

Car-Less Sundays

It Can Be (Ouch!) Done

By SHARON DARNIEDER

The walkers, Husky, red-cheeked, people, voluntarily tramping through snow, rain or the dark of night, a la the post-man.

Be it a mile-long trip to the grocery or a sprint down the street to the neighbor's, it's all the same to them. They're in shape but it's the rest of the country I'm worried about now that the energy crunch is upon us.

It's simple enough to walk in warm weather but it becomes a major undertaking for all but the hardiest of souls on a cold Sunday morning in December.

Faced with the possibility that the energy shortage may eventually become severe enough to ban Sunday driving, my husband (the athlete) and I (the weakling) decided it was time to rediscover our legs. We spent one cold, damp (it rained too) December Sunday without our 1974 Ford Maverick.

It was a real struggle.

Our Sundays begin with church. We generally attend the 9:30 a.m. Mass at Our Mother of Sorrows on Mount Read Boulevard and Latta Road, a distance of about 1 and 3/4 miles from our apartment.

It's difficult enough to pry yourself from a cozy, warm bed on a normal Sunday but when you're faced with a 45-minute walk and have to get up an hour earlier, it's worse.

By the time I struggled into all the clothes I thought I'd need to keep warm, I had difficulty moving from the closet to the door. Shedding some articles put us behind schedule, but finally we began.

My 6-foot-3 husband never has any trouble walking long distances (he has longer legs than I do) but I puffed and panted so much that by the time we arrived at church I was so winded I could barely breathe, let alone sing.

Unable to pick up our usual batch of fresh doughnuts at the Wegmans at Mount Read and Maiden Lane after church because it was too far to walk, my stomach rebelled and growled even louder than usual on the way home.

Usually we don't go out again after church because we're too lazy to move. We both work all week and like to relax on Sundays. Not doing something for a whole day is a real treat.

We get the newspaper delivered to our door and should we feel the urge to nibble something we don't have, there's a small "ma and pa" grocery about a quarter-mile away.

Of course my husband, like most men, does "force himself" to watch any and all available sports on TV.

Nightfall this particular December Sunday saw us nodding in our easy chairs, avoiding any sudden moves because of our aching muscles. We had survived the day without a car, and muscles or no muscles, we were pleased with our small victory.

So let the ban on Sunday driving come if it must. If you get everything you need before that the only place you'll have to go is church.

And if you're within walking distance, fine. If you're not, well, Americans have solved greater problems before. And don't forget we do have Saturday night Masses to fulfill the obligation.



Enroute to church

Photo by Dave Witbeck

Kolping Mass Slated Jan. 6

The Kolping Society will hold its annual German Christmas Mass at St. Ann's Church on Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3 p.m. Following the Mass a German dinner will be served in the church hall.

Msgr. Charles V. Boyle, praeses of the society, will be the principal concelebrant for the liturgy. Father Winfried Kellner will preach the homily in German.

For reservations for the dinner, contact William Wittmann at 288-3895 or Mrs. German Sperr at 342-0923.

DRUG INFORMATION

The Drug and Alcohol Council is sponsoring twelve-week counseling workshops to run one evening each week. The workshops will offer information on drugs and alcohol and the "problems of today."

They begin Monday, Jan. 7, at Webster Baptist Church, 59 South Ave., Webster; Wednesday, Jan. 9, Churchville Junior High School, Fairbanks Rd.; Drug and Alcohol Council, 9 Lawrence St., Rochester.

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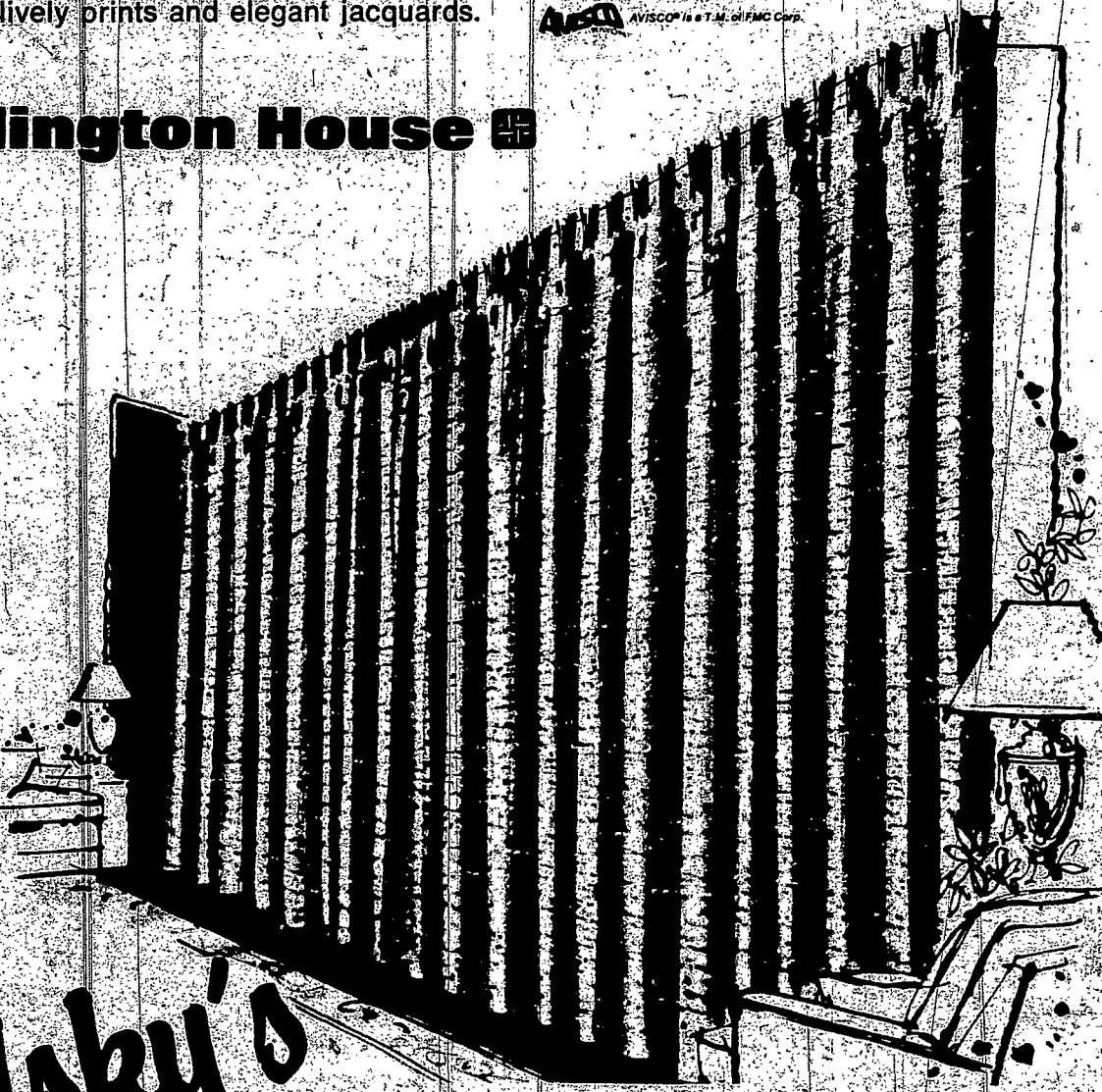
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