

Misjon Eestis

## MISJON EESTIS

Maarja Kaplinski tõlge

*(Katkendeid isa F. J. Baeteni, S.J., kirjast materjalis nimega  
Mededeelingen voor de Nederlandsche Provincie – Teateid Hollandi provintsile  
või umbes nii)*

Istusime viimasesse rongi, mis enne sõja puhkemist läbi Poola koridori sõitis. Pärast mõnenädalast viibimist Eesti pealinnas Tallinnas suundusime, inglasest isa (Milner ? (M.K.)) ja mina, Esnasse „kusagil sisemaal”. Oli see alles metsik koht ! Meie rong läbis seitsekümmend viis miili kolme ja poole tunniga, ja peatselt oli kogu rongis leiduv piim võiks loksunud. Väljusime rongist viimases peatuses, kus meid võttis vastu prantslasest isa, kes viis meid pärale hobuse ja vankriga. Vaene hobune oli kokkukukkumise viimases staadiumis ja läbis tunniga vahemaa, mis meil jalgsi oleks võtnud poole lühema aja.

Järgmisel hommikul kaunis varakult äratasid mind lindude hääled eeskojas. Ma ei saanud aru, kuidas nad sisse said, kuni märkasin üht lindu kadumas auku seinas. Lähemal uurimisel avastasin, et seinas oli mitu kahe- kuni neljatollist avaust. Mõni aeg hiljem äratas mind öösel külm ja niiskus; lumi ja vihm sadasid sisse aukude kaudu plekk-katuses. Sellisesse majja sattusime mõni kuu tagasi tüürilisteks.

Varem oli see olnud talumaja. Praegune vastuvõtutuba oli ainus ruum, kus pere sees elas; kabel oli olnud sepikoda, refektoorium kanakuut ja köök küün heina ning õlgede hoidmiseks. Noh, me oleme siin kõik ümber teinud, nõnda et saaksime vähemalt siin elada.

Aias on meil teine hoone, mis täidab kooli aset ja kus käib koos poisteklubi. Suvel kasutavad nad meie aeda mänguväljakuna ning talvel käivad koos teiste poistega meie juures erinevaid keeli õppimas. Inglise isa õpetab vene keelt, eestlasest ilmik inglise keelt ja siin mainitud hollandlane saksa keelt. Selleks pidin koostama omaenda grammatikaõpiku, sest ei saa ju sõja ajal saksa keele grammatika raamatuga ringi sõita.

Kui olime tegutsenud kaks esimest nädalat, saabus kiri, mis soovitas mul kiiremas korras lahkuda. Kahe tunniga jõudsime jaama. See nägi välja, nagu neljandajärguline matus. Enne lahkumist olime einestanud rukkileiva ja moosiga, sest meil polnud mingit kavatsust venelastele piknikku korraldada. Tallinna jõudsin õhtul ja sain teada, et olukord pole nii ohtlik, nagu olin kartnud. Niisiis pöördusin järgmisel päeval Esnasse tagasi. Öhtu oli pime, vihma sadas ja oli üsna

tuuline. Mudane tee viis läbi soode ning põldude. Panin kummisaapad jalga, tõmbasin sokisääred üle püksisäärte ning, tualett-tarbeid sisaldav sigarikarp kaenla all, marssisin kodu poole, nagu põlvpükstes filosoof kunagi.

Pärale jõudes valitses majas surmavaikus. Suundusin refektooriumi. Kõik vaatasid kohkunult üles ja ilmikust õpetaja kukkus tooli pealt maha. Asusime jälle leiva ja moosi kallale, sest ei või teada, millal venelased ilmuvad piknikku pidama.

Sealtpeale on meie kogukonna elu tavaliselt kulgenud. Suhkrut ja bensiini saab jaopärast. Leiba küpsetame ise, ja see tekitab komplikatsioone. Ahi avaneb meie aeda, mis on ühtlasi kanade õu. Enam kui ühel korral oleme pidanud välja päästma poolküpsenud kanu, kes on kogemata ahju kinni pandud. Meie poolakast vend on suur loomasõber. Ühel päeval leidsime köögist meie kaheksateist kana, kassi, naabri koera, hobuse lävel seismas, ja sea trepi pealt. Mainitud siga on meie lemmik, sest kui ta kasvab küllalt suureks, et vabadusse pääseda, siis on ta ka küllalt suur, et ta ära süüa.

Nõnda siis veereb meie elu siin. Me õmbleme, peseme pesu, triigime, teeme süüa ja küpsetame, õpime eesti keelt ja suhtleme inimestega. See viimane on väga lootustandev. Me vestleme noorte ja nende vanematega, ja trükiste ning kirjade kaudu püüame luua suhteid ka õigeusu vaimulikega. Edusammud on väga aeglased, kuid praegu on just õige hetk nende inimestega sõpradeks saada. Praegu on ka see edu suur asi. Tulevik on Jumala käes; mida ta meile toob, seda me ei tea.

---

Mission to Esthonia

### MISSION TO ESTHONIA

(Excerpts from a letter of Father F. J. Baeten, S.J.,  
to the Mededeelingen voor de Nederlandsche Provincie).

We took the last train that passed through the  
Polish Corridor before the war. After a few weeks'  
stay at Talinn, the capital of Esthonia, an English

Father and I set out for Esna, "somewhere in the  
interior." What a wilderness that was! Our train

covered the seventy-five miles in three and a half hours, and soon all the milk on board was butter. We got out at the last stop, to be greeted by a French Father who drove us home by horse and wagon. The poor old horse was in the last stage of decrepitude and covered in an hour what we could easily have done on foot in half the time.

The next morning I was awakened rather early by the sound of birds in the corridor. How they got in I could not understand until I saw one suddenly disappear through a hole in the wall. On examination I found that there were several cracks from two to four inches wide. Some time later I was awakened at night by cold and dampness; snow and rain poured through the leaks in the tin roof. Such is the house we rented some months ago.

Before that it had been a farm house. The present parlor was the only room inhabited by the family; the chapel was a blacksmith shop, the refectory a chicken house, and the kitchen a storeroom for hay and straw. Well, we have changed all that so that at least we can live in it.

We have an extra building in the garden which serves as our school and as a meeting place for our boys' club. In the summer they use our garden as a play-ground and in the winter they come to us with other boys to learn different languages. The English Father teaches Russian, an Esthonian layman English, and this Hollander German. For this I had to write my own grammar, since it would not do to travel with a German grammar in war-time.

After the first two weeks of work, a letter came advising me to leave as soon as possible. In two hours' time we had reached the station. It was like a fourth class funeral. Before leaving we had made a meal of our rye bread and jam, for we were in no mind to leave a picnic for the Russians. I reached Talinn in the evening and learned that the situation was not as dangerous as we had feared. So, the next day I re

turned to Esna. It was a rain darkened evening and rather windy and the mud road ran through swamp

and field. I put on my overshoes, pulled my socks over my trouser-legs and, with a cigar box of toilet articles under my arm, marched home, a philosopher in plusfours. The house was silent as death when I finally arrived. I walked into the refectory. The community looked up in fright and the lay-teacher fell right out of his chair. Whereupon, we all went to work again on the bread and jam, for you can never tell when that Russian picnic will be held.

Since then community life has gone on as usual. Sugar and gasoline have been rationed. We bake our own bread and that has complications. The oven opens out on our garden, which also serves as a chicken yard. On more than one occasion we have had to let out half roasted chickens that had been shut in by mistake. Our Polish brother is a great lover of animals. One day we found in the kitchen our eighteen chickens, the cat, the neighbor's dog, a horse standing in the door-way, and our pig sitting on the stairs. Said pig is the community's pet, for when it gets big enough to break out of bounds, it will be big enough to eat.

So our life here rolls on its way. We sew, launder, iron, cook, and bake, we study Esthonian and make contacts with the people. The latter work is very promising. Talks are given to youngsters and to their elders as well, and by means of a publication and letters we are getting in touch with the Orthodox clergy. Progress is very slow, but it is the right moment to make friends with these people. Later on we hope to see rich fruits of our labors. For the present it is much to make even this progress. The future is in God's hands; what it will bring us we know not.

Predicting Number of Jesuit Priests [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXXVII, Number 1, 1 February 1958

... by addition. 8 Includes Slavic Assistancy, Hungary, Lettonia and **Estonia**, Lithuania and Belgaum although no subtotals given for these. ...

#### VARIA [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXV, Number 3, 1 October 1946  
... A priest of the Byzantine Rite, he was in **Estonia** when the war broke out. During the first Soviet ...

#### WEST COAST RUSSIAN MISSION [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXXI, Number 2, 1 May 1952  
... in 1937, and acquaintance with the Russian clergy in **Estonia** revealed the same hard sense of irrevocable separation in ...

#### THE HARTENDORP CASE [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXII, Number 3, 1 October 1943  
... Fathers”, dismisses the Portugese advisory Corporate Chamber with contempt. **Estonia**, Roumania, and Greece, he says, have adopted the corporate ...

#### PRIEST-PRISONER IN RUSSIA\* [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXVIII, Number 2, 1 May 1949  
... room for a group of prisoners newly arrived from **Estonia**. Now we were housed not far from the church ...

#### Predicting Number of Jesuit Priests [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXXVII, Number 1, 1 February 1958  
... by addition. 8 Includes Slavic Assistancy, Hungary, Lettonia and **Estonia**, Lithuania and Belgaum although no subtotals given for these. ...

#### VARIA [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXV, Number 3, 1 October 1946

... A priest of the Byzantine Rite, he was in **Estonia** when the war broke out. During the first Soviet ...

#### WEST COAST RUSSIAN MISSION [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXXI, Number 2, 1 May 1952

... in 1937, and acquaintance with the Russian clergy in **Estonia** revealed the same hard sense of irrevocable separation in ...

#### THE HARTENDORP CASE [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXII, Number 3, 1 October 1943

... Fathers”, dismisses the Portuguese advisory Corporate Chamber with contempt. **Estonia**, Roumania, and Greece, he says, have adopted the corporate ...

#### PRIEST-PRISONER IN RUSSIA\* [ARTICLE]

Woodstock Letters, Volume LXXVIII, Number 2, 1 May 1949

... room for a group of prisoners newly arrived from **Estonia**. Now we were housed not far from the church ...