

ODE TO BISHOP FREDERIC BARAGA

By Ben Pletcher

7th Grade, Bishop Baraga School, Cheboygan, Michigan
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In Slovenia

June twenty-ninth, 1797

A man was born, braver than most,
Sent to us from Heaven

His name was Frederic Baraga
And as most people know,
He taught the natives of this land
From Detroit to Monroe

From Whitefish Point to Saginaw
Looking for people high and low,
From Lansing on to the Soo
He wandered through the snow

You see he was a bishop
A man who taught good
A man who taught about God
Not in a chapel, but in the wood

He spoke many different languages
How he did it I don't know
He knew Ottawa and Chippewa
And helped their faith to grow

When he came to Cheboygan
The natives made no sound
He quietly surrounded them
The natives gathered round

He taught them of the Bible
And to act as we should
He quickly went and chopped a tree
And made a cross of wood

He built a humble chapel
And as we know today
It's called St. Mary's Church
After the Virgin, Queen of May

After that he made a school
To teach us right from wrong
Not just of plain old alphabet
But arithmetic and song

He finally left this world one day
As men always do
He proved his love for us by saying
"May God's peace be with you"

He left us with this school
Where many of us have gone
We now have a new building
But his legacy lives on