

Dear Reverend Mother,

God be praised and thanked a thousand times over. After a long and arduous sea voyage, we are now only 2 hours away from New York. This morning at 1 o'clock, we could see land and everyone rushed to the deck as quickly as possible. The joy and elation cannot be described. All the discomfort of the journey suddenly seemed to be forgotten. At first, we only saw the lighthouses on the coast, then gradually more and more land. At 6 o'clock, the ship stood still. We will sleep on the ship again this night. Tomorrow morning a doctor from America will come on a boat and examine us, and then we hope to be able to disembark around 9 o'clock.

Dear Reverend Mother, if only you could see the glorious sight. It's like a sea of light. We were on the deck for a long time. We couldn't get enough of the Litany of the Saints and the Te Deum sounding much more joyful than usual. We sang it this evening on the deck.

Dear Reverend Mother, we have endured a lot on the journey - storms and illness - but with God's grace we made it through. Mary guided us safely. During the last storm, some of the Sisters were very anxious. Sister Henriette was so afraid. At the moment, I still have sleepless nights. I still can't shake off the reluctance to take on the office that the superiors have given me. In the Motherhouse, I abstained so as not to make the dear superiors' hearts heavy. I often cried in the church there too.

Sea travel cannot be described well, it can only be felt. Because of the constant rocking and bumping, you are always nauseous, which also causes vomiting. You can prevent vomiting a lot if you lie down immediately after eating. We have certainly got a different stomach. We can eat potatoes with vinegar and herring in the morning. We can use the vinegar bottle with every vegetable. I used to live on coffee and now I can hardly smell it, not even tea. Water tastes best. That's how many Sisters feel.

No matter how things go in Germany, you will not be able to endure the journey across the ocean. Some Sisters think it is so easy; but those who are so concerned about their health in the convent, who cannot stand a breath of air, who do not even care in which cell they sleep, will not endure the discomfort of the sea voyage. He who goes to the ocean must first sacrifice his health and his life.

Dear Reverend Mother, we have lost my bag. I didn't realize it until you were gone from us. We looked for everything on the ship. No Sister remembers carrying it and some think it was left in the Motherhouse in the little house. In the bag were Katharina Ernmerick's books, the letter folder which you my Reverend Mother had filled to the brim, my written

book with pictures, prayer cards, photographs, my new cord, Sister Zosima's habit, the forms for the books, pottery, varnish, and other little things. The other Sisters gave us stationery. If you write to us, I would like to ask you to send us the forms for the letters. I will stop for today. We will certainly sleep well this night. We are often defeated, the ship stands still, it is 9 o'clock.

Dear Reverend Mother, we did not sleep well although it was very quiet on the ship. This morning an American doctor is coming to examine the passengers. Then our luggage will be checked, so we probably won't arrive in New York before noon. We intend to travel this evening, if possible, or tomorrow morning. The priest does not have to go with us as far as Cincinnati. If our travel on the train goes smoothly, we will arrive in Alton on Saturday night. The priest wants to take us to a monastery. The two clergymen have taken good care of us. Reverend Mother, see how the good Lord has provided for us so far? I hope he will continue to do so. We have left everything out of love for him, our dear superiors and fellow Sisters so he must be all the more our Father and Mary is our Mother.

The captain from America said that several ships were wrecked in the great storm - especially 2 ships from England. One captain is said to be under care. My dear mother must have heard about it from the newspapers and must have been very worried about us. We have already regretted it. We would certainly not have fared so well if we had not had such a cautious captain. If the big storm had come a day later, we would have been in even more danger because we would have had to pass sand cliffs. The dear superiors and Sisters certainly prayed a lot for us. I cannot write more now, more in Alton.

Many thousands of greetings from my fellow Sisters. Also greetings to Mr. Director Piehler. We remembered his words during the storms. Also, greetings to my father. Dear Reverend Mother, the great and cruel sea has distanced us so far from each other, but in the Sacred Heart of Jesus we want to be very close, and our mutual prayer must meet all the more at the throne of God.

Your most submissive daughter commends herself and her fellow Sisters to your prayers.

Sister Angelica

Port of New York

4/11/1875

Lieber mütterliche Mutter, der Gedanke
an gedankliche Was hat mich so weit
von mir aus auf dem 1. ist das in d. G. G. G.
Zufriedenheit ist mich nicht auf dem 1. und das
ganzseitige Gebet mich für mich zu machen
Gottes Gabe begreifen.

Gott gebet mich für mich und für
Mittelpersonen

Ihre liebste Tochter
H. Angelica.

Lieber von New York d. 4. 1895.