

## **The Diary of the V European Franciscan Youth Congress**

### **The 5th day**

#### **The day of recreation**

It's Saturday morning, but a lot of dwellers of Kretinga are gathering in the church. What are they doing there? They come to say "Goodbye" to pilgrims who had been living in their houses for two days. We are leaving after the Holy Mass where we blessed and thanked the hospitable guardians. We are slightly late. Thus we are hurrying to a new ferry of Smiltynė. Croats are joking that they have so many islands, that we can't surprise them with our ferry and spit. But we will try.

We are ferrying and hurrying to Nida. At last the passengers of the bus break the barriers of language and mingle together. We are teaching each other folk songs, games and joking.

Finally, we can go out from the bus. We are aligning to procession with flags. Jesus is our leader. Jesus is our rock and He is leading the procession so fast, that the last people start to fume. It's hard to go slowly when it seems that legs are going by themselves. Slope, uphill and there are the desserts of Nida ahead of our eyes.

We are standing around the sundial, which has been destroyed by the hurricane of Anatolijus. We bless the four sides of the world – the East, the West, the South and the North. Tourists, who are huddling around sundial, stop and keep silence. It seems that the wind, which is flapping flags, also listens to a prayer.

Our guests are romping in the sand and it is hard to persuade to go to Nida's church. These great dunes are mystical place.

We are traveling to the church. The purser of order of secular Franciscans Nerijus Čapas meets us. He is telling that in this Nida's church we can feel the spirit of Italy. The foundation stone is brought from the hill of La Verna.

After the dinner we are going to the sea. It starts raining but that can't stop us. The information of lifeguard station is announcing that the temperature of the water is 16 degrees and 17 for

the air. We are joking that Croats do not wade in to such cold water, but we set eyes on the miracle. Our dear friends from Spain, Italy, Bosnia and Herzegovina and certainly Croatia are crowing and diving into the water. Those, who are standing on the shore, are hiding from the rain and watching to dashing and unbelievable swimming.

When we wheedle all from the water successfully, we come back to the bus by feet. Everybody sits down and continues unfinished games. The next stop is Kaunas.

Because of Hansa's days we hardly find the place to put our bus. The big Franciscan family of Kaunas met us. After the great blessing of brother Severin we attacked the tables. They were covered by pizzas. We couldn't imagine better supper. After eating we had a little breathe and then moved to a different place. After bread it's time for games. Little Franciscans of Kaunas prepared a performance about Saint George, who defeated the dragon. A valiant generation of Youfra is growing.

Also we took a look at the church of Saint George which was being repaired. It's time to leave.

Some of us wanted to go to the airport to meet Brother Stan Fortuna. We waited for a star and saw a simple middle aged tired man. So we met our Franciscan Brother who is singing in rap.