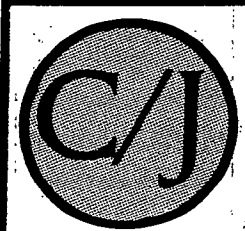




Reunion

Members of the 1928 graduation class of Holy Family School gather for a photograph at their recent 50th anniversary reunion. Seated in the front row are Sister Mary Xenia, SSND, a member of the class; Sister Mary Alverus, who taught the women in the first grade; Father George Vogt, who was assistant pastor at the parish in 1928; Miss Mary Clement, the school nurse for many years. More than 30 of the class of 64 attended. Many of those unable to attend extended written or verbal greetings to their classmates.



Calendar

CHURCH OF THE HOLY GHOST — Annual festival, on the church grounds, 7 p.m. Friday, July 21; 6 p.m. Saturday, July 22.

KNIGHTS OF ST.

JOHN — Bus trip to Batavia Downs, Aug. 17, \$15 fee includes transportation, reserved seat at the races, dinner; Pilgrimage to the Shrine of the North American Martyrs, Sept. 10, \$17. Reservations for both events, Joe Zimmer, 342-4039.

ST. HELEN'S PARISH — Garage Sale, 9a.m.-5p.m., July 22 and 23 in the school hall.

MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD — Summer Festival, July 21, 22, 23.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY NAME — Church

festival and celebration, July 30, following the 12:30 p.m. Mass.

BEVIER GALLERY — RIT Campus, Student Honors Show, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. through September.

BRISTOL VALLEY PLAYHOUSE — Agatha Christie's classic Murder at the Vicarage, 8:15 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays, 3:15 p.m. Sundays through July.

ARTS CENTER — Tic/Toc Players present Johnny Moon Beam and the Silver Arrow on the Nazareth College campus, at 2 p.m. on July 22, 26, 27 and 28.

Healing Service Slated

Father Jerome Robinson, OP, director of the diocesan Office of Black Ministries, will preside at a Eucharist of Healing on Monday, July 24, at 7:30 p.m. in the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The event, originally slated for July 31, is sponsored by the Glory of Yahweh, a charismatic prayer group.

The service will include individual prayer for healing, the laying-on of hands and anointing.

The week following, the group will conclude its summer schedule with an evening of worship led by the music ministry, rounded out with scriptural teaching and Christian formation discussion. Martin Lynch, local psychologist and member of the Glory of Yahweh service team, will teach on "Coming into Maturity in the Body of Christ. The evening will begin at 7:30 p.m. The public is invited to both events.

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Perinton Furniture

All in the Family

By Sarah Child

Lilies Of The Field?

We made a batch of strawberry jam over the weekend but it was not the same.



The kids remarked that the kitchen smelled good and their father ladled the surplus sweet stuff on his Sunday toast and somebody commented that it was just like having breakfast at our favorite place in Maine.

But when the large pot in which the jam had bubbled and jelled had been washed and put away and the half-pints were safely stored on the basement shelves as insurance against a mean and miserable winter morning, I had to concede that there was little romance to the whole procedure.

We had simply gone to nearby farm markets, purchased four quarts of berries and then had come home and hulled them on the back porch in the middle of a temporary heat wave.

Thanks to the bottled

pectin the whole operation was started and finished within an hour with the 10-year-old stirring and skimming and his sisters bringing up the jars from the cellar.

Jam making when I was their age was different. The major distinction was that nobody bought berries. Not strawberries, nor blackberries. Nor blueberries, nor raspberries. Not even black-caps.

In our small town there were any number of places to look and find wild ones. On the hill behind our house, this meadow, that sloping bank.

It was easy to spot a place where the strawberries grew. Look for pasture cut last fall but not tilled. Look for tall, yellow and white daisies and Indian paint brushes, orange and red. More often than not there would be strawberry plants beneath, little fruit clustered heavily on one delicate stem, bending, bending, but never to the ground.

It took a long time to cover the bottom of shiny, tin lard pails for the berries were only a fraction the size of the cultivated ones. But that was not the main problem, it being that they were so sweet and juicy that more went into our

mouths than into the buckets.

There was no greater pleasure than walking a dusty country road, the warm June sun on one's head and happening upon a field thick with red fruit. I imagined that I knew precisely how it felt to come upon buried pirate's treasure or to strike oil.

In later years in a city far from my town I dreamed of strawberrying always in the dream finding wide expanses of green fields, daisies drifting gently in the breeze and tiny "berry trees" in profusion.

When Ingmar Bergman's celebrated film "Wild Strawberries" came to the city I went to see it, sitting alone and following the subtitles. When the lights went up a woman next to me saw the wet on my face and exclaimed softly, "Oh, you understand Swedish."

I shook my head unable to tell her what had prompted the tears since I was not sure myself.

Each spring I plan anew to drive past the edge of our suburbia to find a dusty, back road and a forgotten field. To fill a cup half full with wild fruit, to hear the soft thud as each miniature treasure hit the tin bottom, to smell again the fragrance of an entire field studded with strawberries would bring such pleasure.

HOLY GHOST CHURCH FESTIVAL

☆ ☆ ☆
FRI. 7 P.M. & SAT. 6 P.M.

JULY 21 & 22

RAIN-DATE SUNDAY, JULY 23, 2 P.M.

☆ ☆ ☆
FUN! REFRESHMENTS!

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