

**AT YOUR PARISH**

**St. Philip Neri Blessed Sacrament**

The Women's Club of St. Philip Neri Church will hold its annual garage sale 9 a.m.-7 p.m., Friday and Saturday, June 3 and 4; and 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, June 5 in the church garage. Persons wishing to contribute housewares, jewelry, baby items, clothing, appliances, furniture and the like are asked to bring them to the garage beginning 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Tuesday, May 31. Further information is available from the chairpersons Mary Montana, 482-0080; Celeste Palermo, 288-0496.

In addition, the club installation banquet will be held 6:30 p.m., Tuesday, June 14 at Arena's Party House. Tickets are \$10.50 per person. Reservations are made by calling the chairperson, Sandy Ferrara, 288-4491; or the rectory, 482-2400. Those to be installed are Jennie Cerone, president; Mary Cordaro, vice president; Marianne Stevens, recording secretary; Jeanne Brescia, corresponding secretary; Sharon Lazzara, treasurer.

First Friday Mass to honor the Sacred Heart will be celebrated 7:30 p.m., June 3

**St. Jerome**

The students of St. Jerome School in East Rochester will present "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," 8 p.m., Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26. Sister Anna Louise is the director and Mrs. C. DeJoy will be the accompanist.

Cast members are: Karen Monahan, Sue Henry, Andrea Anderson, Joseph Gorzka, Rosemary Ludwig, Douglas Gaudieri, Eileen Connor, Jason Benner, Todd Cimicata, Lora Stumpf, Brian Carey, Shawn Keim,

**St. Bernard**

Scipio Center — During the month of May, the Rosary Society of St. Bernard's Church here is making available at no cost rosaries, prayers, holy cards and other sacramentals pertaining to devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. A special bulletin board depicting the rosary was prepared by Mrs. Joseph and Miss Felecia

by Father Paul Cuddy. Confessions will be heard at 7 p.m.

Steven Cavatassi, Andrew Monahan, John Fabrizi, Jason Perry, Jennifer Fichter, Vincent Poppler, Brian Hoody, Mark Salmon, Jennifer Blaszk, Karine Lynch, Neely Evans, Kimberly McAuliff, Julie Gorzka, Julie Morabito and Lisa Leombrone.

Tickets can be reserved by calling the school office, 586-4200, or may be purchased at the door. Admission for adults, \$2; children under 12, \$1; family ticket, \$5.

**St. Anne**

Palmyra — The annual installation Mass and banquet for the daughters of St. Anne is slated this year for Monday, June 13. Father Francis H. Vogt of the neighboring parish of St. Michael will celebrate Mass at 6 p.m. during which a brief installation ceremony will be held. Dinner will follow at Penelope's in the Newark Sheraton Inn. The menu includes a choice of roast

Kanally. In addition, information on the rosary and on Fatima are being distributed in the church.

The rosary is being recited prior to the Sunday Mass in which all participates. Following Mass, three Hail Marys and the Memorare of St. Bernard are recited for the intention of peace

chicken for \$8.50 or breaded veal cutlet for \$9.50; and the meal includes appetizer, salad, rolls, entree, dessert, beverage, and tax and gratuity. Reservations are made by calling Gerry Frederick, 597-5601; or Ellen Rex, 597-6928, before June 6. Transportation to Newark may be arranged by calling Pat Rutokowski, 597-2361 for further information.

Fr. Albert Shamon



Word for Sunday

**Holy Spirit's Many Roles**

Sunday's Readings: (R3) Jn. 16/12-15. (R1) Prv. 8/22-31. (R2) Rom. 5/1-5.

Trinity Sunday recalls to our minds all those devotions and rites that seem to sum up so much of our religious life.

There is the sign of the cross we make to bless ourselves. We ask the Trinity to bless us: the Father to pour out His life upon us; the Son, His truth; and the Holy Spirit, His love.

We say "In the name of," not "names," because name expresses what someone is. Were I to ask, "What is the Father?" The answer would be, "He is God." Or "What is the Son?" Or "What is the Holy Spirit?" The answers would all be the same: God! One God, one "what"; hence name, not names.

But there are three "who's" in this one God: Father, Son and Holy Spirit. A Father, because God is life; a Son, because God is truth; and a Holy Spirit, because God is love. Who is God? God is a trinity of Persons living eternally in a community of love with each other. So we bless ourselves to call down this life, love and truth upon ourselves.

Then there is the doxology, the prayer of praise with which we close our hymns and psalms and each decade of the rosary — the "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit..." It is a prayer we pray that God, as He is revealed, be known and loved. Praise expresses approval of another, an applause, so to speak. But glory goes one step further — praise can be private, but glory goes public. "Glory to God" means we want everybody to know God — His love, His goodness — so that all will praise Him, applaud Him, glorify Him.

For those of Irish ancestry, the feast of the Trinity recalls the legend of St. Patrick, who supposedly illustrated the mystery of the Godhead by pointing to the three-leaved shamrock. When Patrick was having difficulty, so the legend goes, persuading the Druids that the true God is one, not many, they balked. When he told them of the three Persons in the one God, they were willing to listen — three gods were better than one. Patrick thundered, "Not three gods — one God and three Persons." No breakthrough. So Patrick picked up a shamrock. "How many leaves?" Patrick asked.

"Three," responded the Druids. "How many shamrocks?" "One," they all answered. "So with God," Patrick said in relief. "Three Persons, one God."

However, we don't celebrate dogmas. Would we be tempted to celebrate a friend's vital statistics on his birthday? Rather we celebrate what that person means to us and how he may have influenced our life.

So on Trinity Sunday the liturgy tells us what God has done for us. How the Father created the skies, made fast the foundations of the earth and set limits on the sea so that we might find delight in his creation (R1). It tells how the Lord Jesus Christ has won for us the grace to stand firm in afflictions and has given us a hope that won't leave us disappointed (R2). Finally, it tells how the love of God has been poured out in our hearts and the truth about Jesus has come to light through the Holy spirit who has been given to us.

On the feast of the Trinity, each of us might review the past year prayerfully. Look for concrete ways to discover whether or not God the Father, who is life, has enriched our lives — giving us the abandonment and trust of the child; whether God the Son, who is truth, has been our norm for what we do; and whether the Holy Spirit, who is love, has poured out a love into our hearts that spills over to others. Then ask, in the year ahead, for a greater share in their life, love and truth.

**Holy Name**

The first annual Holy Name Golf Outing will be held Saturday, June 11 at Shore Acres Golf Club. Following the "scrambler" tournament, cocktails and a buffet will be served in the parish recreation hall. The cost is \$10 per person. Entry deadline is May 27. Further information is available from Ed McKeon, 621-1993 or Jerry Segreue, 621-8264.

Father Bruce Ritter



A certain kind of sadness has a smell about it somehow. I noticed Billy sitting alone in a corner of our main lounge. It was

about 9:00 PM. Oblivious to the other kids, the boy was totally preoccupied, using one of our red canvas cushions as a writing desk. In his absorption, he had sucked the end of his ballpoint pen and smeared his lips with green ink. I guess I just imagined I could smell the boy's sadness.

The center was filled with kids, about 200 of them, and I was just circulating around, really enjoying an all-too-rare opportunity to be with my kids. I became aware of the boy's somber, direct gaze levelled at me across the room. He had finished writing his letter. When he saw me returning his stare, he got to his feet in one quick and easy flowing movement of incomparable grace that only a 15-year-old can manage and handed me what he had written. There was no salutation. I didn't correct or change a single word:

"I don't know where I am going. I have a general idea for which I am not sure of, to turn too. I sometimes feel depress,—for I usually don't know why. I wonder why I refuse people's help. A lot of things make me feel happy for awhile but I am jealous of other things such as people who have more than I do."

I really like this kid. He wouldn't win any beauty prizes: about 5'9" or so, lanky with hair in his eyes and a crooked left eyebrow and a practiced smile. Just your typical skinny run-of-the-mill Times Square nomad. I had a tough time reading his letter because of the interruptions. Sharon grabbed my arm and said she wanted to talk to me about her mother. Fifteen-year-old Dave, a budding philosopher from California, asked me why God could permit all the evil outside on Eighth Avenue. I gave him my 30-second treatise on the nature of God, good and evil and free will. He was too smart to be satisfied. I went back to reading Billy's letter.

"All throughout my childhood I been getting into trouble in school, home, and mostly everywhere I turned to be heading. In a way I admitted I have so called sticky fingers. A lot of people throughout the years asked me—"How do you feel"—Now a few years later, I answer with truth I don't really know. People try to help me and I jam it up

Father Bruce Ritter, OFM Conv., is the founder and President of Covenant House/UNDER 21, which operates crisis centers for homeless and runaway youth.

**A CERTAIN KIND OF SADNESS**

their ... I admit I caused some difficulty at home and also at school and other places. I also feel that my father has problems, that he can't handle. And I felt I was used for a scraggoat. I did a lot of things for attention, for which if I told certain people I feel that wouldn't understand me. But it would also break their heart."

I looked for the boy and saw him watching me read his letter. I don't know what he saw in my face. A couple of volunteers who work in the center on Thursdays were eager to share with me their encounter with Val and Becky, our latest teenage Romeo and Juliet. Seventeen-year-old Jeff came up to me and demanded his rights to my company. He tells everybody that he's my favorite kid and he might be right. I lost sight of Billy and went back to his letter:

"Last January, I had to go upstate N.Y. to a home. People say I had a lot of potential to do certain things. But now these days I am not to sure of myself. Is it wrong just to want certain things in life, and find yourself reaching for them but in a way they ain't there. I just wish that I didn't do certain things that I did. I could honestly say I don't really know what's it like been loved or to give love. I did at certain situations, but I guess, I really didn't."

I had a lump in my throat. I hoped he had seen love in my face when I looked at him last. Nobody ever sees a lump in your throat even though it feels as big as a house. They, the lumps, disappear pretty quickly though, particularly when a couple of more than usually raunchy street kids (good kids though, not nice, but good kids) called upon me to exercise my Solomon-like judgment to settle a "misunderstanding" between them and one of my staff. They didn't like the judgment. So I offered them amnesty instead, which they gladly took, amnesty being what they really wanted in the first place. Billy was nowhere in sight and I went back to reading his letter. I guess the kids must have seen my face because nobody bothered me.

"Once again today I blew my mind again. I went into a tantrum for no reason. I started threatening certain people for no reason what-so-ever. It's now a few hours later. I am thinking to myself, what's my life coming to. I am faced with a hard decision for which could be a good factor in my life. But I just can't make up my mind. I been thinking lately should I throw in the towel or keep on fighting and try my best, at what I could do best."

That's it. Word for word. Misspellings and all. Kids like Billy talk about suicide a lot and sometimes they do it. Billy

hustles Johns over on Third Avenue and 32nd Street. They drive by in their cars and they slow down and then they circle the block and then they stop. Billy has seen the inside of a thousand cars. He's a bright kid, and as he says, he has a lot of potential.

He is still a pretty intact kid wanting all the things that most of us take for granted. He's not a particularly attractive kid, or even an especially appealing one. His 15-year-old face isn't really 15 anymore. He's a really bright youngster who doesn't even try to fool himself anymore, or not very much anyway. The Billies of this world can run through your fingers like water. At times like this, I'd rather be a heart surgeon knowing that some tired heart pumps and leaky valves are just too worn out and it's not your fault if the patient dies. Billy needs a heart surgeon though and I, with relief, and some dread, commit him to His care—and yours. You own him too. He is your son, your brother, your cousin, the son of a friend...

Please help us care for them—and love them. They really are good kids. Pray for them, please, and for me and my staff.

I care about the lives of young people such as Billy. Enclosed is my contribution of: \$ \_\_\_\_\_ please print:

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