#### COURIER-JOURNAL

Wednesday, February 23, 1983

# **Catholic Schools Week Sees Variety of Activity**

### Holy Apostles, **Holy Family Show Thanks**

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At 10 a.m., on Monday, Feb. 7 Holy Apostles/Holy Family students began their celebration of Catholic Schools Week. In a very special way they showed their appreciation to the parishioners of both parishes for their support of Catholic education over the last 100 years.

The children's tribute began with Mass in the school auditorium celebrated by Msgr. Emmett Murphy, Father Frederick Eisemann, and Father John Dillon. Members of both parishes assisted in the liturgy. Altar servers were Sam Renna, Leonard Schur and Joe Reber. Readers were Rosella Ritzenthaler, John Fawkes and June Lopa. The Offertory procession included Ann Piccini, Irene Wagner, Martha Kesselring, Margaret Huntzler, Bernadine Pemp and Albert Frank. Father Benedict Ehmann was the music leader.

A reception was held after Mass for the guests who toured the school with student guides from Miss Schraml's eighth grade. Of particular interest to former graduates of the school were class pictures and momentos which had been sent in by students to be former

Sarah Child

All in the Family

#### Hospitality And Hope

At the start of winter we moved the bird feeder for a better view from the kitchen table. We neglected, however, to take in account the great amount of glass nearby.

St. Anne's, Hornell

To kick off Catholic Schools Week, the Alumni Association of St. Ann's School in Hornell sponsored a balloon lift-off. Each grade was represented and each balloon was tagged. When a balloon is found, the person finding it will call the school and receive a prize.

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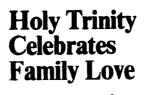
The colorful and creative projects of students attending the school today were

bent. We continued to watch over it, putting a wooden drumstick inside across the top of the inverted clothes basket. We put Bird on the perch but it flew to the bottom immediately and did

next to it along with a warm cloth

But, Bird, as we dubbed it. just lay on its side and I tried to think how to kill it so it would not suffer.

The only thing I could think of was to give it whiskey to make it drunk and then let it freeze to death painlessly - an idea hooted at by my husband who pointed out that it was alcohol that kept transients alive in the coldest of weather: Why, he wanted to know, hadn't we just let nature take its course?



Webster -"Love of Family" was the theme for Holy Trinity School's observance of Catholic Schools Week

According to Mary E. Quinn, school spokesperson, "the entire school was involved in activities which developed awareness of the family communities to which they belong."

She said that the concept was introduced to the school community by Miss Jodi Klem's first graders during a First Friday Mass: "A large family tree with pictures of each classroom was displayed to show that each classroom is an integral part of the school family," she said.

The theme was developed throughout the week, during which each classroom devised its own activities for learning about families.

## **Holy Cross Busy after Special Week**

Catholic Schools Week, Feb. 6-11, started a busy time for Holy Cross School. The junior high is organizing its first yearbook and held a contest for naming it. "The Beacon" was selected.

Holy Cross teacher John Gaspar will host Music in Our Schools Week, Feb. 28-March 4. On Monday, Feb. 28, there will be a piano recital at 7:30 p.m. in the auditorium, and on Thursday, March 3, a band recital.

Registration for new students at Holy Cross will take place 7-8 p.m. Monday March 7, and 7.8:30 p.m. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8-9.

The Holy Cross Great Books Groups have their awards presentation on c Tuesday, Feb. 22.

#### **NFP** Info

Krakow.

arranged.

**PRICES ARE LOWER** 

Natural Family Planning informations sessions, sponsored by Natural Family Planning Education of Rochester, Inc., have been slated for 7:30-9 p.m., Monday, March, 7 in the Kearney Building of St.

Mary's Hospital; and 7:30-9 p.m., Friday, March 11, in the Main Conference Room of Rochester General Hospital, The sessions are free and open to the public, but preregistration is required by calling 464-8705.

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Two Sundays before Christmas an ominous thud was heard and I rushed to the sliding glass door to find a sparrow flopping around on the ground.

I waited for it to recover from being stunned but when it tried to fly to the feeder and couldn't make it the youngest went out to get it so that it would not freeze or be eaten by the cat that prowls around.

She put it in a box with a lid and noted that its neck seemed to be bent and it could not stand upright: Like the farmer who locked the barn door too late I went around pasting decals over the porch windows and kitchen glass door blasting my stupidity for not having done it before.

An hour or so later we put it outside in the box, lid open, to see if the bird could fly to a night resting place. When it didn't move we brought it back in and put a jar top with water and seed

We went to bed certain that Bird would be dead the next morning. It wasn't, but seemed no better. How could 1 put it out of its misery. But stroking the soft brown feathers I knew I couldn't.

Instead we opened the box and put a webbed clothes basket over it and moved Bird to the sunporch. It had begun to take some seed and water.

One eye was swollen shut, it still couldn't stand upright for more than a few seconds and its neck was still bent. Oh Lord, what to do?

Every morning we came down expecting to find Bird stiff but it held on. One morning the eye had opened and Bird could stand upright. Still the neck was

he (it was a he by now) didn't ily and continue to nurture him.

On the eighth day we

came to find the neck almost

miraculously straight. Bird

ate voraciously but refused

to fly. We could not, we felt,

abandon it to the dangers of

But, we could try a trial

flight, we said at last and

agreed we'd scoop Bird up if

displayed throughout the

school, showing that the

spirit of the school continues.

not try again.

cat and cold.

The youngest agreed and took Bird out under the feeder. Bird just sat there blinking at us. I looked at the youngest chagrined. But, she moved away and came up behind Bird startling it deliberately.

The instinct was right. Bird took off in a flutter of wings and flew easily to the feeder, landing briefly, then climbed to the tallest branchof the towering Sycamore next to the patio. Then as the youngest and I screamed for joy, hugging each other and jumping up and down: Bird soared even higher and disappeared over the top of the house.

"Probably croaked as soon as it was out of sight," muttered one of the house cynics as we related the tale. The youngest and I shook our heads. We knew better. For days and days after we scanned the feeder trying to pick out Bird in the flock that came regularly to dine.

