

# Add to NFP Roster: 2 More Teaching Pairs

Natural Family Planning is growing in the Rochester diocese. Witness the addition of two more teaching couples to the already-existing corps of 14 pairs.

Dave and Sherrie Thurkins of Fairport and Kevin and Julie Zwiebel of Rochester are the new teaching couples who were recently honored at an awards reception sponsored by NFP.

Thurkins, 29, is a musician, teaching string instruments, coordinating orchestras for the Monroe County School Music Association and performing as concertmaster with the Finger Lakes Symphony Orchestra.

His wife, Sherrie, also is a music teacher (piano) and is accompanist for "Joyful Noise," a children's choir at Fairport Methodist Church. The Thurkins have a daughter and are expecting another baby any day now.

According to Therese M. Petracca, NFP director, Thurkins was attracted to NFP through religious conviction.

"We have observed the need for volunteers to teach other interested couples this method of family planning," Thurkins said. "As a result of using the method ourselves, and further reading on it, we have developed strong pro-life and family feelings."

Similar sentiment was expressed by Kevin and Julie Zwiebel, the other new teaching couple: "We wish to help other couples experience the growth and awareness in a joyful marriage relationship that we have. We see our teaching as an affirmation of our commitment to promote respect and dignity of human life and an opportunity to put into practice our beliefs in this value system."

The Zwiebels have been married for nine years and have two daughters. Members



Dave and Sherry Thurkins.



Kevin and Julie Zwiebel with their daughters, eight-year-old Barbara, left, and two-year-old Sheila.

of Holy Rosary parish, they are active in the parish Home-School Association, Marriage Encounter and Engaged Encounter. Zwiebel is in public administration with CETA and his wife is a nurse.

The new couples spent six months in training to become certified to teach NFP and join these teaching couples: Bill and Casey Bennett, Gary and Peggy Bishop, Dr. Frank

and Marty Foley, Steve and Mary Heveron-Smith, Gary and Judi Neuderfer, Dick and Mary Beth O'Hara, Norm and Sandy Pawlak, Michael and Patty Prigel, Bernie and Joan Weis, all of Rochester; Bernie and Terry Deckman of Macedon, Earl and Judy Knab of Fairport, Ed and Maxine McDonald of Ontario, Ron and Mary Young of Spencerport and Joe and Mary Zarembo of Geneseo.

## Sarah Child



All in the Family

## God's Gift: Violets of The Field

The petunias are in bud on the patio, but the tomato and pepper plants still dwell in the hot house atmosphere created by the glass sliding door in the kitchen waiting for the forecast that says the danger of frost is over.

On the far side of the back porch, the violets have taken over. From one small pot presented five years ago on Mother's Day, they have spread to fill the space under the arc of honeysuckle bushes and all along the north wall of the garage. Of all flowers, I think they are my favorite and when anyone tells me they consider them to be weeds and that they excise them from their lawns, I cringe.

As children we always found the first wild violets in my grandmother's yard in Conrad, Pa., under the maples next to the creek, not far from the kitchen window.

In summer Louise (my same-age aunt) and I would take our jelly sandwiches made on thick slices of homemade bread and eat lunch there, watching the brook trout jump for flies and make ever widening circles in the water.

Entertainment after lunch usually consisted of filching one of the round, galvanized metal tubs Gram used for laundry and which hung on the back porch. We would give each other rides in the creek, sometimes ending up shipwrecked on fern-filled miniature islands.

When we tired of that,

there was lots more to do. A favorite activity was to climb to the roof of the spring house, lie on our stomachs and pelt the pigs in the pen below with pieces of dried mud.

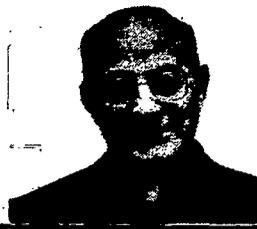
When that palled, there were Indian paintbrushes — read, orange, yellow — to pick on the side bank, interspersed here and there with a few wild strawberries.

One of the best things to do on a spring or summer day was to walk the almost always deserted railroad tracks that curved around the mountain.

On the upper bank, before the dense woods began, would be a carpet of wild flowers. Undiscriminating, we dubbed them all May flowers — palest pink, white, yellow. They bloomed at random, only a little thicker near the mountain springs that came rushing and tumbling down the hillside.

It seemed to me then, at age seven, that wild flowers were some of God's very best gifts. I still think so.

## Fr. Albert Shamon



Word for Sunday

## Holy Spirit Alone Can Make Holy

Sunday's Readings: (R3) Jn. 17:1-11. (R1) Acts 1:12-14. (R2) 1 Pt. 4:13-16.

On this last Sunday of Easter, just before Pentecost, the liturgy focuses on prayer. After the Ascension, the apostles, with Mary "devoted themselves to prayer." The gospel records part of the prayer of Jesus for His apostles after the Last Supper — "for these I pray." Why this emphasis on prayer? The Holy Spirit always comes to the Church and to us in answer to prayer.

Why should we pray for the Holy Spirit anyway? Because it is the Holy Spirit who alone can make us holy, can influence us for good.

Once in talking about the influence of God in our lives, a college student shared this incident. "One day," he said, "I remarked in the presence of my mother that one of the most useful courses I took in high school was typing. I said how grateful I was that I knew how to type. I have used my typing skills every day of my college life."

Then he went on to say that his mother, in an offhand way, said, "Aren't you glad that I made you take typing?"

The lad said he was stunned. He asked her in disbelief, "Made me take typing?"

"Yes," she answered. "Remember the dickens of a time I had with you? You didn't think you needed it. You said it would be a waste of time. And I said it would help you later in life. You hated it at first. But I made you stick with it."

"What a revelation that was to me, Father! Here I was congratulating myself on my insight and foresight only to discover that it wasn't my idea at all."

He shared this with me as a good example of the delicate influence of God in our lives. As his typing skill had come as a gift, so the good things in our lives are the result of the Holy Spirit's care for and direction of each one of our lives — an influence we tend too often to forget, because so subtle, so loving, so unseen, and so respectful of our free wills.

Samuel Becket has a hauntingly sad little play called "Act Without Words." The stage is bare. There is only one actor on it. This is his world. Offstage a Whistle is heard. Something from the outside has intruded into his world. The actor goes to the edge of the stage to investigate. He is hurled to the floor. Slowly he gets up and wonders what has happened.

Again, the Whistle is heard from the other side of the stage. Again, he goes to investigate. Again, he is hurled to the floor. Again, he gets up. Again, he wonders.

The Whistle is now heard from above. He looks up. Fruit descends, but always

the box collapses. Finally, he sits down. The Whistle is heard again, but he no longer responds to it.

What a sad picture of the world this drama presents! The Whistle is God — faintly calling. Man seeks him on his own, so he is doomed to failure. Soon he gives up on God. His world becomes meaningless and hostile.

The liturgy shows us a way out: prayer — prayer for the Holy Spirit to come and take charge of our lives.

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**HER COFFIN: THE GARBAGE CAN**

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The Sister was moving among the slums of a city in India. Unbelievably, she heard sobbing coming from a trash barrel. Brushing aside the flies and the vermin, she looked. Beneath the filth and debris was an old lady crying from tearless eyes as her life slowly ebbed away. Tenderly the Sister lifted her, placed her on her shoulders and took her to the Hospice for the Dying. Before she died, the old lady told the Sister, "I'm not crying because I was in the garbage. I'm crying because my son put me there. He had to. There was not enough food for the family."... Tragically, this scene will be replayed many more times. But you can help to lessen it. Will you? Here is how...

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- \$15 a week will enable an aged person to spend his or her declining years with simple dignity cared for by our Sisters.

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17 RJ

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