



## A Missionary Bishop 16 Busy Years A Gift For Education Prayers For Future

By MONSIGNOR HART

### Year Of Jubilee

Nineteen Fifty-two is the year of Jubilee for our Bishop and his people. We begin the solemn observance of this great event on the 28th day of October and bring it to a close on the 11th day of November.

Twenty years ago Bishop Kearney was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City by His Eminence Cardinal Hayes. He had been appointed Bishop Ordinary of the Diocese of Salt Lake City.

Bishop Kearney ruled over the Salt Lake City Diocese for five years. Besides his ordinary work of administration he gave himself to the raising of funds for churches and institutions in his charge. He was for all purposes a missionary Bishop, securing for his small and impoverished parishes the generous support of Catholics in the east.

After five years the Holy Father appointed him Bishop of Rochester to succeed Cardinal Mooney who had just been promoted to Detroit. All the accomplishments of the Episcopate of Bishop Kearney began with his consecration October 28th, 1932.

### Fifteen Years After

Our Bishop's Jubilee will include the Fifteenth Anniversary of his Installation as Bishop of Rochester. On the 11th of November, 1937 in the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart the solemn ceremony of Installation was carried out.

Bishop Stephen Donahue presided at the Installation as the representative of Cardinal Hayes of the Archdiocese of New York.

Seldom has Rochester seen a more solemn or beautiful exemplification of the liturgy of the Church. Bishop Donahue delivered a stirring sermon in connection with the Installation. Priests and laity of the Diocese rejoiced to have a part in the very happy occasion.

Bishop Kearney had spoken his first word of greeting to the people of the Diocese on his arrival in the city the night preceding. A vast crowd assembled in the New York Central Station for the affair.

It was a hearty welcome that surely warmed the heart of the new Bishop of Rochester, and now in connection with the Installation, Bishop Kearney offered up Holy Mass and spoke an official and ceremonial word of greeting to the large congregation assembled in the Cathedral and through them to all the clergy and laity of the Diocese.

Fifteen Years After! And now with all the solemnity and happiness of a Jubilee celebration we look back over the fifteen years our Bishop has given to the Diocese of Rochester.

They have been busy years. They have been fruitful years. During them the Bishop has built up the edifice of faith in the hearts of all his children. New churches, new and larger schools, colleges, a new preparatory seminary have been merely a few of the material products of his zealous energy.

Each new day has welcomed the beginning or the development of some new labor for the Church of God. The sum total of fifteen years of accomplishment is matched by the intensive growth of our people's love and esteem for their Bishop. And now we come to the day when we solemnly commemorate all the things that have happened in the fifteen years after the Installation of Most Reverend James E. Kearney as Bishop of Rochester.

### A Jubilee Fund For Our Bishop

All the Priests and people of the Diocese are now joined in a mighty effort to bestow upon our beloved Bishop a gift worthy of these two Jubilees.

With customary modesty Bishop Kearney would be most reluctant to receive a gift that would be merely personal. His years as a Bishop have marked him as a man destined not to receive but to give. Therefore his Jubilee Gift will be in the nature of a Jubilee Fund to enable him to bring the blessings of Catholic secondary education to all the Diocese.

A Jubilee Committee has been at work preparing a fund of over three million dollars for the McQuaid High School in Rochester, St. Agnes High School in Rochester, Notre Dame de Lourdes High School in Elmira and the Mount Carmel High School in Auburn. DeSales High School in Geneva also has its share in this fund.

Catholics in general are preparing to give gladly and generously their own contribution to this Fund. Some that are not Catholics have felt it a privilege to make their contribution, and we are happy to see that our great industrial concerns have come to the front to show their regard for Bishop Kearney by large contributions to this Jubilee Fund.

So away we go! Monsignor Randall and Monsignor Mahoney are directing the general plans. They are being helped by a lay committee of zealous Catholics under the direction of Frederick M. Tobin, who is head of the Special Gifts Committee; groups of parishes are under the direction of Zone Captains with officials and workers in all the parishes; special revolving amount to be used at the discretion of the Bishop will be raised in those parishes that are outside the High School cities.

On next Tuesday night, October 28th, as we celebrate the birthday of our Bishop, we also set in motion the actual work of raising the Jubilee High School Fund.

It will continue till November 11th, which will mark the Fifteenth Anniversary of Bishop Kearney's Installation as Bishop of Rochester. The heart of every Catholic goes out to our Bishop on this happy occasion and the love and devotion of all our people will show itself in the generous and purposeful donation they set aside for our new High School Program.

### The Years Ahead

We all hope and pray that our Jubilee service will be a milestone in an Episcopal career that gives every promise of extending far into the future.

As we rejoice with our Bishop, as we place in his hands the means of accomplishing a great educational result, we pray also that God will bless him and bless his people and his Diocese by the length of years He shall give him to rule over the Diocese of Rochester. Ad Multos Annos.

## JOSEPH BREIG

### How To Go Mad

I dunno. How come women are not romantic like men? Or is it just that I am more romantic than anybody? Do things like this happen only to me? I'm sitting in the kitchen with my wife and my sister, and something is mentioned about my son Joe. Right away there is a glow inside me, and I remark to my wife, "Do you know, I'd go through everything we have gone through in the past twenty years just for the privilege of giving Joe a life over to church to serve Mass, like I did this morning. Just for that, I'd be willing to go through all of it again."

THAT'S WHAT I said; and while I didn't exactly expect my wife and my sister to wipe funny tears from their eyes, I did think they might at least board the boat of a man's love for his son for a short ride.

I mean, couldn't they have got a faraway look in their eyes for a moment? Couldn't they have said softly, "I know what you mean?"

No, they couldn't, because they're women, and women are not dreamers of dreams, at least not after they get over being teenagers. Women are practical people who want to know what gives, and especially why it gives. Women are not poets; they are reporters. And I might add that they are detectives.

So my wife, instead of joining me in contemplation of the mystery and the other-worldly beauty of a man giving his boy an arduous ride to church to serve Mass—instead of that, she asks real quick, "How come you were around her this morning to take Joe to the 8:45, instead of being on your way to work?"

AT THIS, there is a banging and crashing inside me, and my noble vision lies shattered in my mind. I pick myself out of the wreckage and reply lamely, "Well, you see, I forgot to leave the keys of my car for you, so I told Jerry to turn around and come back." (Jerry is one of the chaps with whom I take turns driving to work.)

My wife interrupts, "Why did you want to leave the keys?" "Because," I explain with what I consider supernatural patience, "my car was parked in the street instead of being in the garage."

"Why?" asks my wife.

At this point, I blow a small gasp. "Look," I say with a modicum of annoyance, "all I started to say was how wonderful it is for a man to see his own son going into church to be an altar boy at the altar of God. That's all. And now I got to go into a long song and dance about why I was late starting for work, and why was my car parked..."

"Well, I just wanted to know what happened," says my wife. "Sure," says my sister. "She just wanted to know, that's all." "Can't I ask a few questions?" asks my wife.

"A few!" says I. "Well, let's get it over with. We were late because Jerry's alarm didn't go off; and my car was parked in the street because our daughter's car wouldn't start and I had to push it with my car; and then she got it started and parked it on the edge of the driveway so she could start it again, and then at the 7:30 Mass we met her boy friend, so we brought him home with us and he drove her to work in her car..."

"Why didn't you use your car?" my wife wants to know.

I GRAB my fleeing patience with both hands. "Because of the insurance," I tell her, "and because I told the boy friend to take her car to the service station and get a new battery after he dropped her off at work."

"Oh," says my wife. "But why did you want to leave your keys here?" I refrain from grinding my teeth. "Because," I explain, "what if there was a fire or something, and the firemen wanted the car moved or something... So I got Jerry to turn around and come back, and just then Joe was coming out of the house to serve Mass, and it sure is great to take your own son to church..."

"But I've got a set of keys to your car," says my wife. So now you know why I say that even though I will never be canonized, I've got a pretty good chance to end up as a saint with a small "s."

## Cause And Effect



## GRETTA PALMER

### Learn To Make The Choice

It is hard for a Catholic living in a Protestant or agnostic culture to avoid completely the mental state known as divided personality, or, more drastically, as a schizophrenia. If we so much as think through a mass magazine, drop in at the movies or twirl on television, we are often confronted with a scheme of values at odds with that of the Catholicism, the Gospels and the Doctors of the Church. It is hard to serve two masters; it is easy to fall between two stools.

The difficulty of being a Christian surrounded by unbelievers is not new. The world has always hated the very good Catholic as it hated the Best, Our Lord Himself. He warned His disciples that there would come to be a subtle modern difficulty that confronts all Catholics: the medium good as well as the holy, the lackadaisical as well as the fervent. The "world" today can hurt us in many ways besides that of persecution. It can divide our minds. It can impose on us its standards, so that we half forget our own.

TAKE, AS A VERY clear example, the case of a postulant of one of the contemplative orders of monks who lately left the monastery without taking his vows. Why? "Because," he said, "one day I began to look at the faces of all the men in the monastery and to try to decide how well they would do in the competitive society outside."

I decided most of them would have been failures—and I didn't want to spend my life among a lot of misfits. This boy was, of course, making an appalling error. He was judging the monks by the world, instead of judging the world—his world—by the beautiful principles to which monks devote their lives.

The danger in still another field was brought out clearly, some months ago, in a speech given by Bishop Gorman of Dallas on the subject of Catholic periodicals. He warned that "we should, above all, avoid the hypocritical, almost pathological, reverence of the secular press, which at times approaches awe-some worship..." This all too prevalent disease causes us to disparage our own work, minimize its worth, hypocritize it.

"We tend to compare it unfavorably with a secular press which, in spite of many technical perfections, leaves much to be desired from a number of angles. This is particularly true of a distorted set of values which characterizes its approach to much of the material it handles, and an almost complete lack of any sense of underlying logic, truth or set of philosophical principles beneath the news that it retails."

There is no virtue in accuracy; there is no merit in sloppy printing or badly chosen type, in clumsy writing or in dull reporting. These faults are sometimes present in one or another Catholic magazine... they are almost never present in the best secular magazines. But, as the Bishop reminds us, technique is not everything.

The most beautifully designed periodicals in America are devoted to women's fashions—a harmless topic, to be sure, but not the most vital of our age. The most splendidly mounted spectacles in the theater, the musical comedies, usually carry a message that is either nonsensical or lewd. No technique is not everything.

BUT WE—unless we watch ourselves—are apt to be carried away by the slick, shallow values of the secular world. We are impressed by Hooper ratings and citations in Who's Who, by long runs on Broadway and by Book-of-the-Month selections. Those things begin to seem important to us. But these things are none of our concern: these things are of the world. They are pleasant trifles, minor ornaments that can mislead us badly. For a celebrity's popularity is no more a proof of his essential worth than the popularity of a widely-advertised cigaret is proof of the quality of its tobacco. The world loves its own—but not for any very profound or lasting virtues.

Sometimes, it is true, we are able to make the most of both worlds, and that is pleasant, indeed. It is comforting to hear the secular critics speaking kindly of our own Charters Cathedral or our own Palestrina Masses, of our own Evelyn Waugh as a novelist, or our own Bishop Fulton Sheen on television.

It is delightful to have the two sets of values superimposed, for once, so that we need not shift wistfully back and forth between the two. But this is a mere coincidence, an accident of agreement. It is not the usual thing; it does not last for very long.

IF WE HAD to choose (as we do not) between having our children brought up with tiled bathrooms and vitamins and A.B. degrees from secular colleges, on the one hand, but without the Faith, would we believe that we were doing well by them, provided the alternative was to have them given a childhood of plain literacy?

It is a choice, we in America need not make. But it is a choice we had better know how to make. If we are to avoid having divided personalities, or, to use the drier word, schizophrenia.

THE PARABLE of this Sunday should serve to impress upon us that we must forgive our debts even as we hope to be forgiven by those to whom we are debtors. The able entreaty of the one who owed ten thousand talents secured for him the cancellation of the entire debt, but no entreaty on the part of the man who owed him one hundred denarii could have so happy a result. He was willing to take but not to give.

The love of our neighbor must show itself in our willingness to forgive him in whatever he may owe us.

No man can hope to have the mercy of God for himself who does not show mercy to his brethren.

No man goes into Heaven loving God and loving himself unless he has love likewise for his neighbor. The love of God and the love of our neighbor must be all inclusive.

No person can be left out. No debt owed to us can be so sacred as to warrant our refusal to forgive it. The heavenly Father has in store a special punishment for those who do not forgive their debtors from their hearts.

## Sharing Our Treasure

Champion of Mississippi

By

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.  
(The University of Notre Dame)

Lily Pearl Griffin didn't have much schooling but it is doubtful if there are a dozen college graduates who have won as many converts as she has. Her pastor, Father Andrew Lawrence, a Missionary Servant of the Most Holy Trinity at Camden, Miss., calls her "the greatest convert-maker in the whole state."

For years Mrs. Griffin had been active in the Walnut Hill Methodist Church. But in spite of their prayer meetings, chicken suppers and other "local" she felt there was something lacking. She began to wonder if she was in the Church really founded by Christ.

About this time a Mission was held at the Sacred Heart Church and, seeing the announcement that it was open to the general public, she decided to attend. Fortunately that night the missionary spoke on the four marks distinguishing Christ's Church from all others: unity, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolicity.

HE CLINCHED the matter by holding up a large chart, prepared by Father John H. Markhoe, S.J., showing how Christ founded the Catholic Church in Jerusalem in 33 A.D. and Luther founded the first Protestant Church in 1524. No one can look at such unimpaired eyes as such a chart without perceiving at a glance the divine origin of Catholicism and the human origin of Protestantism.

"That sermon," said Mrs. Griffin, "was the answer to my prayers for light to find Christ's true Church. All my misgivings and doubts vanished when I learned that there was a Church which had been in continuous existence from the day of Christ and had been authorized by Him to teach all nations 'all things whatsoever I have commanded you.' I want, Father, to be admitted into the one true Church."

"We shall be glad to receive you," said Father Lawrence, "but we want every person to understand the teachings of the Catholic religion thoroughly so that his conversion is based upon lasting intellectual conviction and not merely upon the emotions. This means you must follow a course of instruction, three times a week, for a year."

"That's O.K. with me, Father. Then I'll know the religion as well that I'll be able to explain it to others. And there's plenty around here who need it badly."

When Lily had completed her 150 instructions, she knew the Faith from A to Z. Along with a half dozen others she made her First Holy Communion.

"This," she said, "is the happiest day of my life. I'm going to try to show my gratitude by sharing the source of my joy with others."

## The Apostles' Creed

### 'I Believe...'

By Rev. Albert J. Shannon

(This is the Seventh of a series of articles on "The Apostles' Creed" by Father Albert Shannon, professor at St. Andrew's Seminary, and author of "Behind The Mass.")

"IN GOD"—The first and the fundamental truth of all religion is a belief in God. The very word, Religion, implies a God. The word means "to bind back," man to God. You see, before God created man, man existed in God's mind as the building design in the mind of the architect. Then, God created man, man as it were left God. To re-establish the original union is, consequently, the function of religion. Without God, therefore, religion is meaningless.

NO GOD, NO RELIGION. Hence the primary task of religion is to prove the existence of God. However that is not our concern here; for when one says "I believe in God," the presupposition is that God exists. "I believe in God" means more than "I know God exists"; it means "I know God." And that's quite a difference.

IT IS ONE THING TO SAY, "I know Japanese people exist," and quite another thing to be able to say, "I know the Japanese people." Or, "I know there is such a language as the Chinese"; and "I know the Chinese language."

St. Thomas lists five ways for knowing there is a God. However, there are only two ways to know God. Suppose William Shakespeare were living today. I could know him in two ways. If I enjoyed drama, reading Shakespeare's plays would tell me much about the playwright. But that knowledge would necessarily be a very impersonal one. Far better would it be for me if I knew the poet personally. Were I to speak to him and to me, I would glean a much more intimate knowledge of the genius.

Similarly God can be known either through His works or through His words, through His Creation or through His Revelation. Creation tells us that God exists. Revelation teaches us what His existence is. To understand the story creation tells of God, man needs only reason but to learn what revelation tells of God, man needs faith. Reason can only say: "I believe there is a God." It takes faith to say, "I believe in God."

Because creation is visible to everyone, no one should exist who does not believe there is a God. If a woman did not wash her breakfast dishes until evening, if her house were always upside down, with crumbs under the chairs, and covered all cluttered on the beds, we'd have to think she was either an office-worker or a careless housekeeper. We'd know that first from the house, without ever having seen the lady of the house.

In the same way, creation is simply filled with clues to God. Man has only to be a detective.

When the great Spanish philosopher, Balzac, was once asked if the existence of God could be proved, he answered briefly: "I carry the argument for His existence in my pocket." That was in the days before wristwatches; he was referring to his pocket-watch. To him the watch was a most convincing argument for God, because the watch is set by the sun.

EVERYDAY ALL THE CLOCKS of America are regulated by the observatory at Annapolis which gets the hour from the sun. If the watch had to have both a maker and a witness, then who made the sun? Who winds it? All creations tell the same story: "Every tree's a tongue, every stone's a sermon; every running brook's a book." Whoever listens to them, will hear what Augustine heard: "God made us." Whoever reads it, will learn what Aquinas heard: "It was why the Philistine said, 'Only the fool—the intellectually illiterate—says there is no God.'"

But the man of faith goes beyond the narrow confines of reason. When a man says, "I believe in God," does he not imply that God has spoken to him, told him something?

CREATION SPEAKS, BUT AS THOMPSON voiced it in his "Hound of Heaven": "Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silence; then of the Hound, God, Thompson went on to say: 'in sound I speak'; that is, by word of mouth. 'In the time past,' St. Paul said, God spoke 'by the prophets.' In these days... by His Son, Jesus Christ, the King of the Prophets."

Christ came and told a story no creature could ever tell. Christ gave man not only a knowledge that God exists, but a knowledge of what God is. He acquainted him with the three Persons in God, with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This was something reason could never have arrived at, could never have fathomed.

ALL REASON COULD DO was to show that belief was not unreasonable. From there on, Faith has to step in. As St. Thomas wrote of the Holy Eucharist: "Let faith supply what duty the senses."

To say "I believe in God" is not just a faith, therefore in what God has said. But that is not enough for salvation. Faith must be backed by works. "He who does my Father's Will shall be saved." The atheist is the man who says: "I do not believe there is a God." But the man who says, "I believe in God," and then does not live up to his belief, is for all practical purposes, no different from, but worse than, the atheist.

## A LOOK AT LABOR

John L. Lewis  
In The Lead

By A. C. Tuohy

John L. Lewis will go down in history as something of an erratic personality. Probably no labor leader has been abused so violently as he, yet no person in the coal fields commands greater loyalty. His demands, proposals, and programs for the betterment of the miners, all usually are ridiculed and resisted at first, only to be accepted and praised with the passage of time.

Take, for example, the concept of a welfare fund. The idea of a trade union fund to take care of the sick, the aged, and the unemployed is as old as labor unionism itself. Yet no one exploited the idea so thoroughly, so ruthlessly, and so dramatically as Lewis did in 1946 when he won from the coal operators such a fund, financed through royalty payments by the operators, providing union members with pensions, hospitalization, medical services and rehabilitation.

THE REGULATION of welfare funds that is found in the Taft-Hartley law is due in part to the conviction by critics of "creeping socialism" that this money would become Lewis' slush fund, that its use would enhance his power without considerably benefiting the coal miners.

How wrong the cohorts of Taft and Hartley were is evidenced by the public praise that is currently being heaped upon the mine union's welfare fund, and implicitly on the mine chief himself. Not only the miners but social workers and health officials are convinced that the fund has done a great deal of good to the coal community.

Although considerable strides have been made in recent years, coal mining still remains one of the most hazardous of all occupations. Life insurance rates for miners are 27 per cent higher than for workers in non-hazardous industries. In 1951, 655 men were killed (compared with a prewar average of 1,981 deaths) and more than 30,000 men were injured, many being disabled for life.

WHEN THE FUND was established it was estimated that there were 50,000 miners totally incapacitated for work because of injury or disease, many of whom were given over to their families for consolation but little chance of costly medical care. Last year alone, fifty million dollars were spent for medical and hospital expenses for sick miners. In six years more than 1,000 miners with broken backs and other crippling ailments have been rehabilitated to the point where they can do light work and carve out of useful living.

The point is that now medical care is given to these men on the basis of their need, not on the basis of their pocketbook. The poor crippled miner who appeared in a wheel chair at the recent convention of the United Mine Workers of America in Cincinnati was sent from his home in Alabama to New York for specialized surgery without cost to himself. Completely paralyzed from the waist down when a rock fell on him in 1934, the man now makes a comfortable living for himself and his family.

UNDER THE WELFARE fund

plus medical care and hospital care are purchased from recognized physicians and hospitals. In areas where such medical care is not available, the fund lends money for the building of such hospitals.

John Lewis certainly is no saint. Oftentimes he has been something of a scoundrel. His methods sometimes bear a resemblance to the jungle more than a civilized leader of modern workers. But when the record of the coal industry is written and the story of welfare is told, John Lewis' name will lead all the rest.

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