

CHILDERLEY

REV. KEITH DAVIS

827.7229

WEDDING, ETC

LORRAINE E. LARK CHAPEL OF THE
ORCHARD
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1981

INVENTORY

by: Alberta Klocke

NUMBER	DESCRIPTION	ROOM:	NOTE:
C-1	Picture of Rabbi	Library Wall	
C-2	Picture of Lorraine E.Lark	"	
C-3	Resolution of Dedication	"	
C-4	Plaque "Lord is my Sheppard	"	
C-5	Picture- Frances Crane Lilli	"	
C-6	Chi Plaque	"	
C-7	Torah Plaque	"	
C-8	Brown Statue of Moses-Book Case	"	
C-9	Kiddash Cup - Book Case	Library	
C-10	Torah (minature)-Book Case	"	
C-11	Lachter - Book Case	"	(with 5 candle drips)
C-12	Blue Statue of Moses-Book Case	"	
C-13	Burgandy Statue Sacred Heart-Book Case	"	
C-14	Red Statue Sacred Heart-Book Case	"	
C-15	Infant of Prague -Book Case	"	
C-16	Holy Bible -Library Book Case	"	
C-17	Pedestal	Library	
C-18	St.James Holy Bible & Stand 18A	Library	(Donated 6/28/81 By Schanitmans')
C-19	Desk	Library	
C-20	Jerusalem Bible -	"	(Donated 6/28/81 Father Mulcahy)
C-21	Upholstered Gold Arm Chair	"	
C-22	Upholstered Golf Arm Chair	"	
C-23	Upholstered Golf Arm Chair	"	
C-24	" "	"	
C-25	" "	"	
C-26	" "	"	
C-27	Statue Three Wise Men -Book Case	"	
C-28	" "	"	
C-29	" "	"	
C-30	Holy Bible (Old & New) A.J.Holman Co. Philadelphi, Pa.	"	

INVENTORY - November 16, 1981

<u>NUMBER</u>	<u>DESCRIPTION</u>	<u>ROOM:</u>	<u>NOTE:</u>
C-31	World Atlas Leather Bound	Library	6/28/81 Donated by Villa
C-32	History Zion Presbyterian Church 1864	"	
C-33	Hymnal Presbyterian Church 1933	"	
C-34	" "	"	
C-35	" "	"	
C-36	Once Upon a Lifetime 1965 Rabbi Schwartzman	"	Donated by A.Klocke 6/28/81
C-37	Joys of Yiddish -Leo Rasten	"	"
C-38	Hillils Happy Holidays 1939 Mamie Gamoran	"	"
C-39	Bible Stories-Betty Hallender	"	"
C-40	Bible Stories #2 "	"	"
C-41	Hebrew Text Book	"	"
C-42	Holy Bible 9/27/16	"	"
C-43	Life of Menasseh Ben Israel Cecil Roth	"	"
C-44	Union Prayer Book (High Holidays)	"	"
C-45	" "	"	"
C-46	New Testament St.Anthony Guild Press 1947		
C-47	Catholic Catechism -Gasparri		
C-48	St. Andrew Daily Missal		
C-49	Dominican Missal		
C-50	St. Andrew Daily Missal		
C-51	Catholic Missal		
C-52	Rite of Ordination		
C-53	Marian Daily Missal		
C-54	St. Joseph Daily Missal		
C-55	Catholic Sunday Missal		
C-56	Roman Missal		
C-57	The Missal		
C-58	Small Roman Missal		
C-59	St. Vincent's Manual		
C-60	Manual For Oblotes of St. Benedict		
C-61	" "		
C-62	Anima Christi		
C-63	Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary		
C-64	" "		

Dear Sir or Madam,

I am writing to you for some historical information. Calvert House, the Catholic Student center at the University of Chicago, is celebrating the 40th anniversary of its founding this Spring. We are compiling a booklet of Calvert's history for the event. Much of our history is intertwined with that of Childerley Farm. Since Childerley was apparently bought by the Wheeling Park district, I am writing to you for any historical information you might have.

Let me tell you briefly what I do know of Childerley history. Could you then verify the accuracy of this data, and expand a little the parts where the history is thin? Anecdotes, photographs, personal reminiscences, names and dates - anything you have would be valuable. In particular, I know nothing of the period since Childerley was sold (1977).

1907 - Childerley and surrounding land rented by William Hill, Professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, as an experimental plot.

1910 - Dr. Frank R. Lillie, Dean of Biological Sciences at the U. of C., buys the land. His wife Frances erected some cottages on the farm; her family, the Crane plumbing family, was to use the farm for widows and Children of Crane Company employees. (There was already a log cabin on the land, a holdover from pioneer days; Mr.s. Lillie converted it to a chapel.)

1917 - 32 acres deeded to the crane Fund for Widows and Children, founded 5 years before.

1927 - Chapel of St. Francis of the Orchard erected. A mass was celebrated there in 1929 (Mrs. Lillie converted from Episcopalian to Catholic in 1920). Mrs. Lillie became acquainted with University of Chicago catholics at this time, especially Miss Johanna Doniat, an alumna (1927) and Prof. Jerome Kerwin (1928).

1934 - A retreat was held at Childerley for University students and faculty. After a slow start, retreats and conference weekends for many groups (mostly but not exclusively Catholic) came to be the central feature of Childerley.

1939 - The Crane Fund is discontinued, and the land is deeded to U. of C. students. A year later, the non-profit Calvert Foundation was set up to hold the deed.

1961 - Cardinal Meyer celebrates the twentieth anniversary of Childerley in a gala event. All has not been so good, however - at least in the mid-fifties, operating funds ran low as plumbing and other needs made it difficult to run Childerley. The task fell mostly to Miss Doniat. Mrs. Lillie died in 1958.

1977 - After three decades of intensive service to the world Catholic community, it is not surprising that the buildings at Childerley fell into disrepair. The Calvert Foundation had to sell off the farm to the Park District. They invested the money to be able to assist Catholic students at the U. of C.

Chicago, Illinois

Feb. 21, 1982

YES

MAY WANT TO WORK w/ A.K. I
MRS Hansen
KEEP BOPC informed

Should handle this

A variety of artistic and religious artifacts in the hands of the Calvert people had to be moved back to Chicago after the sale of Childerley. A cast-bronze statue of St. Francis of Assisi now graces the entrance to Calvert House. Many photographs of statues and paintings at Childerley have been found at Calvert. Some of the oldest paintings have been restored and will soon hang in the chapel. The archdiocese holds much of the Childerley archives and records. It is seen that Childerley played host to some of the most prominent religious thinkers of this era.

The photos I mentioned above, some old maps and letters, and the memorées of some of the people around here are all that I have to go on; do you have any more information about the history of Childerley?

I thank you in advance for any material or hints you might send my way. I can be reached at the address below or at Calvert House, 5735 S. University Ave., Chicago, Illinois, 60637 (312-288-2311).

Sincerely,

David J. Rusin

David J. Rusin
5110 S. Kenwood #402
Chicago, Ill., 60615
312-324-3962

Chicago, Illinois
Feb. 21, 1982

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CHILDERLEY INVENTORY
May 16, 1977

*Taken by F. Hancock
Wheeling Park Dist*

ST. JEROMES

Living Room /w Fireplace

- 1 round dining table with 5 leafs -
- 11 red upholstered chairs
- arm chair with woven leather seat
- drop leaf kitchen table
- 1 square side table
- 1 black rocking chair w/ upholstered seat
- 1 old floor lamp
- 1 set andirons, grate and screen
- 1 straight back side chair
- 1 rug Approx-12'x 15'
- 1 Deacons bench
- 1 fire extinguisher
- 1 wrought iron chandelier

*St. Jeromes
St. Jerome
(baths taken down)*

1st floor room off kitchen

- 1 mirror
- 1 indian rug
- 1 cross and picture
- 1 small lamp
- 2 twin beds
- 1 desk wooden
- 1 straight chair
- 2 small square tables

Pantry

- 3 fans (small)
- 1 refrigerator (Philco)
- 1 bureau (5 sets of drawers)
- Assorted kitchen -plates bowls, glasses, cups silverware

KITCHEN

- 1 5' x 5' table (wooden work table)
- 1 Admiral Refrigerators
- 1 Signature Refrigerator
- ~~1-Philco-Refrigerator~~
- 1 Westinghouse elect stove
- 1 Roper gas range
- 2 metal cabinets
- 1 straight back chair and
- 1 folding chair
- 1 fire extinguisher
- 1 metal stool
- 3 electric coffee pots
- assorted pots and pans
- 2 toasters
- 1 mixer
- 1 wash sink
- 1 sm. oil painting
- 1 garbage can

1 STILL LIFE PICTURE

* St. Peter

4 beds -(2 iron frames)
1 set andirons
1 white 3 drawer dresser
1 fire extinguisher

* St. Henry

1 4 drawer dresser
1 twin bed (no frame)

Attic

1 broken chest (2 drawers)
1 old rug (rolled up)
1 old door

* St. Benedict

1 full bed 1 single bed
1 4 drawer dresser
1 wall light

* St. Alphonsus

6 iron twin beds
1 old floor lamp
1 4 lg, 3sm drawer dresser & mirror
1 grey rug

Bath

2 mirrors
bath with claws
sink -toilet
1 5shelf book case
Misc. tools (wrenches, saws etc.)

Front Hall (St. John Bosco)

1 desk 7 books
vacuum - carpet sweeper
1 mirror
2 folding chairs
2 portable bed
1 4 drawer dresser
2 table lamps

Porch

4 wicker chairs
7 Straight chairs
2 half tables (connected to walls)
1 broken table

Chapel

2 Green Pews (Outside)
 1 black iron wall hanging (outside) St. Francis 1926
 26 upholstered chairs
 9 wicker chairs
 1 Holy Land Map
 1 pulpit
 1 altar
 1 sm. sq. table and 1 cross
 1 tabernacle
 1 banner
 14 stations of the cross
 \ 1 bible, 1 missal
 1 holy water fount
 \ 1 4 x 6 oriental rug

Sm Room(right)

L buffet match St. Jeromes table
 1 mirror and vestment cabinets
 vestments of each color
 Altar cloths

Sm. room (left)

3 candle holders
 1 incense holder
 1925 painting by Schumaker
 1 bureau (4 lg, 2 sm drawers)
 1 candle snuffer
 3 folding chairs
 2 sm sq. tables (flower stands)
 Various sacristy utensils
 1 crucifixes

1 fire extinguisher

Room off chapel

4 rope chairs
 4 wicker chairs
 Alter stone and alter
 4 book cases
 2 (5 candle) chandeliers
 1 portable grating
 1 print - wise men visiting
 1 broken candle holder
 various books and periodicals

St. JoansPorch

3 small wooden benches
 1 small wooden table (2 legs)
 7 folding chairs
 1 kitchen chair

Kitchen

1 refrigerator (Coldspot)
 1 Kitchen table
 6 chairs
 1 mirror
 1 magazine rack
 1 3 drawer dresser
 various linnen and towels

PANTRY

Odds and ends dishes
 cloths hamper
 first-aid kit
 Door with mirror
 vacuum and parts - floor sweeper
 1 crucifix

Room off of kitchen

3 book shelves 0 misc. books
 1 wall clock
 1 green wooden straight chair
 1 podium
 1 book cabinet (4 drawers - 4 shelves)
 1 storage cabinet
 1 old floor lamp

Living Room with fireplace (St. Thomas)

Andirons, screen -wood rack and fireplace tools
 3 matching wooden chairs (carved)
 2 table lamps
 1 cedar hope chest
 3 green wooden chairs
 9 upholstered chairs
 2 couches (1 red - 1 brown)
 1 drop leaf table
 2 end tables
 1 floor lamp base
 1 side book cabinet (3 drawer-misc. books)
 1 desk lamp
 1 book shelf (6 shelves -misc books)
 1 fire extinguisher
 1 picture of Pope John

Misc.Candles
 3 x 6 rug
 indian hanging

St. Elizabeth

1 double - 3 single beds
 1 dresser , 4 drawer
 1 rope chair
 2 wooden folding chairs (ATTIC)
 1 4 drawer dresser
 1 double metal bed
 14 priedieux (Approximate)
 Approx. 7 framed pictures
 1 childs 3 yr. crib
 1 box books
 1 confessional screen
 1 table
 2 saw horses
 1 trunk (canvas)
 1 wooden desk 3 x 4
 1 old rug (large)
 Old clothing

Uninventoried attic off of-bathBasement

Storm window and screens
 1 mower push- 1 mower gas (old)
 2 table lamps -
 1 floor lamp
 misc. dishes
 1 fertilizer spreader
 2 tires
 1 dolly
 8 chapel kneelers
 1 fire extinguisher
 1 cupboard
 1 slop sink (divided 3 ways)
 1 old washer

Garage

1 International mower and snowblower attachments
 Various tools and maintenance items
 1 gas mower 20"
 1 extension ladder
 1 8 foot ladder
 1 vice
 1 water pump (old)
 2 old chain saws
 light bulbs
 1 4 drawer chest
 misc. paint and tools
 1 lamp (kerosine)

Seller Calvert Foundation of Chicago a corporation
of Illinois having its principal place of business at 5735 S. University,
Chicago, Ill., in consideration of ten (\$10.00) and other good and valuable
consideration dollars, receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, does hereby sell, assign,
transfer and set over to Buyer, Wheeling Park District
of Wheeling, Illinois
, the following described personal property, to-wit:

SEE ATTACHED TWO PAGE DESCRIPTION OF PERSONAL PROPERTY located
at or on the premises commonly known as Childerly Retreat,
McHenry Road, Wheeling, Illinois.

#1

PERSONAL PROPERTY
RIDER

assorted kitchen dishes and utensils
3 toasters
3 large electric coffee pots
1 electric (portable) fan
assorted pots, pans, baking dishes
1 bed frame
various linens
3 mirrors
1 fireplace screen and andirons
1 picture "Our Lady in her Garden"
1 picture "Crown of Thorns"
4 framed pictures
several prints
1 large picture (map) of Holy Land in chapel
1 painting of Christ by Shumaker in chapel
1 print "Adoration of the Mage"
3 small framed pictures
3 framed farm pictures
1 framed St. Francis of Assisi
1 picture "Our Lady of the Orchard"
1 framed Last Supper
1 framed face of Christ
1 framed still life by Buffet
1 framed picture of St. Jerome (a print) by ElGreco
various photographs
1 round wooden plaque of Our Lady
1 plaster "Death of St. Joseph"
1 St. Francis banner
1 round plaster plaque
1 statue (plaster) of two figures
Grinder.
Saw
Mower, International
Harvester
Chain Saw
Vise
Various tools and maintenance items
Water pump
Wood Lathe

112

- Many books
- 3 double beds
- 27 single beds
- 15 cots
- 1 rollaway bed
- 1 dresser with marble top
- 2 bureaus with attached mirror
- 11 chests of drawers
- 2 bureaus
- 1 bureau with cone front
- 5 metal folding chairs
- 11 (17?) wicker chairs
- 5 rope chairs
- 26 eating chairs
- 13 wooden chairs
- 25 chapel chairs
- 3 wooden arm chairs
- 3 upholstered chairs
- 4 matching wooden arm chairs
- 1 red loveseat
- 1 couch
- 4 kitchen chairs
- 1 upholstered rocking chair
- 1 wooden rocker
- 4 floor lamps
- 6 table lamps
- 4 night stands
- 2 hallway tables
- 2 drop-leaf tables
- 1 kitchen table
- 1 large wooden work table
- 4 indoor eating tables
- 3 small tables
- 1 picnic table
- 1 round dining room table with 5 leaves 9 matching chairs (4 Teren)

Of that part of the East half of the Southwest quarter of Section 3, Township 42 North, Range II East of the 3rd Principal Meridian; and being also a part of Lots 13 and 14 in Owner's Division of Buffalo Creek Farm, according to plat thereof recorded in the Recorder's Office of Cook county, Illinois, as Document No. 9195785; described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the west line of said Lot 14 which is 489.00 feet south of the northwest corner of said lot, which point of beginning is also a point of the west line of said East half of Southwest quarter 523 feet south of the northwest corner of said East half, and running

thence South $84^{\circ} 34' 30''$ East a distance of 213.60 feet to a point in the west line of said Lot 13 which is 91 feet south of the northwest corner thereof;

thence South $00^{\circ} 41'$ East along said west line of Lot 13 a distance of 38 feet;

thence North $89^{\circ} 16'$ East a distance of 310.87 feet

thence south, parallel with said west line of Lot 14 and with said west line of East half of Southwest quarter, a distance of 375 feet;

thence South $89^{\circ} 16'$ West a distance of 524.01 feet to said west line of Lot 14 and said west line of East half;

thence north along said west line a distance of 455.92 feet to the point of beginning.

Containing 4.752 acres of land, more or less.

HISTORY OF CHILDERLEY AND CRANE FUND FOR WIDOWS AND CHILDREN

(Written by Frank R. Lillie about 1913)

The work for widows and children was started by Mrs. Lillie on her farm at Wheeling, Illinois, in the summer of 1910. She was moved to do this by the grave plight of many widows with children who were practically separated from their children by the necessity of earning a livelihood, involving also neglect and danger to the children. The matter was the subject of serious discussion with her friend Elisabeth Port, as a result of which Miss Port agreed to undertake the supervision of the work. In return for this Mrs. Lillie agreed to ensure Miss Port's independence and enable her to carry out her personal plan of adopting and bringing ^{up} children. To realize this pledge Mrs. Lillie transferred a small parcel of Crane Co. stock to Miss Port, gave her an acre of land on the farm and built her a residence. Miss Port was also engaged as superintendent of the work at a salary of \$1,700 a year.

In their discussion of the subject Mrs. Lillie and Miss Port settled on a plan which has been consistently followed up to the present time. In brief, this was to take the most needy cases, implying a relatively large family and no means of support; but at the same time to take cases in which the moral standards and intelligence were as high as possible with consequent expectation of the ultimate rehabilitation of such families on a self-supporting basis. The mother was to be relieved of the need of working for support of the family. Each family was to have a small cash income, originally \$5.00 per month for each child, free milk and cream and vegetables, etc. It was also the original intention that each family should cultivate a garden and raise chickens; this was carried out in part, but on account of the inexperience of city families a ^{community garden} ~~community~~ garden was also established in which members of families worked.

The community thus established was in the country, and it has been necessary from the start to provide all community services, including housing, school, water supply, drainage, roads, sidewalks, lighting, etc., and it has been the cost of the community privileges, not the scale of living of the individual families, that has made the per capita cost relatively high. It was clear that if families were to be completely rehabilitated, school and health service had to be on a high plane, and everything must be done to avoid a mere charity attitude within the community and to cultivate a healthy condition of mind as well as of body.

The number of families that could be handled in this way has necessarily been relatively small, but there has been an extraordinarily large measure of success in rehabilitation. The families were generally kept until the average age of the children was about sixteen, and then they were helped to positions and watched after leaving the farm until their independence seemed secure. Data on families attached will illustrate this.

In 1910 four semi-detached cottages were erected, two by Mrs. Lillie and two by Mrs. Russell at a cost of \$12,959. Miss Port moved out to take charge in October, and the first three families were immediately established. The first one to move in was Mrs. Bowler, a Crane Co. widow with her mother and three children. Mrs. Andersen and Mrs. Berg with six children each moved out in November.

In 1911 Mrs. Lillie's father saw the work with the families and was so pleased with it that he left a memorandum to support the work, and this wish was carried out by C. R. Crane and R. T. Crane, Jr., although not mentioned in their father's will, by the establishment of the Crane Fund for Widows and Children shortly after his death in January, 1912.

In 1912, before the full establishment of the Fund, C. R. and R. T. Crane Jr. built an additional double cottage, a schoolhouse and a barn. Shortly after Mrs. Lillie deeded 32 acres of land to the Fund. Since then eight smaller cottages, a garage and hospital and a power house have been erected from income of the Fund.

The work that has since been carried on the farm under this Fund is a direct continuation of the policy established in R. T. Crane's lifetime, on a larger scale but no more extravagantly, so far as individual families are concerned.

The main difference has been that first choice has always been given to the widows of Crane Co. employees. This has not always resulted in such families moving out, for in a number of instances they did not wish to leave the city; and in one instance at least, perhaps more, the status of the family was not such as to give reason for hope that the family could be put on its feet. In such a case also the good of the families already there must be considered, that they be not unnecessarily exposed to mental and moral danger and to disease.

- 1907 - April, bought South farm.
- 1908 - March, bought North farm. Family there spring 1908.
Miss MacDowell had house for Settlement that summer.
- 1909 - Alice born. Ellen Starr had house that summer.
Porches built.
- See, Calver* 1910 - Chapel moved. Bowlers and Towers had North house.
Six cottages built. May contributed \$6,000.
October, Elsie came out and lived on South farm. ?
Andersons and Bergs came.
Strassenbergs - Gardiners
Glandts to come?
- 1911 - Elsie went to California to recuperate. Mary Chapman
substitute.
North house burned.
- 1912 - R. T. Crane died January.
C. R. Crane and R. T. Crane Jr. furnished funds pending
establishment of Crane Fund.
Port house built.
Schoolhouse built.
Old superintendent's house rebuilt for outelves.
- 1913 - New North barn built.

Johanna
Doniat

About two miles northwest of Wheeling, Illinois is a ten acre tract of orchard and meadowland, called Childerley. Motorists speeding by on McHenry Road can scarcely see its small white sign, half hidden by trees and a tall hedge.

In 1941 Mrs. Frank R. Lillie made a gift of Childerley to the Calvert Foundation of Chicago to be maintained as a place for informal cooperative co-educational retreats and conferences for students and alumni of the University of Chicago.

There were several houses on the estate, so equipped that one could be used as a dormitory for women and one for men. A smaller house could serve as a caretaker's lodge. About fifty students could be accomodated at one time.

Most important of all there was a simple, austerely beautiful chapel, that would become the center and soul of Childerley. It was Mrs. Lillie's thought that the simlicity and seclusion of Childerley which she and her family had enjoyed for week ends for about thirty years, would be a great boon to young students often confused by the turbulent atmosphere of city or campus life.

Whether Mrs. Lillie had any real vision about it, or whether she had just a vague sense of its being a good idea, can hardly be determined. Certainly she must have been inspired to this generous move--certainly she responded to the inspiration. There was need, how great no one realized, for this sort of thing. There was a new use for buildings and setting that had outlived their original plan and purpose.

The development of Childerley, from a private estate into a unique place of student retreat, of national and international significance cannot be told as an orderly story. It grew too naturally for that. But because I have been associated with Childerley as a student project from the beginning, the Trustees of the Calvert Foundation of Chicago have requested me to tell the story--the story of God's Gentle Ways at Childerley.

One afternoon, about thirty-five years ago, Ellen Starr asked me to pick her up at Hull House and drive her to Mrs. Lillie's.

"I think you're going to be invited to dinner," she said.

And that is how I first met Mrs. Lillie. She and Ellen Starr had been enthusiastic converts for only a few years. "Uncle James," Dr. Lillie's invalid uncle, was a more recent convert. The table conversation was very lively and gay, mostly concerned with spiritual reading for invalids, specifically a comparison of various editions of the Imitation of Christ. I had just found a beautifully printed Episcopalian edition for a protestant friend.

"I know that edition," said Uncle James. "The type is excellent, particularly easy on failing eyes. But the larger type means larger pages, more bulk, and makes it harder to hold the volume if you are reading in bed."

And so the conversation went on, until Dr. Lillie broke in with:

"What part of the chicken would you like, Miss Doriat? I myself prefer the pope's nose."

"That was the happy beginning of a delightful and inspiring friendship; that was the prelude to this story.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT

Some day the life of Frances Crane Lillie should be written. It would be the story of a gentle, self-effacing woman, of simple but exquisite taste; generous, devout, inspiring, daringly original; a devoted and very happy wife, a wise mother, a warm and loyal friend. It was a great privilege to have known her. It was a privilege to listen to her, as now and again over a cup of tea, somewhat capriciously, she would recall a particular event in her past life, assuming that her listener would know the precise chronological spot where it belonged. From such bits it would be difficult to compose a factual biography-- but even in these bits the spirit and motivation of her life may be clearly discerned.

I remember her telling me, one afternoon, of the time when she, as a little girl, had overheard a conversation about a very poor family that lived not far from her home on the west side.

She was terribly distressed at the story and was eager to do something about it. (She was always eager!) In the pantry she found a market basket, and when no one was looking, she filled it with bread, fruit and cookies and whatever else she could find, and carried the basket to the poor woman's house. A very surprised person opened the door. Frances Crane left the basket and ran away as fast as she could. As she lay in bed that night she was kept awake with the worry of it and wondered how long she would have to keep it up. Would it work if she tried to do it again? Presently a gentle sleep lifted the burden from her childish soul.

But her sympathy for the poor and the suffering remained with her always. When Frances Crane was fifteen years old she was permitted to help take care of her mother during her last illness. She thought then of becoming a trained nurse. In the late 80's she was very interested in the new experiment of Hull House. The two founders, Ellen Starr and Jane Addams became her close friends for the rest of their lives. It was a very dynamic friendship that found much satisfaction in cooperative doing.

Most of Mrs. Lillie's philanthropies were quiet and unadvertized. Since many of them belong to the time before I knew her, I shall confine myself to those of her later years with which I was in some way concerned.

I think an eagerness to help those in affliction and sorrow may have been a contributing motive for her study of medicine. She would help those who needed it. She wanted specifically to help the blind. After she received her doctor's degree she asked counsel from one of her professors.

"You don't know enough about the eye," he told her. "Why don't you go to Woods Hole, for further study?" *

"And in 1894 Frances Crane went to Woods Hole to study embryology with Dr. Frank Rattray Lillie. She promptly fell in love with him and married him the following year," said Mrs. Lillie to me in the summer of 1943, as she pointed out the window of Dr. Lillie's classroom at Woods Hole. She never actually practiced medicine. The turn of the century found Dr. and Mrs. Lillie in Chicago, Dr. Lillie now on the faculty of the University of Chicago. They soon began to take an active part in the intellectual, civic and religious life of the community.

If, as happened somewhat later on, strikers needed moral support and financial assistance Mrs. Lillie was always ready. This I found out on one surprising afternoon when she gave me an old blue scrap book.

"You might like to have this," she said.

It was very interesting to pore over the yellowed clippings from newspapers from all over the country, about the strikes of the winter of 1915. A devoted friend had compiled the book for Mrs. Lillie as a personal appreciation of courtesies she had received from her. I read glowing accounts of Mrs. Lillie's

* A cooperative research center on Cape Cod maintained by distinguished scientists for advanced research in Biology. Dr. Lillie came to Woods Hole in 1891 as a student. He became instructor, member of the Board of Trustees, Director. He kept up his association with Woods Hole in some capacity or other until his death in 1917.

defense of the garment workers striking. She and Ellen Starr had been peacefully picketing. The police arrested Ellen Starr and not at first, Mrs. Lillie, whom they recognized even in her habitually simple attire as "the daughter of Richard T. Crane, Chicago's most prominent iron master." Mrs. Lillie was indignant. She had been quite as active as Ellen Starr. The police did finally pick her up "for resisting an officer," but she was not in custody very long.

It was interesting to note from those old newspaper portraits of Mrs. Lillie, that her taste in dress was as simple then as now. She once told me, almost boastfully that she had never had a lace curtain on any of her windows.

Perhaps the most significant and presumably the most permanent of her works grew out of a short lived Agricultural Guild which Professor William Hill established at the University of Chicago in about 1907. To Dr. and Mrs. Lillie it seemed to afford an opportunity for their children "to learn country life in a practical way," and perhaps it would furnish a vocation for their foster sons.*

Accordingly the Lillies acquired 600 acres of excellent farm land, on the banks of Buffalo Creek, near Wheeling, Illinois.

It is significant that Dr. and Mrs. Lillie were named Frank and Frances. They had a real Franciscan love for flowers, fruit, animals and trees. I think too, they loved his "Lady Poverty." When they bought the farm, that their children might come to know God's country creatures, there was a log cabin on their land, built perhaps in 1825. Mrs. Lillie called it the First Little House--it is now called the Bethlehem Chapel.

* Dr. and Mrs. Lillie had four daughters. "It's a great blessing to have an afflicted person around," said Mrs. Lillie. When they took three boys into their family they chose one who was blind.

In a spirit of reverence for early settlers who had had to cut down trees to build a home, Mrs. Lillie converted the log cabin into a chapel and dedicated it to St. Francis in the Orchard. Ellen Starr and Mrs. Lillie spent many hours on week ends praying together in the log cabin chapel. They equipped it with an altar, made by a neighboring craftsman, they bought Catholic holy things, at Benziger's for the Episcopal Eucharist Service which was occasionally held out there by Father Hopkins. Together they recited the Divine Office, in the Marquess of Bute English translation. Friends and neighbors came to the little chapel, to be married, to pray.

The two friends wrote and read and talked about religion so much that they finally prayed themselves and each other into the Catholic Church; Ellen in the spring of 1920, (her spiritual odyssey was published in the Catholic World in 1924) and Mrs. Lillie, under the direction of the great English lay theologian Baron von Hügel, in the fall of the same year, while she was on a visit to England. Some of the correspondence between Mrs. Lillie and Baron von Hügel was privately printed in 1925.

Almost immediately after their conversions Mrs. Lillie became a Franciscan Tertiary and Ellen Starr an Oblate of St. Benedict. Presently, in complete and merciful ignorance of canon law, Mrs. Lillie built a more enduring chapel of brick close to the little log cabin. The log cabin altar was brought into it and Monsignor Shannon gave Mrs. Lillie an altar stone.

Here are some excerpts from historical notes which Dr. Lillie once jotted down for me concerning the early days on the farm.

The Crane Fund for Widows and Children

Written by Frank R. Lillie

Quite early in the history of Buffalo Creek Farm Mrs. Lillie began the care of widows and their children at the farm. For this purpose six cottages were erected in 1910 on the North Farm in three groups of two each. Mrs. Lillie's sister (Mrs. E.A. Russell) contributed the cost of one pair of those cottages. Provisions were also made for water supply, sewers, and drainage of land.

Previous to this action the undertaking had been a matter of serious discussion between Mrs. Lillie and her friend Elisabeth Port as a result of which Miss Port, then a teacher of kindergarten grades in Chicago, agreed to undertake supervision of the work. In return for this Mrs. Lillie agreed to insure Miss Port, independence and enable her to carry out her personal plan of adopting and bringing up children. Miss Port was engaged in 1910 on salary as superintendent of the work. In 1911 Miss Port's mother, then principal of a grammar grade school in Chicago, was also engaged to aid in the work. In 1917 Mrs. Lillie deeded an acre of land on the present property of the Calvert Foundation to Miss Port together with the red brick home built in 1912 which was occupied by Miss Port, her adopted children and her mother for many years.

It will be seen that Mrs. Lillie assumed at first personal responsibility for this work. Her father became interested, as the following extracts from one of his letters will show:

Pasadena, California, April 17, 1911

1st. par. "Glad you have joined the church." (Episcopal)

2nd. par. "I am also glad to know that your mind is mostly occupied in trying to do some good in the world."

"I think you will get far more happiness trying to do good in the world than you will if you think of nothing but your own selfish enjoyment".

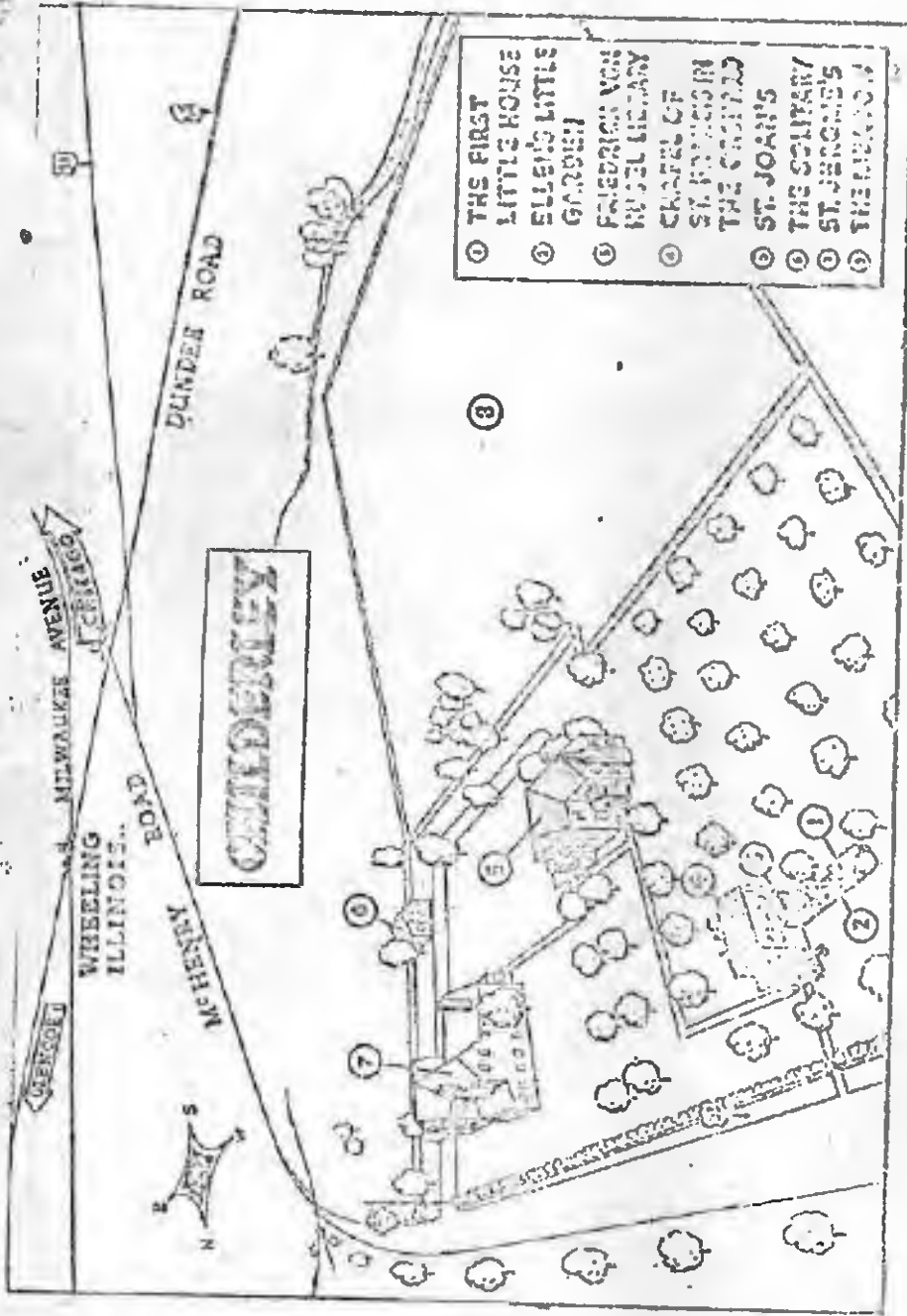
3rd. par. "I am sorry you are having so much trouble with your charitable work out on the farm, but you must not let these troubles affect you at all. Go right along as if nothing had happened and carry the thing out. Of course, I am

to help you at any time you need anything of me. I am exceedingly anxious to have this idea worked out and see what can be made of it, as I think it is the most important charity that I know of. But you want to be careful you don't work too hard and neglect your family in doing this sort of thing. This you certainly cannot afford to do."

Shortly after his death in January 1912 his sons Charles R. and Richard T. Jr. announced the establishment of an endowment for a fund to support the work, to be known as the Crane Fund for Widows and Children; but the deed was not executed until June 11, 1914. In the meantime, they furnished funds for building and operation on an enlarged scale. In 1917 Mrs. Dillic deeded 32 acres of land north of the Mc Henry road to the Fund together with all improvement on it. It is not clear when the name "Childerley" was first used, but in Wheeling it applied to the establishment for the widows and children originally. The name was borrowed from that of an English village. It means children's meadow.

Miss Port and Mrs. Port served together as superintendents until Miss Port's death in 1926. In 1926 Mrs. Larkin was appointed superintendent. In 1935 Mrs. Lillie became seriously ill, and could no longer take an active personal part in the affairs of the establishment. Mrs. Larkin served until the work of the Crane Fund at Childerley in Wheeling was terminated in 1937.

In the spring of 1940 the 32 acres of Wheeling property of the Crane fund was sold to the Servants of Mary for a Convalescent Home for women. They took the name "Addolorata Villa." The Crane Fund has since continued to operate in Chicago from the offices of Crane Company under new trustees, as a strictly Crane Company affair.



- ① THE FIRST LITTLE HOUSE
- ② ELLEN'S LITTLE GARDEN
- ③ FRIEDRICH VON RUSSEL LIBRARY
- ④ CHAPEL OF ST. FRANCIS
- ⑤ THE CASINO
- ⑥ ST. JOAN'S
- ⑦ THE SOLITARY
- ⑧ ST. JEROME'S
- ⑨ THE BUREAU

Dr. Lillie supplied these further notes and dates to accompany the map of Catholic Childerley.

No. 1 "The First Little House." This log cabin was situated on the South Farm when we acquired it in 1907. Presumably it was the first living house on that property, but was being used as a pig-pen. Mrs. Lillie decided to preserve it and it was removed to its present site in 1910, and repaired. Shortly after the walled garden attached to it (No. 2) was set out.

No. 3 "The Friedrich von Hugel Library" was built in 1940-41.

No. 4 "The Chapel of St. Francis in the Orchard" was built in 1927. *first mass 1929*

No. 5 "St. Joan's" was built in 1912 for Miss Port and was purchased back from her estate in 1940.

No. 6 "The Solitary" was built in 1930.

No. 7 "St. Jerome's." The north part was built before 1908, and we used it as residence for the farm superintendent until 1911 when we made a larger "addition" to it including the porches. The Lillie family used it occasionally until the whole was modernized in 1941.

The preceding dates are merely factual, a sort of skeleton, F.C.L. could add flesh and spirit to it. Perhaps she will do so.

When I asked Mrs. Lillie for some biographical notes about herself she said, very quietly:

"Industry can never restore a life, but industry can try to atone."

Then she sent me the following notes:

THE STORY OF CHILDERLEY

Written by Frances C. Lillie

As far back as I can remember I was full of fears. I do not know why it happened, because I had a younger and smaller sister who was and still is a very fearless person. We had burglars breaking into our house several times, and that did not help much. It must have impressed upon me the desirability of a home to protect one, and big brothers and a father who were boasted of a great deal but never seemed to see the necessity of going forth to meet my enemies. I can feel in my throat now the sobs and the shouting, "You just wait until my father and big brothers come home! They are bigger than your father and brothers, and then you'll see!"

Louisa Alcott's "Little Men" very early become the Bible of my childhood. The home described in that book was even more wonderful and beautiful in my eyes than my own home. There was not only protection, but there was a warmth about the family affection that I felt was lacking in my own home. The big brothers and sisters who felt it necessary to make up for what they considered parental laxity in a vigilant watchfulness for shortcomings in their younger sisters and brother, the very busy father, and a mother who was affectionate but worn and frail with her family duties, made me seize with great interest on the family described in "Little Men," where all people were gay and bright and kind. It was the type of home that I carried in my mind through life.

But looking out into the dark from the windows of our house, and reading the newspapers, soon made me realize that there were little children who had no such protection, and I began to make plans to find those children and take care of them. It was very much on my mind all through my childhood and during adolescence, when I discovered there were older boys and girls who had to go to work. Then I planned to take them in, too. I remember that the sun rose one morning before I had gone to sleep, having been awake all night planning their homes.

Then as I grew up and had a family of my own I realized that there were mothers were not protected in their homes, and when I knew Jane Addams I heard of the widows who had to work all night scrubbing floors of the great office buildings, going home to take care of their children day times. That was more impressive than anything else to me, naturally.

After while we bought a farm on the northern edge of Cook County, and when I accumulated a little money I began to take widows and children in and build some cottages for them there. It was a very happy experience, and very much like "Little Men," because in "Little Men" the children had a nice, comfortable nurse who took care of them, bandaged up their injuries, gave them medicine, and tucked them in a warm bed. That is a lovely dream, and we were able to do that for these mothers. It was on a larger scale, but the idea was the same. They were all mothers and children who were victims of our industrial system, the fathers having been killed. We lived a very happy life together, and finally the work was endowed by my brothers and we were able to expand and have a more and more interesting life. Sometime they would say, "It's Like Heaven", and it seemed like Heaven and to have so many little children and mothers all mine!

After thirty years the new Board of Trustees of the Crane Fund for Widows and Children decided that it was more practical and more democratic to move the mothers and children to the outskirts of the city. They began their lives in the center of the city and were returned to its outskirts. There were many advantages in that system, but I was cut off from it completely by ill health which terminated my connection with them. Now the little cottages and the schoolhouse are in the hands of the Servite Sisters, and across the street our house, with two other houses and the chapel, have been turned over to the Catholic students of the University of Chicago.

It is a comforting thought to me.

THE FIRST IMPERIAL CALVERT CLUB:

In the early twenties a weekly review called the *Commonweal*, was launched in New York by lay Catholic intellectuals. The publishers called themselves Calvert Associates, in honor of the first Catholic colonizers of this country - who had with them a vigorous sense of tolerance and religious liberty. Members of the *Commonweal* staff found it wise and profitable to meet their subscribers personally on occasional goodwill or promotional tours. When they came to Chicago the local subscribers would meet these "Calvert Associates" at dinner - usually in a downtown hotel. Out of these occasional dinners there evolved a very informal organization quite naturally called the Chicago Calvert Club. There were similar Calvert Clubs in New York and Boston. Ellen Starr and Mrs. Lillie, Judge Girtan and Judge McGoorty and the Doniats belonged to it. So did Sara Benedicta O'Neil of St. Benet's Library - then called the Calvert Library and Mrs. Wm. P. Coughlin. Professor Jerome G. Kerwin recently appointed to the Department of Political science at the University of Chicago became president of the Calvert Club of Chicago. Raphael Foran was the secretary.

One of the early members was Jim Costin, now Father Columba C.S.D. of Washington, D.C., also Charles R.R. McCoy - Ph. D. now Father McCoy, Head of the Department of Politics at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. and Father Vincent Flynn late president of the College of St. Thomas in St. Paul. When a particularly fine scholar came to town in those days Dr. Kerwin would invite his young Catholic student friends at the University to share the intellectual experience. We soon called these young people, our guests, "The Campus Calverts" - our younger brethren.

In the spring of 1929 Father J.A.M. Brosseau of Montreal, came to Chicago to spend a long convalescence with his old friends, the Doniat family. The Chicago Calvert Club was in full swing. Mrs. Lillie and Ellen Starr, Dr. Kerwin and Judge and Mrs. Mc Goorty and the Doniats all not there - and, of course, their guest, Father Brosseau. When after one of the meetings Mrs. Lillie asked Father Brosseau to say Mass in her little chapel at Childerley, he, having per-

mission to say Mass in the diocese, quite naturally consented. On April 20, 1929, the Doniats, Ellen Starr and Mrs. Lillie trekked out to Childerley for a first, but, as we later learned, unauthorized and uncanonical Childerley Mass! *

With the advent of the larger and more publicized Carroll Forum in the fall of 1937, the Calvert Club downtown quietly subsided. The Campus Calverts however, (There was no Newman Club, no Catholic chaplain at the University of Chicago) grew in stature and earnestness and became the organization of Catholic students on campus. Jerome G. Kerwin became their official sponsor and faculty representative.

Dr. Kerwin had come to Chicago rich in the experience of a comradeship between professors and students promoted in the Dartmouth Outing Association of his Alma Mater. It was his conviction that the Calvert Club would benefit immeasurably from informal coeducational week-end conferences in the country. Many matters that puzzle young students can be clarified in conversations, matters that might be too long and too involved for confession.

When Dr. Kerwin attended an outing of a committee on a religious education on the campus at Druce Lake, Illinois, it had not been easy to find Mass within taxi distance. Was there not somewhere a country chapel for Sunday Mass? I remembered the lovely chapel in which Father Brosseau had said Mass for Mrs. Lillie five years before; we asked Mrs. Lillie whether we might bring out the Campus Calvert Club to Childerley for a week-end. She was most pleased and had us as her guests for the first coeducational conference of Catholic students, at Childerley in May 1934. The children of the Crane Company widows doubled up and made room for Dr. Kerwin and the boys, I took the girls to Mrs. Lillie's house. So far as we know it was not only the first Catholic cooperative and coeducational conference of that sort to be held at Childerley, but perhaps it was really the first one to be held!

*Strange things can happen when good lay people have initiative, but insufficient information! Everything at Childerley is now in excellent ecclesiastical order under the supervision of Monsignor Joseph D. Connerton, senior Catholic chaplain of the University of Chicago.

Father Arthur Kleiber C.S.S.R. a converted Jew, came out as chaplain. It was an amazing experience. We had discussions and lectures and questions. The topics that came up were as catholic as the Church. I remember especially Exorcism and the Spirituality of the Soul. The questions concerning Exorcism went on so long that finally a priest visitor exclaimed, "This is getting too spooky for me" and in a glorious voice he sang, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze", which cut short an argument that might otherwise have lasted all night. We spent two full and happy days together - driving into Wheeling for our meals.

It took a good deal of planning - Henry Eugene Patrick, was the first student president of the Calvert Club. He had vision, enthusiasm, a fine liturgical sense and much common sense. His influence is still felt in Childerley traditions and customs. It was tremendously worthwhile.

One of the girls said to me, years afterward, after she had become a Grail Leader, "I never knew I was a Catholic until I went out to Childerley that first time."

Very gently the Holy Spirit led us. Mercifully ignorant were we kept of subsequent developments and responsibilities. We had no vision of what would grow out of that first comradesly Catholic week-end at Childerley.

We tried to repeat the experiment, some months later. The students were enthusiastic. But the priest who had promised to go out with us found that something unforeseen would prevent his going. There followed three barren years, until Father Timothy Sparks O.P. came out with us in May, 1937. He had recently established a University chapter of Dominican Tertiaries at the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, and this was the occasion of a sort of semi-retreat of the Tertiaries and their friends. That event marked a new era. Priests who were members of religious orders now came out, with the approval of their superiors. There were six such occasions - all very quietly accomplished - each one of

great significance for the almost unshepherded Catholic students at the University.

Father Arthur Kelley, S.J. came in November, 1937, Father James Meyer, O.F.M. in May, 1938.

That was a wonderful week-end, that third one. Besides Father "Jimmie" Meyer and Father Wm. Bergin, C.S.V., Father John W.R. Maguire, C.S.V., the great Viatorian labor priest* came out and so did Louis Budenz, who was still a Communist at that time. We were all under the big box elder tree, listening, spell bound, from two o'clock until six, on that May afternoon to their discussions of the Catholic Church, Labor, Communism. Mr. Budenz spoke very graciously of "Comrade Mundelein" and of "Comrade Roosevelt." Professor Waldemar Gurian of Notre Dame was there and Winston Ashley and his dear friend Leo Shields. Winston and Leo had been enthusiastic communists in their early student days at the University. Not very many years later Father Ashley said a Dominican Mass for Leo, who had become a devoted servant of our Lady, and had given his life for his country, in France. Our first Calvary Club martyr was a former Communist!

From that time on we went out to Childerley in May and in November, courageous priests studying at the University came out with us: Father George Dunn, S.J., and Father Rigney, S.V.D. Both eventually received their doctors' degrees at the University of Chicago. Father Rigney subsequently became President of the Catholic University of Peiping. After his arrest and imprisonment by the Communists, vividly described in his book he was appointed provincial of the S.V.D.'s in England. Father Edward Mangan a great scripture scholar came to us again and again.

*Illinois Labor organizations recently contributed to a chapel in memory of Father Maguire at the new Viatorian Novitiate at Arlington Heights, Illinois, not far from Childerley.

TRANSITION

The Crane Fund for Widows and Children was becoming more than Mrs. Lillie herself could direct. She had had a terrific illness, and her good friends, the Ports, had died.

I called on Mrs. Lillie one afternoon during this illness, which had involved serious surgery.

"What do you think of St. Ignatius water?" she asked me.

"I'm not very interested in many of these special devotions," I answered. "Why do you ask?"

"Because this afternoon an old laundress of Ellen Starr's came to see me. She was a poor woman of great faith and generosity. The Catholic Church is very wise and kind, to take water, the most available thing there is, and asking God to bless it, make this common thing precious. This precious thing the poor woman brought to me, this afternoon. A priest had prayed over it--she had prayed over it: I'm not laying it on the open wound, but I am saturating some cotton with the water of St. Ignatius. I'm touching it, praying St. Ignatius to intercede for me."

A convert was giving a cradle Catholic an unforgettable instruction on sacramentals:

There had been some indications that the Crane Company widows, now about a dozen or so, might like to live near their old friends, some indication too that in an almost manless settlement of about seventy people there would be little opportunity for marrying again!

And so it was planned to give up Childerley as a community, and use the Crane Fund to pension the widows and children in suburbs of Chicago, or near their old homes. The special spot called Childerley, where the widows had lived, was sold to the Servite Sisters for a convalescent home.

I was with Mrs. Lillie at the last Childerley May party in 1939. After the party was over she asked me to come into the chapel with her. We prayed quietly, she wept quietly and then turned to me and said, "Can this be

the end?" Those past thirty years had been very important in her life.

"No, it can't be the end," I answered, but I hardly knew what I was saying.

On October 2, 1939, Cardinal Mundelein died.

The seventh Childerley student conference was held on November 4th of that same year. It was a Day of Recollection conducted by Father George Dunne, S.J., recently arrived at the University of Chicago to prepare for his Doctor's degree in International Relations.

Most of the Crane Company families had already left. The University students brought their own food this time. It was a great day.

A month later in December 1939, Mrs. Lillie offered five acres and the buildings on the south side of McHenry Road to the Catholic students of the University of Chicago. Her remodeled farm house would take care of boys-- Miss Port's house would be the dormitory for girls. A caretaker would occupy the Solitary and God would come to dwell with His people in the tiny chapel, now connected by a library wing with the walled garden and "The First Little House." It took about a year and a half to work out the details of establishing the Calvert Foundation of Chicago, which would hold the title to these acres and buildings.

How this came about will be described in a subsequent chapter.

LET ALL BE SONG AND REJOICING AND FESTAL MELODY

On December 22, 1939, Mrs. Lillie called me on the telephone. Mrs. Lillie's calls were apt to be surprising. You could never predict what would occur to her next, but you did know it would be unique and beautiful. She was sensitive about following the gentle lead of the Holy Spirit, and fearless.

"Do you know what I'm going to do with Childerley?" she asked.

"I certainly don't know."

"I'm going to give it to you. I'm going to give it to you and Dr. Kerwin for the Catholic students of the University of Chicago. You're not afraid of coeducation--you've dealt with it all your life in the public schools and Dr. Kerwin won't be afraid of it. He's had coeducational classes at the University for fifteen years. I'm giving Childerley to the two of you to manage for the Catholic students of the University." That was a thunder-bolt! I'm not sure what I answered--I'm quite sure I never said "thank you."

When I had partially recovered from the shock I wrote an air mail special delivery to Dr. Kerwin, who was in Albany for the Christmas holiday. "We don't dare not take on this that God is giving us to care for, do we? We can't throw out a baby laid on the doorstep, can we?"

Early in January 1940, Archbishop Stritch of Milwaukee was appointed to the Chicago Archdiocese.*

On his return to Chicago in January, Dr. Kerwin took counsel from Catholic Alumni, from the Catholic students on campus, and from other public-spirited and generous Catholic laymen. In February 1940 Dr. Kerwin met the Chicago Archbishop-elect in Milwaukee. He told him of the great epidemic of converts on the campus of the University of Chicago. He probably did not tell

* I met a distinguished prelate shortly after the announcement. "How are we going to like our new Ordinary?" I asked him. "Five years from now you will say the kindest man in the world is our Archbishop!" It didn't take us five years to say that.

him that he, at this time himself, was being called "the Pope of the Midway."

"We shall have much work to do together, Dr. Kerwin, when I get down to Chicago," Archbishop Stritch said to him at parting. After that I sent the Archbishop some Kodak pictures and a little account of the seven meetings and retreats of the Calvert Club that had been held at Childerley. He responded with much interest and courtesy. Archbishop Stritch was installed in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, in Chicago on March 7, 1940. On August 14, 1940, the Archbishop invited President Hutchins, Mortimer Adler and Dr. Kerwin to dine at his home on North State Street.

About three months later, on November 5th, 1940 the Archbishop received a small group of University students whom I brought to him in his home. He was most kind and gracious. "You are my Benjamins," he said to them. Before we left he took us all into his private chapel to pray. No one will ever forget that exquisite hour.

From then on there were many consultations and committee meetings. At a luncheon at the Quadrangle Club on Saturday, December 14th, 1940 a small group decided to organize as the Calvert Foundation of Chicago, to hold title to Childerley. After this luncheon Dr. Kerwin and I called on Mrs. Lillie and told her the name of the new organization. There were more meetings and deliberations. On May 1, 1941 the Calvert Foundation of Chicago was finally chartered as a non-profit organization under the laws of the State of Illinois. On Sunday, May 3, 1941, Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, Father George Dunne, S.J. dedicated the grounds and the houses and chapel to the service of God. It was a wonderful Calvert Club week-end. The young people cut did themselves in song and liturgy. Professor Yves Simon, then of Notre Dame University, now on the faculty of the University of Chicago spoke. The Servants of Mary who had only recently moved into their new quarters - the former Crane Company holdings - prepared (for Mrs. Lillie) a wonderful tea

and reception to follow the religious services. All the countryside was there. I don't know that the day has ever been adequately described, but the orchard was all abloom and the long line of singing Calvert Club students - the sisters and visiting priests in the procession - were recorded by many an amateur Kodak. It all seemed unbelievable.

The deed was turned over to the Calvert Foundation on June 12, 1941 in the living room of Mrs. Lillie's house on Kenwood Avenue. In my property room at Senn High School I found a great ten inch iron key ring which a student had once given me when his janitor father had a new set of locks made for his building. I took off the old keys and fastened the twenty-three keys of Childerley on to the impressive ring. I took it out to show Mrs. Lillie - Dr. Lillie was there and Jerome Kerwin and Peter Kelleher, the first President of the Calvert Foundation. Mrs. Lillie was much amused at the ring, then she grew serious. "Give it to me" she said. She slipped the ring onto her right arm - "Now, give me your right hand." She held my hand for a moment, then she slide the ring off her arm and on to mine. "It's yours to look after from now on", she said. It was a sort of mystic ceremony - poignant and very like Mrs. Lillie.

"And what will you call the place now?" Dr. Lillie asked.

"Childerley, a new Childerley. That will keep an historical connection with what went on here, before."

I think everyone was pleased.

Duddy, came to me - "Edward, (Professor Duddy was in the Department of Buying at the University) and I haven't stripped our bed, Johanna. It's getting cooler and more comfortable now - it will still be hot in Chicago - could we perhaps spend the night out here?"

"Why of course, that would be fun." The idea became contagious.

"If you let us stay, we'll say Mass for you, tomorrow morning," said one Franciscan priest from Quebec, studying at the University that summer and one Jesuit from St. Louis (now president of St. Louis University). Instead of six of us, who had planned to stay and clean up after the guests had gone - there were twenty for the night, for the two Masses and for breakfast. In spite of the heat the first summer conference had been a great success and every one was relaxed and happy and a little gay.

That Sunday evening we all sat out under the big box elder tree.

"If you're spending the night, you'll all have to earn your bed and board," I said. "Mrs. Lillie has named the houses, but you'll all help name the rooms tonight. Let us begin with St. Alphonsus. The first priest who came to give us a conference was Father Arthur Leiber, C.S.S.R., son of St. Alphonsus, at the suggestion of his superior, our dear friend, the late Father Augustine Zeiler, C.S.S.R., then rector of the Redemptorist Seminary at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

"And one room for St. Dominic" said Jerome Kerwin, prior of the III Order Chapter at the University.

"I suggest St. Benedict," said a Benedictine Oblate. "He was a student and a scholar - we will hope to worship God out here beautifully and correctly as St. Benedict would."

"A room for St. Patrick," said Gene Patrick, president of the Calvert Club.

"And surely a room for St. Peter. Let us put the priest in St. Peter's room."

"St. Paul must be next to St. Peter's," said some one.

"And I hope you won't forget my patron, St. Ignatius," said Father Reinert. "The dining room for him, Father, in grateful memory of your beautiful after dinner talks."

"There's an unnamed room next to St. Patrick. Shall we call it St. Nonnatus - because we don't know, or would the political scientists naturally associate Patrick with Henry?" St. Henry won out. One room was named for St. Joseph. St. Christopher's room is the first one that automobiles reach as they enter Childerley.

"But the kitchen?" Kitchen and dining room are on the first floor of the boys' house. "It really should be named for Martha who was busy about many things." "But we're only having gentlemen saints in the boys' house aren't we?" "St. Martha is on the first floor - that will be perfectly moral and correct - we'll have no lady saints (alive or dead) upstairs in the boys' house - no gentlemen saints upstairs in the girls' house." By that time everybody was silly. Naming the girls' rooms was just as much fun. St. Ann's on the first floor for a sort of motherly room that had an entrance all its own - good for the housekeeper who might come and go at odd hours without disturbing the group. St. Catherine and St. Rose, Dominican Saints - St. Madeleine Sophie, Foundress of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. I was a pupil of the Sacred Heart Convent on North Street. At the Sacred Heart Convent I had learned the trick of naming rooms for saints. St. Monica, because from the very beginning we had a strong interracial sense and St. Monica was certainly African. On the first floor of St. Jean's - St. George in honor of Father George Dunne, S.J., who had done so very much for the University students even before he blessed the houses - St. Thomas Aquinas was given charge of our big conference room on the first floor of the girls' house. One room was named for Jerome's sister Elizabeth, one for my sister Thecla. Presently the youngest member of the group spoke up. "How about St. John the Baptist? Is there to be a room named for him?" "And there are other Johns too" - and so

it happened in an almost ribald mood, at nearly midnight of a very hot summer day - that we named St. John Baptist - St. John Bosco - St. John Vianni as patrons of the boys' washrooms.

In the girls' house - St. Susannah was made responsible for one room. That early Christian Martyr was probably named for the virtuous lady of the Old Testament, whose woodland bath made history. Not many knew the story of St. Paula, friend of St. Jerome, who erected a hostel in Bethlehem to make pilgrims comfortable. We named one room in the girls' house for her and another bathroom was named for St. Bridget. They once brought a woman to St. Bridget who had been ill for two years. When St. Bridget bathed her feet, the woman was cured. There are those who think that the lady had needed that bath. Did St. Bridget perform a miracle or did she have marvelous common sense?

And then in one of these reckless moods of scholars, the subject changed. From twelve o'clock to two A.M. these young people discussed the Jesuit and the Dominican theories of grace! What a week-end! Childerley is like that! Next morning after two classes and a very simple breakfast, fourteen guests departed and six of us were left to clean up - among them a young University student whom I had met at Senn High School. We talked about the week-end as we sorted out blankets.

"Those black and white ones for St. Dominic's room," I said, "And blue ones for our Lady of Perpetual Help."

"And of course the papal colors, the gold and white blankets for St. Peter's room", said this young non-catholic friend who had come to Childerley because his Catholic classmate had invited him.

"Rollins, I hope you weren't shocked at the frivolous conversation about the saints last evening. You know we think of them as members of our family as though they and we could take a little teasing - we were familiar with them, but we didn't mean to be irreverent."

"I was never so shocked in my life," he said. "Never more beautifully

shocked! How soon can I become a Catholic, how soon can I be baptized?"

"It doesn't go as quickly as that," I said. "It will require a lot of study."

"I'll study, I'll study hard", he said, "but I want Baptism!"

"If you do, your desire will take care of you until the water is poured over your head," I said. "Did you every hear of baptism of desire? If you do whatever you think is right, and earnestly study what is right, God will take care of you."

"Is that how He takes care of those who don't know about the Catholic religion? People in far parts of India or China? Because that was one thing that worried me!"

His conversion story has been published elsewhere, but here he it only said that he began instructions almost immediately. When Father Connerton came to the University in October, he continued with him. Rollins' Christmas cards that year were invitations to his Baptism. At midnight Mass he received Holy Communion at the Cathedral, Confirmation in the Cathedral on Pentecost Sunday following. He was graduated from the University in August and entered Mundelein Seminary in September 1942. Exactly seven years after his First Communion, he was deacon at Midnight Mass. His first solemn Mass was also at the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle. His reception was at De Sales House, on the campus.

Gratefully and graciously he comes back to Childerley whenever he can take time from his parochial responsibilities as assistant at St. Malachy's. He will come to direct the choir or to give a lecture or a sermon or a Day of Recollection. We love to have him come back - this brilliant young convert - this scholarly priest.

When Mrs. Lillie asked me to undertake the management of Childerley it seemed simple enough, for one or two week-ends a year. That was one of God's gentle surprises! He didn't tell me that in less than ^adecade I would be at

Childerley quite half of all my days and in spirit I would be there all my waking hours. I was fully occupied with teaching art and stagecraft at Senn High School. I had acquired some practical experience in human relations at Senn, as faculty sponsor for the Green and White Club, an intercredal, interracial organization of Senior boys, of high calibre. But when a good Jesuit from San Francisco once asked me about my former work, he said.

"All your life, Johanna, God has been preparing you for this."

But how little I knew! How good God was not to let me realize my complete ignorance, my utter inadequacy. Mercifully and graciously He led me on, He used me! There was no pattern nor plan for such a place, as Childerley, and in many places no hope for it. I shudder now as I look back, only eleven years back and I am almost overwhelmed by memories that are beautiful, thrilling, naive!

All sorts of problems began to appear as that first summer wore on. The grass needed cutting, but the nursery man refused to do it.

"I can't see you spending a hundred dollars to have grass cut on a place that you use only twice a year," he said.

We found out that laundry needs to be paid for - Mrs. Lillie had always taken care of that. We learned that one laundry would give us wholesale rates, and since we know that our laundry goes by weight, we buy rather small towels for week-end guests. Coal - Oil - Electricity - needed to be paid. We needed at least one telephone. We needed to establish credit - to have a bank account.

"Let's have Life Memberships at \$150.00. I'll be the first one," said Ed Korwin at the Trustees' meeting. We were certainly naive. A Life Membership, as we know now, virtually means as it did with him, our first Life Member, "I'll be interested in Childerley all my life - I'll help keep it going."

I remember that Trustees' meeting - no one quite knew what to say - certainly I didn't. After it was over my dear and very wise friend, Mary Graham said,

"You should have had some kind of a report, Johanna."

And for the next meeting I did have one. Those reports that I have saved will give the Childerley story and the Childerley problems just as we lived through them.

I think it was at this meeting that I brought the word that the Archbishop would receive us all on North State Street on the evening of September 26th. What an experience that was! After a wonderful hour, Ed. Kerwin* spoke up.

"Your Excellency, if each of us were to write his request on a slip of paper, you would find the same word written on each paper, Chaplain. Will you give us a Chaplain?"

"You shall have a Chaplain," answered the Archbishop.

Ten days later Father Joseph D. Connerton presented himself to Professor Jerome Kerwin at the University. Father Connerton, the answer to eighteen years of prayer, was no stranger to the community. He had been assistant at the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle which embraces the University territory and had instructed and baptized a number of young intellectuals, now members of the Calvert Club, at the University.

* Edward M. Kerwin, Vice President of the Calvert Foundation, was one of the founders, in 1903, of the Brownson Club - actually the first Catholic Club at the University of Chicago. The Brownson Club having gradually lost its intellectual leadership and purpose, having no faculty sponsor, went out of existence in 1922.

A Brief History of Childerley read at the meeting of the Calvert Foundation of Chicago, 18 January 1946.

When prophets thundered or psalmists sang, did they know that they were His voice, His instrument? Did they know they were having visions, or were they surprised into singing or prophesying? Doesn't God often surprise us? We've known good people that God has called by sudden death, who would have been too timid to face death happily. We've known brave souls whom He led to amazing spiritual heights through a long illness. I don't think many prophets knew they were having visions. I think the Holy Spirit led them very gently, and surprised them into their vocation.

I think the Holy Spirit has surprised all of us who have been associated with Childerley. We were all so ignorant, but we were led very gently to do what we now know was sure, wisely right.

The early story of our holy five acres was Dr. Lillie's Christmas gift to me only this year. A short sketch of the Catholic story of Childerley you may have read in the little folder.

The Protestant Lillies would have been rightly surprised, thirty years ago, if they had been given the vision of their five acres as a center of unusual Catholic life and inspiration. How it came to be so I'm going to try to tell you, this evening. It is not a melodramatic story. It wouldn't go well into a poster, it would never make a headline, but it's a beautiful story, an intensely Catholic story.

Dr. and Mrs. Lillie, both named Francis, had a real Franciscan love for flowers and fruit and animals and trees. I think too, they loved his Lady Poverty. They bought some farmland, that their children might know God's country creatures. They dedicated a log cabin which they found on their land, which had been built by the earliest settlers, as a chapel of St. Francis, and friends and neighbors came to it, to be married, or to pray. One of their dear friends was my dear friend Ellen Starr, who, with Jane Addams, founded Hull House. Mrs. Lillie was studying medicine in the neighborhood of Hull House, just as it was beginning to function. Ellen and Mrs. Lillie became great friends. They were both eager, dynamic, unafraid. Together they picketed for the striking garment workers in 1915. They spent many week ends in the country, praying together in the log cabin chapel of St. Francis, which they equipped with altar and Catholic holy things, for Episcopalian Mass. Together they recited the Divine Office in the Marquess of Bute's English translation. They argued and read and talked and finally prayed themselves and each other into the Catholic Church in 1920. Shortly after that I met Mrs. Lillie, of course through Ellen Starr.

Presently, in complete and merciful ignorance of Canon Law, Mrs. Lillie built herself an exquisite and simple brick chapel, as a kind of hermitage. The altar was brought in from the log cabin. Monsignor Shannon gave her an altar stone.

In the spring of 1929 our good old friend, Father Brosseau of Montreal, came to spend a long convalescence with us. The Chicago Calvert Club, made up mostly of Catholic subscribers to "The Commonwealth", was in full swing, and Mrs. Lillie and Ellen Starr, and Dr. Kerwin, and Judge McGoorty, and the Dopiate all met there -- and, of course, our guest, Father Brosseau. So when Mrs. Lillie asked him to say Mass for her in her little chapel, he, having permission to say Mass in the diocese of course, consented. On April 26, 1929, then, we all trekked out to Childerley for our first but, as we later learned, unauthorized and uncanonical Childerley Mass:

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By this time, Dr. Kerwin's efforts at quietly corralling this Catholic student and that one were crystallizing into a campus Catholic club. It couldn't be a Newman Club because there was no chaplain, but it could function under the protection and as a sort of younger brother of the Calvert Club.

Then Dr. Kerwin thought about a week end for these students -- something like the Dartmouth tradition of comradeship of student and professor, but there must be opportunity for Sunday Mass. I remembered the lovely chapel at Childerley, and we asked Mrs. Lillie whether she could arrange to have us out. It's almost twelve years since twenty members of the Calvert Club drove out to Wheeling, to Childerley, with Father Arthur Kleiber, a zealous Redemptorist, himself a converted Jew. Dr. Kerwin took the boys across the road, where the widows had doubled up and arranged to take them in. I took the girls to Mrs. Lillie's own house. We drove in to a Wheeling hotel for meals (there was no gas or tire shortage in 1934). We had Mass in the lovely brick chapel. We had discussions and lectures and questionings of our own course. One of the girls who attended it said to me, "I never knew I was a Catholic until I went out to Childerley."

Twelve years ago! Very gently the Holy Spirit had led us. Mercifully ignorant were we kept of subsequent developments and responsibilities. No vision had we of what would grow out of that first comradely Catholic week end at Childerley.

We tried to repeat the experiment, some months later. The young people were enthusiastic. A priest promised to go out with us but he suddenly phoned that something unforeseen would prevent his going, so of course it was called off. This happened again and again for three barren years, until our good Dominican friend the great philosopher, Father Sparks, came out with us in May, 1937. Do you all know that there is a Dominican Third Order chapter at the University, of which Dr. Kerwin is the prior?

Other order priests came after that; their superiors took the responsibility: Father Arthur Kelly, S.J., in November 1937. Father Jimmie Meyer, the Franciscan, in May, 1938.

That was a wonderful week-end, our third one. I can remember Father James Maguire, the Victorian, arguing, debating, with Arthur Budens. We were all under the big tree, sitting spellbound, from two o'clock until six, on a May afternoon, as they discussed the Catholic Church, Labor, and Communism. Mr. Budens spoke very precisely of German imperialism and Communist Russia. Baldemar Guriel was there and our two problem children, Winston Ashley and Leo Shields. Winston was a pagan poet, Leo, a far-away Catholic -- rebel Communists both. Winston, in a year or two, will say a Dominican Mass for his and our dear friend Leo, who came back to the Church, became a devoted servant of our Lady, and gave his life for his country in France, two years ago -- our first Calvert Club martyr.

From that time on we trekked out to Childerley in May and in November. Courageous priests studying at the University came out with us: Father George Dunne, S.J., and Father Rigney, S.V.D. Father Mengan, a great Redemptorist scripture scholar, came to us again and again.

In the mean time the Crane Fund for Widows and Children was becoming more than Mrs. Lillie herself could direct. She wasn't growing younger, she had had a terrific illness, and her good friends the Forts, had died. There were some indications that the widows would like to live near their friends, some indications

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that in a manless settlement there would be no hope of marrying again...And so it was planned to use the Crane Fund by pensioning the widows and children in the suburbs, and the special spot called Childerley, where the widows had lived, was sold to the Servite Sisters for a convalescent home.

I shall never forget that last May party at Childerley, in 1939. It was a very charming sort of "dancing on the green" affair -- but we knew it was the last one. After it was over, Mrs. Lillie and I went into the chapel together for prayer and tears! Then she turned to me and said, "This can't be the end of it all, can it?" And I didn't know what I was saying when I answered, "No, this can't end."

In October of that year, 1939, Cardinal Mundelein died. In November we went out to Childerley with Father Dunne for a day of recollection. Dr. Kerwin went to Albany, as usual, for the Christmas holiday. He had already left when Mrs. Lillie called me up, on December 22. Mrs. Lillie is always one of God's surprises. You can never predict what will occur to her next, but you do know it will be unique and beautiful. She is so sensitive about following the gentle lead of the Holy Spirit and so fearless. "Do you know what I'm going to do with our little five acre plot?" "No. What are you going to do with it?" "I'm going to give it to you and to Dr. Kerwin. You know all about co-education; you've dealt with it all your life in the public schools. He knows all about it; he's had it for 16 years at the University, and you are neither one of you afraid of it, so I'm giving it to you for the Catholic students at the University." That was one of the most surprising moments of my life.... I sent Dr. Kerwin an air mail special delivery letter, and said, "We don't dare not take on this that God is giving us to care for, do we? We can't throw out a baby left on our doorstep, can we?" You can guess his answer! He got to thinking about it, conferring with students and friends and wise men, and presently there came into being (this was almost a year later) the Calvert Foundation of Chicago, on December 14, 1940, a corporation which could hold title to property. Then we took for these five acres the name Childerley, which had been relinquished by the sisters when they called their convalescent home Addolorata Villa. We wanted the continuity of Mrs. Lillie's generosity. We wanted to be part of the tradition of Childerley.

In January, 1941, Archbishop Stritch was appointed. In February Dr. Kerwin went up to Milwaukee to call on him, to tell him of the Catholic activities on the campus. There was a great epidemic of converts at about that time. That visit made history. It certainly created a more gracious attitude toward the Midway (they call Jerry Kerwin the "Pope of the Midway"). In August President Hutchins and Jerome Kerwin dined at the Archbishop's residence. I wrote to the Archbishop and told him about Childerley, and sent him some Kodak pictures. In November, 1940, he let us bring four young student members of the Calvert Club to his home. He was wonderfully gracious to us, and at the end of our visit of over an hour, he took us into his private chapel to pray with us.

By May, 1941, we were ready to formally accept Childerley. Father Dunne blessed the buildings and each room -- the Calvert Club and visiting priests and members of the faculty followed in procession singing. All the fruit trees were in bloom -- a glorious day, closing with a festive tea to which Mrs. Lillie invited all the countryside. The civil ceremony of turning over the deed was in the Lillie's home. Pete Kallher was there, as first president of the Calvert Foundation, along with Dr. and Mrs. Lillie and Dr. Kerwin and me. Mrs. Lillie took the big arm key ring, put it as a bracelet on her own arm, took my hand and clasped it tight, and let the ring drop over on to my arm. Another surprise, and God didn't let me see ahead what would come of it. He didn't tell me that in the next four and a half years there would be a kind of geometric progression or procession of groups that would come to pray at Childerley, -- strange and varied groups --

72 of them, so far -- no two meetings alike, except in this, that every one left Childerley stronger in faith, more apostolic, more loyal. Every one except one; we once had one man -- we never knew his name -- who looked around, and then left.

Childerley has a strange and mystic attraction for extraordinary souls. Certainly no one comes for our simple food, our odds and ends of ascetic furniture. People love to come because God is very near, in our tiny chapel which is the heart and soul of Childerley. Sometimes there are closed retreats, sometimes semi-retreats or conferences. Always they are distinctive. Father Arthur Polley's retreats -- he gave us three (and I really mean gave -- no stipend for any of these) were as a priest-philosopher, respecting the intelligence of his audience. Father Edward Mangan's first retreat began with Isaiah and his vision of heaven and ended with the Apocalypse. When he gave us a whole week and on Saint Paul, you should have seen us, like good protestants almost, each one of us with a Bible, as he read Saint Paul's letters as though he had just received them by air mail from Corinth.

In September, 1941, the trustees met at the Archbishop's residence, and only then did Fr. Verwin formally ask, in the name of all of us, for a chaplain. Ten days later Father Connerton appeared. We call him the answer to 17 years of prayer.

Since then we've had Father Connerton at every Calvert Club conference, and as a matter of fact, all the activity at Childerley is now under his official supervision. Now that we have a chaplain we also have a waiting list of priests and professors who come to us with generosity and inspiration. "I just love to talk to this crowd," said Father Mangan. "It's just such a crowd as this that Saint Jerome had among the early Christian patricians of Rome." "I haven't found such Catholicity anywhere in the world," said Father Lucy of San Francisco only last summer.

There are of course some week ends that stand out particularly. A beautiful thrill came to us when our first Calvert Club priest, Father Charles McCoy of St. Louis University, gave us a week end on Aristotle and Saint Thomas. One of our finest ones was when our Professor Francis MacMahon showed us how one splendid Catholic looks at the world. Once, at All Saints time, we had discussions on the Church Militant by a Jesuit, Father Carrabine, on the Church Suffering by a very gifted Franciscan, Father Jimmie Meyer, who doesn't think many of us need suffer long; and Father Walter Ferroll, who wrote the four volume "Companion to the Summa", gave us the Church Triumphant. That was a great spiritual experience on a high intellectual plane. (Have you ever heard Monsignor Reynold Hillenbrand on the Mass? We have heard him at Childerley several times.)

But Childerley is like that. It's a holy place, calm, meditative, inspiring. There are almost no rules, but a subtle sense of Catholic decorum is felt. There is a strong sense of liturgy, of living the life of the Church according to the season and saint's day. At Childerley we take an active part in the dialog or sung Mass. We learn something of the Divine Office at Friday and Saturday Compline and Sunday Vespers. Even our Childerley gaities take the form of hagioquests, charades, or very simple dramatic skits based on the church calendar of that week end, for which there is abundant source material in our library.

For the most part the conferences are managed by and held for the Calvert Club of the University of Chicago, but out of the zeal generated there sparks of the divine fire have caught the fagots others have brought. Calvert Club girls became interested in their darker brethren at Blessed Martin center and at Friendship House, and groups of them have come out to Childerley -- sometimes with the Calvert Club, sometimes by themselves. When Monsignor Hillenbrand, who had so often inspired us, asked us to expand and adopt as our special charges the high

school boys in Catholic action, could we refuse? Our own spiritual life is so immensely enriched by these other contacts. I wish I could share with you the poignant stations of the Cross, composed by individual workers of Friendship House, black and white. I wish you could feel the absolute silence of high school boys as they wash their dishes or drink their mid-afternoon cokes in silence. I wish you could see the chapel after they have had a conference, the chairs left in a sort of semicircle about the altar, as though they and Our Lord had just had a bull session! They are wonderful when they sit under a tree saying the rosary in canon, just before evening dinner. (Do you know that nineteen boys can drink sixteen quarts of milk at one meal?) I wish I could tell you how many converts have found their way into the Church over the Childerley threshold. These statistics are hard to compile. One fallen-away Catholic joined his bride at the holy table, when she made her first Communion on the morning of their wedding in our chapel. The first Negro seminarian at Mundelein is a brilliant young fellow who never spoke to a priest until he came to Childerley conference. He began instruction in the district after it. There have been many others. Two Calvert girls were a Legion of the Girl. We have half a dozen boys still living in seminaries. One of the psychiatrist convert has become a Treppist. I mentioned Father McCoy, a secular priest, a great scholar.

And as the story goes, Unwilling to give up their Calvert associations at graduation, the university students have formed a Calvert Alumni Club. Once a quarter they go out to Childerley. Once a quarter, too, the Calvert Club on campus goes out.

But almost as often as that come the Catholic Action groups, in which Monsignor Hillenbrand is so interested. I once called Childerley his guest house!

We had a group of Blessed Martin girls of high school age at Thanksgiving time to discuss vocations. Mary Widman, the hood resident, spoke of apostolic women in the world. Two recently married women discussed preparation for matrimony and two very Black Negro nuns talked to them about the religious vocation. In our procession that Sunday, when we solemnly carried the Blessed Sacrament to Addolorata Villa, our Dominican Father Lux, all in white, was immediately preceded by the two Black nuns carrying the hurricane lights. I know God loved that color combination!

Young business women in Catholic Action come out once a year -- such orderly minded, enthusiastic, dynamic apostles! Once a year 40 or 50 enthusiastic young priests come out to discuss their year's program for Catholic Action. I wish you could see our chapel prepared for their sans cussions, sans chairs, seven altars set up, still, the boards and across ironing boards, the chapel aflame as seven priests at once celebrated a Martyr's mass or a Mass of the Holy Spirit. Red is somehow the most appropriate Childerley Mass color; we know that the Holy Spirit has been leading us with the fire of Divine Love. How often we have prayed the Pentecost sequence: Light immortal, Light divine, visit Thou these hearts of thine, And our inmost being fill. When things go wrong, and they sometimes do, we pray:

Thou of all consolers best, Visiting the troubled breast, ..

and heal our wounds, our strength renew; On our dryness pour thy dew.

Sometimes things do go wrong. We have come to know that our blessings come sometimes well disguised. A broken boiler, a balking automatic heating device, and resultant ruined radiators, a tornado that tears up fruit trees and takes shingles off a roof, the discovery of our unorthodoxy (which Cardinal Stritch so graciously corrected when he documentarily established us as a semi-public oratory). We had rationing problems, maintenance and labor problems. These are things we had to learn about. We had to learn how to feed fifty boys, or girls, or priests, and the figures are very different (no pun intended -- the mathematical figures). I

didn't know how or whether to store woolen blankets for a summer or a winter hostel, how to get rid of rats and starlings, nor how to prune fruit trees. I learned that from our Cuban apostle, Lorenzo, who always organizes a forestry crew when he comes out. We had to learn about laundry of bed linens and altar linens, about liturgy and orthodoxy and canon law. We had to clarify our convictions on race, creed and color. We had to learn to maintain an atmosphere of spiritual and intellectual joy, of friendliness without familiarity.

And that is our Childerley, a quiet, not easily accessible five acres, for the Catholic students of a great University under the spiritual direction of Father Connerton, under the temporal responsibility of ourselves. When other than University of Chicago groups come out, with Father Connerton's permission, they pay, if they can, a small hostel fee, over and above their food and service bills.

Many people were skeptical and unfriendly when we first went out. It seemed extravagant to fix it up and maintain it all for use twice a year, but you see that now we go out about twenty times a year. The neighborhood of Childerley was quite anti-Catholic before. I think that has all changed. "I thought it couldn't succeed," said one wise old priest, "but you have proved me wrong." And so we have a holy place, simple, austere, blessed by hundreds of masses and conversions. It belongs to us of the Calvert Foundation, who hold it for God -- a repository of special grace.

To know you are a Catholic and that other intellectuals are Catholic, too; to talk of God at ease and find Him more interesting than the weather or a scandal; to have the opportunity of asking questions too long or too involved for a confessional; to observe the great Saturday silence and to walk chanting with our Lord in our solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament, is to receive an indelible mark, not unlike an eighth sacrament. I wish I could quote even a Jew, of the tributes that come to us after each week end, but we'd sound like patent medicine publicity. "Coming back from Childerley is like coming down from Mt. Tabor," said one guest. "The Calvert Club without Childerley is like Heaven without God," wrote one lad from the south seas.

One of the nicest surprises that God reserved for the Calvert Foundation is the joy we have experienced in coming to know each other, in working out our problems and suffering through them together. When the radiators broke on Christmas eve I will be damned. They're at the bottom. Maybe we'll go up from here." "Thank you," said one, "I'm only having growing pains." Things seemed so terrible that day, but we know it will prove a blessing. I could only pray, "Lord, Childerley is for you. Childerley is yours. If you want it, you will take care of it. Thank you, Lord, for letting us help you. What would you have us do next?"

When St. John wanted to come closer to Our Lord, he said to Him, "Master, where dwellest Thou?" And Our Lord said, "Come and see." And for Our Lord, I say to you who would know Childerley and God's dwelling there, "Come and see."

GENTLE GENEROSITY

Ever so many gracious surprises kept coming up. I don't know just when Mrs. Lillie found some unused linen sheets from her trousseau in an old trunk.

"Have you any use for these?" she asked.

"We can make altar cloths and albs from them - and small altar linens from scraps that will be left." For that use surely these linen sheets had never been intended. On another occasion she found some beautifully brocaded silk which had been brought to her from China and had lain uncounted years in an old trunk. That was made into a beautiful red vestment for De Sales House by some of the students, in the summer of 1942. It was used for the first Mass on St. Apollinaris day. It is still the nicest one for Martyrs and the Holy Ghost. Dr. Lillie was usually very quiet. "While you and Frances are talking church things," but he was keenly interested. One day he came to me with a flat white package.

"Everybody is giving you something for Childerley," he said as he handed me the package. "Could you, perhaps use this for something? My family gave it to me for an evening scarf, but it's much too long and too elegant for me to wear."

I accepted it gratefully and hopefully, wondering how I could use it. Then one Sunday it drizzled during our procession of returning the Blessed Sacrament, and some one held a dark blue umbrella over Father Connerton and Our Lord. Then it came to me - we needed an umbrella and Dr. Lillie's white scarf would make it. I had priced one at church goods stores sometime before and found the prices staggering, from \$80.00 to \$120.00!

"But we are taking no orders now," they said. It was during war time.

So I looked into the red telephone book and found a repair man not too far from our home. Perhaps he would cover an old umbrella frame of mine with white silk, to hold over Our dear Lord in procession. I thought I would try him out first, on recovering a purely secular one, for me.

I found his crowded cluttered little shop. I found a great huge man, with a kindly face behind the counter. He did a beautiful job covering my old umbrella, and so with confidence and hope I asked him about doing the white silk one.

"For w'y you want w'ite silk? You want maybe some stripes or flowers? Not all w'ite!"

"No, I want this umbrella covered with all white, no colors. This is for a church, a religious umbrella."

"What kind of church you want d'is for?"

"For a Catholic church, for a procession of the Holy Sacrament."

His face lighted up with a great smile. (He had beautiful teeth).

"You know I come from Italy; I'm Catlic! I know 'bout such t'ings. No, I won't cover your ol' frame. I find nice frame somewhere, big one. I paint all sticks wit' gold paint, yes? Oh, I make you fine umbrella for procession, you will see! But not such a round handle. Long straight handle. I find you one!"

"Good, I'll trust you. But where do you come from in Italy?"

"Bari, I come from Bari."

"Oh, St. Nicholas of Bari."

"W'at you know 'bout St. Nicholas?"

"I know his feast is December 6th."

"Not in Bari! We celebrate his 5th, in summer time. W'en we get all kinds vistor's and pilgrinini. We got a fine week! Everybody wear Sunday clothes all week. We carry St. Nick on de shoulders. We take him to de sea. We take him to de ol' town, to ol' Bari. We take him to de new town. We have band on dis corner, on dat corner. And money! De people t'row all kinds money, and jewels, you should see! Six hundred t'ousand li e come in one week!"

He grew radiant, then wistful - then proudly reminscent of his childhood and early manhood.

"You know, one time everybody starving in Bari. No crops at all. Den ol' man, big beard, he go over to Turkey - not so far, Turkey to Bari. He find big business man in Turkey and he say. "My people got not'ing to eat. I want buy all your w'eat. I no got de mon; I got big di'm' - nobody can tell value dis di'm'! You take my di'm', you send me de w'eat?"

"What your name? Maybe I come bring de w'eat, maybe I collect mon' for de di'm', yes?"

"My name is Nick", he say.

So big business man from Turkey bring over de w'eat hissself and he bring de di'm' and he say:

"Where is Nick? I guess I get mon' and give back dis di'm' to Nick."

"Nick?" dey say. "Every house in Bari got one Nick! You go knock on all de doors and ask for Nick, and see if you find dis ol' man."

"So he knock on all doors in Bari. No Nick had give dis di'm'. So day laugh and say. "Well, we got one more Nick. He's in de church. You go see if is his di'm'."

"So big business man from Turkey go to church and see big statue of St. Nick on de altar and he say "De e is my friend! He got all kinds jewels! My God, see his ring! Big di'm' gone from St. Nick's ring! Must be St. Nick come to Turkey to buy de w'eat from me! No, St. Nick, here is your di'm'! You work dis miracle on me? I no want you di'm'! I want no money for de w'eat! You take back dis di'm' for your ring!"

And wasn't that a lovely story to hear from the umbrella man over his counter, in a crowded shop on Clark Street?

But I wanted to follow up my white church umbrella, so I phoned about it.

"Is not finished yet," he said. "My Jewish friend has patterns for all kinds umbrellas. He got Jewish holidays. Three days he don't work."

A Jew cuts pieces for a Catholic umbrella man?" I asked, in amazement.

"Yes, aint dat nice? We all get more united dat way; Cat^slicks - Jews -
Gentiles. We all work togedder for good. Ain't date nice?"

A little flower of St. Francis

...recently discovered and sent to Dr. Lillie for his birthday June 27, 1940 and for their Wedding Day, June, 29th.

Almost three score and ten years ago there was portentous excitement in Heaven, as though a new and wonderful creating was imminent.

"Come here, Brother Francis", said the Lord God.

"I am about to bestow upon you a beautiful responsibility, and one quite to your liking. I mean to send to earth two souls whom I have destined for great accomplishments and great joys. I want you to have special care of them. Give them your name and bring them together. I shall give them your qualities, great and warm hearts, and love for all my creatures, even as you had it. It will culminate as yours could not, Francis, in their love for each other, for the children that I shall give them, for those whom they will take to their hearts. They will study animals and flowers and all things that grow upon the earth or under it, even to the depths of all the seas and waters, because of their great love. And their knowledge and their love will they share, and impart to their children, and to all those who will look to them for inspiration.

"You will walk with them, Francis, in the paths of kindness, generosity, helpfulness. You will show them the folly of idle riches. You will show them the beauty of simplicity. More and more will you reveal to them the secret and hidden beauties of My Universe.

"We will watch over them together, Francis, you and I. And after they have taught their disciples by precept, and even as you did, by example, how to really live, will you lead them to one of our loveliest mansions on this far shore. Birds will sing for them, wolves will wait about their door for caresses, and all living things that play hide and seek in deep waters will come to the surface and gurgle a welcome for them.

"Promise these things to them, Francis in My name.

"But tell them they must show the world how there can be peace and serene living before We call them home. A hundred years is a little time as We reckon it. Bid them wait a hundred years Francis - but on each birthday give them Our Benediction, promise them Our Welcome".

"Oh Heavenly Father, I thank Thee, that Thou hast found the lowliest of Thy servants worthy for this sweet task", answered Brother Francis.