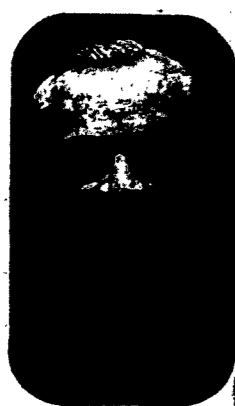


# Family Worship: How to Celebrate Life

As the social scientists and the psychoanalysts continue to debate a question which has been raised by the reported re-



sults of their own studies — namely, "Can family life survive in the 20th Century?", I should like to focus on the topic of Family Worship as one of the more likely to succeed solutions which can supply an affirmative answer to the question. I do this purposely within the season of Christmastide because it is the liturgical time-span which embraces

both a universal spirit of celebration and the familial feasts of the Nativity and Holy Family, each of which is accorded a liturgy celebration within an octave. More than this, I place the topic at the beginning of a new year to underscore the deepest need we have to celebrate all of life — and where else should life be more frequently or joyously celebrated than in one's own family to which each of us turns to reclaim his identity, to find joy and comfort, and to receive an unchanging validation of himself?

Celebrating life is closely allied to the act of worship because, like the latter, it contains the same elements of wonder, festivity, and promise. Where each of these is present and shared, life is renewed and

becomes richer. Where one or other is lacking, life is poorer for all concerned.

Wonder is a mixture of joy and anticipation in the presence of what is not fully known. There was mounting wonder as families watched the spacemen complete their recent journeys to the moon. But ought they to be less impressed as they witness the birth and baptism of a new child of God or when they accept the Eucharist as an effective sign of wonder that God has found a way to be among us? What possibilities there are for family worship here!

It is not difficult to allow routine to give way to festivity when one realizes that festivity is always an affirmation of life and a belief in its goodness. The Christian family must take care not to bypass the opportunities for celebration within itself or turn over to the psychologist the task of revitalizing a ritual sense by means of the modern group encounter and participation drama. Rather let the family devise its own mode of rejoicing festively and prayerfully on its birthdays, anniversaries, promotions, reunions, and holy days to which it brings its unique experience and insights.

Finally, there is the element of promise which flows from possession of faith. In the realization that we are a salvation people, the Christian family finds itself capable of celebrating death in the certain knowledge that it contains the seed of

eternal life. Thus for the believer there is always a reason to be festive.

Parochial schools, CCD, and parish life have equally valuable contributions to make in this act of celebrating life. Their contributions will normally influence people's attitudes and values when they complement what has been etched deeply in the heart by a genuinely Christian family life of prayer and worship. As the family endeavors to "put on Christ" it must be able to turn to the parish which can provide those uniquely binding factors of faith and sacramental life which no other community organization can give. The development of true community within the parish will, in turn, solidify family life and thereby allow for the full celebration of all man's life events.

The strong motivation needed to achieve the ideal will not arise simply because we recognize its desirability. It will come only when we have initiated within the family and the parish that quality of celebration which both judges and inspires our cause for celebration — God with us. There are some signs that this is happening but we need to see farther, to hope harder, and to open ourselves more completely to the Spirit. When the Christian worshipping family becomes the agent of change in celebrating all of life there will be no need to pose the question of its survival. It will happen because the family itself will have been the prime force.

## The Slot Man

By Carmen Viglucci

# The Search for Mary Calahan Leary

Has anyone here seen Mary Calahan Leary?

If so, her cousin, Donald Norman Moran of Sun Valley, Calif., is looking for her. She is the missing branch in his family tree.



Moran, a genealogist, has been busy for quite some time tracing his own family tree and about four years ago ran into a knotty problem which eventually became a virtual impasse when he could not find cousin Mary, though he did trace her to Rochester.

Another cousin of his, Bob Atkinson, managing editor of the Syracuse Post-Standard, with whom I used to trod the boards back in the Elizabethan period,

drew me into the picture. A letter to the Courier-Journal from Moran then set up the problem:

"I am trying to establish my lineage to Ireland and have struck an impasse. I have found that my grandfather had a sister named Mary Moran who lived in Rochester. She married a gentleman named Timothy Callahan and resided on Riverview Place. I have since found that Riverview Place has completely changed with all the old homes torn down.

"In all probability they (Mary and Timothy) are dead by now, but they had a daughter named Mary whom I met in 1950. I later heard that she had married but I don't know her married name. And that is the problem."

It wasn't too difficult a job for the well-oiled (I won't say what brand we use) Cour-

ier-Journal machine to provide some break in the problem. We found that a Mary Calahan (one "l") was born Sept. 25, 1920 to Timothy and Mary Moran Calahan and that they lived at 3 Riverview Place. Daughter Mary was married Feb. 14, 1942 to James Bernard Leary at Immaculate Conception by Father John T. Callahan (two "ls") at which time her address was 21 Riverview Place.

We forwarded our information to Moran who messaged back, "Elated to receive the information you related. For the first time in four years I now feel that there is a slim chance that I may be able to locate her."

Presumably he will contact all the James Learys in this area. So Mary Calahan Leary, if you want to save your cousin Moran a lot of labor, please contact the Courier-Journal. Also anyone else who may know Mrs. Leary's whereabouts.

## Editorial

# January 1973 . . . Doorway to a New Era?

Everything has to start someplace so when Julius Caesar decided to organize the year he probably reckoned that January was as good a time as any to call a halt to the old year's frustrations and start afresh.

Thus the month was named for Janus, the Roman god of doorways, beginnings and of the rising and setting of the sun. He is depicted as having two faces, one looking backward and the other forward.

Now to criticize Julius would be hindsight of the rankest but we have to note that when he got around to naming a month for himself he chose sunny July. January, perhaps, was too somber and brooding, even in Rome, for the great Caesar.

However, this January, we're sure everyone has noticed, is a month of another color. We have had stretches of bright days that have been unseasonably pleasant — for all but winter sports

enthusiasts.

For those generally trapped inside apartments, rooms, and houses by January, the outdoorsy clime has been both a balm and a blessing.

Heating bills will be less.

Car troubles are fewer.

Spirits have soared in tune with the mastery of the sun which has splashed pinks, purples and blues across dawns and twilights normally shrouded in seasonal gray. The god of the rising and setting of the sun would be pleased.

January of 1973 may present us with even greater cause for rejoicing. The war talk in Paris seems finally to have melted into discussion of peace and a ceasefire may indeed have been signed by the time this editorial is published. The killing may be over; the boys coming home.

If so, the symbolism of Janus will have

new significance. One face looking back, noting that this long, bitter Indochina War has solved nothing, perhaps signifying on a broader plain the futility of all war.

The other face will be looking ahead, to peace with all its potential. For peace is not merely a vacuum created by the absence of war. If we treat it as such we are inviting new trouble. We must translate the energy, material and esprit des corps normally reserved for war into a phalanx for good, erasing any injustices that may once again spur men to a call for arms.

The nation, and perhaps most of the world, at this precise moment, is keenly aware that war is an anachronism. If we can turn this pain into a lasting, constructive concern for all men, then January of 1973 will go down as one of the most historic months since men have kept time.