

All in the Family

By Sarah Child

It's All In the Know-How

After six weeks of obedience classes I have achieved a semblance of dominance over the dog.

Child She was sick and we missed the seventh session which had to do with retrieving and I skipped the last which was graduation, figuring it as least as superfluous as those exercises conducted for children and other students.

Our water spaniel plus (which looks like a dainty black lab) will now come if I give her a beady-eyed stare and lower my voice sufficiently.

She has always come when the head of the house yelled but I got nowhere with my demands, hence the classes.

At school I related the problem to the trainer who told me my wee voice was not bass enough and I was not sufficiently fearsome.

Another woman standing next to me told me not to take it personally, that all dogs were alike, i.e. obeying the men of the house and ignoring the women.

I figured I had wasted both the class fee and six Tuesday evenings when a neighbor suggested I buy a copy of Paul Loeb's book on training dogs.

Loeb who resembles Sonny Bono, if his picture on the paperback cover is a true likeness, had some other ideas.

To get your dog to come to you throw your car keys at it and give it the command "come."

First, of course, you must attach said animal to a 10-foot clothesline or other rope so you can pull it in if it doesn't respond.

I tried it a few times and

it worked beautifully so I took her off the rope and tried it alone. The keys when thrown in her direction give her the notion that there is no place I can't reach her.

She trotted over and sat at my feet very obediently. The next time I threw the keys, however, it frightened her and she went to the back door instead of get away from me. And she has continued to do so.

It is not what the author had in mind but at least I can collar her to get her inside.

The obedience classes, as it turned out, were actually worth the time and money. I can now get her to jog at my pace instead of at hers, sit and stay.

And the classes reinforced what knowledge I had accumulated over the years in bringing up three children.

And, that is, if you want to get anywhere with kids (or dogs) you have to train yourself first concentrating on repetition, firmness, patience, kindness, consistency and lots of praise.

On The Right Side

By Father Paul J. Cuddy

More About Hawaii

Hawaii— When our Courier-Journal Group of 21 arrived at the Honolulu airport Thursday, March 30, it was 6:30 p.m. Hawaiian time, but 11:30 p.m. Rochester time. We had left Rochester at 7 a.m., so were fagged out. But the sight of Marshall Holt, our handsome 31-year-old Cartan guide, and one of the best we have ever had, cheered our souls. He welcomed us, expeditiously had our baggage and ourselves bused to the plush Hawaiian-Regent Hotel, which overlooks the Pacific Ocean and Waikiki Beach; had our rooms and keys ready and said, "We will meet at 8:30 in the morning, and I will explain our schedule."

The next day we were happy to see the beautiful new St. Augustine's Church, directly opposite the side of the hotel. The staff is a genetic mix typical of Hawaii. The pastor, Fr. Anselm Gouveia, is of Portuguese extraction. The assistants are: Father Choo, a Chinese Hawaiian, ordained nine years; Father Adrian Van Tilburg, from Holland, and Brother James Dunn, a native Hawaiian. The Sisters I did not meet, but the school is run by the SND Congregation. The parish is run by the Sacred Hearts Fathers, who used to have charge of The Little French Church in

Rochester and now have Ss. Peter and Paul.

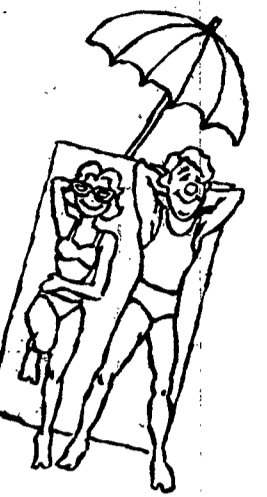
St. Augustine's combines the old and new gracefully and devoutly. Noting the arches I asked, "Is this a type of Gothic?" Father Choo replied, "No, it's really an A-frame." Then he pointed to a magnificent stained glass window of St. Augustine pondering the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, and said, "The A-frame makes a triangle, symbolizing the Trinity." Saturday night I went to observe High Mass. The church seats 750 and it was packed. An eight-voice, competent choir sang well-chosen music. A procession through the church, with crossbearer, thurifer, acolytes in red cassocks and spotless surplices was led by swarthy Hawaiian boys in their early teens. Two visiting priests from Newfoundland celebrated with Fr. Choo, who sprinkled the congregation with a flourish greater than the usual perfunctory symbolism. His incensing was worthy of the Aztecs. His bows were profound and profuse. The reverent ritual reminded me of our own Father Benedict Ehmman's celebrations, thrice intensified.

The vestments tickled my funny bone. The stole and flowing chasubles were of Hawaiian print, flowered with great pink chrysanthemums, which reminded me of the kimonos in Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado. They would look strange in St. Patrick's, Elmirá (I was visualizing Father Murphy enveloped in such an outfit), but seemed quite fitting in the islands full of soft breezes and florid tropical flowers.

During our four-day

stay at Oahu Island, Marshall Holt guided us about Honolulu and environs to see the high lights: University of Hawaii, with 20,000 students and nine colleges—tuition is \$450 for residents, \$1,500 for non-residents— Pearl Harbor and the Arizona; museums, botanic gardens, hotels where we had entertainment and food; the beaches, National Memorial Cemetery, where Ernie Pyle is buried; statues and memorials. The most moving to me is a rugged statue of Father Damien the Leper, garbed in hat clerical hat and ragged cassock, in front of the capitol building.

Father James Schwartz had suggested that I look up Rochesterian Fr. Gerard Leicht, who is pastor of a Filipino parish, St. Anthony, in Honolulu, Father Adrian got me his telephone number and remarked, "We have a Legion of Mary meeting at 10:30." At 10:30 sharp, eight members and Fr. Adrian welcomed me. Their work is much like home: visiting the sick, pamphlets, beads, welcoming parishioners. I wish they were more energetic about pushing Catholic literature, especially Our Sunday Visitor. Had I my way, we should get 300 copies weekly and actively sell them outside the church after each Mass. About 75 percent of the nearly 3,000 congregation are mainland Americans and Canadians. They would read OSV with interest. As it is, the parish gets about a dozen copies, leaves them on one little table at the front, and makes no effort to get them into the hands of the readers. As I observed the Witnesses and Adventists and Mormons actively propagating their stuff, I am heartsick at our own mild energy, enterprise and imagination.



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