

Jerry Chautin, CCHS/MBHS 1958

My brother Lloyd and I grew up on Waring Avenue, just a stone's throw from St. Lucy's and even closer to CCHS.

I recall cutting out of the CCHS lunch room to get a sandwiches at Nick's and being chased by Mr. Sachs (I think that was the teacher's name) because we were required to stay in the school during the lunch break. So my classmate Vinny and I, with Genoa Salami sandwiches in tow, would run into St. Lucy's grotto with pudgy Mr. Sachs in hot pursuit.

The piety surrounding the Shrine gave me reason to pause. But Vinny, who went to church there, assured me that gulping down our lunch among the religious statues was permissible. And since Mr. Sachs stopped dead in his tracks at the entrance, who was I to argue with my devoutly Catholic friend?

Our family moved from New York in 1957, after my junior year at CCHS and I finished high school at Miami Beach HS -- quite a culture shock. But not nearly as shocking as chomping on our food in the grotto. To this day, I'm waiting for a bolt of lightening to punish me for my sacrilege almost 50 years ago. :-  
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