

Toward Tomorrow



I imagine many of us felt a chill of anxiety when we heard at Easter time that prison guards had joined other state employes to go out on strike.

Despite the distractions of colored eggs, chocolate bunnies and dinner with friends, we listened a bit apprehensively to news broadcasts, wondering if perhaps another Attica might erupt when few guards were on duty.

Some people probably thought Easter was a poor day for Sunday's Democrat and Chronicle to feature an article about James Hoffa describing the sub-human life in American prisons today.

Yet, I couldn't help thinking that it was to a thief and not to the officials of law and order that Jesus promised. "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

If we have any serious intention of being somewhat Christ-like in our time, we're going to have to talk to thieves and other law-breakers with a message of hope and healing, someway much different than our present procedure of simply locking them up in cages.

Tom Wicker of the New York Times recently described the soaring costs to taxpayers in perpetuating present prison systems. The cost is not just in the need for bigger and more secure prisons, or higher wages for guards and prison staff workers, but in the post-prison cost to taxpayers when ex-prisoners revert to crime, usually more brutal, after their prison experience.

Hoffa, in the newspaper interview, describes the brutality of inmates one to another, how they school each other in the techniques of crime and vice, their deep bitterness and callousness against a society which cages them as if they were wild animals. Prison officials and guards are themselves also victims of a system which pits one side against the other in as grim a struggle to survive as on any battlefield or steaming jungle. Attica proved that both sides will have its losses — and the losses can be even more numerous if the present system continues to expand.

One step toward a possible exit from our present trap is a slim book titled "Struggle for Justice, a Report on Crime and Punishment in America." It was prepared by a team of 17 members, including people who've seen both sides of the prison picture, Its chief contribution to the prison problem is quite simply that it states it loud and clear.

Most of us are woefully ignorant of the whole process of arrest, trial and punishment. And most of the time we're much too busy about far more pressing personal duties than to worry about what goes on behind prison walls.

Wicker said about 85 per cent of the nation's crime today is done by second and third time offenders. You and I might very likely be mugged or slugged, our home or business robbed, a friend attacked and maimed by one of these former inmates. Then we'll ask how come they didn't learn that crime doesn't pay when they got punished the first time? how come they wtren't taught how to live as lawabiding citizens? how come they don't get an honest job like other people? When we ask questions like that, we should begin to suspect that cages in prisons just aren't accomplishing the task we're paying more and more for them to do.

Wicker says when Americans realize they're paying for something and getting little in return for it, then they might begin to look around for some kind of alternatives.



age...Different pilgrims react differ-ently. At Calvary Mrs. Rose Wolf of St. Ambrose parish. Rochester, had tearful eyes. (Her priest nephew came from Passau Seminary, Germany, to spend our final two days in Rome with us.) At Jacob's Well where Our Lord had sat and asked for water from the Samaritan woman, even I who have hygienic qualms at drinking from a common chalice was moved to drink of the water from a plastic cup used by everyone. At the Chapel of the Pater Noster, where the Lord's Prayer is inscribed in marble in dozens of languages and alphabets, we prayed that prayer together. At the Upper Room our pilgrims sang Aquinas' Tantum Ergo Sacramentum, A group of German pilgrims was also there; and they sang so devoutly: Beim letcen-Abendmahle (The night before He died).

After Jericho we visited the site of the Essenes, a Jewish religious com-munity (2 B.C.-2 A.D.) near the Dead Sea, and saw the caves where the Qumran scrolls were discovered in 1947. At the Dead Sea, shich is the lowest spot on earth, several tasted from the tips of our dipped fingers the nauseating water from that Sea. Two days later we examined some of the scrolls in a beautiful museum in Jerusalem. The group rode the Sea of Galilee to Capernaum, the site where Our Lord preached so often. The Sea is much like our own Skaneateles lake, with tall hills and trees on either side, and silvery, clean water. Charlie nar-rated the Gospel account of Our Lord's walking on the water. One pilgrim said: "Didn't some one else besides Our Lord walk on the water, too?" Charlie smiled: "Yes, but he didn't make out very well." We recalled Peter.

Daily concelebration of Mass at the sacred places was the highest of highlights. Father Sturmer and I concelecelebrated, with Mt. Saviour Brother Sebastian, who is built generously like the late Father Charles McCarthy, acting as acolyte, lector, and who is an enthusiastic bestower of a bear-like, embracial Sign of Peace. Wednesday Mass was in the Church of the Garden FR. PAUL J.-CUDDY On The Right Side

of Gethsemane; Thursday at the Chapel of the Cenacle; Friday at the Church of the Flagellation near the Via Dolorosa; Saturday at Bethany where Father Sturmer's homily recalled Lazarus and Martha and Mary. Best of all was Sunday Mass at the magnificent, unencumbered new Church of the Annunciation in Nazareth. The great church is built over the stone, cave-like home of the Holy Family, where Gabriel brought the message that changed the world.

The homily at Nazareth centered, of course, upon Gabriel's message; and concluded with our pilgrim group's moving recitation of the Angelus.

An angel of the Lord declared unto Mary and she conceived by the Holy Spirit. Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to thy word. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us!

If your children do not know the Angelus, do teach it to them, and pray it with them. If you have forgotten it, please write to me and I will send you a copy.

Conclusion: Travel is broadening, trying, entertaining. It is also stimulating. Seven days in the Holy Land, two days in Rome, and a day of travel brought all four elements. Our pilgrimage in Palestine ended at Ramat Aviv Hotel in beautiful, all-Jewish Tel Aviv. There is no Catholic Church there, so we had no Mass. This was trying. Our breakfast there was Israelian: herring, cucumbers, fresh tomatoes, black olives, yogurt, fruit, sour cream, goat's cheese, jam and bad coffee. This was broadening. In the hotel shop I bought a paper-back: My Rabbi Doesn't Make House Calls Any More, by Varspan. It has a chapter on Visiting Israel which describes what we gentiles had just experienced. It is hilariously entertaining.

But the stimulation from all the experiences will persevere: in devotion, knowledge, friendships. It seemed to all of us that the very uncertainties of travel, the sometimes discomforts and frustrations, bound the group together in a stronger camaraderie. Real friendships were made by the pilgrimage.

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