

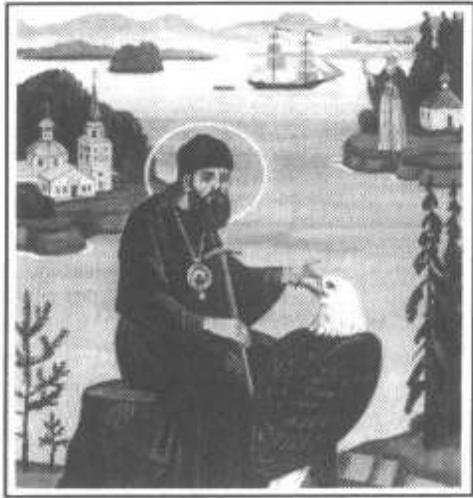


The Eagle

FEBRUARY, 2001

No 30

FRIENDS OF ST. INNOCENT'S ACADEMY
P.O. BOX 1928, KODIAK, AK 99615



ST. INNOCENT'S ACADEMY, P.O. Box 1517, Kodiak, AK 99615

An Encouraging Word

ONE DAY I WAS IN ANCHORAGE AT A shopping mall with my family. I was waiting in the car in the parking lot for them to return from an errand at one of the stores. My ears were assaulted by the sound of raw profanity being shouted at a very high volume from a group of very innocent looking young girls who were "playing" with their friends at the entrance to the mall. One in particular was sitting and bellowing out what really would make even a "modern" blush. From my point of view in the car I watched as people streamed by seemingly oblivious to the sound and the scene, and I realized that I also was "watching" as if it were a television program that just happened to be on, and over which I had no say.

I began to feel outrage as I realized that all of us were not interested in helping the situation. I forced myself against inertia, knew that I was headed into uncertain territory, and strove to overcome embarrassment as I walked straight up through her friends to the young lady. I spoke to her with controlled firmness, ordered her to stop polluting the air with that filth, and proceeded to explain how it was affecting the whole environment. She stopped. I walked away, expecting the ritual derision and laughter to follow, but there was silence. When I came out with my family

she was there with her friends and they were calm and quiet. I spoke with her again and, much to my amazement, she smiled respectfully and gratefully. She had been out of control and just needed someone to be a Dad and tell her to stop.

Everywhere this Eagle flies, there are young people who are constantly lonely, sad, or suicidal and need the warmth and reassurance of a human heart to keep them going, or get them back on the right track. One thing we were taught from our brotherhood's work on "street mission" was that each place we walked was to be seen as if it were our own living room. Would we really allow some of the things we see to happen in our own home without saying a word? An encouraging and firm word can sometimes save a despairing youth from suicide, whether of body or soul. The grace that then begins to flow from giving can heal both doctor and patient. But we must get up and give. We are commanded: "I say unto thee Arise! Take up thy bed and go thy way." (Mk. 2:11).

Fr. Paisius De Lucia
Dean



Theophany service beside the frigid waters of Shahafka cove.

Christmas

by Innocent Damiano

ONCE A YEAR a great mystery happens in the hearts of all people who are willing to accept it. In a dark, stinking cave where animals are kept, we hope to join the shepherds and angels to witness the great Incarnation of Jesus Christ. The God-man comes to redeem us from our fallen nature, no one being more subject to the Fall than us poor souls at Saint Innocent's Academy.

We prepared by prayer, fasting and constant meditation on the Nativity, in hopes that the cave of our hearts would be ready, so that we could fall to the feet of our God in His Incarnation.

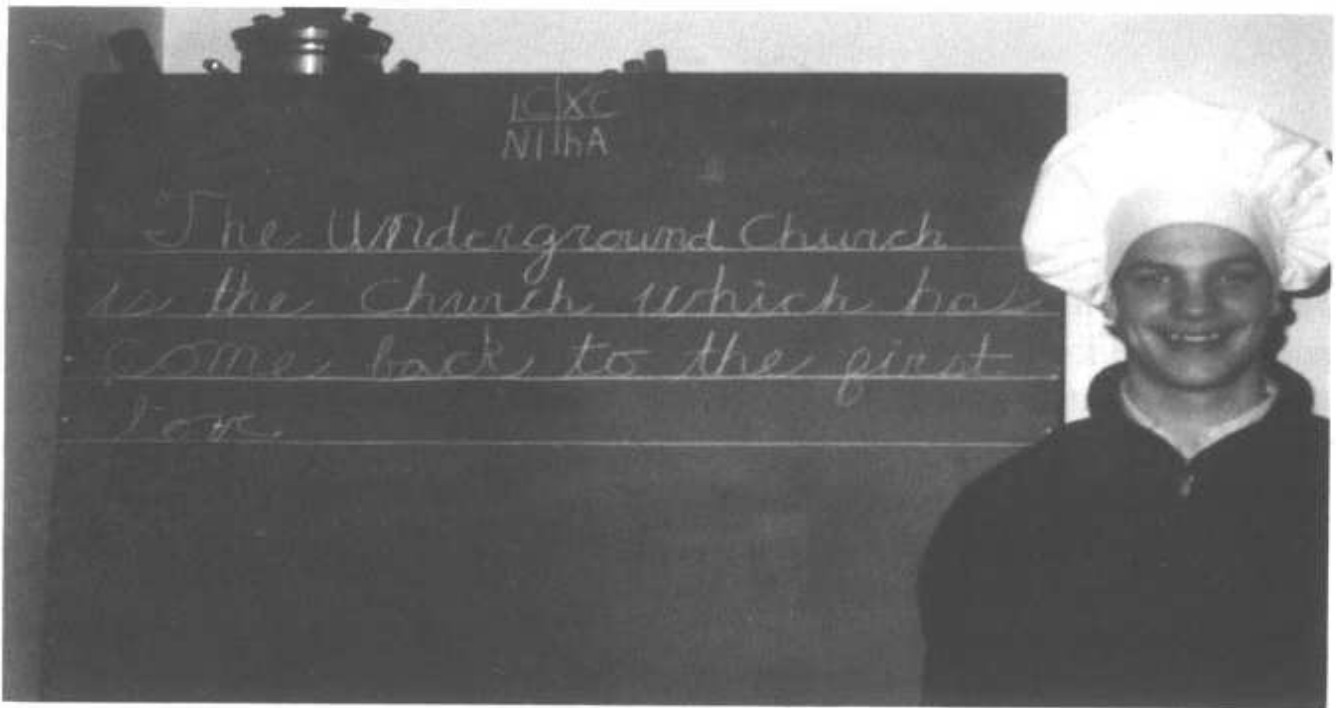
The time finally approached for the Nativity service to begin. My only prayer then was that all our efforts not be in vain. The chapel doors were opened, and it looked as though we



The generosity of the local Kodiak community, especially of the Kodiak Bible Chapel, just about buried our Christmas tree.

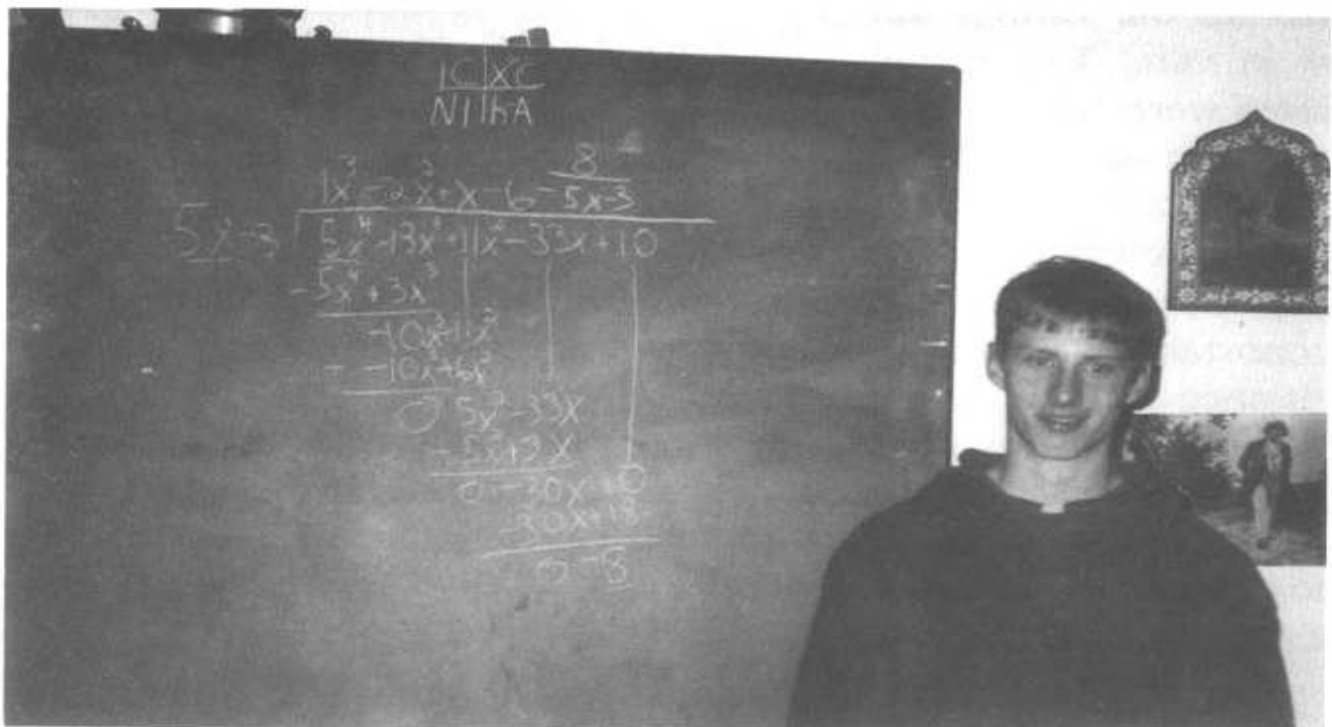
had walked out of Kodiak, Alaska and entered Bethlehem. Our voices sang in vigil with the angels, and our souls bowed down on a floor of straw, in quiet admiration with the poor shepherds. The iconostasis, covered with boughs of spruce, looked just like the entrance to the holy cave where Christ was born.

At this joyous night people all over the world worship God during this feast. Grace pours forth abundantly at His birth, and one must have a heart colder than stone not to be moved. The stony caves of our hearts become soft. With every beat our hearts say: *Christ is Born! Glorify Him!*



Spyridon Oliver is the first winner of the "Student of the Month" award, suggested and sponsored by John DeLucia, Father Paisius' brother. At our Theophany feast, Spyridon gave an exhibition of his vastly improved handwriting and reading skills, as well as skillfully serving the assembled guests, staff, and students dinner, complete with chef's hat and towel draped over the arm. Congratulations!

Wayne Stallard (below) gave a stunning demonstration of his ability at polynomial division at the Theophany dinner for the Academy's Advisory Board, staff and students.



A Visit to Woody

by Michael Jones

A TRADITION HAS SPROUTED at the Academy to celebrate major church and secular feasts with some sort of outing. During the week after Nativity, students, staff and families of the Academy mission gained inspiration to make use of a summer camp facility on nearby Woody Island. Our main goal was simply to rest from the Nativity fast and corresponding feast while enjoying each other's company.

Camp Woody, built across the shipping channel from the Academy, is owned and run by the Kodiak Baptist Mission. No one uses the property all winter long, though, so we occasionally take up their kind offer to use it.

After three trips over to Woody in our twenty foot aluminum skiff the *Gabriel*, about twenty people sang the evening vespers service near a double chambered wood stove in the main hall. The evening later spawned several intense matches of selected board games, which lasted well past the normal Academy bedtime of half past ten.

Next morning we prepared to deliver several boxes of food to the sole inhabitant of the island. We had hoped to sing Christmas carols to him as a small Nativity gift. So as not to alarm him, we filed quietly through the moss-covered spruce forest, contemplating what our encounter might bring.

Mr. Wood, our assistant dean, went alone to knock on the door of the isolated house, but received no answer save from an extremely large "guard dog" we dubbed Francene (though we had no evidence to indicate such a name). This huge, furry creature, which we assume was canine (they say there are no bears on that island), had a bark one could hear halfway across the island. Upon introduction, however, her bark turned into an enthusiastic whine as she practically swept us off of our feet in her plea to be petted and cooed over. This was a much warmer welcome than we expected, but we soon realized that the hermit of Woody Island was not at home.

(Continued on next page)

We left the food and returned to the camp for lunch. After a quick meal, our group broke apart. Some left to attend to duties in town, others were content to sit by the roaring fire for the remainder of the day. I chose to accompany Mary De Lucia and her daughter Antonia on an exploration of the island. We walked about two miles along a well cared for gravel road, sharing stories of past experiences and future hopes for Woody Island. The road led through grassy fields and rolling hills, and past lakes and ponds before coming to an end at an abandoned FAA site on the opposite side of the island. It was abandoned about twenty years ago after the majority of it burned down.

From a distance, we could see the main building and a single house. When the road turned to ascend the steep hill that the village once stood on, we came upon a barn and a few garages as well. The road made a hairpin turn to the left as we reached the top of the incline. All that was left before us was a row of well-rusted wood stoves standing evenly spaced along bare foundations. It looked like the inhabitants had left the town, but refused to leave their homes behind, so took everything and yet, for some unknown reason, left all the wood stoves as a reminder or even a warning to any future visitors. This, of course, was not the case, as history documents, but no one was there to limit our imaginations as we strolled through that peculiar lack of a town.

The sense of life still present in that abandoned site offered an astonishing array of possibilities for re-creation, picturing both what it might have looked like in the past, and envisioning a new village there, maybe for the Academy to inhabit. Our watches, however, demanded that we return to Camp Woody in order to catch the last skiff ride back to Kodiak.

We walked back quickly, and arrived in enough time to help finish cleaning up and hop on the skiff for home. On the return ferry, we enjoyed peaceful weather and beautiful views on both sides. To the north the open ocean quietly gave evidence of an impending storm, and to the south we watched the last rays of the sun dance behind a snow-capped mountain range. Quite a splendid way to complete a relaxing overnight vacation!

A Prayerful Request

“If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.” (James 1:5).

People in the villages of Kodiak Island seek wisdom. If you have books you can donate for the people of Larsen Bay, Ouzinkie, Old Harbor, Akhiok, Karluk, and Port Lions, please share with them. Classics, religious books, children’s books, and instructional materials will all be appreciated. A library will be established where people can access these books in each village. May God bless you as you meet this need.



Orthodox Church in Larsen Bay

— Alisa Hideg

Editor’s Note: Alisa Hideg, a friend of the Academy, is a doctor with the Kodiak Area Native Association (KANA). She travels regularly to the outlying native villages of Kodiak Island, where she spends a week at a time as physician in residence. The villages are small and isolated, reachable only by boat or airplane, and currently have no libraries. Good quality reading material is in short supply. Books may be sent to: Native Village Books, c/o St. Innocent’s Academy, PO Box 1517, Kodiak, AK 99615. Local residents may drop them off at Monk’s Rock Coffeehouse and Bookstore. Please address books as above, or else include a note that the books are for the native villages, so we can be sure to get them to their correct destination.



The clinic in Larsen Bay in which the library will be established.

Wish List

- * An auto mechanic
- * Someone to teach auto mechanics
- * Vehicles (cars, trucks, buses) in good working order
- * Acrylic paints (professional quality for iconography)
- * A photocopier that works
- * Colored copier paper (buff, pastel colors) - \$21 per ream
- * in Kodiak, \$3.50 in the lower 48.

Come to Alaska for the Summer

St. Innocent's Academy is looking for men and women of all ages to join with us this summer. In the summer, school is out, so we put away our studies and work and play! Projects anticipated for the summer range from gill netting for salmon, painting and construction projects, finishing the renovations on the Academy building, working at Monk's Rock Coffeehouse and Bookstore and putting on our always popular ethnic night festivals. We would be especially grateful for skilled carpenters, plumbers, mechanics, and auto body workers. For all, there is ongoing participation in the spiritual life of the Academy. There is also opportunity for hikes and outings on beautiful Kodiak Island, kayaking, and boat trips to Spruce Island where St. Herman lived and where the monks and nuns still welcome pilgrims. For those who like to fish, Kodiak has some of the world's best salmon and halibut fishing. We are especially hopeful that volunteers might come together as a team sponsored by their parish, possibly with financial support. Please look in the next *Eagle* for details on our Alaska summer adventure. ✠



Contacting the Academy: Fr. Paisius De Lucia, (907) 486-4376 FAX 486-1758, address: St. Innocent's Academy, PO Box 1517, Kodiak AK 99615, email: *innocent@ptialaska.net*. Our website is <http://www.ptialaska.net/~innocent>.