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the Atonement Fathers and one of the Sisters of Atonement whom we met on this occasion had been stationed in Montour Falls and Elmira in the past.

Because Bishop Coscia, the Bishop of Jatai, was in Brooklyn (his home town) at the time of our visit, we did not have the opportunity to meet him. But Mrs. Coscia, the Bishop's mother, showed us all through the Bishop's Residence and the nearby Diocesan Center, a new building, nearing completion in construction.

Saturday morning was marked by an anniversary with a bit of sadness; it was the first anniversary of the death of Brother Julian. The young Atonement Brother, whose mother lives in Watertown, N.Y., was killed when the jeep in which he was riding tipped over on May 28, 1965. I was privileged to join with some of the other Fathers present in offering an anniversary Mass of Commemoration for the repose of the soul of Brother Julian. Among others of the Congregations were Atonement Fathers Gerald Dunford and Leigh Martin, both of whom had been at Montour Falls in the past.

The return trip to Mateira on Saturday afternoon found the sun behind us, and we, therefore, found the journey even more pleasant. And, as on the trip to Jatai, from time to time we again found ourselves passing through herds of cattle on the dusty roads. "Cowboys" looking every bit the part of their American counterparts, were slowly guiding the cattle. The herds were of varying sizes, some as small as twenty-five head.

Sunday, the last day of the visit in Mateira, gave us the opportunity to have a good look at the people of the parish as they came to one of the morning Masses. In contrast, with the parishioners of San Luis parish in Santiago, these Brazilian Catholics seemed to be a bit better dressed. A few of the families, apparently the owners of fazendas, came to Mass in jeep or pickup trucks.

Because the return flight from Mateira to Sao Paulo was scheduled for early afternoon, dinner on Sunday was promptly at noon to allow our spending this last meal with both the sisters and priests. And as we visited a few minutes after the meal, the phone call came from the airport to announce the



Merely nuns from Rochester Diocese serve in a Santiago suburb of poor families.

arrival of Flight 481. With the airport but five minutes away by car, and because the few arrivals and departures were so casual and leisurely, someone at the airport always showed the priests and sisters the courtesy of a phone call to announce the arrival of flights in which they had a special interest.

After the final picture-taking and farewells, we climbed into the little DC-3 for our trip back to Sao Paulo. With the two stops on the way, the reading of our breviary, an occasional "catnap" and the watching of the scenery, the four hour trip to our destination passed quickly.

Our arrival in Sao Paulo this time was earlier in the evening than it had been on our first arrival on Monday. And in this way, we had the opportunity to spend a few hours with Father Tom Brown, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate from Irondequoit. A look from the window of the rectory of the missionary from St. Thomas the Apostle parish gave even the passing stranger an idea of the parochial problem that Cardinal Archbishop of Sao Paulo, presented to this young missionary and his companions. The apartment buildings taller than

any building in Rochester are common in Father Brown's parish.

Monday, morning, Memorial Day back home in the States, saw us again at the airport. But this time it was one of the two giant airports serving Sao Paulo. And now, the plane was a Viscount Turboprop of the Vasp Airlines, that brought us in the 250 mile trip to Rio de Janeiro.

Time enough to change planes was all that we had in Rio before we were again on our way. And so, shortly before noon we took off on the four thousand, eight hundred eighty mile journey to John F. Kennedy Airport in New York City. But this time the trip was in one of the finest planes on one of the world's greatest airlines, a Boeing 707 jet on Pan American Airlines. Two stops on the journey, one at Brazilia and the other at Port-of-Spain in Trinidad, gave us a chance to stretch our legs.

Both in approaching Brazilia and in departing from this famous new capital of Brazil, the pilot seemed to go out of his way to give the passengers an opportunity to have a good look at this complex of new and modernistic government buildings "set in the middle of nowhere."

But an even more inspiring sight on this flight to New York seemed to be that of the mighty Amazon River. For some minutes as we had been jetting along five miles above the Brazilian jungle, we had

been in fog, clouds and rain. But suddenly, there was an opening below us and there it was — the Amazon River. Against a background of green jungle was this river fabulous for its size and mystery. Even at this spot, some four hundred miles from the ocean, the Amazon by comparison, made our Finger Lakes look insignificant. This view of the Amazon lasted but two or three minutes and we were again blanketed in fog, and clouds as we hurtled northward on our flight to New York.

Darkness had fallen before our ten o'clock arrival at Kennedy Airport in New York. But in the last few minutes of the flight the moments were tense, as you observed the keen anticipation of some of the Latin American passengers. For some apparently this was their first arrival in the United States, their first sight of the lights of New York City.

For them it was a whole new world, a whole new set of experiences and discoveries. They were just opening the first page of the book of the new and different.

But for us, this same jet flight was the close of a book of the new and different. It was the end of two weeks of seeing Latin America. And to us perhaps the last sight of South America, that of the mighty Amazon River, might be an epitome of the trip—the size and scope of the work confronting our missionaries in South America.

Tributes Paid Msgr. Connors

Tributes from the lowly and the great were paid to the memory of Monsignor Thomas F. Connors as funeral rites were held for him at Blessed Sacrament Church last Friday morning.

The stately Gothic church, a lasting monument to his own personal faith and devotion, was filled beyond capacity for the Requiem for the 96 year old priest.

He had asked that no eulogy be given at his funeral, so Bishop Kearney limited his sermon to a brief commentary on Monsignor Connors' life-long observance of "the first and the greatest commandment . . . thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind . . . and the second is like it, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

BISHOP KEARNEY said Monsignor Connors manifested his love for God in his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, in naming the parish he founded under that title and in his daily celebration of Mass and visits during the day to our Lord in the tabernacle.

Monsignor Connors' love of his neighborhood was manifested, said the Bishop, in his constant concern for the sick and told now he was a familiar figure in Rochester's hospitals as he visited the sick and shut-ins.

The Bishop quoted the description of the village preacher in Oliver Goldsmith's poem, "The Deserted Village," as applicable to Monsignor Connors:

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all;
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
This reverend champion stood.
At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents—whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unassuming grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran,
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,

And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

The Bishop then concluded the funeral sermon by quoting Shakespeare's Horatio in the play Hamlet:

Now cracks a noble heart.
Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Monsignor Edward J. McAniff, who succeeded Monsignor Connors in the administrative duties of Blessed Sacrament Church in 1963, spoke about his deceased predecessor at Sunday morning Masses.

He described Monsignor Connors as a man "whose hands were worn by the life-long administration of the sacraments, whose feet were weary from trudging through hospital corridors and nursing homes to visit the sick, whose ears could but faintly hear because he so long and so patiently listened to the heartaches and sins of his people and whose eyes were dimmed by searching out the strayed and the lost to bring them back to the practice of their faith."

Two Prelates Given Awards

Belfast — (RNS) — Ireland's Roman Catholic and Anglican Prelates have received honorary degrees from Queens University where both studied as young men.

The honors were conferred by Sir Tyrone Guthrie, the well known theatrical producer who is chancellor of the university, on William Cardinal Conway, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All-Ireland, and Archbishop James McCann of Armagh, Primate of the Church of Ireland (Anglican).

British Priests In Golf Tourney

London — (NC) — Clerical teams from 18 British dioceses have already signed up for the annual Catholic priests' golf tournament to be held at the end of September near Salisbury.

In addition to the diocesan championship, the three-day event will include competition for the new Aer Lingus Trophy, which over 150 priests are expected to enter. The event is sponsored by The Universe, national Catholic weekly.

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Venezuela Prelate Said 'Reluctantly Progressive'

Caracas — (RNS) — The Venezuelan Roman Catholic hierarchy completed its first major conference in four years on what a Church observer called "a reluctantly progressive note."

A major point was the bishops' request for "overall supervision" of the work of religious orders, many of them with headquarters abroad with large numbers of foreign-born priests assigned to Venezuela.

This was preceded by a plea to the clergy to live holy lives, with particular stress on the need for "dialogue between the clergy and the bishops."

A priest said this was somewhat of a "jolt," since during the three-week conference major religious superiors of Venezuela

were suddenly summoned to the bishops. They were seated amid the prelates and listened to a reading of the decisions concerning the religious.

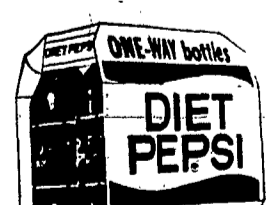
When given an opportunity to comment on the decrees, the religious superiors asked why there had been no dialogue between the bishops and the religious orders in preparing the decisions that had been read to them. A spokesman for the bishops said the dialogue was not to become effective until conclusion of the conference.

The hierarchy announced that the wearing of the "clerical suit" instead of the cassock may be permitted on certain non-liturgical occasions. The suit must be "white or grey with a vestfront of the same color, worn with a white collar."

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