

# 3000 Summer Scholars

More than 5,000 children are enrolled in summer vacation religious instruction schools in nearly two thirds of the 150 parishes in the Diocese of Rochester.

Typical of the many vacation schools now in progress is this one at St. Januarius Church, Naples.

The little white church holds its gold cross high against a backdrop of hills laced with grapevines. This is the area famed for its wine making.

The children have no difficulty understanding the symbolic food our Lord chose for His Eucharistic presence — bread and wine.

They know the bread is made from thousands of grains of wheat crushed to flour and the wine from thousands of grapes pressed to wring out their last drop of life — how apt a picture of the Saviour who so loved the world that He gave His life for our redemption.

The Naples summer school counts about 35 young scholars. They come from the village, from nearby Atlanta and from area farm homes.

There is no parochial school there so the summer program is their major religious event of the year. Parents gladly provide car pools — including the trip to Perkinsville where Sister Teresa Laurene and Sister Mary Brigid live during the two week instruction period.

Classes are informal — outdoors on sunny days. There are prayers, hymn practice, study about the life of Christ, church doctrines, craft and art projects with a religious theme, then Mass at the end of the morning.

Young voices eagerly sing their newly learned hymns — even if not always on the same notes or in the same tempo but with the obvious and impetuous devotion of childhood.

Two weeks? How can children learn their faith in that short time?

Actually they don't — the two weeks serve but as a spur and the results are remarkable.

Father Bernard Kuchman, pastor of the Naples and Atlanta churches, said, "We have the children here for a concentrated thirty hours. That's the same total time pupils attending released time religion classes get during the whole school year — but here there are none of the distractions and divided-by-a-week problems of the school year."

The released time classes, home instructions, Sunday sermons, vacation schools — "all these bolster the faith of the youngsters," said the pastor, "but really we have to remember that God has His own special way to speak to the children's hearts. We just bring them here so they can listen to Him."



Coloring pictures of our Lord, the saints, church items is a favorite part of the religious instruction program.



"Jesus, Jesus, come to me," sing youngsters at religious vacation school at St. Januarius parish, Naples. Sister Mary Brigid teaches children in primary grades.



Margaret and Joyce Wilkes and Linda Bouchard, high school students, are nun's helpers at Naples summer school.



Upper class pupils taught by Sister Teresa Laurene in their sunshine classroom have a visit from Naples and Atlanta pastor Father Bernard Kuchman. He concludes daily instruction program with an 11 a.m. Mass. Most of the children and many of their parents attend to receive Holy Communion.



The "payoff" at the end of the morning.

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# Irish Don't Forget JFK's Visit 'Home'

By LYNNE WATSON  
Special to the Courier from Dublin

The petulant clouds hanging over Dublin and its environs for the last week complement the persistent remorse in the Irish people for America's martyred President Kennedy.

It was a year ago, from June 27 to June 30 that the late President visited the home of his ancestors and the Irish recall this ecstatic trip in their conversations, their newspapers and their prayers.

To the visitor from the United States, in Ireland for the first time, the near-canonization of our dead President here is another illustration of his impact on Europe.

The touching simplicity of affection for Kennedy in Ireland is a relief from the café conversationists of the Parisian Left Bank, who boldly tell American strangers JFK was the victim of a rightist plot, more loved in France than his own country.

Unfortunately occasional crassness by American tourists substantiates these theories. Several weeks ago when a London guide, Mrs. Mila Lewinski, was showing the prospective Runnymede memorial site for President Kennedy to a busload of Georgia college students, "three or four of them hissed . . . but only three or four," she added diplomatically.

The English tributes to Kennedy seem to center in soft sell pleas on subway posters for contributions to the National Memorial, which is about a mile from Windsor Castle.

"What more appropriate place?" asks one message. "It was here that Magna Carta was sealed as the basis of all English-American liberty. Today it is an ideal place to spend a lazy afternoon with all the summer pleasures of the river at hand."

One wonders what would've happened to the Georgian youngsters if they'd met the garulous old guardian of Dean's Grange the large cemetery in Dublin where singer John McCormack and actor Barry Fitzgerald are buried. Surprisingly Fitzgerald's grave, in the Protestant section of the cemetery, has no marker yet. A bouquet of pink flowers rests at its head.

Like all the Irishmen seem to, the keeper brought up the late President first, offering sincere misgivings in a nearly unintelligible brogue and ending: "Why if ya' said anything against him here you'd be lynched!"

To commemorate the anniversary of Kennedy's visit to Ireland, the Evening Herald published a special pictorial supplement. His clear, memorable voice was heard again over the radio, at the ceremonies in Cork, and books and records of his trip were in every

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Mrs. Mary Ryan, third cousin of President John F. Kennedy, welcomed him to his great-grandfather's homestead at Dunganstown, in County Wexford, Ireland, early last summer. The Irish marked the anniversary with widespread memorial observances in his honor.

Ireland has set an example and a standard for other small nations to follow. This has never been a rich or powerful country, and yet since earliest times its influence on the world has been rich and powerful. No larger nation did more to keep Christianity and western culture alive in their darkest centuries. No larger nation did more to spark the cause of independence in America, indeed, around the world. And no larger nation has ever provided the world with more literary and artistic genius.

—President Kennedy, to the Irish Parliament, June 28, 1963.

other window on Grafton Street, Dublin's main shopping thoroughfare, where horse-drawn wagons still frustrate automobiles.

Numerous ceremonies, such as the presentation by American sailors of the U.S. flag to the John F. Kennedy Club in Portlaoise, were held throughout the country.

"I believe he is idealized," said Roddy Carter, a 27-year-old salesman of horse race pool cards, "but I've tried to analyze it and I can't."

The Sunday Press publishes articles by a Mrs. Dorothy Tubidy, a friend of the Kennedy family, which coat the Kennedy legend. In a lengthy, generalized piece on June 28 she makes this partisan acknowledgement:

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"Unlike many other people, the Kennedys like you to talk and write about them. Friends write the truth. When you know and admire this great family so much you feel other people should know how great they are, too."

So far-reaching is this curiosity about the late President's family that at least one Dublin housewife plans to name her home Timberlawn, "after Mrs. Shriver's place in Maryland."

The attention of the Dubliners has also been apprehensively centered lately on the men who push the spigots from which plops forth the inimitable Guinness.

The barmen's union may go on strike in their quest for a 40-hour week. Unless negotiations with the Licensed Vintners' and Growers' Association goes well, members of the National Union of Vintners, Growers and Allied Trades Assistants plan to give strikes notice.

The 2,500 barmen, who now work 45 hours a week, were out on strike for 13 weeks in the summer of 1956.

"It was like a nightmare," remembers Roddy Carter. "You couldn't go to your favorite pub and you had to find a non-union family pub somewhere. There was no comfort in drinking in it."

Roddy is one of many Dubliners who encountered the late, beloved Brendan Behan in the author's carousings. One afternoon he met Behan at Donnie's Pub on Lower Baggot Street. At their next encounter he and Behan drank together all day and finished up at

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