Story of name's origin points to a sainted life

By Father Paul Cuddy Courier columnist

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A beautiful Catholic tradition is to be given the name of a patron saint at baptism and (usually) at confirmation. It's true that babies are more often named after a grandparent, parent, uncle or good friend of the family, but — up until post-Vatican II days - most of these relatives and friends had

It has always amused me that the greatest evangelist of this century had the "nonsaint" name of Fulton - our Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen.

Teachers in Catholic schools and religious-education classes often assign students to research and write about their patron saints. This acquaints children with church history and creates a special interest in their own patron saints.

The name Kevin has been in vogue for two generations. Although nearly every Kevin I have known is blessed with an exceptionally attractive personality — including a lively sense of humor - I have almost never met a Kevin who knew anything about his patron saint.

In the past dozen years I have escorted

15 tours to Ireland. The tour always takes the group to Glendalough (pronounced Glen-da-Lock), a beautiful vale in Wicklow County, about 20 miles south of Dublin. Renowned for its beauty, Glendalough is even more famous for the monastic foundation laid down by St. Kevin in the 6th century.

Mary D'Arcy writes in her book, Saints of Ireland, the little factual information we have of this important saint: "... Kevin (Coemghen in Irish, meaning of gentle birth) came from a family of saints of the royal house of Leinster. He was one of Ireland's greatest abbots who chose never to be elevated above the priestly dignity. Abbots' authority was supreme in their communities, and the bishop was one of the brethren who performed episcopal functions; and like the abbot, lived the Rule."

St. Kevin's life turned out differently than he had intended. After his ordination to the priesthood, Kevin became a contemplative hermit, living in Glendalough valley. His shelter, originally a pre-historic rock, was accessible only by boat and a climb of 30 feet above the lake.

Yet the saint — who intended to live in

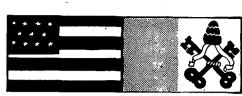
solitude — was sought out by disciples, who eventually numbered in the hundreds.

One by one, several churches and a monastery were erected in Glendalough, which eventually became one of the great spiritual and educational centers in Ireland. From Glendalough, Irish monks went forth to found schools and monasteries in other parts of Ireland.

Kevin's city at Glendalough flourished until the 11th century, when the Anglo-Norman marauders invaded. The final destruction came in the 16th century when Reformation pillagers from England destroyed the churches and the cultural institutions of Ireland.

While St. Kevin was Irish of the Irish, his name today is universal in ethnicity. Boys from Polish, Italian, German and other families are often named Kevin, evidently not because he was a great saint, but just because of the attractiveness of the

What lessons can we learn from all of this? Firstly, it's good to know something about our own patron saint, and to select an attractive saint for a child at baptism. The



ON THE RIGHT SIDE

second lesson is to derive some inspiration from our patron saint. John, for example, is about the most common name for many saints. I have always recommended St. John Bosco, a forerunner of Father Flannigan of Boys Town.

From Kevin we have a great example of accepting the reversal of our own plans in order to accommodate the needs of a time or an occasion. And from Kevin should derive the evangelistic spirit of a great and holy educator.

Community prayers help Peter escape

By Cindy Bassett Courier columnist

"Is it true what we have heard about Peter?" the followers kept asking as they arrived at Mary's house in Jerusalem. Every week this woman opened her home for these members of the new church to

Mary nodded her head. "Yes, King Herod's guards arrested him a few days ago. I suppose we should expect even more trouble from this king," she said. "The Jewish leaders have praised him publicly for his actions against our church.'

When everyone had gathered together in the room, someone finally asked the question that weighed heavily on everyone's mind. "What will happen to Peter? Is there nothing that we can do for him?"

"Tonight will be Peter's last in a Roman prison where four guards are keeping constant watch over him," Mary said. "Tomorrow King Herod plans to humiliate Peter with a public trial. And after that ...," as her voice dropped to almost a whisper, "Peter will be executed."

"Peter's situation is still not without hope," someone else in the room offered. "There is something we can still do here for Peter. Let us pray to our God for him all night.

As they went around the room, each one offered a different prayer for Peter aloud.

Meanwhile, Peter was sound asleep in the prison. He was forced to sleep in a sitting position because he had been chained to a guard on each side.

These two guards had given over their keys to the night watchman who stood at the door of the prison. "There is no chance



of escape for our prisoner," they both decided before they fell to sleep next to Peter.

But, sometime during that night, Peter felt someone shaking him awake. He looked to his right side and then to his left, discovering that both of his wards were sound asleep.

"Hurry up and get dressed!" someone in the room said to Peter. He was even more perplexed when he looked at his wrists and the chains were no longer binding them!

"I must be dreaming," Peter said aloud as he followed someone down the dark hallway of the prison.

Peter passed through several doors where none of the guards seemed to take any notice of him. He came to the last heavy iron door, leading out to the street. It was bolted shut.

"Now I will have to return to my cell," thought Peter. But just as he turned to leave, the door opened out to the street.

Peter looked for his companion. He stood alone now in the street. "I'm not dreaming!" he cried. He then ran the short distance to Mary's house.

It was nearly dawn when Rhoda, Mary's servant, came and told the others who were still praying, "I hear someone knocking at the front gate.'

Rhoda went down to the street alone. When she returned, the others were still wringing their hands in despair, crying, "Herod has sent his soldiers to arrest us now, too!"

"It's Peter!" Rhoda shouted.

"It can't be Peter," Mary cried. "He's in prison.'

"It must be some sort of trick," someone else suggested. "Did you see the man, Rhoda?"

In her haste, Rhoda had not unlocked the door to let Peter into the house.

"I didn't see him, but I know Peter's voice after all of this time!" Rhoda said. When Rhoda ran back to the front gate,

Mary said, "Peter must be dead then. It is his ghost standing in the street. Everyone was talking at the same time

when Rhoda — followed by Peter — returned a few minutes later. "Do I look like a ghost?" he teased.

"We have been praying all night for you, Peter," Mary said. "It's just hard to believe that you are standing her with us now."

Peter proceeded to tell them everything that had happened to him. He finished by saying, "You said that you were praying about my situation. Why then do you find it so hard to believe when God answered your prayers?"

Scripture Reference: Acts, Chapter 12:1-19.

Meditation: "Therefore, I tell you, whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours" Mark 11:24.



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