

**New England Jesuit
Oral History Program**



**Fr. Dudley R. C. Adams, S.J.
Volume 22**

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THE IMPORTANCE OF ORAL HISTORY

Oral histories are the taped recordings of interviews with interesting and often important persons. They are not folklore, gossip, hearsay, or rumor. They are the voice of the person interviewed. These oral records are, in many instances, transcribed into printed documentary form. Though only so much can be done, of course, in an hour or some times two, they are an important historical record whose value increases with the inevitable march of time.

For whatever reason, New England Jesuits, among others around the world, have not made any significant number of oral histories of their members. Given the range of their achievements and their impact on the Church and society, this seems to many to be an important opportunity missed. They have all worked as best they could for the greater glory of God. Some have done extraordinary things. Some have done important things. All have made valuable contributions to spirituality, education, art, science, discovery, and many other fields. But living memories quickly fade. Valuable and inspiring stories slip away. This need not be. Their stories can be retold, their achievements can be remembered, their adventures saved. Their inspiration can provide future generations with attractive models. That is what oral history is all about.

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February 7, 2007

Interview with Rev. Dudley R. C. Adams, S.J.
by Fr. Richard W. Rousseau, S.J.
January 18, 2006

EARLY YEARS

Richard Rousseau: Let's begin with a little bit about your family and your early years.

Dudley Adams: Sure, I would be happy to. My mother and father were both Jamaicans. My mother came from Epworth in St. Ann's Parish [somewhat like a county or province] and my daddy from someplace in St. Mary's Parish. They met as a young couple in the country and then moved into Kingston. They were both Anglicans, and therefore all of the eight kids—four boys and four girls—also became Anglicans. Of the eight, I was born in Manchioneal, Portland.

RR: I see.

DA: Mom and Dad were both disciplinarians. Should any of us jump track, without hesitation they would "oil our wheels" and put us back on track. The courtesy of the day was the traditional one. We would say, "Please," "Good morning," "Good afternoon," and "Thank you." My parents were poor people, but we had love. A very proud family of ten—Mom and

Dad and eight children. The youngest child is now 51 years old. All kids are alive.

RR: What else do you recall about them?

DA: My Dad was a wise man. He would take a ripe banana, peel it, and slice it into portions, so the oldest child received the biggest slice and down the line to the youngest. Mom was generous, always reaching out to her neighbors. For instance, Dad would return home with fruits he picked up in Linstead, about an hour's ride from Kingston. Mom made sure her children were not denied any fruits, then she always would offer her neighbors one or two of the rest. She would remark, "It is better to give than to receive." We were blessed children to grow up with both parents in the household.

Dad and Mom were most protective of their children. Dad would say, "All of you must grow up having ambition." "Be careful of whom you choose as your friends." All those words of wisdom allowed us as children to love and respect our parents, and hopefully "our days will be long upon the earth." Thus home life, for us, was filled with happiness, respect, and love for one another.

I remember how every Christmas Eve, Dad and Mom would make us all dress up in our new Christmas clothes to take us to Christmas Market in downtown Kingston—another symbolic Jamaican tradition. There we could purchase our phe-phe [whistle], Christmas hats concocted from light cardboard and Christmas paper with a caption such as "Merry Christmas," "Happy New Year," or "Let's Rock 'n Roll."

RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE AT HOME

RR: How about the religious tone at home?

DA: Religious life at home was very spiritual. All had to be at the dinner table for meals. Each meal Dad, as head of the household, always said grace. We were also greatly involved in our parish. Dad, Mom, Sis—my oldest sister—and I were the singers—mostly hymns. We knew just about every hymn in the Anglican hymnal. There is hardly an Anglican Church member I know that could not sing. We boasted about our church choir. One choir member, Ms. Jones, was an excellent soprano; we loved her rendition of “O Holy Night” at Christmas.

Dad and Mom had a church bench where we all sat, beginning with Old Man Adams, the Old Lady, Sis, Henry, Dudley, Vivienne, Lloyd, Carl, Marjorie, and Valerie. “What a beautiful sight!” some parishioners would exclaim. Bishop [Anglican] Gibson used to remark, “Eric, you have such a well-mannered group of children.” He was right.

Growing up as an Anglican laid the foundation to knowing and loving Christ Jesus. The enclave of our congregation was very sociable, a worshipping community from all walks of life. The church was blessed with both foreign and local priests. All knew well how to deliver the Word of God to their congregation.

CONVERTING TO CATHOLICISM

DA: Now when I was eighteen years old, I decided I would be the first rebel and break away from the Anglican Church to become a Roman Catholic. That was a very, very happy time for me. When I told my parents of my decision, they were very excited in a way.

I remember my daddy telling me that one of his grandparents was a Catholic, so that gave me a lot of enthusiasm to go on and, you know, join the Church.

RR: Now was there a local parish close by that you were talking to the priest there or the people there?

DA: Actually, no! Let me backtrack a bit. After I left primary school, through my Dad I got a job at a wholesale business, R. Hanna and Son. There were a lot of Catholics there, mostly from the working class, and they had some influence on me. They invited me to visit their church. I loved the style of worshiping. It was full of joyful singing, especially the Latin, although I had no idea what was said. However, I learned quickly from my neighbor seated next to me about the most sacred part of the Eucharistic service, the transubstantiation. I needed to know more, and gradually I sought to be instructed into the faith. I was instructed for two years by Frs. John Carroll, S.J. and John Williams, S.J. at Holy Trinity Cathedral.

RR: That is a beautiful building, isn't it?

DA: It certainly is, yes. I remember somehow getting in contact with John J. Carroll, who was a very good historian. He kind of took me under his wing when he heard that I wanted to become a convert. He gave me instructions, and I think he did a very fine job. Because he also knew that somehow a vocation to the religious life was pending, he did his very best and gave me as much instruction as he could. I finally decided I should attend the catechism classes a couple of years at the cathedral.

RR: I see.

DA: I went through that, got baptized, confirmed, and made first confession and Communion. At the time for confirmation, I learned to "Rend your heart, not your garment."

DRESSING FOR THE OCCASION

DA: Jamaicans are people who like to dress, and not surprisingly I was one of them, I guess because I was still young. I remember I had given out a suit for a tailor to make so that I could look halfway decent being called to receive the Spirit. Later I realized that the poor tailor just did not get the suit ready. So I went and said to my daddy, "Hey, look here. I gave out this suit, and I think I gave it out long enough so that I would have it to get confirmed in. However, the suit is not ready. Well, you are short like me, and we kind of have the same body. How about lending me one of your suits?" He said, "Oh, sure, son. I would be happy to." So he loaned me a suit, and I put it on. I remember I was a bit on the meager side, so when I put the pants on, sure enough the pants were a little bigger than I was. But I used the belt and got those pants to fit. You would not believe that I was wearing my own daddy's clothes. But perhaps that was a blessing in disguise, see. So that was one of the highlights of becoming a convert into the Catholic faith.

EDUCATION

RR: Sure, all right. When, where did you go to school?

DA: Oh, yeah, man. I went to St. Francis Primary School, run by the Allegany Franciscan nuns. I did very well. Immediately after leaving school, my father managed to get a job for me at R. Hanna and Son Wholesale, as I mentioned earlier. I was there for about seven years, as well as attending St. George's Extension School, when I was told that I was accepted to join the Jesuits.

RR: How old were you?

DA: I was twenty-two. The reason why I had to wait is simply because, after you were accepted into the

Church, you needed to wait six years. But luckily the Provincial, Fr. Coleran, after three years decided we better take hold of this kid. So they did, and I came up, and it was August 1, 1962. I had just missed July 31, that tremendous feast day of St. Ignatius. Just about everyone that I had met as a Jesuit candidate kept telling me, "Oh, you'll miss the great feast day."

RR: Oh, I see.

FORMATION YEARS

DA: So, Bro. Cluff and Bro. Babinski met me at the airport. Bro. Babinski quickly pointed out, "You must be Dudley Adams." And I said, "Yes, I am." I stayed overnight at the provincial's house, and the following day they drove me to the new Shadowbrook. So I began the postulancy, and was there for six months. I got to know a number of Jesuits, both the novices and the juniors. And that was tremendous, you know, a very hopeful, social, and faithful part of my life.

RR: I understand you went to St. Andrew's. Why go there?

DA: Well, the New England Province at the time did not have a noviceship for the Brothers.

RR: Oh, I see.

DA: Because I entered as a Brother. So I went to St. Andrew-on-the-Hudson, "The Rock," for two years. That began February 2, 1963. And then after completing the noviceship, I went to the Brothers juniorate at Milford, Ohio, in the Chicago Province.

RR: Yes.

DA: I was there for a couple of years. It was a time when we had to become as utmost a professional as a regular layperson in our field of work.

RR: Right.

DA: I ended up doing some accounting at one of the schools in Cincinnati.

RR: Right.

ACCOUNTING AT ST. GEORGE'S

DA: After the Brothers juniorate, I was sent to Jamaica. I took over the accounting department at St. George's College, one of the two Jesuit secondary schools in Jamaica, and worked there as bursar for about five years.

RR: Sure.

DA: I then received a letter from the then Provincial, Richard Cleary, who informed me that it was time to go to tertianship. But I went to tertianship a year before I really should have, so I had to wait a year before final vows, which was fine. I met a lot of good, loving, helpful Jesuits then; we all came from different provinces.

TERTIANSHIP AND STUDYING ACCOUNTING

RR: Right. And the tertianship was where?

DA: In the Detroit Province at Colombiere College, Clarkston, Michigan.

RR: What did you do next?

DA: Sometime after that I asked about going further into accounting. So I got permission from the local superior and the provincial, and went to Bentley College in Waltham for a Bachelor of Science. That was kind of a fun time, even though accounting was a pretty difficult subject. But I did very well, and was told that, too. I met a lot of tremendous Americans, some much younger and some older.

RR: I see.

RETURNING TO JAMAICA

DA: After I got my degree and went back home to Jamaica, I worked full-time as bursar at St. George's for ten more years. That, plus the five years before, made fifteen years in all. I also taught accounting to the fourth and fifth formers for a couple of years.

RR: Did you enjoy working and teaching there?

DA: Oh, I certainly did, because I did really learn a lot—perhaps too much—accounting. But, you know, it was fun. I relied quite a bit on Bro. Cluff to come down to Jamaica once a year for about three weeks to help to catch up, because the previous bursars were so far behind in their accounting practice.

RR: Right.

DA: We did bring the books up to date, and at that time I still was learning. I knew how to use the computers then in place. Sometimes when we printed the reports out, the poor auditors had very little knowledge of computers. So I did feel that I had learned and accomplished something well, which I could pass on to the auditors.

RR: I see. You said you were teaching at St. George's then.

DA: I prepared the students for sitting the General Certificate of Education in accounting. All got passed except for one I did not recommend to sit the exam.

RR: Only one.

DECISION TO REQUEST PRIESTHOOD STUDIES

DA: I remember one day when I was in the bursar's office. It had this rather small window, which, for security reasons, had burglar bars on it. Just then, Richard HoLung [then S.J.] and I were chatting about my getting out of that job. I told him, "Hey, look here, I want to get out of this office. I do not think I am fulfilling what the Lord wanted me to do. So I

am going to pursue the priesthood.” And he said, “Oh, you will never get out of this office.” And I said, “Oh, yeah! That’s what you think. You wait and see.”

Luckily for me I did get out of the office. I made various inquiries and spoke to superiors. I said, “You know, I do believe that I have not yet fulfilled what God wants me to do in the Society, and that is to go on to the priesthood, to, you know, pass on to the Jamaican people what Christ started here on earth.” There was a long debate. Anyway, finally I got the OK to go on to the priesthood.

I was interviewed by two superiors, the outgoing one and the incoming one. The outgoing one gave me some psychological testing, and, I swear to God, I couldn’t help messing that thing up. I was a little uptight, knowing that I did one test once before and now at that stage off my life, after being in the Society for so many years, you know, and now I had to do another one. I said, “Oh, I am really going to mess this thing up,” which I did. The outcome was, “No, you cannot go on to the priesthood.”

When the incoming superior returned to Jamaica, I got a phone call about 5:00 PM one afternoon. He said, “I want to open up this case.” So I say, “Sure, when will it be?” He said, “See you tomorrow. Set up a time.” And sure enough he said to me, “Because of what you did at Bentley College, I have a lot of confidence in you that you can do it, that you are fit for studies.” He was right, and we got the needed permission from the Vatican nuncio, then traveling in the Caribbean.

RR: Yes, right.

DA: The incoming superior got in touch with him, and said to me, "Oh, yeah, terrific. Let's try this out. But we still have to wait a period of time." I think it was on my birthday that we got the news that I could switch grades and go on to study for the priesthood.

RR: Oh, that was great.

DA: I was really happy. This was the most exciting time for me as a Jesuit.

RR: Yes.

DA: To prepare for the priesthood, I had to study philosophy and theology, so I went to Loyola University Chicago. I did one year of philosophy; I did well, very well, as a matter of fact. I remember one of the professors told me that I had done well in a course which was above the level that you would really need then. So I said, "Aha! So this means what? Will I go on to theology?" He said, "I believe so, but you will need to get permission first." So I wrote and got the permission. I went to the Toronto School of Theology.

STUDYING THEOLOGY

RR: What is the Jesuit school there?

DA: Regis College. The Toronto School of Theology is a combination of eight colleges amalgamated into one. I served my term and did well enough for an older guy who had been away from serious studies for such a long time.

RR: Was that two or three years?

DA: Four. I had to go the four straight years' course.

RR: Oh, the four years, good.

DA: And I received the Master of Divinity, and also, because of the nature of that course, I ended up with a Bachelor of Sacred Theology as well.

RR: I see.

DA: I think it was in Sacred Scripture. Then the fourth

year we had to get another degree, a Master of Sacred Theology.

RR: Oh, I see.

DA: So I graduated and was sent home to Jamaica.

FIRST MASS AND WORK AT ST. ANNE'S

RR: Where did you have your first Mass and reception?

DA: At St. Anne's Church, West Kingston.

RR: Did you go back to Jamaica for ordination, too?

DA: Yes. I had been ordained deacon in Toronto. I served as deacon at the ordination of New England Jesuits, who were going to be ordained priests. That was very exciting for me. It also gave a number of Jesuits a chance to say "Hi!" to me, because I had not seen them for years. Then the following week, I was ordained at Holy Trinity Cathedral in Kingston by Archbishop Samuel Carter, S.J.

RR: Who is a classmate of mine.

DA: Oh, wonderful, very good. I was assigned to St. Anne's; it was a very, very difficult parish.

RR: Why was that? Tell us a little bit about all that.

DA: Sure. West Kingston is very divided, and it is based on politics. You're either for one party, which is the People's National Party, or for the other, the Jamaica Labor party. Along with that division, you have gangs, gun gangs. They are forever at each other's territory, and there were a lot of murders that took place there—some of which I actually witnessed. But, God forbid! I could not say anything to the proper authorities, because they were kind of corrupted. I mean, if you went and told any of the proper authorities, the news may get back that Father so and so came and said so and so. Then the next thing, God knows what these gun criminals would do.

I remember on one occasion, Fr. Don Larkin saw a murder, or he believed he saw a murder. What he really saw was someone being dragged into a yard, so he presumed the guy was shot and killed. So he went and told the cops. Now listen, in less than five minutes there was all kind of news around a good part of West Kingston that one of the Fathers went to Hanna Town police station and reported a murder. So a number of people came to me to tell me exactly what Father did. So I said, "Well I hope to God they say it was the white Father who came up there and reported this murder and not the black one." So they got a big chuckle out of that; they do have a bit of a sense of humor. But violence is nothing new to Jamaica. In fact, it has caused a heavy slump in our tourist industry.

PAINFUL MEMORIES

DA: I vividly remember one blissfully starry night I was awakened by the sound of an explosive boom under my second floor bedroom window. I immediately jumped out of my bed, rushed to the brown louver blinds, and gently but quietly opened them to observe. As I peeked out, I witnessed a shirtless man being forcefully pushed against Ms B's tenement yard zinc fence. Another close-range explosive boom sent the victim's inner organs splashing and running on Ms B's shiny zinc fence.

I rushed to the telephone in the hallway and dialed a special security number. I reported what was taking place under my bedroom window. As the security arrived and began investigating the gruesome murder, I keenly observed a member of the Jamaican Defense Force transfixed for several minutes observing the grotesque scene. Soon a couple of members

from Madden's Funeral Parlor arrived to remove the silent body. Whose child was he? Only the good Lord knows!"

RR: Wow.

CHRIS

DA: Chris was a practicing Catholic and a paraplegic. He walked on all fours. I recall the Saturday morning very well.

Chris, although disabled, was a wonderfully independent person. That day he had placed himself across from St. Anne's rectory doing his laundry. Several times he came to the rectory, rang the doorbell, and, due to my busy schedule, I kept stalling him. Now, Chris' brother had a girlfriend who belonged to another gun gang member. The brother was warned several times to stay away from the girl. He was even threatened that he would be killed. But he was most persistent and paid no attention to the serious threat.

So, as Chris kept washing his clothes, the sound of gunshots could be heard. Chris had to find a place of safety immediately. The closest safe area was the rectory. As he scrambled on all fours, I heard the fatal shot that was to end this wonderful human being's life.

I peeked outside and saw Chris bleeding profusely just below his left eye. I hurriedly opened the rectory door to assist him. Mary Schade and his guest were on the second floor of the rectory. I shouted, "Marty, come to the front gate! I have an emergency." I told Marty to stay with Chris while I went to get the car. Don Larkin was just returning from

the Kingston Hospital. I told him to give Chris the last rites.

I arrived with the car, opened the back door, spread some newspapers, lifted him up, gently laid him there, jumped into the driver's seat, and hurried with him to the Kingston Public Hospital.

At 5:00 PM that Saturday afternoon I got a call that Chris had died. I did ask his mother if she knew why Chris kept coming over to the rectory. She told me that he wanted to borrow a tie from me to wear to church. At the funeral Mass I buried Chris in the tie.

“STOP POINTING THAT GUN AT ME!”

DA: I also vividly recall another time. I had borrowed a car from St. George's College to take my youngest blood brother, Carl, to the National Airport for his return flight to Canada. I had just finished making a sandwich for lunch, when I heard Precious, our secretary of many years, yell out, “Father, your ride is here.” Neither she nor I had a clue as to what was taking place outside the rectory gate.

So I rushed downstairs, opened the grille gate, only to be partially blocked by Ainsworth Walker [S.J.]. “Out of my way,” I said as he refused to budge. Then I heard a voice shout from the car, “Don't move!” As I rushed down the rectory steps, I glimpsed someone behind the steering wheel. Naively, I thought that Peter, who brought the car, had a companion with him.

Hurrying, without much thought about a hold-up, I opened the car door. “Don't move,” said the gun-

man again, as he pointed the gun at my head. Frightened out of my pants, I retorted, “Wha’ you mean, ‘Don’t move!’?” The command, “Don’t move,” sounded angrier the second time. I stood my ground, and, as I more carefully observed, Peter was sitting on the curb. Then I realized it was a car hijacking.

“Is it the car you want?” I yelled. “Yes,” came the response. “Then take the bloody car and stop pointing that gun at me!” The car-jacker yelled to his accomplice, “Drive!”, as he slowly backed up toward Pink Lane, still pointing the gun. Exactly one year after this fearful experience the car-jacker was shot dead. I do not recall burying that one.

RR: Wow. Whereabouts in Kingston is St. Anne’s Parish?

DA: It is located in a ghetto area in West Kingston, and we always associate it with the Kingston Public Hospital. It is right in the back of that hospital. The time that I was there, I really got to know the community. That was where incidentally I had my first Mass for some Catholic patients.

RR: Oh, I see.

PROMOTING PEACE

DA: Quite a lot of cops patrolled the area, so I had gotten to know a number of them. I believe that all five police stations in that area had asked me to be the chaplain.

RR: Oh, I see.

DA: That was a lot of work. We worked so hard together to promote peace. And you know, whatever I said to them was kept confidential. I worked also with a couple of the police commissioners, just trying to help to see if we could get these people to work and live together peacefully—an impossible task then and still

is. Yet I did manage to get some of the criminals to come to church, if only to hear the Word of God.

St. Anne's, other than the criminal side, was a lot of fun. The parishioners were very good people. They saw to my welfare and protection as well as I did to theirs, in other words, making sure that mainly most of the violence was kept away from the church. You know, we practiced pacificism, and that was good for them. I did love preaching to them, and they were happy to show their appreciation. On two Christ-mases in a row they even got me to stand up and "sing for my supper," and then, to my surprise, passed the basket for a collection for me.

ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL

RR: Was there any kind of a small school attached for the children?

DA: Yes, there was a school attached, St. Anne's High School.

RR: Did you have responsibility for that?

DA: Yes. Of course, the responsibility had been thrown out, but I revived that, because I found it kind of dumb and strange that there would not have been an affiliation between the church and school. I did not think that was right, so I filled in, brought that back to life under the direction of Archbishop Carter. We usually had a Mass every First Friday, and we took good care of the kids' spiritual needs. Lo and behold, I found out that I had to be on the school board, and that was how and when, I think, a lot of mental work was beginning to be asked of me. I did not quite understand or realize the effect it would have on me and my health later on.

RR: Oh.

IN CONSTANT DEMAND

DA: Just about everybody that had something to do with the church needed my input. I am not sure why that was so, and I did not know enough to say, “Hey, look here, no.” But something kept telling me, “Look, it is for the good of the people and also for the common good, a part of what Christ, perhaps, wanted me to do along with others. But the people seem to, you know, adjust themselves more quickly to me, perhaps, because I was a Jamaican. I was at that time willing to—and a bit younger—and I was hoping to see this place turn its life over to Jesus Christ. But I did what I possibly could, and, lo and behold, for the four years that I was there, I received a plaque from the Rotary Club for my spiritual and mental efforts. It was for community service, because we tried so hard to promote peace in West Kingston. Ironically I had never actually realized how close St. George’s College was to St. Anne’s—only a mile or less away. So I now find myself here at Champion Health Center with my health impaired, because I had taken on much too much social activity without really realizing I was hurting myself physically and spiritually.

RR: You were wearing yourself out in a way?

BURN OUT

DA: I became burnt out, right. And, lo and behold, I became very, very sick. When I came here for medical treatment, the doctors believed that it was stress syndrome, too much stress that did what it did to me.

RR: Oh, I see.

DA: I am not fully paralyzed; I am what they call a paresis syndrome case, because I still have some feeling in the legs. I came up and got well enough to go

back, but not in the parish.

RR: So what did you do when you got back then?

DA: I continued to go out to the parishes with the help of a cane and to say Mass. Every Sunday I was asked to say Mass.

RR: Could you drive?

DA: I could drive then. I still drove up until the day I left Jamaica to come back to the States for further medical care.

RR: How many years were you able to do this, just go out on weekend call?

DA: I think it was about two to three years.

RR: And yet it did not clear up?

VISIT TO LOURDES

DA: No. I remember getting a trip to Lourdes during Easter week. I was asked to be the chaplain for the group from Jamaica. That was a very exciting time, you know, because I had never really flown to that side of the world. So for me that was very, very exciting, and spiritually good for my soul.

RR: How did you like Lourdes?

DA: A spiritual enclave that elevates one's soul and faith.

RR: Right. Lourdes is quite an experience, as you say.

DA: It is. I remember, I was asked to say Mass at the grotto of Our Lady. Hundreds of visitors were in attendance.

RR: Yes.

DA: I managed to do it with a certain amount of help to move around.

RR: Oh, that was wonderful.

HELP FROM SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR

DA: So, but not in a nutshell, that is the story of my life. I remember when I got back to the States, I knew that I really had to turn around my spiritual life,

and Joseph O'Neill [S.J.] is the one that is responsible for that. I used to get angry easily, shout at people. I was just a mess spiritually and physically. What that guy has done for me—both mentally and spiritually, looking into certain things that I had misinterpreted and so on—he really helped change my life for the better. A life that I am sure is much more pleasing and much holier to God. And since I found out here is a guy who is very ill himself, yet who I am able to trust and so on, I asked, “Hey, man, are you so good, happy to accept to be my spiritual director and confessor?” So that is why sometimes the two of us look like the “Boppsey twins,” but not really. Oh, yes, man!

RR: So you have been back here at Weston for a few years?

DA: Three years.

RR: Three years now.

DA: Yes, I am working towards, you know, becoming a U.S. citizen. I have no desire right now, at least, nor in the future to go back home. Let this be understood!

RR: Well, I want to thank you. Tom, do you have questions or anything that you would like to bring up to ask?

ADJUSTING TO CAMPION

TOM SHEEHAN: I was thinking about the difference in living here confined to a wheelchair versus being in Jamaica, able to drive around, and having many activities going on at once. How has that shift been for you, the shift from one style of life to another?

DA: Right.

TS: And from being out in the open to being in a small space?

DA: It has not been easy. Mentally sometimes I sit back and I say, “Oh gee, all of this just seems to happen

and happen so quickly.” But I believe I love Christ so much that I learned to accept my suffering in appreciation for what he has done and also for the sins of the world. The little that I can do here now has no bearing, because I have accepted my illness. I have accepted my space. However, sometimes I wish I could have spread out a bit more. But I do believe that Christ is saying to me, “Hey, boy, no. No more of that stuff. You have done enough in that short space of time,” so I accept my little space and enjoy it. It is what I have been doing; I have made that my goal, and constantly keep saying to my spiritual director, “Hey, am I on the right track?” Fr. O’Neill being the type of person that he is, he says, “Oh, sure you are. You’re on the right track.”

RR: So he is encouraging?

DA: He is encouraging, very, very encouraging, man.

RR: That is great.

DA: For me, I enjoy that because he is much older and wiser, and not only in age but also in the Society as well. And I really appreciate it.

CONCLUSION

RR: We want to thank you so much for being so open and telling so much about yourself. It gives us, gives a lot of people a whole new insight into all the great work that you did, in the time that you had. You did the best you could and did a lot of good. So thank you again.

DA: Thank you very much.

Rev. Dudley R. C. Adams, S.J.

Born: October 25, 1939, Manchioneal, Portland,
Jamaica, West Indies
Entered: February 2, 1963, Poughkeepsie, New York,
St. Andrew-on-Hudson
Ordained: June 28, 1992, Kingston, Jamaica, Holy
Trinity Cathedral
Final Vows: August 15, 1973, Kingston, Jamaica, St.
George's College

- 1955 Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.: R. Hanna & Sons Ltd. -
Clerk; St. George's College Extension School-
Student
- 1962 Lenox, Massachusetts: St. Stanislaus Novitiate/
Shadowbrook - Postulancy (August to December
1962)
- 1963 Poughkeepsie, New York: St. Andrew-on-Hudson
- Novitiate
- 1965 Milford, Ohio: Milford Novitiate - Brothers
juniorate
- 1967 Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.: St. George's College -
Bursar/treasurer
- 1972 Clarkston, Michigan: Colombiere College - Broth-
ers tertianship (January-May1972)
- 1972 Boston, Massachusetts: 418 Beacon St. (Subcom-
munity of Boston College High School) - Studied
accounting and business at Bentley College,
Waltham, Massachusetts

- 1977 Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.: St. George's College -
Bursar/treasurer; taught accounting to 4th and 5th
form; President of the Schools Administrative Staff
Association
- 1987 Chicago, Illinois: Loyola University Chicago -
Studied philosophy
- 1988 Toronto, Canada: Regis College - Studied theology
- 1992 Kingston, Jamaica: St. Anne's Parish - Assistant
pastor; superior; chairman of board of St. Anne's
High School; regional consultor; chaplain at
Kingston Public Hospital; director of Centre of
Social Concern
- 1996 Weston, Massachusetts: Campion Health Center -
Assignment pending
- 1997 Kingston, Jamaica: Campion College - Pastoral
ministry; associate pastor at St. Joseph Parish,
Spanish Town; dean of students at St. George's
College; chaplain at Holy Trinity Comprehensive
High School; assistant chaplain at St. George's
College; regional associate consultor
- 2003 Weston, Massachusetts: Campion Health Center -
Praying for the Church and the Society

Degrees

- 1977 Bachelor of Science, Accounting, Bentley College
- 1992 Master of Divinity & Bachelor of Sacred Theology,
Regis College, Toronto, Canada
- 1992 Master of Sacred Theology, Regis College,
Toronto, Canada