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Letter from Fr. Leonard Amrhein to Catherine Amrhein, Al, and Tom.

Fr. Leonard Amrhein C.P.

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Catholic Mission,
Kichin Kuan Chuang

May 16, 1948

Dear Mom - All at once,

Sincerest apologies for not writing for so long a time. Time is just rushing by, yet here that I cannot keep up with it. Not a good excuse for not writing home, is it? I should at least have written for Mother's Day. But I offered Mass for you last Sunday, Mom. And I told my congregation all about Mother's Day. And all the while, Mom, I was thinking of you.

When am I coming home? I don't dare make any more guesses. I was wrong too many times. The latest is when the Fathers from Peking get into the Mission, Fr. William and I will take off for the States. But don't believe it till you see me. At least we are definitely the next to go home now - according to time. If someone gets sick - well, that's another story. Fr. Caspar, Rupert and Wendelin went through here last week. We are now - one and two - over the list due for fare tickets.

How are you Mom - and everybody at home? I haven't heard from home since Christmas. But I'm sure you are all well. The Lord is taking care of you. I leave you in His hands.

I am fine. As skinny as ever but that is a blessing in Heaven, - in the summer time. Stout people literally melt away. Whereas I don't mind the heat. The winters are what get me. Then I long for a

a layer of fat to keep me warm.

12:15 A.M. The next morning. Just came back from a sick call. Last night after Benediction, someone came a-running and told me one of my parishioners had "just died." I grabbed my ever ready bag and saw I hadn't had supper yet. The man was unconscious but not dead. A couple Christians and myself stayed till midnight. His pulse seemed stronger then. So we decided he wasn't going to die tonight. I used sun-time, which gave me another half hour, to get a snack to eat before the dead line.

The other night after dark, a visitor called me. When I opened the gate he asked me what that noise was across the creek - about ten yards away. He said it was "a spirit." It sounded like a cow with the belly-ache to me. Next day I described the sound to my cook. He said that was a tiger. Nice company we have around here. A tiger comes around occasionally and steals a pig. Once we lost a dog. As long as they confine themselves to animals, it's okay by me.

Well Mom - Oh Tom, I'm kind of tired after my five and a half hour vigil. So I think I'll go to bed. Hope I can send you some good news soon. I'll let you know as soon as I get the word. In the meantime, keep praying for us.

As ever and always.

Leonard



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