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Sermon at Fr. Gruenauer's Funeral

Text of sermon delivered by the Rev. Eugene N. Golding at the funeral Mass for the Rev. William V. Gruenauer, Thursday, October 28, 1948, St. Boniface's Church, Rochester.

"... when the doors were shut... Jesus came and stood in their midst and said 'unto them'... 'Peace be unto you!'"... John 20:19.

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, the end of all. Death in the Sacred Scripture is a comparatively unimportant event. No mention of the death of Peter, James, John or Paul. So gracefully Mark says: (4:35) "When evening was come He saith unto them: 'Let us pass over unto the other side.' The theme of the inspired writer is duty, action, assignment.

IT IS THE nature of earthly things to pass away. Death destroys the physical properties, the human plans. Raphael scarcely finished his Transfiguration before the grim reaper bowed at his door. Alexander wore a pocketless shroud as a reminder that he came into this world with nothing and that he would leave it with nothing.

In his last hours, Leo IX placed his couch beside his coffin in St. Peter's. His final summary was: "Behold the mutability of human nature. The cell which was my dwelling place when a simple monk expanded into yonder spacious labyrinth. Now it shrinks again into this narrow coffin."

At the placing of the Tiarra upon the Holy Father in coronation, hemp, the symbol of the

emptiness of the waiting tomb, the ashes of death, is ignited when the chanter intones: "Sic transit gloria mundi."

It is the prayer in a trying hour that a priest never forgets. Like the "a subitanea et improvisa morte" -- "never, Master, alone with my sins!"

Only the Kingdom of God abides. Beyond the mists of this sad hour there is the eternal affirmation we shall see life.

The priest counts his life in the accomplishment of priestly works, not in the number of years lived. The deceased brought to this field of endeavor well developed abilities of a priest in his prime. We have loved him as a priest among priests.

To those who knew him intimately, he was vigorously honest, a quiet man, who when he spoke said words of truth. He was humble in his strength of character, with a heart of lowly hospitality. Largo was his bounty, his soul sincere. No one was wanting to his reverence.

He had no thought of that which did not include the priesthood. Never on the fringe of the great, the bloom of life spent in a hostile country, he was a sufficiently long life.

The good that he did will long remain after him. We praise him as he appeared to men. Let us not forget God has given plentifully of graces to this priest. From this priest He shall exact a strict accounting. Of your charity be mindful of the dead.

The deceased knew in youth the impression of poverty. He could say with Cardinal Mercier: "I count it a grace of God not to have had in my youth abundance for there I learned to appreciate suffering and to understand it."

"The science of suffering is the science of the saints."

Suffering is a condition of existence. St. Augustine said: "God had one Son without sin. He had none without sorrow." Sickness turns our eyes towards heaven, strips us of illusions, is the home of faith and prayer.

St. Theresa of Avila once remarked the reason why it is so difficult to become so close to God is because His nature is so different from ours. He was on the Cross. He was known as the Man of Sorrows. Cardinal Gibbons said: "We are neither

CHRIST DID NOT command the Apostles to turn their backs on people and ignore their existence. He commanded them to go among men in the highways and the byways with the emphasis on those places that were not monuments of distinction, nor where the lordly attitude of the transiit pagant of an hour.

St. Vincent De Paul used to say that God would take the fear of death out of the hearts of those who were kind to the poor. Away back in the years, the ancient Anastasius of Antioch had extraordinary talent in comforting the afflicted. Of him it was said, he touched nothing that he did not adorn. Kindness is a language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see. The poor are the human race devoid of illusions, unresponsive, and ourselves in a different guise.

Rose Latorp, founder of the institutions for the incurable cancer of the indigent chose for her motto a saying from St. Vincent De Paul: "I am for God. I am for the poor."

You make your interest with the outcast, with those of the men and women without honor. It is often discouraging. Men are men and human nature is what it is. You meet defeat, disappointment, disillusionment, despair, disgust. In the weary confusion of social service, shackled in the handcuffs of destitution, exploitation and injustice, stand the outcasts.

In the long run there is something to think about -- what is charity, what is the barest justice? God knows there is a terrific need for the consideration of both.

THE LAST production of Dora was called the Vale of Tears. Through a deep, rough ravine, Christ carries a cross. His outstretched hands give the invitation: "Come to Me ye that are heavily burdened." All this, all ages, all climates are there -- the human part of man -- the veil of tears.

This priest afar off the beaten path travelled by popular acclaim knew that story well.

Often upon the lips of his beloved parishioners he placed that homely salutation: "Jesus meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto thine."

The lowliness of this particular priest finds a counterpart in the Baptist who never forgot his inferiority to Christ, in the Evangelist who so modestly conceals himself under the title of "that other disciple," in Matthew who refers to his own imperfections as "the publican," in Peter's fall and repentance with no reference "to the keys" or "walking on the waters."

We who knew this beloved priest deeply and in many ways were close to his heart, know at this hour, his soul in his humble dignity is close to St. Joseph, his patron, the patron of his tiny church, the patron of the Universal Church, in humbleness seeks his own level. In the face of death, on the brink of the grave -- what is it all!

As profoundly as we try to pay reverence to this priest's forty-five years of consecration to the Heart of his God in the vineyard, the fact of death as

always presents much of mystery to us.

We feel in the presence of the dead, a sense of defeat. The eyes are closed, the works are hushed, the heart is stilled. Our friend is gone. This form we see was his. It has been discarded. The tired body sleeps.

In youth there is no desire for rest. It craves achievement. When the strength is spent, there is an empty feeling within, the breath is labored, reluctantly we respond to the call of the will, the curtain of darkness; the couch is welcomed -- that we may rest from our labors. Mortality is a universal factor. No survivor, no scientist ever came who by skill, subterfuge or otherwise has evaded the inevitable. To us it is part of the Infinite Plan.

IN THE TATE Gallery in London, Watts painted a shrouded form on a pier. On a table is an open book, against the table is a voiceless lyre, a lance, a shield, the mantle of a nobleman. The stilled form cannot reach the lyre, lift the lance, touch the lyre or draw the mantle. All is over. The aged old proverb is scrawled across the wall of the background: "What I spent, I had, what I saved, I lost, what I gave I have."

Father Gruenauer's hopes, his enthusiasm, his tears, his labors, his efforts, he gave. They are his forever in Eternity!

At the Easter time the Gospel of St. John reads: "When it was late in that day, the doors being shut, Jesus came to His disciples and said: 'Peace be to you.' And now in the arms of His Maker, our beloved hears that once again. Passed be the scourging of the pillar, passed be the carrying of the cross, passed be the isolation of the years -- passed be forever in the heart that knows no pain."

CARDINAL NEWMAN in the dark night of his soul called the warm water of the blue Mediterranean. He was looking for peace. He was looking for rest. His head bathed with a damp towel. His feet in a mustard bath. Sick at heart, sick in soul, sick in mind. The storm raged, the waves rolled, the boat wavered. But in our hearts we were forced the terrible sailors to seek refuge in a Sicilian harbor.

The haunted, harried, hunted voyager made his way in the dusk of the day, up the aisle of the vast medieval cathedral, built by kind hearts that loved their God. Outside, lightning zigzagged in flashes across the stain glass windows, thunders roared in the low gray ceiling over head.

The soft flame of a vigil light lighted the face of the Madonna. There in its flickering shadows, Cardinal Newman saw smiles, hopes, trust, guidance on the countenance of the masterpiece of God's creative hands. Out of his heart, came his "De Profundis," his "Gloria ad Te Dominum" -- the prayer also of our beloved priest as we say with mortal lips farewell: Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on. O was not ever this nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on. Pride ruled my will -- remember not passed years. Till in that glorious morning scene we see The beat of Angels' faces and Thee -- Lead Thou me on!

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Requiem Mass Held for Priest
(Continued from page 1) a heart of lowly hospitality. He had no thought which did not in the fringe of the great, for the bloom of his life was spent in the priesthood. Never on the fringe of the great, the bloom of life spent in a hostile country, he was a sufficiently long life.

"This priest," he concluded, "although afar off from the beaten path travelled by popular acclaim, knew well the story of the humble mercy of Christ." The lowliness of this particular priest finds its counterpart in the Baptist who never forgot his inferiority to Christ. At this hour in death, his soul is close to St. Joseph his patron and the patron of his tiny church. For humbleness seeks its own level."

Surviving Father Gruenauer are three sisters, John, Joseph, Louis, Gruenauer, and several nieces and nephews.

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"ON GUARD"
By Rev. Patrick J. Flynn
PAGE 1

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