
Give of your means to help care for him elsewhere, if you cannot take a boy into your home. He will grow up to bless you a thousand times. Interest yourself in some real boy, even though he cannot come to live in your home. Your assistance in caring for him will enable him to prepare for what is ahead of him in life.

— *Father Flanagan (Radio Show, February 11, 1934)*



FOR INFORMATION

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Boys Town, NE 68010

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Donations

We are a federally recognized 501c3 nonprofit charitable organization for religious purposes.

Donations may be made out to FFLSD and sent to the address above.

Photos, prayers, writings of Father Flanagan
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Father Steven E. Boes, Executive Director



Father Edward J. Flanagan
Founder of Boys Town, Nebraska

*Father Flanagan League:
Society of Devotion*

Prayer Leaflet

Year Eight—December

Father Flanagan's Prayer :

Bring about, Dear Lord, a spiritual union of all the nations of the world built on the understanding that we are all Your children and You are our Heavenly and Eternal Father.

Teach us all the great dignity of our state in life as children of You, brothers of Your Divine Son, Jesus Christ, nurtured and strengthened by Your Holy Spirit....

All this we ask, and beg of You, in Jesus Christ Our Lord.
Amen!

*According to the grace of God
given to me, like a wise master builder
I laid a foundation,
and another is building upon it.
But each one must be careful how he
builds upon it,
for no one can lay a foundation other
than the one that is there,
namely, Jesus Christ.*

1Corinthians 3.10-11

FROM FATHER FLANAGAN'S WRITINGS

Father Flanagan's Radio Talk on WOW

September 9, 1934

When my long, toilsome office hours each day are completed, I find it indeed a pleasure to spend a few minutes or sometimes if I am fortunate a few hours with the 200 happy little fellows who make their home with me at Overlook Farm.

What a great, wonderful group of boys we have! They would make anyone happy. They have their tricks and their little pranks, and occasionally their exuberance of boyish energy may overflow into some little mischief, but underneath the body of each of these lads is a big, sincere heart, ever willing, full of enthusiasm, and most responsive to kindness, affection, and love.

No one who has not witnessed a lonesome and neglected homeless boy, transformed almost overnight into a well cared for and happy lad, can understand what real happiness is, and what a deep satisfaction it gives one to know that one has had a share in bringing about this transformation.

As I walk among my boys out on their playground, I hear the happy ringing laughter of Bobby. By a swift, neat play he has just put out a boy who tried to steal home from third base. It was a dandy play, and Bobby's comrades are cheering him loudly. Fine little fellow this Bobby, is, clean, healthy, and as happy as a lark.

I cannot keep my thoughts from traveling back a few months to the time I first met Bobby. Life has dealt him a crushing blow—it had taken both his father and his mother away from him, and his little heart was breaking. How conditions have changed for him. Only a few months ago a spiritless, neglected, broken-down boy: today happy, healthy, full of hope and life.

I continue my walk and meet Mickey, and Billie, and Frank and Willis, and Norman, and a score of others. As I see them at work, or play, or study, and I see their happiness and contentment, my mind traces back over each one of their stories.

In a general way these are all alike—stories of sudden death, sickness, hunger, suffering, pitiful neglect, often brought upon them almost overnight.

How happy then it makes me to see them all here in our splendid Home—peaceful, and contented; each one of them industrious in his studies; healthy and vigorous in his play; clean in body and mind; 200 real citizens of the future. We are proud of them, each and every one of our boys. And we know that our friends would be, too, if they could see these manly little fellows.

I wish that the many friends who have contributed so generously to the building of our Home, could see these homeless boys as they come to us, and could hear their pitiful stories.

I wish they could watch these little fellows adjust themselves to the friendly environment of Overlook Farm, take a new lease on life and hope, and gradually develop into clean, healthy and happy boys, promising citizens of the future.

I am certain if they could thus witness the complete story of our work they could really understand what a glorious labor they are doing by means of their contributions, and could also realize what a privilege it is for them to have the means to bring new life and happiness to the lonely and afflicted hearts of these little ones.

FATHER FLANAGAN PRAYER

God of mercy, love and compassion, we are grateful that You gave Father Edward Joseph Flanagan special graces to love, protect and guide neglected, vulnerable and oppressed youth. Thank you that the work he began with the foundation of Boys Town, has continued to spread throughout the world. We pray that You inspire many to adopt his caring, loving ways as mentor and protector of youth.

Loving Father, we bring our own needs to you now, asking that through the intercession of Father Flanagan, in accordance with your Holy Will, you grant us these special favors: _____.

Thank You for Your Faithfulness and Providence, and for hearing these petitions which we ask in the Name of Your Son, Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. **Amen.**