats, shack it, and sometimes we would put it in the barn if it was going to be a long time to get it thrashed. We all followed the thrash machine around from farm to farm to help each other. I loved the big meals outside at each place for it was a special meal.

When I turned 13, I was working at the dairy for \$17.50 a week, but at 5:30 I was finished at the dairy and at 6:00 I went to work at Cardin Service Station at Ingram and Oak Streets on the Northwest corner for \$.50 an hour. I worked from 6:00 til 9:00. I could work 7 days a week if I wanted for \$9.50 a week. This was in 1948.

In 1949, at the end of May, school was out. Bob Nabholz had started building houses and Dad was working for him. Bob asked if I wanted to work for him during the summer, so I did at \$.90 an hour. I turned 13 that June. I kept working at Cardin's Service Station and worked all day Saturday and Sunday.

Toward the end of the school year in 1950, I had three offers to go to work that summer. Anton Lachowsky wanted me to become an electrician. I. Z. Hackler wanted me to become a brick layer. Edward Lachowsky wanted me to become a plumber. I had three choices and I thought each one over. I had set aside brick laying for in rainy weather you couldn't work. Electrical or plumbing? Mr. Lachowsky said during the depression or slow times, he always had work. It may not be new work but repair work. It keeps you going. So, June 10, 1950, nine days before I turned 14, I went to work plumbing. I worked for Ed Lachowsky starting in 1950. After 11th grade, I quit school. I joined the National Guard at Morrilton and served for nine months. We had to drill every Monday night and then go to summer camp every year. I grew tired of this and decided to join the Navy.

Navy



I went to San Diego, California for boot camp. I served 2 days and I broke my wrist and spent about 4 ½ to five months in Baboia Hospital, San Diego. I was assigned to the USS Formoe DE509 for a year and then transferred to the USS Ulvert M. Moore DE442 and spend the rest of my tour of duty. We made three trips to the Far East. We were stationed ship in Hong Kong, China. We stopped at Pearl Harbor six times and Midway six times on to various places in Japan, the Philippines, Guam, Singapore, Bangkok, Ackland, New Zealand, and Pago Pago. We saw where the atomic bomb was dropped in Nagasaki.

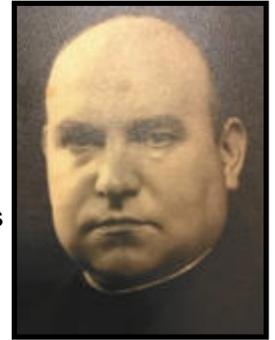
We sank a submarine in Formosa Straits after it followed us for two hours. We had just left Hong Kong at about 6:00 AM and this was about 10:00. We didn't know whose it was but figured it was North Korea's. This was Thanksgiving Day 1956. At 10:00 we prepared for heavy seas. A typhoon was in our path and was reporting swells of 150 feet. We rode it out, but 4 merchant ships sank. Our menu for Thanksgiving Day was turkey and dressing, baked ham, and we had stew or soup in a coffee cup with four crackers. It was a chore to catch your soup. Every time the ship went down you had to meet your soup on the way up or you lost it.



*After weeding the cotton with a hoe you "dirted" the plant by using a horse drawn cultivator that would throw dirt onto the base of the plant to stabilize it.

Father Basil Luyet

In 1951, I met Father Basil Luyet. We went to Mass on Wednesday and Friday during the week. Father Basil said Mass one morning and he introduced himself. After Mass we invited him to my grandmother's house which is next to ours. We visited for a short time. He said he was teaching at St. Louis University. When we went to Switzerland years later in 1991, they had a place set up for us to show our family tree etc. There was a picture of Father Basil Luyet with the heading Famous Scientist. I told them I met him. I had a picture of him in my wallet that I showed them. They were amazed. I found out that he discovered that by freezing life at 300 degrees below 0, you preserved it.



Career

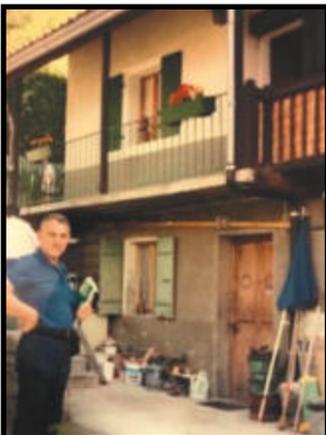
Ed Lachowsky was the brother of our pastor, Father Anthony Lachowsky. I worked for him from 1950-1968 and bought out his widow and went full time for myself. I took the GED test and passed in 1954. After five years on the job training, I passed the Journeyman test and a year later I took my Master test and passed. I was a Licensed Master Plumber in 1971 and I have a lifetime Master Plumber License. I went to Air Conditioning and Electric School at Vo-Tech in Morrilton and received my diploma one year later.

In 1971, I went to work for UCA as Plumbing Supervisor for one year. Went back to plumbing for myself until 1974 and went to work at the V.A. (Veterans Administration) Hospital as an Engineer Boiler Plant Operator and retired after 21 years there. I had 25 years total working for the government including the three years I was in the Navy and 9 months in the National Guard. Even while working for the V. A. I worked 40 hours there and 30 hours for myself until about two years before I retired. I still do a little [plumbing] today 54 years later.

After retiring from the V.A. I went to work at Nabco. I was manager for Nabco Service Company for 2 years. I wanted to work in the field so I could take time off when I wanted as I was retired. After two years I went to the field. We did the mechanical for the Newport Prisons, St. Mary Hospital at Russellville, Hendrix College Science Building and then I retired again. I then built my daughter a two-story log house with a basement. I do a lot of voluntary work. Since retiring, I have not had time to go fishing and that has been ten years!

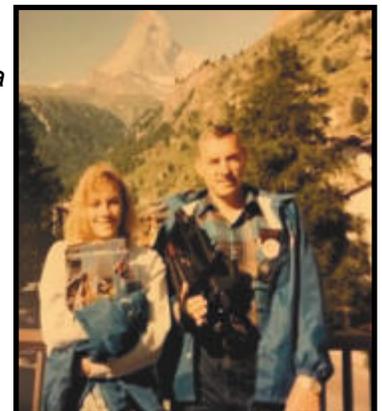
Trip to Switzerland

From a 1991 Log Cabin Democrat column, Faulkner's People: *Several Conway residents are making a "rediscovery trip" to Valais, Switzerland, as part of the Valaisans of the World Project. They are Helen Kordsmeir, Pat Schaefers, Angela Schaefers, Raymond and Betty Luyet, Jennifer Luyet, Vivian Bates, Cheryl Bates, Clara Troillet, Robert Nabholz, Dorothy Hartje and Marie Pinter. The purpose of the Valaisans of the World Project, which has been progress for the past three years, has been to locate descendants of Valaisan emigrees and invite them to return to their homeland, explore their heritage and participate in the celebration of Switzerland's 700 years of democracy.*



A Luyet family chalet.

I had an opportunity to go to and to visit my four grandparents' homes. We also went to the Matterhorn. Grandfather Lee Luyet was born in Ornone, Switzerland, October 1873. He was the son of Veronic Marie Coupe Luyet and Jean Charles Luyet all of Ornone. The Luyet brothers arrived in Ornone in the year 1323 from Saxony. The church in St. Germaine, built in 1200, was partly destroyed during the Reformation, but was rebuilt and the Luyets donated the front door and some windows in the church in the year 1533. There were other families related to the Luyets (Heriter, Dumoulin, Harome, Debons and Dubis) who donated to the rebuilding of the church. On a plaque near the altar of the original church listed the pastors from 1200 to the present date: Luyets, Dayers, Favre, Balmaz and Balmat. The Luyet name in the Ornone area is as numerous as Smith and



Ray and daughter Jennifer



Jones here. In the Swiss commune it had a population of 401. Of this number, there were 43 families bearing the name of Luyet. So, with that and greener pastures in the USA, they sailed in 1881 to America. They had their first meal in America in St. Louis, MO free from the US Government on New Year's Day, 1882. Grandmother Eugenia Moix Luyet was born the daughter of Catherine Gaspaz Moix and Baptiste Daniel Moix on August 31, 1881 in St. Martin, Switzerland. They too came to the United States searching for a better life.

Luyet home tabernacle. Families had tabernacles in their homes because there were traveling priests who came by infrequently.

A Miraculous Healing

September 1964, a good friend and a customer of mine called me and asked if I could do him a favor. I said, "Yes, of course." He had a gasoline bulk plant on the corner or next to the corner of Front and Deer. He had a water leak in the middle of the lot and the trucks were in and out all-day hauling gasoline to the stations and it would be after 5:00PM before I could fix the leak. I told him, "No problem". So, at about 5:15 PM I had him to turn on the water and sure enough a little water came out of the ground in the middle of his lot. The ground was hard packed shale, so I took a pick and shovel and dug it up. The line was a galvanized line all except a small hole in the top of the line. I took a hacksaw and sawed it in two. And slipped a dresser coupling on it. It had a rubber gasket at each end and you tighten it up to expand the rubber to the pipe. I tightened one end, no problem, but the other end I could not get a wrench under it, so I had to dig a little more. I took about three swings and my back popped and I fell on the ground. Mr. Pat Motley, the man I was doing the work for, wanted to help me up, but I cleaned out under the pipe and tightened the other end and had him turn the water on and it was okay; no leaks.

When I tried to get up, I couldn't. Mr. Motley helped me up and back to the truck. I had to pick up my legs in order to get in and he pushed me in. He picked up my tools and put them in the truck and he insisted to drive me home, but I told him I would make it okay. It was after 6:00 PM and the streets of Conway were already rolled up. I picked my left leg up and put my foot on the clutch and started up and went to second gear and drove to the one stop light on Oak and Front Streets and just turned the key off for my foot fell off the clutch and it came to a rough stop. I put my foot back on the clutch and shifted on to high gear driving about 10 miles an hour. There was only one more stop sign and it was the way of Washington Avenue and Highway 64 and no one was at it, so I kept on trucking. When I pulled up in the yard and turned off the key, I was hoping it would stop before it hit the house and it did. But my wife heard the racket and came out and asked, "What's wrong?" I said, "Oh, I hurt my back!" She had to help me out of the truck and into the house. She said, "Let's go to the hospital." I said, "It will be all right if I can lay on the floor for a little while." I had done some work for Dr. Lankford a week or so ago and he lived in back of his business. I had my wife to call him and he said, "Come on down." I was all stooped over and he said, "I'm going to have to X-ray your back before I can do anything. He said, "Three vertebrae are out of place." He laid me on a table and put a heat lamp on my back and did it feel good. He adjusted them back in place and the pain eased a little. I had to go back about three times a week for several months and then I just went on Friday evenings so it could rest over the weekend.

For 34 years my back hurt all the time! At night I slept one hour on one side and then I turned over for one hour on the other side. I don't know how my wife slept at all. I would sit in my recliner and throw my other leg over the other side. I could not stand still. I had to shift my weight from one leg to the other. My wife thought I didn't like to go shopping with her, but that wasn't the problem. I would sit down wherever I could. Going grocery shopping wasn't as bad for I could lean over the cart and that would give a little relief. It might not look very nice. After going to the chiropractor for about six months I had my wife to adjust my back for me.

I would lay flat on the bed and she would hold my right shoulder to the bed. I would double up my right leg and she would push it over my left leg until it touched the bed. Then she reversed and did the same to the

left. This was about every night. And two times a week I would lay face down on the carpet and she would put her head on the vertebra and put her weight on them. I couldn't dig with a shovel or pick and being a plumber that's not good. That's one reason I went to work at the V.A.

All this went on for 34 years and then in 1997, Dr. Paul Thessing called me and asked what I thought about putting on a Marion Conference. I said, "I'm not sure what it is, but I'm all for it," after he explained what it was. It took about a year to get all of the speakers and arrangements together. We booked motels, built a stage in the dining room, rented curtains, put up tents, arranged for caterers, etc. It took money and a committee. The date was set for September 18, 19, and 20, 1998.

We had some good speakers from all over the world. But the one that impressed me the most was the one from Australia. I guess you could call him a faith healer. His name was Alan Ames. It was Saturday evening about 9:00 PM. We had been there all day listening to all of the speakers, but we had never seen the laying on of hands in the Catholic Church, so we decided to stay. Only the lights on the stage were on and they were low. Before he started the laying on of hands, he said, "I never know what I'm going to say, but someone has cataracts of the eye and the good Lord is going to take care of them. Someone has a hearing problem and you can lay your hearing aids on the dresser for the good Lord is taking care of you. Someone has lost a child and the good Lord is going to bless you with two healthy children. Someone has had lower back problems for a long time and the good Lord is going to heal it." There were 725 people there and I leaned over to my wife and daughter and said, "Out of 725 people, he shouldn't have any problem finding one for I imagine about half of them have back problems."



Alan Ames

Healing Ministry

We all went to the front of the stage and about 10 at a time lined up across the front of the stand and he laid hands on and prayed. Out of 725 about 85 were slain in the spirit. They looked so peaceful laying on the floor. Sunday went by, Monday went by, then Tuesday night my daughter, who was still at home going to college said, "Dad, I'm going out tonight. Would you like for me to walk on your back before I go?" I said, "You know, my back doesn't hurt." My daughter said, "Maybe you were the one he was talking about healing." I said jokingly, "Yeah, I'm sure I was." The next day or so my aunts of 90 years old and older were having sewer problems, so I stopped by and took a shovel and dug it up and saw it was an old S & D drainage pipe. So, I started digging and I had not done that for 34 years. I dug up 50 feet of pipe from 18 inches to 4 ½ feet deep and replaced the line with schedule 40 pipe, covered it up and my back didn't hurt. I said to myself, "I'm just imagining this," being a doubting Thomas.

We had just started building my daughter's house and we had the basement dug out and poured ready for concrete blocks. "Who's going to lay the blocks?" The blocks were 12 inch concrete blocks weighing 48 pounds. I laid 1368 12 inch concrete blocks and until this day, August 9, 2004, my back has not hurt. I thank the good Lord every morning, every night, and every time I use my back.



Chapel Talk—A Conversation with God



God is talking to us all the time; but sometimes we forget to listen. He'll use a song, a sunset or a movie scene; He'll nudge your heart or put thoughts in your head that had never occurred to you. We, as Catholics, believe He is truly present in the Blessed Sacrament in the monstrance. "Chapel Talk" is taken from one adorer's visits to our Adoration Chapel and the simple 'conversations' that sometimes take place there.

What, Sweet Jesus, Can I Do for You?

Many times we approach prayer with a list of intentions and needs that we want God to take care of for us. And that's okay. But what if we entered prayer from another angle? What if...

"Hi, Jesus. It's me. What can I do for You today?" Jesus might be a bit surprised to hear us ask that; but I think He'd also smile at our offer to do something for Him. Here's how He might respond...

"Hi, My child. I'm so glad to hear from you. Thank you for asking how you might be a help to Me. Here are a few ideas. Feel free to pick whichever one appeals to you, or even two or three if you want.

"For starters, **talk to Me**. Tell me about your day. All of it—the good the bad and the yucky. Yes, I already know all about it, but we grow closer when you share your everyday life with Me. I want to be your 'best friend;' you know, like the one you call or think of first when you need someone to talk to.

"And **stop by to see Me** when you can. I'm always here and it's never crowded. I don't pay attention to time so even if it's just a few minutes, that would be great.

"**Trust Me**. I always have your best interest in mind. Always. Even when you think I've made a mistake in My timing or My decision. Trust that I know what I'm doing.

"**Get to know Me**. The ways are endless to learn who I am. I'm everywhere—in My Word, My sacraments. I'm part of every living thing and nature is full of my goodness. I'm so much more than the God you probably grew up with. Seek to discover who I truly am.

"**Cry out to Me**, especially when you're weary, stressed, lonely and tired. I know the pandemic has been hard on so many levels. I'm a great listener. I want to help you carry your load. Just like the song says, 'I will be strength for your journey.'

"**Look for Me**. I'm everywhere but especially in My people. Every single person is made in My image. I know that's sometimes hard to believe, but it's true. Try to see everyone as My child. That's how I see you.

"**Lean on Me**. Just like My Word says, 'I am your stronghold; I will fight for you.' Lean on Me when you need rest. Lean on Me when you have no idea what to say. Lean on Me when you're angry and might have too much to say. Lean on Me when the situation seems hopeless.

"**Spread the word about Me**. You don't need to use a lot of words. I've noticed that people seem to learn more about Me, by watching the way you live and treat others. That old saying is true, 'actions speak louder than words.'

"**Follow Me**. Yes. Sometimes that will be really hard. But I promise you it will always be worth it. For my ultimate goal is for you to follow Me all the way into eternal life. I want you with Me forever.

"My child, I bet you didn't realize there were so many things you could do for Me. Your offer to help makes Me smile. Always remember how special you are to Me. You are My beloved."



Delta Disciples Return to McGehee

by Joe Cordaro



Since its inception in 2019, Delta Disciples is a relatively new outreach ministry sponsored by the St. Joseph Mission Committee. Coined by its originator Don Greenland of the Missions Committee, Delta Disciples seeks to remain an ongoing mission in southeast Arkansas. The goal of the ministry is to give St. Joseph's volunteers an opportunity to provide maintenance, repairs, and other services to needy families, non-profit organizations, and parishes in one of the less prosperous areas of the state. These opportunities for adult men and accompanied youth volunteers normally consist of two "long weekend" trips to McGehee each year to work together, serve the needy, and have fellowship.

McGehee is located along Highway 65, approximately 135 miles southeast of Conway. The surrounding area is mostly agricultural. Much of the housing and some of the infrastructure itself is aging and depreciating with little in the way of major improvements over the decades. Besides St. Mary's Catholic Church in McGehee which typically serves as the basecamp for the volunteers, there are four other parishes within 30 miles, including Holy Child Parish in Dumas, Our Lady of the Lake Parish in Lake Village, St. Mark Catholic Church in Monticello, and St. Luke Catholic Church in Warren.

Due to the Bishop's restrictions upon certain parish-related group activities, this year's mission could not be carried out exactly as planned, but modifications still allowed a successful day trip. On January 15, 2021, ten men from St. Joseph's conducted a "work day" in lieu of the pre-planned four day event. The men worked on various projects for a needy family, the local animal shelter, and even dismantled a metal modular building. Ron Gatto provided food for the volunteers and those served by the group's efforts were very grateful.

As any good Catholic knows, the corporal works of mercy and acts of charity are essential, even under challenging circumstances. While the much anticipated arrangements for lodging, dining, and fellowship on the St. Mary's campus had to be cancelled, serving at least a handful of God's people allowed volunteers a unique way to practice their charity "in deed and truth" (1 John 3:18).

The steering committee for this mission is considering when to have the next full weekend trip, possibly in September 2021. You can support your parish's missionary work with donations in the purple collection envelope. Please also visit www.sjparish.org/missions to learn more about the parish's mission outreach programs and how to volunteer. To receive notifications about mission events that you or someone you know may be interested in, please register by going to the website: stjosephmissionoutreach.duplie.com.



St. Joseph High School Science Experiments

by Ray Nielsen

Ms. Angela Collins's High School science classes have been experimenting recently. They have been working on an activity to learn how to identify parts of the eyeball in Honors Anatomy and Physiology, while the Honors Chemistry class has been working on filtrating mixtures.



Megan Garrett filtrating a mixture of sand, gravel, copper, and water. The purpose of the experiment was to set up a filtration device and filter a mixture.



Amy Lambe is shown dissecting an eyeball to learn how to identify the lens of the eye.



Megan McWilliams is shown cutting through the sclera to identify the internal parts of the eyeball.

St. Joseph Family Literacy Night

by Ray Nielsen

In lieu of the annual St. Joseph Family Literacy Night held on February 25-26 at the Elementary School, students kicked off Read Across America with Dr. Seuss themed games and activities. This fun event encouraged kids to start (or continue!) reading at home.



Jaycee Grant playing Dr. Seuss themed bingo.



Austin Kordsmeier, Aaron Nabholz, & Owen Ussery



Corinne Pizzolatto working on letter match activity.

St. Joseph High School Quiz Bowl Wins

by Ray Nielsen

St. Joseph High School's Quiz Bowl Team won 1st Place in the Arkansas Governor's Quiz Bowl Association 2A Regional Tournament conducted virtually on February 27th. Six schools responded individually to monitoring officials' questions. The results were then forwarded and compiled to determine placing. St. Joseph led with 1,340 points followed by Parker's Chapel with 1,320 and Hazen with 1195. Eureka Springs, Maumelle Charter, and Hermitage followed in descending order.

Senior Caleb Mallett was named Regional M.V.P. He personally averaged 12.25 points per game. The team average was 355 points per game with a high of 430. Caleb, along with juniors Ashleigh Mallett and Anna Rappold, were named to the All-Tournament Team. Julianna Ferrer is the Team Captain. Faculty member Karen Davis is the team's coach.

After winning 1st Place in the Arkansas Governor's Quiz Bowl Association 2A Regional Tournament on February 27th our team moved on to the State Tournament held March 13th.



From left: Ashleigh Mallett, Caleb Mallett, Anna Rappold, Karen Davis, and Julianna Ferrer.

Like the Regional competition, the State event was conducted virtually. The Bulldogs were pitted against at least a dozen other 2A schools from around Arkansas and finished in 4th Place. Caleb and Ashleigh Mallett were named to the State's All-Tournament Team. Congratulations to all the players and sponsor Karen Davis for taking our Quiz Bowl Team to new heights.

Our Faith, Our Children, Our Future School Capital Campaign

by Jacqueline Kordsmeier



The St. Joseph Our Faith, Our Children, Our Future School Capital Campaign began in the Spring of 2020 and was halted when the pandemic hit however it has now been re-energized and is in full-swing. Now is the time to pledge and advance Catholic education here at St. Joseph.

The leadership of the school has looked at several options to address our growth, including renovating the existing high school building or building a new structure. Because of the

excessive cost and other challenges associated with renovating the existing building, the decision has been made to build a NEW school.

PHASE I

- Our new two-story building provides full wireless access. Comfortable, flexible classroom furniture and desks allow for collaborative learning with multiple configurations.
- The 39,000 sq. ft. school facility will contain 11 large conventional classrooms, Student Union, Black Box Theatre, Art, Industrial Tech, and Music Classrooms, with Biology, Chemistry and Computer Labs.

- First phase of campaign accommodates 300 students, with a future phase planned to provide adequate classroom space for up to 600.
- The Science, Library Media Center, Family and Consumer Science, Art and Industrial Technology spaces at St. Joseph Will include the resources needed in project-based labs and will allow our students a true 21st Century Learning experience. In addition, each area will boast much needed storage.

Student Commons & Community Space

- Large student commons provide open space for student activities and hosting community gatherings.
- Dedicated area for a student run “Cyber Café and Spirit Store.”
- A new Blackbox Theatre with seating for 75 people with multiple ways to stage the room including, but not limited to proscenium style, center stage, and in the round. The room can hold up to 200 for a dinner, chapel and other school gatherings. This space can also host community performances and promote community interaction.

Access & Excellence

- Central to the learning environment are student and teachers. As a Catholic high school, St. Joseph is dedicated to providing an exemplary education for all; therefore, the building will be handicapped accessible.

PHASE II

- Construct a second academic building with ten (10) new classrooms and a Safe Room which will accommodate 1,000 individuals.
- Large multipurpose room to be utilized as a volleyball, cheer, and soccer practice area, as well as an area for school assemblies.

Existing Facilities:

1950s	1951 High School
1960s	1961 High School West Addition
1970s	1974 High School Portable Classrooms
1980s	1989 New Elementary School
1990s	1995 High School Science Addition
2000s	2000 Primary School Purchased
2010s	2018 Spiritan Center

Giving Options

Pledges Via Cash or Check

- Simply complete your pledge card by selecting the amount of your pledge and down payment (optional, but encouraged).
- Select your schedule of payment, i.e., monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments.
- Please make checks payable to St. Joseph High School with “Capital Campaign” in the memo field.
- Payment reminders will be mailed to you, or you may use the campaign payment envelope in your monthly church envelope packet.
- Once completed, please return your pledge card in the weekly collection, bring it by the school office, or return it in the mail.

Pledges Via Credit/Debit Card

- If you wish to make your pledge via credit/debit card, please visit the St. Joseph School website – <http://www.stjosephconway.org> and click on the “**Capital Campaign**” button. Scroll down and you will have the option to “**Click Here For FACTS Online Giving**” or “**Click Here for PayPal Online Giving.**” Online Giving is a direct payment program whereby your contribution is debited automatically from your credit card account or bank account into our school’s bank account. Follow the instructions based on the option you choose. **Text to Give** is also an option by texting “**bulldog**” to **662-503-2520**.

Gifts of Stock

Donors can use their own broker/agent or the school agent to transfer and sell stock. Forms for transfer of stock are available by contacting Cathy White, School Bookkeeper, 501-327-5528.

- If the stock has been held long-term (over one year), the donor does not have to pay capital gains tax on the stock and is allowed a tax deduction for the full value of the stock.
- Donors may also choose to sell stock in order to claim a loss, which may be beneficial for tax circumstances.

How to Pledge Your Support

Every member of our community is integral to the future growth and development of our school; therefore, everyone is invited to consider a pledge to the campaign to the best of their ability.

Our goal at St. Joseph School is to raise \$10,970,770 through the efforts of this campaign. Everyone is asked to prayerfully consider how their generosity can reflect their gratitude for the gifts that God has given them. While any amount, small or large, is welcomed and will help us achieve our goal, each family is asked to consider a pledge of \$4,000 or more, payable over three years. If your situation permits a more substantial pledge, your generosity would be most appreciated.

Thank You

Thank you for everyone who has already pledged to the campaign. We have been blessed with some really big gifts of a **\$4,000,000** matching grant from an unnamed source and a **\$1,000,000** pledge from the St. Joseph Flea Market! As of March 12, 2021, the total pledged was **\$8,574,734.00**.

If you have any questions about the campaign or making your pledge, please contact the school office at 501-327-5528.



Schematic First Floor Plan



Schematic Second Floor Plan



Drawing of New St. Joseph High School

Interview with Robbie Davis—Life, Love, and Never Saying Goodbye

by Anna Walthall

If any readers of the *Catholic Cabin* know someone from the Elsinger family, give a little thanks for the *Log Cabin* newspaper. You see, the grandparents, Gerald and Antoinette (Nettie) Elsinger, lived in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he worked for his brother at Kohler Motor Company. Gerald Elsinger, who was originally from Loyal, Wisconsin, had previously enlisted into the Army Air Corps as an aircraft mechanic. While stationed at Camp Robinson in North Little Rock, he met Nettie Worm. She lived with her family in Conway, but worked near where he was stationed. They dated for a while, but then the United States entered World War II.

Gerald did not want to commit to marriage during wartime because he was concerned that if he received orders to go overseas, he may not return. However, he was not sent out of the country, and after the war ended the two married and because Gerald had a job waiting for him there, they moved to Pittsburgh where they started their family.

Nettie gave birth to three baby girls, Claranne, Margaret and Robbie, within three years. During this hectic time, her primary connection to home was through reading the weekly *Log Cabin* newspaper, which she had maintained a subscription to as a way of keeping up with family and friends – the social media of their time.

From stressing to get to work on time, to dealing with traffic jams and general issues related to the hustle and bustle of life in a big city, especially with three babies in diapers, both Gerald and Nettie grew weary. One day, Nettie read in the newspaper about a farm that was for sale in Conway. What?! She excitedly shared this news with her husband.

As fate would have it, the farm, which was first owned in 1906 by Nettie's grandparents, Peter and Mary (Luyet) George, belonged to *her* parents, Anton and Clara Worm. In 1953, Gerald and Nettie bought the dairy farm, moved to Conway, and joined St. Joseph Parish. Nettie now had her mother and others to help with their daughters, and she and Gerald added three sons, Mark, Matthew, and Gerald to their family.

People used to say that farm families needed boys to help work the farm, but Robbie Elsinger Davis assured me that she and her sisters worked just as hard as their brothers! Chuckling, Robbie recalled how she used to whine at having to work in the garden every summer. She would say things such as, "Why can't we just buy our groceries at the store like everyone else?"

Robbie and her siblings had no choice but to grow up with a strong work ethic. In fact, as teenagers and young adults, when someone had a date, the siblings would either trade work days with each other, or take their turn, with an afternoon nap in mind, if they had not come home until midnight the night before. You see, one of them had to be awake and dressed at 5:30 *every* morning to help their dad bring the cows up from the field to the barn for milking. This job was done daily and as consistently as the mail delivery, come rain, hail, sleet or snow, but without the luxury of Sundays off. Church, farm and family was the Elsinger way of life. All six of the Elsinger children graduated from St. Joseph School.

Young Robbie Elsinger wanted to be an airline stewardess when she grew up, so when she was old enough she applied for a job with an airline. Unfortunately, she was told that she could not pursue this career path because she was too tall. Plan B was to go to college, earn her teaching certificate in Special Education and work with children with special needs.

Back then there were no cell phones or social media or video games, so young people used to ride around town for entertainment. They would drive through the old Dog and Suds and then by the old Kroger on Front Street looking for friends they could stop and talk to. It was on one of these evenings while out and about that Robbie met Wayne Davis who had just returned from the Vietnam War, and happened to be a classmate of a young man named Bobby Martin, who Robbie's sister, Margaret, was dating and later married.

Robbie confided that she thought Wayne was a little rough around the edges. He rode a motorcycle, he was quite opinionated and not afraid to speak his mind, he graduated from Conway Public Schools, and he was a Baptist, but Wayne and Robbie really liked each other.

After nearly three years of dating, Wayne finally took Robbie home to meet his parents. They walked into his parents' home together and he nudged her forward by the arm until she was standing in front of Wayne's mom and dad, and he said, "Here she is." Soon after that, they married.



Robbie laughed at the story of how she called her dad and asked him to come over and plow a place for her to have a garden the first summer she and Wayne were married. She had learned the value of farm fresh over grocery store food quality somewhere along her path.

As the two settled in together, Wayne took a job with Arkansas Power and Light Company (which later became Entergy) as a lineman. His job kept him on the road and away from home for long hours daily. Robbie was working hard to complete all of her college requirements. There were a few times when she wanted to drop out, but each time Wayne encouraged her to finish her teaching degree. While in her last semester, which entailed student teaching at the Conway Human Development Center (CHDC), Robbie was also in the last trimester of her first pregnancy.

Her due date was the week after she graduated, but babies do not adhere to adult schedules, and their first son David was born before Robbie could finish the last week at CHDC. Her supervising professor, Dr. Shirley Henderson, sent her flowers with a note attached that said, "Now your real education is beginning."

Dr. Henderson waived the last week of the required student teaching assignment. Robbie has a picture of herself wearing her graduation cap while lying on a hospital bed holding her new son on the day she was supposed to walk across the stage to receive her college degree.

Initially, Robbie signed on to be a substitute teacher in the Conway Public School District (CPSD), but was told that there was not much need for special education teachers. This was before laws required that students with special needs be included in regular classrooms; their educational needs had to be met elsewhere. Surprisingly, soon after signing up to sub, she received a call from Mary Dean Mainord, the Director of Faulkner County Day School (FCD), which was a school for children with special needs.

Ms. Mainord had contacted someone at Conway Schools and asked if there were any special education teachers on their substitute teacher list. Robbie interviewed for a teaching job, was hired, and began her teaching career at FCD when David was five months old. She took three months off when their daughter, Lori, was born, and then one year off when Michael was born. She worked a total of five years at FCD, until federal laws were implemented that required all school age children be integrated into regular public school classes and be educated with their peers.

Robbie did not know how her career would go at this point, so she placed it in God's hands. Her own hands were quite full at that time with the three children. However, soon after the new federal mandates were enforced, and while Robbie was still at home on her extended maternity leave with Michael, a principal actually sought her out. Mr. Tommy Tyler knocked on her door asking her to come to work for CPSD. Ms. Mainord had recommended her. Robbie accepted the job.

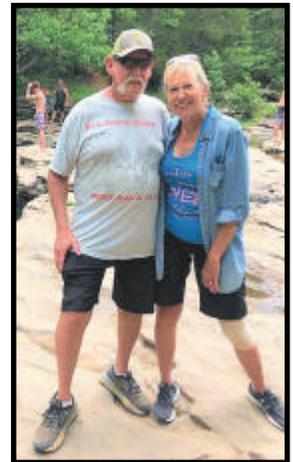
For the first thirteen years of their marriage, with Wayne spending long hours away traveling for his job, in addition to her teaching career, Robbie handled everything at home. She took care of their children, including discipline, she cleaned, cooked, and maintained their budget, even endorsed and deposited Wayne's checks when they arrived regularly in the mail. Then, there came a time when Wayne had an opportunity to transfer to a new position that no longer included travel. He did it. Robbie, who had taken another extended maternity leave of two years after their youngest son, Luke, was born, returned to teaching.

Regarding church, initially, although Wayne did not attend, he considered himself a Baptist. However, Robbie and their children were members of St. Joseph Church (and school) and she never allowed them to miss Mass. When their son David was in the second grade and preparing to receive the Sacrament of First

Communion, Wayne stepped up and began taking his wife and children to Mass. He then decided it was time for him to convert to Catholicism.

Although Wayne's family were Baptists, when Robbie told his mother of Wayne's plan to join the Catholic Church, she gave her blessing, declaring, "I don't care what church he goes to. I'm glad he's going to church and that you are all going as a family."

Wayne was a wonderful, fully engaged father and happy to spend more time at home as evidenced by how he used to whistle as he entered their home. From coaching his sons' baseball teams in the summer, to working in concession stands and then cleaning up after home basketball games, to getting his commercial driver's license (CDL) and driving the team bus when needed, he did it all, and so did Robbie. In fact, she also had her CDL and was on the list to drive the bus as well, but never had to. When talking about her husband, Robbie said, "He bled purple. He still loved his Wampus Cats, but he was a true Bulldog fan too."



Robbie was quick to admit that she and Wayne had their ups and downs, but she quipped, "that's life." Their marriage and their family were not perfect. Mistakes were made. There was an adjustment period when Wayne was home more. But they loved each other, and as she talked about the stubbornness of her husband, she went from her young way of thinking that he was rough around the edges, to calling him, "my diamond in the rough." When their children grew up, they used to jokingly say things such as how, "It took Mom 32 years to train Dad."

When Luke graduated college, Robbie decided to retire from teaching after 31 years in the profession. Although she had given up on her dream of becoming an airline stewardess (now referred to as flight attendant) long ago, a girlfriend/colleague of hers from school encouraged her to try again and submit an application. After discussing it with Wayne, Robbie sent in only one application to one place, Southwest Airlines (SWA). To her utter amazement and delight, she received an email from SWA inviting her to participate in a four week flight attendant training session in Dallas, Texas. After spending one year of actual retirement time with Wayne, Robbie went for it. (Side note: Robbie's friend also retired from teaching and went to work for the FBI.)

Halfway through the training, Robbie panicked. She felt overwhelmed and was not sure she could finish it. Every day she would call home and tell Wayne how very hard the training was, and every day she would hear Wayne encourage her to keep working hard and don't give up, and, honey, you can do this.

She remembered how she finally let go of her stress and put it all in God's hands, praying, "Your will, God. You got me this far. I know I can make it." With much family support, and a lot of praying and studying, she passed all of the examinations and was offered a position with the airline. Robbie had finally done it, and she greatly enjoyed her new career!

As the years passed, Robbie's parents, Gerald and Nettie, still owned the family farm but they were both aging. When her dad's health failed and he was diagnosed with cancer, he decided to sell the Elsinger dairy farm. Upon signing the closing papers, her parents had to move right away. They had bought property and were in the process of having a home built for themselves, but temporarily did not know where they would live. Robbie invited them to live with her and Wayne, and he was supportive of this idea, so her parents moved in for a few months. Robbie is very thankful for the time she had with them, especially because her dad only lived for one more year after moving into their new home.

A few years ago, Wayne developed a subtle cough. Robbie went with him to the doctor when it worsened and he was diagnosed with Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis (IPF). Idiopathic, meaning from an unknown source. Although he had been a nonsmoker for 40 years, he had smoked cigarettes when he was young. He had experienced acid reflux at times, and when he was in Vietnam during the war, he may have been exposed to the cancer-causing pesticide, Agent Orange. Any or all of these things may have contributed to his diagnosis, but it was impossible to pinpoint. Wayne and Robbie did not fully realize the severity of his condition until the second year, a CAT scan indicated that Wayne's IPF had progressed to the moderate stage. As his lungs were hardening, it was difficult for him to walk even short distances without having trouble breathing.

He tried a special medication to help slow the progress of the IPF, but suffered from a severe allergic reaction to it. He began having to breathe oxygen from a big tank at night and wearing an oxygen backpack during the day. Both Wayne and Robbie knew he was getting worse, so when the COVID19 pandemic hit in March, Robbie knew that she had to do everything possible to protect Wayne so he would not get it.

This past summer (2020), Wayne felt strong enough and his oxygen level was high enough for him to have a much needed knee replacement surgery. Around this time and due to the lock-down, not many people were traveling/flying so SWA offered some of their employees different levels of temporary leave with half pay and full benefits. Robbie took a six month leave to stay home and take care of Wayne after his knee surgery. The two of them spent every day together, and she teased Wayne to not get too used to the daily breakfasts she cooked for him because at some point she would have to go back to work.

With his recovery going well, Wayne decided to go to deer camp with his buddies and his son, Luke, who made sure his dad was well taken care of while there. Upon returning, Wayne told Robbie what a wonderful time he had had and then said, "That was probably my last time to get to do that." Although his knee had healed well, he seemed to be having an even harder time breathing.

Likewise, this past Thanksgiving Day, Wayne and Robbie had only their children with spouses and grandchildren home to celebrate; they all stayed for dinner and into the evening. After everyone had left and as they prepared for bed that night, Wayne said that was probably the best Thanksgiving they had ever had. His only lament was that Robbie had not baked his favorite blueberry pie. Once again he commented on how this might be his last Thanksgiving.

On the Saturday following Thanksgiving, Wayne woke up with a 102 degree temperature. Robbie took him to the hospital where he tested positive for COVID19. Upon returning home, Wayne became extremely ill, so Robbie called an ambulance. He was rushed to the emergency room and admitted into the hospital. Next, Robbie tested positive and had to quarantine and was not allowed to visit Wayne, but they were able to Facetime and talk over the phone with each other.

For years they had celebrated their December birthdays together; Robbie's is on the 7th and Wayne's on the 9th. This year, however, while Lori was home with her mother, it was Father Harvey who spent time with Wayne in the hospital; he talked and prayed with Wayne and then conducted a special Anointing of the Sick for him. Upon leaving the hospital, Father Harvey called Robbie and told her, "It's all good with Wayne." This news was a gift in itself to Robbie.

Wayne was blessed with two special surprises on his birthday. First, his daughter, Lori, had flown home from Frankfort, Illinois, and he was delighted to see her smiling face during his Facetime conversation with Robbie. Next, because Robbie's quarantine had ended, she was allowed to visit her husband for a short time at the hospital. She quickly baked a blueberry pie, took a slice in with her and rejoiced at his every, "mmm," as she fed him a few bites.

A week later, Wayne was placed on a ventilator to give his lungs and heart a rest. He agreed to this in the hope that it would help. Just prior to being vented, the nurses called Robbie and let her talk to Wayne. Robbie told him, "I love you and thank you for our 48 years," to which he responded, "I love you too."

Wayne's sons requested that he be retested for COVID while vented. He tested negative and was moved to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU). Finally, Robbie was allowed to sit with him for short periods of time. Although he was not able to talk, the nurses encouraged her to talk to Wayne saying, "We know he can hear you."

Because Wayne's blood pressure was extremely low, his vitals were dropping and he was on maximum oxygen support, his doctor decided it was time to call in the family. They were faced with the decision of taking him off the ventilator, and if he was able to breathe on his own, placing him in Hospice care or keeping him vented.



On December 21st, Robbie and all of her children, David, Lori, Michael and Luke, met at the hospital where they had the hardest conversation they had ever had to have. Father Joseph came in and blessed Wayne, and with all in agreement, after 25 days in the hospital, he was taken off of the ventilator and died nine minutes later.

Some of Wayne's deer wood buddies built his casket from pine trees that they cut down from Wayne and Robbie's backyard, trees that the two of them had planted together and watched grow after they had married and bought their property.



In closing, Robbie expressed total gratitude for the life she has been blessed to have. She said, "We were blessed with family that loved us and raised us the way they did and then I was blessed with my husband. Through all of our ups and downs we loved each other and we were there for each other." Robbie says it feels like Wayne is still with her. He is still her strength. When she needs him, she looks up and says, "I need you now," and she feels comforted.

One afternoon shortly after he had passed, she heard whistling as someone walked through the door of her home and for a second she forgot he was gone; she thought it was Wayne. It was her grandson, Ryan. When he realized what she thought, he apologized and said he wouldn't do that anymore, to which she smiled and replied, "It's OK, you can whistle all you want."

Every night as she prepares to sleep, she says, "Thank you God for a good day and good night, honey." Every morning as she wakes, she says, "Good morning, Jesus. Thank you for another day and good morning, honey." This is how it is with people in our lives. We become a part of each other, and whether we are physically together or not, what we learned from them and the love they shared stays with us; they will always remain in our hearts. They will live on through us, and through all others with whom they shared themselves.

Robbie and Wayne's last words to each other were not goodbyes, but rather, I love yous. Perhaps, goodbye is the thing that should die, and we should tell each other farewell, until we meet again.

In March, Robbie returned to work as a flight attendant. She is in her 13th year with Southwest Airlines.

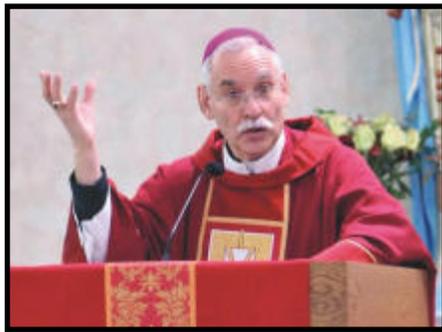
Equally compelling stories could be written about the lives of Claranne, Margaret, Mark, Matthew, and Gerald. All of those Elsinger girls and boys grew up strong, and five of them married and raised their families right here in Conway, Arkansas, and were supportive members of St. Joseph Church and School. Thanks to one little copy of a Log Cabin newspaper that traveled in a mail truck more than 932 miles northeast with a special Farm for Sale ad in it, one of our own St. Joseph women found her way back home and helped create this beautiful Elsinger legacy.



Bishop Presides Over Confirmation

by Ray Nielsen

Bishop Anthony Taylor presided over the Confirmation of 52 students March 4-5 in our church sanctuary. Twenty-nine candidates from St. Joseph School, along with those from Conway, Greenbrier, and Vilonia Public Schools, were anointed with the Holy Chrism. Reid Hennessey, a freshman from St. Joseph, also took his first Holy Communion as he joined the Catholic Church that day.



Bishop Taylor delivering his Homily



Deacon Richard and Bishop Taylor processing in



Christopher Heath and his sponsor



Eli Rivera Suarez



Reid Hennessey



Holy Land Gift Presented

by Ray Nielsen

Hand-carved statues and other religious articles made in the Holy Land are periodically made available to parishioners by Christians living in that area. Sales representatives from this Holy Land group were here the weekend of Palm Sunday. One such carving of Jesus, surrounded by children, was presented to Father Tony as a gift. Father indicated it would ultimately be placed in the new high school.



Youth Ministry Makes Blankets

by Morgan Evans



St. Joseph's Youth Ministry made over 20 tie blankets for the residents of Renewal Ranch. Renewal Ranch representative, Justin Martin, spoke with the students about God's forgiveness and seeking help when it's needed. He informed the students that the blankets they made for the residents are theirs to keep after they graduate from the program. 8th and 9th grade Confirmation students were able to use this opportunity to complete service hours needed to complete Confirmation requirements.

St. Joseph students and the Youth Ministry made several hundred Christmas cards for local veterans. Kindergarten through 12th grade showed these veterans some Christmas joy through words of encouragement, messages of gratitude for their service and creative drawings. St. Joseph's Flea Market and parishioners donated Christmas cards the students could decorate. Some of the cards included pop-up Christmas trees, a mass of Christmas stickers and hand-drawn masterpieces like fireplaces, sleighs and even an ornament Transformer!



Christmas Cards with Elementary Students.

Wearing of the Green

by Ray Nielsen

In celebration of St. Patrick's Day on March 17 St. Joseph School's Interact Club, which is affiliated with the Conway Noon Rotary Club, sponsored a fundraiser to benefit local helping hand groups that it supports. Students from preschool to high school age were encouraged to wear green clothing and/or accessories and donate money for the privilege of dressing out of uniform. About \$636 was collected. The beneficiary of this effort will be Haven House, a Conway Qualified Residential Treatment Program for girls in foster care who are between 12 and 18 years of age. The residents have typically been victims of abuse or neglect. In its 30 year history, Haven House has helped more than 3,000 girls.



Kindergartners (left to right) Emmett Hoelzeman, Zoe Echols, and Amelia Grace King



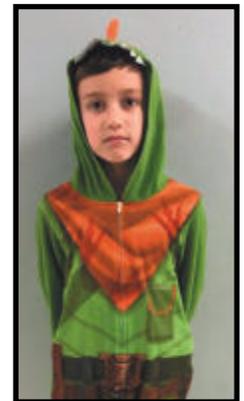
Fourth grade class



3rd grader Eva Poraro



9th graders (left to right) Max Longing, Lucas Covington, Catherine Royal, Ashlynne Vote, and Lexie Embry



4th grader Dylan Strack



CATHOLIC CABIN

St. Joseph Catholic Church

April 2021

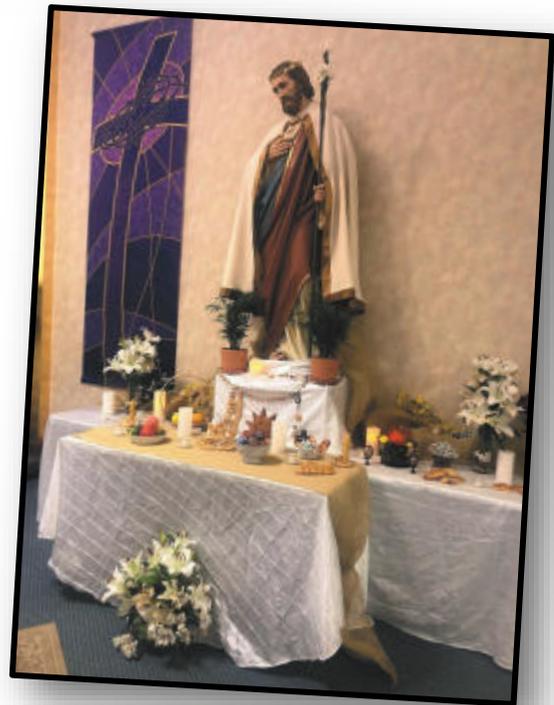
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Hail, Guardian of the Redeemer,
Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
To you God entrusted his only Son;
in you Mary placed her trust;
with you Christ became man.

Blessed Joseph, to us too,
show yourself a father
and guide us in the path of life.
Obtain for us grace, mercy,
and courage,
and defend us from every evil.