

[St. Joseph's Convent
D. L. I.]

23/12/24

a very sad thing has happened. Reversed letters and lost broken toys especially broken dolls from the shops. The girls mended and dressed them. But this year all the shops said they had nothing to give. Leonard's books will stop find marbles and shells, and dolls. But think of it 150 girls and not one doll! How on earth broken dolls and you that don't mind dolls who would offend them and anger the children? You must know that you can help. Give the girls dolls. You must help the children. Don't let them cry. I shall be very glad to hear from you.

return of the day
happy
Siddie
John
Vincent
to
happy

My dear Children,

Many thanks for your kind letters, congratulations and especially for your prayers. Please Kathleen keep praying that Auntie Mary may be a good nun. I am glad you like the stories about the mission, but they are not really "stories"; they are true. What a nice picture Sidi gave you for knowing your Catechism. I am sending some little pictures for you all. Ask Eddie to translate the French. Yes the children sometimes have a picnic. They all go out together for a walk to some nice spot. They get prizes too. I hope all of you have got on well at school, and that the boys have passed their examinations. Thank you, Kathleen for the letter about the shoe. What a nasty accident! Happily the man was not killed. I am pleased you found a pound-note, Vincent. It is a pity you could not find the owner. He may have needed the money. As since you could not find him, it is nice that you have a Brownie. I shall look forward to seeing the photos. How is the cricket pitch, Leo? I hope you have jolly games, that you enjoyed the picnic, and got your merit certificate and passed your music exam. Thank you also Eddie for your thoughts and prayers on my profession day. I asked the Sacred Heart to bless you all, and keep you good, of course. You will be very welcome to come over to India some day. You will have grown so that I shall scarcely know you. Is the wireless in order yet? How nice the mobs of snus and Kangaroos must be! I hope you have done well in the exams.

CERTIFIED TRUE COPY
ANTHONY P. L. KROHN
BA (HONS), LL B, B. THEOL

I am still looking forward to a letter from Basil.
and I really want him to teach me how to do sums.
How is my little namesake, Mary? also Eddie and Peggy?
I send little pictures for you all, and much love.

I am sending you a letter about a princess who
gave me her photo as a present. I have sent the photo
home so you will see it. I must also tell you about Christmas
here. Some time ago you asked if the heathen children know
about Santa Claus. To do one thing, Santa Claus, as you
know comes down the chimney. In India I have not yet seen a
house with a chimney, so what is the poor man to do? We
always hang our stockings near the fireplace to have time for Father
Christmas who has so many places to visit. Sometimes I looked up
the chimney, and when I saw how narrow it ~~was~~ ^{became} I wondered
how dear old Father Christmas managed to get down, for he is not
stout, you know. I just suspected that when no one was looking
and we were all fast asleep, he came in through the doorway and
as other people do. Here even that would be difficult for him to
get into the huts one must go on one's hands and knees and
creep through the little opening that serves for a door. There is another
difficulty. Just think for a moment, who is Santa Claus? He is
St Nicholas the children's friend. Call him Father Christmas if you
will. In either case he comes brehind and of the Christ-Child
Little heathen children have never heard of the Christ-Child so
can Father Christmas come to them? Even Catholic children have not
learned to know him. They are so few. Father Christmas has not yet been
able to make himself at home in India. So Reverend Mother tries
to make the children as happy as possible at Christmas time
Just fall on knees night. There is midnight Mass. That is beautiful
then the children visit the 'Crib' built on rocks and open to all the
winds that blow. But it is beautifully decorated with fairy lights and
silver shells, and gay hanging birds, all gifts which Indian children
love to offer the Babe within. If they can reach they kiss him, and his
mother, and St. Joseph. They kiss the shepherds, who kiss the ox and
and the camel coming up the hill. But they do not kiss the camel's back
down, nor will they kiss the black King when the Magi arrive on the
Feast of Epiphany. In the evening there is a procession with bright lights
and fireworks, and the men dance before a statue of the Sacred Heart
as of old David danced before the ark. The children are delighted with
this! But you should see them when they get their presents; clothes, slates,
pencils, beads, balls, whistles, marbles, and most wonderful of all, dolls.
Last year one little girl was in tears, there was no doll for her. This year

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