

*Property of Mary DeHort.*

*Given to my daughter:*

*Marjorie Elena DeHort*

FIFTY  
YEARS  
OF  
GOD'S  
BOUNTIFUL  
GRACE  
1910 - 1960



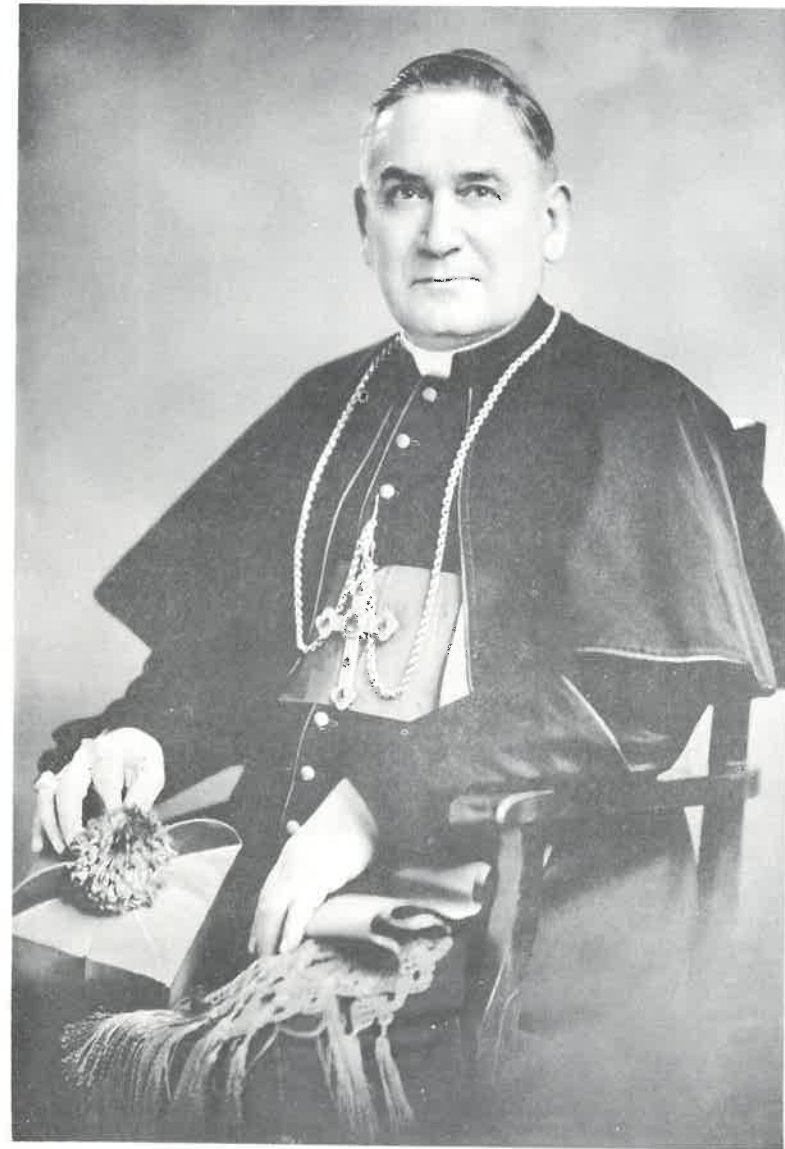
PARISH OF  
ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH  
LORETTO, MICHIGAN

## THE DEDICATION

We, the parishioners of dear St. Stephen's,  
With our pastor, Fr. Franczek,  
Do hereby dedicate the following pages  
(Known to all as the GOLDEN JUBILEE BOOK,)

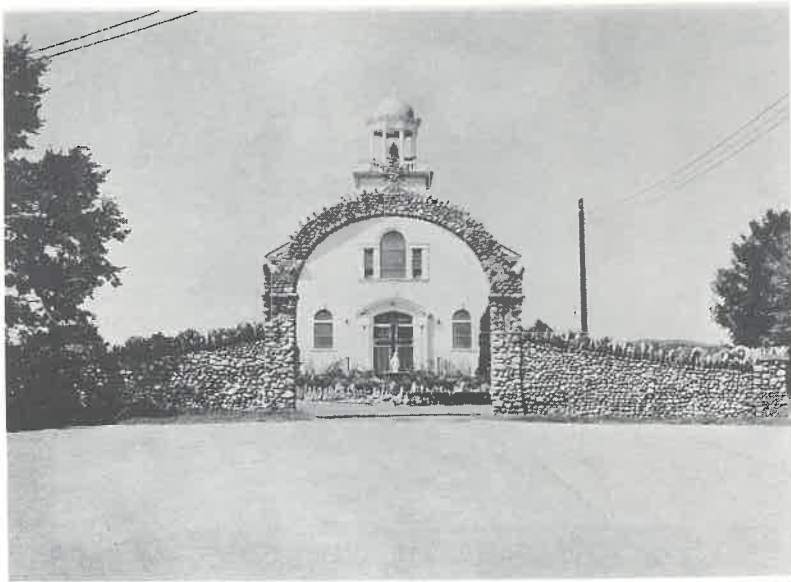
to

ALL FORMER PASTORS, living or dead,  
Who dedicated their lives that FAITH may live;  
And gave untiringly of their time and efforts  
To help to make and mold St. Stephen's  
Into the beautiful edifice it is.  
To them all a great vote of THANKS!



**HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOST REVEREND  
THOMAS L. NOA, D. D.**

**Bishop of Marquette; Ordained December 23, 1916. Appointed Coad-  
jutor Bishop of Sioux City, January 15, 1945. Consecrated March 19,  
1946. Appointed Bishop of Marquette, August 20, 1947. Installed  
September 24, 1947.**



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH

## HISTORY OF ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH

Up in Eastern Dickinson County  
 By the sparkling Sturgeon River,  
 Near the Indian trails and hillsides  
 And the green and verdant valleys,  
 Where the Red man once did wander  
 To and from his favorite pastimes;  
 Where one evening, just at sunset,  
 Heap big Redman came to White man:  
 "Me want white light, heap big white light"  
 (White light was the lighted lantern,  
 Carried round the farm each evening)  
 White man, frightened and bewildered,  
 Brought the lantern from his farmhouse,  
 Showed the Redman how to light it,  
 And then retracted his steps toward home.  
 Next day just twixt dark and daylight  
 Redman came with heap big white light.  
 With the lantern was a package,  
 Neatly bound and tied up just right.  
 It was prize meat from the big kill,  
 Given in lieu of love and trust.  
 Mr. Danielson was that white man  
 Whom the Indian visited that night.  
 Then a different tribe of people  
 Came to work among those great hills,  
 Came the men with picks and shovels  
 And with dynamite and drills;



FR. CAVICCHI



FR. STENGLEIN

Thus it started in this County  
 (Waucedah Township to be exact)  
 What was called Loretto Iron Mine,  
 Graced the Sturgeon bank at last.  
 People came from many places,  
 Men from hamlets near and far.  
 Through the hands of able workmen  
 Homes were built for the happy folks.  
 Thus this hamlet grew and prospered,  
 A thriving village it became —  
 This - the mining town - Loretto,  
 Named, we're told by Ward J. Amberg  
 (A great benefactor and helpful son)  
 For a favorite niece, Loretta,  
 No greater honor could she have won.  
 Where there's love, hope and devotion,  
 Prosperity is bound to shine  
 All because on the bank of a River,  
 Had sprung up the Loretto Mine.  
 It was Faith that spurred this progress,  
 Faith in themselves and Faith in God,  
 People knew this Faith would help them,  
 On up the ladder to the very top.  
 Time and tide await for no man  
 And so these good folks all dug in,  
 Started planning and collecting  
 Contributions from their friends.  
 "We must have a Church" they all said,  
 "A place to worship and to pray"  
 And again the mine officials  
 Led the patter all the way.  
 Gave the land and most materials  
 Along with the services of their men.  
 Plans were drawn by a friend of the Amberg's  
 And presented, free of cost;



**FR. MOLINARI**



**FR. STUNTEBECK**

Doctors, lawyers, tailors, sons,  
 Bankers, bakers, businessmen,  
 From top to bottom — everyone —  
 Gave most generously to this one.  
 Then as board on board was nailed,  
 Pride rose up in the hearts of all,  
 For now, right here before their eyes  
 Rose their pinnacle to the skies! ! !  
 And right there in the middle of town  
 It stands erect to guard and help  
 Any who need a guiding hand.  
 No other building, no matter how great,  
 Has respect and integrity, that's so complete,  
 Now comes an intricate part of the job,  
 Which must be handled with skill and regard:  
 Because as you know, you can go in a Church,  
 The seats are too straight, the kneelers too low,  
 The priest seems too far from the people below,  
 The pulpit seems crooked, we can't hear his talk,  
 The acoustics are awful, 'tis plain to be seen  
 That simply can't happen to good people here.  
 Now most of the furnishings of our dear Church  
 Were gifts of the family of the Amberg's.  
 They were so helpful and we were most thankful  
 For everything done for our very new haven —  
 The stately and noble Church of St. Stephen,  
 Which stands on the bank of the sparkling Sturgeon  
 In the Eastern end of Dickinson County,  
 Near the old Indian trails and the verdant hillsides.  
 The year 1910 — just a few months to go —  
 And all is in readiness for that big day,  
 The Church all painted, outside and within,



**FR. GHERA**



**FR. BOURGEOIS**

Completely furnished with altars and pews,  
 Railings and kneelers, and all that we need.  
 And so in October of 1910  
 St. Stephen's was dedicated by a personal friend  
 Of our true benefactor, Mr. Amberg.  
 He came to Loretto from Peoria, Illinois,  
 He visited the men down under ground,  
 He talked to them in their native tongue,  
 For He was a man of many tongues.  
 And so, the Rt. Reverend Bishop Dunn  
 Performed the dedication service,  
 Which brought to Loretto, it's pride and joy.  
 As time went on the Church of St. Stephen  
 Was serviced mostly by neighboring pastors,  
 A service the people greatly appreciated.  
 But they always went forth with their sights set high,  
 For a resident priest, they were sure to try.  
 Now, here is something of interest to all,  
 And believe me folks, it sure is no tale,  
 It's a most unusual occurrence, I'd say  
 I doubt if it would ever happen today.  
 Upon the refusal of all of the men,  
 The women took over the office of men.  
 They became trustees, picking collections,  
 And even traveled from house to house,  
 To pick up the monies for every month.  
 They did so well they went to Marquette  
 To see and petition our dear Bishop Eis —  
 We needed - they pleaded - for a resident priest.  
 Of course they came back and took up a census,  
 Everyone knew when the women had gone  
 They'd get what they wanted before they'd return.  
 On returning they started to work right away:



**FR. LULEWICZ**



**FR. HOFFMAN**



**FR. McLAUGHLIN**



**FR. ANDARY**

The Company gave them a house to use,  
 So next they set out to try to equip it.  
 So off they started from store to store  
 In every village and nearby town,  
 Their requests were granted, they came home loaded  
 With everything they really needed.  
 So then it began - the cleaning bee started  
 And soon all was ready, the women real proud.  
 So back to Marquette went the women committee  
 Again to petition our good Bishop Eis.  
 The parish was under Fr. Molinari's jurisdiction,  
 Who then was the pastor of neighboring Vulcan.  
 But in the month of October of 1918  
 The parish was given a resident priest,  
 The Reverend Lawrence P. Strofer by name,  
 And he became the guiding hand  
 For Loretto, Waucedah and Sturgeon Mill  
 The farming district of South Pine Creek  
 And also was given the Mission at Faithorn  
 Which still remains with St. Stephen's Parish.  
 Early in the year of 1919  
 Fr. Strofer was sent to another place;  
 And in his stead came a capable man,  
 Ambitious and interested with plenty of vim.  
 He remained with us for seventeen years.  
 During this time there was much that was done;  
 And to Fr. Geo. Stuntebeck much honor is due.  
 In our memory - still lingers  
 Some beautiful concerts, wonderful stage-plays,  
 Well attended dinners and feather-parties!  
 And during his reign were the Parish picnics,  
 Where good times were had by the young and the old.

Oh sure it was work! but all had enjoyed it!  
 And every year at the County Fair,  
 A booth was set up and St. Stephen's was there,  
 As a result of these many lunches and dinners,  
 The St. Stephen's women became quite famous,  
 For their spaghetti dinners were sure fire winners;  
 And so it remains until this day - but -  
 Only a generation away.  
 During this time our Church had some changes,  
 Re-decoration and stained-glass windows,  
 Donated by our many friends and neighbors.  
 'Twas along about this very time  
 That tragedy struck in the form of a fire,  
 The rectory burned with a very scant salvage  
 But this was replaced by a very wise purchase.  
 Just across the street and nearby the Church  
 A home was bought from the Anton Massa's.  
 This then became St. Stephen's rectory,  
 And in this capacity it still remains.  
 And now is the time of the great depression,  
 Loretto was hit - 'twas no exception,  
 Our funds running low, but - Ambition ran high,  
 The men got together and surely stood by,  
 While the beautiful arch was erected out front.  
 This was supervised by Victor Arcand,  
 A young and promising engineer  
 Who was born and raised in the town of Loretto.  
 Rocks were brought in by various farmers,  
 Who were interested in this beautiful structure.  
 And just behind this beautiful arch  
 Is a HEART, an ANCHOR and a standing CROSS,  
 Which to the Religious and also the Laity,



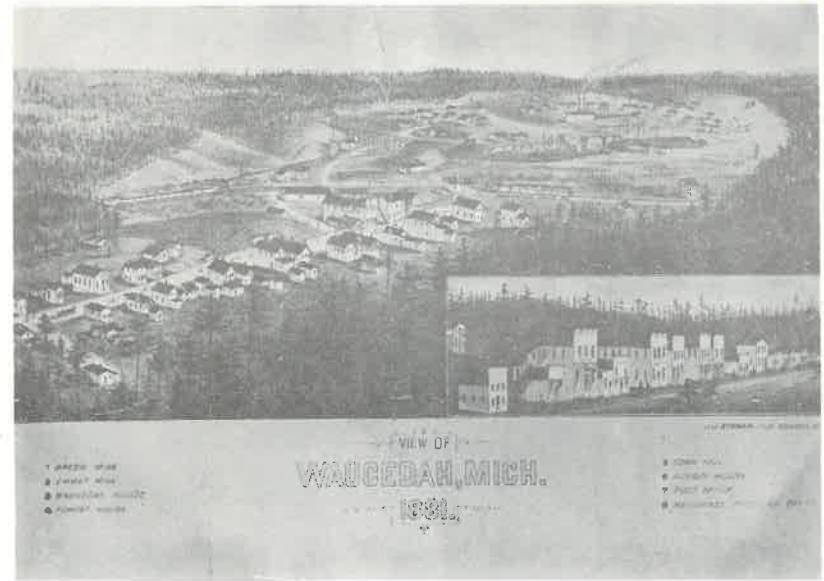
**FR. FRANCKEK**



**ALTAR BOYS**

Means the very highest of —  
**FAITH — HOPE and CHARITY.**

This was all made of stone and cement,  
 By the tireless hands of ambitious men.  
 This beautiful arch can be seen from the highway,  
 It attracts much attention and favorable comment;  
 A great many tourists drive in to admire it.  
 In summer the Heart and the Anchor are planted  
 With attractive flowers of many hues.  
 And then for many a special occasion  
 The Cross is lighted in white, gold or blue.  
 Now the year of '35 and with it comes  
 A big and beautiful celebration, - for -  
 This is our Silver Jubilee year, and  
 With Fr. Stuntebeck still at the helm  
 An extremely wonderful service was held.  
 People had come from far and wide,  
 Loretto was noted and looked on with pride.  
 All of our neighboring priests were here,  
 To help us celebrate a wonderful year.  
 Also our Bishop came from Marquette  
 To take part in the service, and the people-he met.  
 This was important — A SILVER JUBILEE —  
 Twenty-five years, and much was accomplished,  
 By the faithful parishioners of good St. Stephen's.  
 The following Year — in '36  
 Again a new person came to our midst,  
 For then it was, Fr. Raphael Gherna came,  
 A very hard worker, a venerable man,  
 (Now he's a Missionary in Foreign Land)  
 He remained with us until '43,  
 His greatest ambition while he was here,



**DEDICATION 1910**



**BISHOP DUNN**  
**Peoria, Illinois**



**LORETTO BAND**



**LORETTO KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS**

Was to burn a mortgage of many a year;  
 This he accomplished with much happiness,  
 At the foot of the Altar, — A Special High Mass,  
 And a special service, that mortgage was burned.  
 Needless to say, 'twas a happy day  
 For all the parishioners as well as for Father.  
 Because since the year the mine closed down,  
 Work had been scarce in every town,  
 Efforts were paid with slight compensation.  
 Still we were able with his guiding hand  
 To accomplish the things he had wanted to do.  
 One of the things uppermost in his mind  
 Was to paint and redecorate all the inside.  
 So collections were made and parties were given,  
 Donations accepted, to reface St. Stephen's.  
 The Church was decorated during his reign,  
 Fr. Gherna was proud of the job that was done,  
 And many a praise from his people he won.  
 But just as he thought he was sitting pretty,  
 Along came that well-known little ditty:  
 "You must leave your flock for another fold,  
 Fr. Bourgeois will be there" - he was told.  
 Fr. Lester Bourgeois soon did arrive,  
 In '43 - to remain until '45.  
 He was a man of eloquent tongue,  
 And through his sermons, many friends were won.  
 The young folks especially were his pride and joy,  
 He worked alot with each girl and boy.  
 All of them loved him for what he had done;  
 He was held in high esteem  
 By all the men of the bowling team,  
 He was at home in most any sport



**CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE PARISH**

From fishing and hunting of every sort,  
 But really at golfing - he did excel! !  
 And he won all the trophies and did it well.  
 He made many friends, though his stay was short  
 Too soon he was moved to another port.  
 He was a friend to both young and old,  
 "We hate to see you go" is what he was told.  
 Now in the year of '45  
 Fr. Edward Lulewicz came to our side.  
 He was a man with a great sense of humor,  
 He listened intently and answered each rumor.  
 A friendly smile was part of his make-up  
 And with this especially favorable asset  
 With always a story, a joke or a jingle,  
 He remained with us for nigh on five years.  
 A few five years which were very fruitful,  
 Surely we know they were very eventful.  
 For during this time, an OLD DREAM came true,  
 With a lot of dickering with this one and that,  
 He decided to try his well-guided hand  
 At securing a very much-needed Church Hall.  
 Inquiries were made and data submitted,  
 Meetings were held and ideas exchanged,  
 Finally an important decision was reached  
 And very soon after excavation began.  
 Again the good people pitched in to help,  
 Again they came with their picks and shovels,  
 Tractors and trucks and loads of ambition.  
 By now, I am sure, that everyone knows —  
 That this is quite true of folks at St. Stephen's.  
 Everyone worked - and worked very hard,  
 All through that Winter and into the Spring.



**MRS. SMITH**  
Charter Member

And then on the second Sunday of May,  
Which everyone knows as MOTHER'S DAY,  
The official opening of St. Stephen's Church Hall  
Was marked by the serving of that same famous dinner: —  
(Of home-made spaghetti and tender chicken)  
Which started St. Stephen's as a sure-fire winner.  
Fr. Lulewicz was very proud of the work that was done,  
And expressed his gratitude many a time,  
To the faithful folks, who helped so much,  
Who helped him plan and accomplish the task  
Which for so many years was merely - a dream,  
But during his reign, - a dream came true.  
And of course, as is the way of all things,  
He didn't stay long to enjoy that fine task.  
But to the faithful of dear St. Stephen's  
A memory still lingers of his well-guided hand,  
And what was accomplished under his command.  
Fr. Lulewicz left - Fr. Fredrick Hofmann came  
That was in June of 1950.  
His first task when he arrived, was to  
Visit his flock and take the census.  
From then on he knew, just what he would do,  
He liquidated a few standing bills,  
And finished a few jobs that were at a stand-still.  
He was with us only sixteen months,  
A very short time to do very much!  
But he remains in our memory still  
As a wonderful person to turn to — at will.  
Now in December of '51,  
From the prosperous village of Rockland  
Came our young and vigorous Fr. John McLaughlin.  
He immediately set out to meet his flock

By taking the census, to know where to start,  
He had much to do and he knew it well  
He knew more than anyone else could tell.  
He immediately turned to the Parish Rectory,  
Which after all these years needed much attention.  
With very much planning and skillful work,  
With advice from some and encouragement from all,  
And the well-guided hand of Fr. John,  
They set out to remove a screened-porch wall.  
There was tearing down here and putting up there,  
But efforts paid off in a very short time,  
In a beautiful office so cool and sublime,  
Finished inside with wood-block paneling,  
A large picture window overlooking the Church,  
New shelves for some books and niches for statues,  
A restful and peaceful place for such use.  
That being finished, Fr. John turned to Church,  
And there he started by - padding the kneelers,  
Tiling the floor of our bless'd Sanctuary,  
The same then was done up in the choir loft,  
A real big addition to the old soft-wood floor.  
That being followed by painting outside,  
And painting inside wherever 'twas needed.  
'Twas during his reign that the pulpit was added,  
Which made it much easier for him to be seen,  
"To be seen is to be heard" so everyone said.  
And so the pulpit was a wonderful addition.  
Again in the Sanctuary were other replacements,  
Gone were the old folding chairs of longstanding,  
In their stead were the beautiful blonde finished stools,  
Away with the armchairs and in with the sedalia,  
Which matched very nicely the blonde finished stools.  
Fr. John remained with us for over five years,  
He accomplished alot in those few short years.  
The month is June — the year '57  
Which brought to our midst a wonderful person,  
Fr. Thomas Andary by name.  
He visited all and learned of their needs,  
He gave health to the sick and wealth to the well,  
By just spreading out his personality traits.  
He organized the young folks, and started in them  
A good wholesome feeling toward all fellow man.  
Wherever there was work, Fr. Andary was there,  
And guided his flock so safely with care.  
He paid off some debts, that were long over due  
By helping the women and spurring them on  
To higher achievements, for swelling their fund.  
Then one Sunday evening, which he planned with care,  
The men of the Missions and St. Stephen's were there,  
A BIG Bingo party was held in our Hall,  
A good time was had by one and by all.  
And from it came out a good-sized sum  
To send to the Bishop for the Baraga fund.  
Fr. Andary's stay with us was not too long,  
But his friends were many and very strong.  
Again it is June — but in '59  
Fr. August Franczek is next in line.  
A local person, we are pleased to say,  
For he was born and raised in nearby Norway,  
(One of three brothers who now are priests)  
Young and vivacious and truly ambitious.  
He faced his flock and told what was needed,



Debts must be paid and improvements be heeded;  
 For in the year of 1960,  
 St. Stephen's will hold its GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY,  
 So, the first thing he did was to pay off the debt!  
 He purchased a very nice 4-Wheel-Drive Jeep,  
 Displayed it at Church, so that all might see.  
 Then with the men of all three places,  
 He held a short but profitable meeting,  
 From which all emerged with smiling faces!  
 A party was held which packed our Church Hall,  
 Tables were loaded from wall to wall,  
 Games were played and prizes were given,  
 A memorable evening at good St. Stephen's.  
 And now is a time we must all lend an ear  
 To our good pastor, for he knows best,  
 What is wanted and needed for an Anniversary Year.  
 A new oil-fired furnace was soon installed  
 For the convenience and comfort of one and all;  
 "New decorating is needed" we all agree,  
 For that wonderful 'Golden Jubilee'.  
 So with untiring efforts and much communication,  
 On the part of our dear pastor of good St. Stephen's,  
 Remodeling started by firming the floor-boards,  
 Removing a Junk-room and installing a Cry-room,  
 A new front entrance with fine iron railings;  
 There was patching here and plastering there,  
 Believe me, activity is sure in the air!  
 Everything in readiness for the deftful fingers  
 And the capable hands of the fine decorators,  
 Fr. contracted from Kewaunee, Wisconsin,  
 The Shrovnal National Art Studio.  
 We're now in the process of beautiful decorating,  
 Soon we'll emerge with an A-1 rating,  
 Pledges have been made and memorials given,  
 To make this a memorable year at St. Stephen's.  
 Much credit is due to our present pastor,  
 Rev. Fr. August Franczek by name,  
 For with his help and his guiding hand,  
 Our Church will be one of the best in the land.  
 Through all these years St. Stephen's parishioners,  
 By faithful example and love and devotion,  
 Have made for our Church, a name to be proud of.  
 And to all of the laymen and faithful pastors,  
 For the bountiful Grace of our Divine Master,  
 For the love and devotion of those gone before us,  
 For all of the Blessings thus far bestowed on us,  
 We, the people of Good St. Stephen's,  
 "GIVE THANKS" and much credit where credit is due;  
 May His Divine Blessing remain always with you  
 Who will follow along on the sands of time  
 And bring to St. Stephen's a life sublime!



**ST. BARBARA'S ALTAR SOCIETY**

The ladies were faithful all through the years  
 And helped every pastor, whoever was here,  
 They had organized in the early twenties,  
 And started out by holding their meetings  
 At various homes, had lunch and gave greetings.  
 These meetings were first held in the afternoon,  
 Planned activities and worked on projects,  
 All of which, to our Parish, was surely a boon.  
 St. Barbara was the patron Saint of the miners,  
 So the organization received her name, and  
 St. Barbara's Altar Society, it became.  
 Much has been accomplished down through the years!  
 Among some of the women who headed this group  
 Long gone from the parish, but in name - with the group,  
 Their memory lingers with joy and with pride  
 They worked hand-in-hand, and side-by-side.  
 Mesdames Baxter, Karkeet, McCarthy, K. Massa,  
 Dalpiaz and E. Bourg, S. Massa, E. Driedric,  
 Brunelli, Tinetti, DeBernardi and Leslie;  
 These ladies have gone for many a day,  
 But we cherish the memory they left by the way.  
 For what they had done all down through the years  
 Has laid the foundation for what we have now:  
 A strong and quite active an organization,  
 St. Barbara's Society of good St. Stephen's.



**HOLY NAME SOCIETY**

The men organized too in the early twenties  
 And always came through with moral support,  
 They supervised many a game and a party.  
 And every year at the old Paul farm,  
 A big parish picnic for all, held a charm:  
 There were races and prizes and many surprises,  
 Games were played, conversation was made,  
 A wonderful place for old friends to meet,  
 "For Auld Lang Syne" they would repeat.  
 The feather parties were the work of the men,  
 They took complete charge of all of the games,  
 Which came through (for the parish) with plenty a gain.  
 And all through these years at good St. Stephen's,  
 The men were quite active in their organization.  
 And now in the year of 1960,  
 Nine of our men joined with a charter member (Mr. Scafasci)  
 The wonderful organization of the Knights of Columbus.



**C. Y. O.**

Then too, at our Church we must give some attention,  
 To the Young Catholic Youth's Organization.  
 They held their meetings in the Parish Hall,  
 Invited their neighbors and 'had a ball'  
 Their neighbors, of course, were the youth of the Missions,  
 Who met with the young folks from St. Stephen's,  
 A meeting each week - a place to go,  
 For all of the youth, before they turned 'pro'  
 They were an active organization, the C.Y.O. of good St. Stephen's.



**JUBILEE CHOIR**

**THE CHOIR CLUB**

All through the years, our choir was real active,  
 Held parties and meetings and always a practice.  
 Even way back in the early twenties  
 Subscriptions were taken so as to procure  
 An organ, to make the service a bit more demure.  
 That organ was replaced in later years  
 By former parishioners, The William Nicholson's,  
 In memory of Richard, an only son.  
 Down through the years members come and go,  
 A few have been with us for many a year,  
 And to those faithful - a great big cheer! !  
 For what would a service be without Music?  
 That - we must have for every occasion:  
 Weddings - Funerals - First Communion - Confirmation,  
 A Mission - Forty Hours - Daily Mass - Benediction,  
 Then there's Christmas and Easter and Lenten Devotions.  
 Inaugurated now at our Sunday Low Masses  
 Is an effort put forth by all parish members  
 To be an active part of Mass Participation.  
 And in all of this, our choir is real active;  
 They've done their part and really quite well,  
 In this little village on the bank of the Sturgeon,  
 In the House of God, the Church of St. Stephen.



**MRS. PHILLIPS**  
 Organist - 50th Year

**SR. M. CHARLENE**

A native of Loretto, Filer-  
 anda Heirman, made her last  
 public appearance in Loretto  
 in October, 1935, at the Silver  
 Jubilee of St. Stephen's, as a  
 guest of Fr. Suntebeck. It was  
 then she received his Blessing,  
 before entering the Convent to  
 become a Sister of the Poor  
 Handmaids of Jesus Christ.

June 25, 1936 - received the  
 Habit of the P.H.J.C., at Don-  
 aldson, Indiana.

June 25, 1938 - made vows in  
 the Community of the P.H.J.C.

At present stationed at the  
 St. Mary's Hospital, Superior,  
 Wisconsin.





**PARISHIONERS**



**ALTAR SOCIETY SPAGHETTI DINNER**



**HOLY NAME BREAKFAST**



**ALTAR SOCIETY BAKE SALE**