

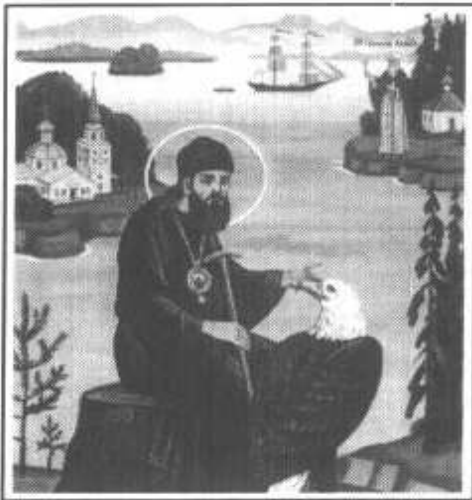


The Eagle

JULY, 2001

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



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

Festivals

Here at the Academy we love festivals. It is our opportunity to have a "school assembly." The main difference is that our assemblies are for 200 or so paying friends who will be expecting something extraordinary. How to come up with something extraordinary? The key to cooking it up lies in facing the unknown without letting your voice tremble too much, so to speak. Basically it's unknown to us exactly what we will do; therefore we have look to the Holy Spirit to guide us. We used to call it "stepping out."

We take into account who we have in the Academy student body at the time, assess the talent, and work something up along those lines. But - something deeper is needed. We look to touch upon the living waters of this moment in time. What does the community need? Sometimes it seems that an Italian Festival would just hit the spot right now in the town, or perhaps our recent Sea Chanty night. The pressure and efforts that go into cooking, decorating and preparing all the music, dancing and drama - even the tension in trying to seat all those people in just the right spot - seems to bring the rest of the "magic" to the evening and people feel the blessing. At our most recent festival more than one person mentioned that they felt they were invited into the living room of the Academy for dinner even though we were in a large public hall. This warmth of heart or the "hearth" is what

we're looking to convey in these days when the news is often so discouraging on many fronts or filled with sarcasm. The devil is doing his best to bring the people of our time a sense of doom, gloom and general despondency. We are doing our best to bring the Light of Christ to all who gather. So far it has worked wonders and has made a name for us throughout this town of people who work hard and laugh heartily. So many have called us in the subsequent days to tell us how they were uplifted and inspired and are looking forward to the very next festival.

The effect this has on our young men is also quite miraculous. To young hardheaded youths who recently have been in trouble and have had a backwards rebellious attitude, the effect of being able to serve people and give from the heart opens a horizon they have perhaps never seen before and could barely conceive exists. That is, that they possibly could love their fellow man guilelessly and without reserve, and learn at the same time both modesty and proper decorum. Each young man who comes to us has hidden talents, talents that have eluded everyone and especially themselves. Now they begin to breathe. There is a great deal that happens to both guests and performers at these wonderful evenings of miracles.

Fr. Paisius De Lucia
Dean

Colleen

by Antonia De Lucia

On a grey day, the 13th of January 2000, Colleen was born along with twelve other puppies, three of which died. She was fat and rollypolly and extremely cute. Each of the kids wanted a special puppy to take care of, so we all looked at the different puppies and I finally chose Colleen. Actually I did not call her that at the time; her name then was Irish Girl. After a while I thought it took too long to say so we started calling her Colleen, which in Irish means Irish Girl.

Well, she grew and grew and finally came the time when the

puppies would be sold. I was very sad. My dad said that we did not have enough room to keep a puppy because at that time we were living at the Baptist Mission. The puppies did not cost very much because they were not a pure breed, but a mix of black lab, golden retriever, and malamute. Well, Colleen's owner came to pick her up and after she was gone I just collapsed in tears.

About a month later Hannah Wood called over to say that one of the puppies was back in their yard and she could not tell which one it was. I rushed over, and sure enough it was Colleen! Mrs. Wood called on the hotline phone program to see if anyone claimed her, but no one did, so my dad let me have her and I still have her to this day!

Since then we have moved back into the new Academy and she has grown to be a definite favorite with the boys. I fondly remember



the time when I was down in vespers on Thanksgiving, and I came upstairs to check on the turkey and there, to my horror, was Colleen standing on the table happily eating away at two of the pumpkin pies! All she did was look up at me with innocent eyes, it was very hard for me to reprimand her! She just turned one on January 13, and we invited her best friend Katie over for a birthday party. I baked a birthday cake for my precious dog out of ground up dog bones; it was great fun!

Colleen is well loved. She sleeps with me on the sofa when we have sleepovers, gets treats and dog bones galore, and fifteen young men lavish her unceasingly with attention, (not always the best kind.)



Our Latest Festival:

SEA CHANTY NIGHT

May 8th, 2001



Top left: Suiting up as fast as if it were a real emergency, a chorus line wearing orange survival suits begins a strange and hilarious song and dance number. Soloist Jane Eisman, (unsuited at right) is our Marine Safety Instructor.



Bottom left: Master of Ceremonies Fr. Paisius De Lucia announces the winners of our "X-tra Tuf Beauty Boot Contest" for fisherman's rubber boots. Categories included Most Worn, Most Decorated, and Most Character.

Top right: Innocent Damiano sings of English ships and pirates in the traditional ballad, "The High Barbaree."



Bottom right: Folk singer Gordon Bok from Camden, Maine gave a benefit performance for the dinner and captivated the audience.

Digging a Grave

by Wayne Stallard

St. Innocent's Academy was digging a grave at the city cemetery for Corinne Wilson, an elder in the Kodiak Community, and an active member of Holy Resurrection Church. The Academy is often hired to dig graves, including one for Mr. Fred Zharoff.

We dug by hand because they couldn't fit a backhoe into the burial plot. We dug two at a time while prayers were read from the Psalter. We changed shifts at the end of each prayer.

As I stood and looked on in silence it was hard not to think of my own death.

The dig was going good until about four feet down we uncovered the last foot of one long edge of another coffin. We then called Ian Fulp, the director of Parks and Recreation. Mr. Fulp told us to move thirty inches to the left which would give us just enough room to fit between the new grave and the grave next to it. We were able to dig this way for only about another foot, where we discovered that we were on top of yet another grave. So, we had to fill it back in. Mr. Fulp said this was an old grave and there are a lot of unplotted graves in the cemetery. Eventually a grave was dug for Mrs. Wilson in a different cemetery.

This was the first time I have dug a grave. It was one of those things I never thought I would ever do, especially uncovering two old graves! I will never be able to forget my first dig.



Wayne Stallard (right) looks at the grave he has dug.

❧ Thank You ❧

WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK our many donors who give so generously to support the work of the Academy. In addition to our large donors who give periodically, we have many regular contributors who donate small amounts each month without fail, laying a base of steady support. In addition to those who donate monetarily, many people give their time and expertise in a variety of ways (including those who follow the Kodiak custom of sharing your newly caught salmon, halibut, or crab with your friends). All of the staff, tutors and teachers of the Academy are volunteers. Those who run Monk's Rock also donate their time so that we can have a place of outreach to the local community.

Because not all of the Academy men are high school students supported by their parents, and because not all parents can raise the full tuition, our tuition payments only account for about one fifth of our expenses of \$10,000 per month. Donations help fill some of the gap, but for the most part we have to rely on the work of the older men who are out of high school, fund raisers, and summer work projects to pay our expenses. We put on various theme oriented festivals such as the Sea Shanty Night profiled in this issue, sing and do Russian dancing for tourists on cruise ships, fish for salmon, paint houses, fix bus shelters, move households, deliver furniture, do maintenance work for the Kodiak Baptist Mission, dig graves, as Wayne Stallard describes in this issue, and do graveyard maintenance.

Recently we bought the building we are living in, which gives us both a permanent home and a mortgage payment. It also means we can improve it, but that costs money for materials (we do most of the work ourselves).

To those of you who have helped in so many ways we say thank you, and ask for your continuing contributions, whether through services or in the envelopes provided with every issue, so that we can continue to affect and restore the lives of the young men and women who come to us.