

Donations help missionaries continue work

By Father Paul Cuddy
Courier columnist

While taking a tour of Ireland in 1974, our group stayed overnight in Sligo. The next morning I met Sister M. Vianney Kennedy in the back pew of the cathedral.

"Do you know our Archbishop (Fulton) Sheen?" I asked her.

"Indeed I do," she replied. "Only last year he gave a mission at this cathedral, and stayed with his Lordship across the road."

I sent her the first-ever Sheen album — the Gary, Indiana, Retreat. In her reply, she wrote, "These will mean so much to our poor people."

Sister Kennedy is a trained nurse. She lived in Sligo with more than 50 Ursuline nuns. Her own apostolate was to the sick poor, elderly and alcoholics. I can still see the sadness in her eyes when she said: "Oh, Father, drink is such a curse in Ireland."

We corresponded over the years. Some five years ago she wrote to me: "Reverend

Mother wants me to go to our Mission in Kenya, and of course I will go." She was in Dublin learning elementary Swahili for her nursing work. Providentially, I had a tour group in Ireland when I met Sister Kennedy at the lobby of Jury's hotel.

A couple of years ago a lady sent me \$100 "for the missions." I combined it with other gifts and sent a check to Father Jerry Aman, SJ, in Nigeria. He wrote back his thanks, saying: "We so needed that for chairs and tables for our new seminarians."

I sent his "thank you" to the woman who sent the \$100. She replied: "Thanks for the letter. While I have often sent donations I never knew what was done with them. It's nice to know."

A recent letter from Sister Kennedy gives an idea of what can and has been done with donations:

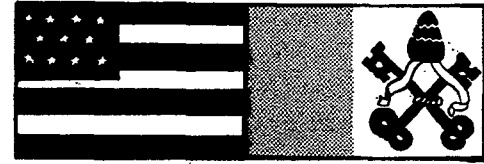
"Dear Father Cuddy, Greetings from Kitui, Kenya. I returned from Ireland on July 29th and am going like the clappers ever since."

"I am happy in my work in the medical field, and doubly happy in the work in the

agricultural field!!! The 'shamba', i.e., the garden!! Some years ago I planted banana, orange, lemon, Paw-Paws, avocado pear, trees/plants etc. Three weeks after I returned from Ireland I collected the first of God's fruits, 200 bananas, all on one branch or plant — gorgeous, big bananas, huge ones. How could anyone doubt God? Especially as these particular banana plants were growing just behind my dispensary, with the cooks' house and a water tank and tool shed, hiding it from the naked eye.

"Even the Sisters didn't know I had planted it there a little over a year ago. It was the first to produce such a wonderful crop of bananas. I watered it a lot before I went home, but actually the water it got was from the rainy season, while I was at home. So God looks after the thirsty plants and fruit too. Praise the Lord!

"I have spent a lot of time since I came back attending the sick, which is of course No. 1. And trying to stop the soil erosion all over our compound by planting Kekuya grass. I employed two men — one 19-year-



ON THE RIGHT SIDE

old — a mighty worker from a very poor family. Robert Ngala is his name. He is the eldest of four boys. Both parents are dead and he lives with a very old, frail Granny, but he is so kind to her. I was able to employ Robert through your dollar cheques and those of your friends. Also I am able to send him, through your generosity and those of your friends, to a Polytechnical College in January to learn a trade. I just want you to know that I am able to help many other people through your generosity and other friends' too, of yours, and of mine in Ireland."

God asks Moses to lead the Hebrews out of slavery

By Cindy Bassett
Courier columnist

"Father, tell me again about how you used to be a prince in Egypt," Moses' young son asked.

Moses smiled. "Gershom, you have heard that story a dozen times. Haven't you tired of it yet?"

It was Zipporah, Moses' wife, who answered. "It is good for the boy to know his roots. He's very proud of his father."

"Oh, all right," Moses said, pretending to be annoyed. "But I am an old man now. It is difficult for me to remember that long ago..."

"A cruel Pharaoh ruled in Egypt in those days. He decided that our people, the Hebrews, had grown too large in numbers. I suppose he feared that one day we would rise up against him because we had been forced to be his slaves and build his cities."

"He sent out a decree saying that all Hebrew boys must be killed at birth. For a while, my mother hid me. But she worried that her secret would be discovered. Pharaoh's soldiers were going house to house searching for baby boys."

"This is the part I like best," Gershom interrupted. "So grandmother put you in a basket and placed it in the Nile River. The

basket floated down to where the princess of Egypt was taking a bath. And the princess decided to keep you. She named you 'Moses' because it means 'to draw out.' But how come grandmother wasn't afraid that the princess would just turn you over to her father?"

"I was so cute that she loved me immediately," Moses chuckled. "Then your Aunt Miriam jumped out from behind a tree and asked the princess if she wanted a nursemaid to take care of the baby. And that's how I was raised by my own mother and became a prince of Egypt, too."

"Well if I were ever a prince, I'd never want to leave and become a shepherd here in Midian," Gershom remarked. "Why did you ever leave your beautiful home in the palace anyway?"

"Are you forgetting that if I never had become a shepherd, you never would have been born? I think that's enough questions for one day," Moses said. "Besides, I have to get the sheep something to eat if I still want to be a shepherd."

Zipporah walked to the door with her husband. "There's nothing wrong with telling our son what happened 40 years ago. It would be good for him to know."

"Zipporah, are you suggesting that I tell Gershom I killed a man?" Moses asked.

"You were only trying to help," Zipporah said quietly as Moses turned to leave.

Yes, I was only trying to help, Moses thought later on that day as he brought the sheep up the mountain to graze. He remembered that day as clearly as if it were yesterday...

He had been out walking in the streets of the city when it happened. His own people, the Hebrews, were building a monument to Pharaoh's vanity. Moses had never felt right about living in luxury while his people worked as slaves. When he had seen the Egyptian supervisor beating a Hebrew, his anger had exploded against the Egyptian's cruelty.

He left the palace for good the very next day. A warrant already was circulating in the city for the arrest of the man who had killed the Egyptian supervisor.

"Lord, I was only trying to help my people," Moses said aloud. "Where are you?"

Something Moses saw in the distance brought him abruptly back to the present. A brush fire appeared to be burning farther up the mountain. He'd better go and try to put it out.

But when he went to investigate, Moses saw the oddest thing. A bush was burning, yet it was not being consumed by the



flames. What did this mean?

"Moses! Moses!" Someone was calling his name.

"Who's there?" Moses asked.

"I am the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

The strange fire and these words so startled Moses that he could not go any farther. He covered his face with his hands and just stood there.

"I have heard the Hebrews sighing beneath the heavy load placed on them by their cruel overlords," God told him. "It is time to free them from their slavery. I am giving them a new land all their own. And I want you to lead them."

Moses finally found his voice again. But all he managed to blurt out was a one-word question: "Me?"

Scripture Reference: Exodus Chapters 1-3:11.

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