

AT YOUR PARISH

Holy Family

The Rosary Society of Holy Family Parish will hold its installation dinner, 7 p.m., Wednesday, May 9 in the Pine Room. Admission to the catered buffet is \$7. All women of the parish are invited to attend. Reservations are secured by calling Mrs. Robert Spahn, 436-0327; Mrs. Joseph Smarsh, 436-0327, before May 1.

St. Andrew's

The Altar Society will hold a "Bell's" dinner, 6:30 p.m., Tuesday, June 5 in St. Andrew's school hall.

The annual Rosary Society May Procession and Communion Breakfast will begin with an 8 a.m. Mass, May 6, followed by breakfast in the hall. Tickets at \$3 are obtained by calling Lucy Catan, 342-0221, or Marie Trott, 467-5284.

St. Patrick

Elmira — The Women's Club of St. Patrick's Church will hold its annual brunch, 11 a.m., Sunday, May 20 at Pierce's Restaurant. Sister Judith Reger, SSJ, will speak. Tickets are \$7. Club members will also attend a 9:30 a.m. Mass for deceased members that day.

Good Shepherd

Henrietta — Father Joseph P. Brennan, Old Testament scholar and ecumenical leader, presided at a celebration of the Passover seder April 10 at the Church of the Good Shepherd. The event was sponsored by the parish Religious Education Board.

Resurrection

Fairport — A Spiritual Gifts Workshop will be offered 7-10:15 p.m., Wednesdays, May 2, 9, and 23 at the Church of the Resurrec-

tion. The program is open to both parishioners and non-parishioners. According to Therese Hart, "As a parishioner and a past participant of the Spiritual Gifts Workshop, I found this an effective instrument in finding out what special gifts I have to enrich my own life and give to others in the community." Further information is available by calling the parish office, 223-5500.

St. Mary

Elmira — Following a 5:15 p.m. Mass for deceased members, St. Mary's Rosary and Altar Society will have a banquet Tuesday, May 10 at the Sirloin Room. Chairpersons for the event are Mrs. Mary Rose Kenny, Mrs. Richard Gilmore and Miss Theresa Hourihan. Reservations are required.

St. Mary's Golden Age subcommittee will hold a health screening 10 a.m.-noon May 10, at the Marion Center. A dish-to-pass luncheon will be held at noon.

Antique Sale

The 35th annual antique show and sale sponsored by St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Vick Park B at East Avenue, will be 11 a.m.-9 p.m., Thursday, May 3; and 11 a.m.-8 p.m., May 5. Twenty-five dealers from nine states will display items of 18th and 19th century English and American furniture, glass, silver, oriental rugs, ceramics, prints and paintings. Admission is \$2.50 and luncheon will be available both days.

Ss. Peter and Paul Slates Fund Raiser

Ss. Peter and Paul Parish, known in Rochester for its urban outreach programs, will have a dinner dance, beginning with an open bar at 6:30 p.m., June 8, at the Diplomat Party House. Dinner will be served at 7:30 p.m. and dancing to the music of the Jan Curcio Orchestra will be featured 9 p.m. to midnight.

Tickets at \$15 are purchased by contacting Mrs. Frances Hunt, 461-2779, or the rectory, 436-3110.

In addition, a program book is being developed, and

advertisement space will be sold at \$100, full page, \$65, half page; \$35 quarter page; and \$10, patron. Interested persons are asked to call the rectory.

The parish has served the west side of the city for the past 141 years. It was founded to minister to the German immigrant population, and since that time has developed into a rich ethnic mix.

Since 1968, the parish has been served by the Congregation of The Sacred Hearts. In addition to the

two priests and two brothers from the congregation, the staff includes a Sister of St. Joseph and three lay people.

There is an active parish council with liturgy, human development, finance and education committees.

The religious education program reaches the very young and adults, and includes a special youth ministry.

The parish maintains St. Peter's Kitchen and Clothes Closet, and plans to open a day care center in the near future.

Party Planned To Note Priest's 90th Birthday

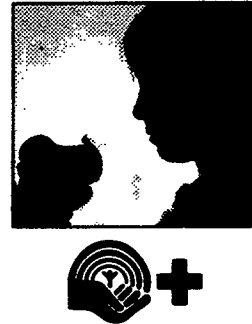
A party is being planned to honor Msgr. Francis Burns on the occasion of his 90th birthday, 62nd anniversary as a priest, and 20th year at St. Rita's Church.

The celebration will begin with Mass at 6 p.m. Friday, June 15, at St. Rita's, followed by a dinner at Bishop Kearney High School.

Tickets at \$10 are obtained by calling Mary and Joe Schirmer, 671-2378, or the parish rectory, 671-1100.

The deadline for reservations is June 4.

Now is the time to help friends and families.



Now is the time to give to THE UNITED WAY/RED CROSS CAMPAIGN April 6th to May 17th



Father Bruce Ritter

WANDERERS AND SEEKERS

hauntingly beautiful ballad by Carole King: "You're so far away..." It's a great song.

I've been on the road a lot these days. Spring is a very busy time for talks, and we're also busy setting up crisis centers for kids in other cities.

I get pretty tired sometimes. Like last Friday, driving at 6 a.m. to give a bunch of talks at four high schools and two colleges and preach at all the masses that weekend. I was "vegging out," as the kids say, (i.e., assuming the relaxed, unconscious, vegetable-like state of a turnip) no thought or feeling, letting the music from the car radio wash over me. I was really getting into the song: "Doesn't anybody stay in one place anymore..." The next verse snapped me out of my reverie: "I sure hope the road don't come to own me..." Vivid memories of a conversation I had with a bunch of my kids just before I left jarred me awake.

We had opened our beautiful new crisis center for kids in Houston June of last year, and I was visiting there a couple of weeks ago—our center was jammed, naturally, with over 70 kids—making sure that things were going well and checking out new staff. It was about midnight and I was sitting in our main lounge talking with a half dozen really great kids ranging anywhere from 16 to 19. It was a very quiet, low-keyed conversation (the other kids had gone up to bed). What happened was very moving. Each kid talked directly to me, each in turn shutting out everybody else in the group. Nobody interrupted or commented on anything somebody else said. We just listened—I mean, really listened—to each other.

Lance was the last kid to talk. A tall, quiet, good-looking boy. He spoke with the confident self-assurance of an

eighteen-year-old that knew his own name. I like to move around a lot, Bruce, he said. You're a traveller? I said, a wanderer? Yeah, Bruce, he said. A seeker, maybe? I said. Lance nodded a bit uncertainly, his face suddenly wary and closing... You're a drifter, I said it quietly, kindly, with a question at the end of my voice. The other kids got real quiet and our conversation ended pretty soon after that. One by one each kid said some final, terminating thing before they said good night and went upstairs to bed. I shook hands with each kid—I wanted to touch them.

"I sure hope the road don't come to own me..."

Lance stayed around. We sat there looking at each other. I ain't no drifter, Bruce, he said. His lips twisted and again that look of uncertainty, and a brief touch of panic crossed his face. I'm just... his voice trailed off. It's better to settle down, I said. It's better to stay around, I said. It's better to find what you're looking for—at least once in a while.

Jesus, too, was a wanderer, a seeker, with no place to lay His head—like my kids. I hope they meet each other sometime, someplace on that road my kids call home. Jesus' own journey to the Father ended abruptly on a road on a hill overlooking Jerusalem: He ended His life as He began it—homeless, on the run, pursued by His enemies, no stranger to abandonment and loneliness, stripped and indignified, and finally, killed. I don't think the Lord has any trouble loving street kids, they've suffered so many of the same things—together.

Lance doesn't see it that way yet. He doesn't know that yet. His Easter hasn't happened yet. He's still in the middle of his own crucifixion, and he's afraid of dying, and his faith isn't strong enough to cry out to the Father... Lance, too, got up, and stood for a moment indecisively, as if he wanted to say something else, something final, something that would sum up things, or maybe he couldn't shake the vision of what lay down that road (like Jesus couldn't, and was afraid).

I sure hope the road don't come to own me, Bruce, he

said. Pray for me, I said. Sure, he said. Lance reached out and touched my arm. Good night, he said. Pray for me, too.

Back in the car, on that highway, I thought of Lance. The car purred along almost on automatic pilot at exactly 61 miles per hour. I passed a state trooper parked behind a clump of trees with his radar gun aimed squarely at me. I wasn't going fast enough for him to stop me, but I still slowed it down a bit.

I thought of the next six days and fourteen talks. I sure hope the road don't come to own me, I said back to the music.

Thanks for helping me take care of all these—our—kids. Most of them are really great kids.

Pray for me, please, and them. We never forget you. I hope most especially that you experience the hope and comfort and joy of Easter.

Here's my contribution to help our kids survive their crucifixions and celebrate their Easters. My gift is \$_____

Please print:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____

ZIP: _____ AP (VGI)

Please send this coupon with your donation to:

COVENANT HOUSE
Father Bruce Ritter
P.O. Box 2121
Times Square Station
New York, NY 10108



The street is NO PLACE FOR A CHILD

Father Bruce Ritter, OFM Conv., is the founder and President of Covenant House, which operates crisis centers for homeless and runaway boys and girls all over the country.