

45 Years in Geneva
Epiphany
Inspiration Day
Church's Status Complete

By MONSIGNOR HART

Msgr. McPadden R. L. P.

The Diocese of Rochester marks the passing of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William H. McPadden, Pastor of St. Stephen's Church of Geneva and Dean of the Geneva Deanery. An exemplary priest, a zealous pastor, a faithful official, he had spent all of his priesthood of 35 years in Geneva.

Beloved by clergy and laity, he made a place for himself in the hearts of all. With the priestly gifts that made him verily a Soggarth Aroon to the people of Geneva, he has had a welcome in every home and a place of honor in every heart.

Pastor of a parish church of unusual beauty and dignity, his unchanging humility and priestly poise added the human touch that made St. Stephen's a living entity, a spiritual powerhouse.

Monsignor McPadden leaves with his people a most complete plant, with church, rectory, convent and school. His parish school has cared for all the children, has prepared them for higher Catholic training in DeSales Institute, has endowed them with a knowledge for Catholic learning and culture that has blessed the Geneva citizenry.

The stately stone walls of St. Stephen's have resounded constantly with the traditional music of the Church in plain chant and in figured compositions.

Young and old will pay sorrowing tribute to their departed priest and pastor. Bishop Kearney will mourn the death of a gifted and zealous laborer in God's vineyard. Monsignor McPadden has been called from earth, but has ready for the Lord a proud heritage of stately buildings and trained parishioners that will continue to bring blessings on Geneva for all the years to come. May the soul of Monsignor McPadden find rest with God!

The Nativity Cycle

It began with the opening of Advent. It has progressed into the glad observance of Christmas. It has developed into Epiphany and its Octave gradually fading out in the Sundays after Epiphany.

It has been a soulful recollection of the love of God for mankind through the birth of the Redeemer. It has brought close to our minds the mysteries of divine grace. It has made all of us know God's great gift of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Our thoughts have been with Mary and Joseph, have mingled with and been enriched from all those thoughts and memories that Mary kept within her heart.

The Octave Day of the Epiphany marks the close of the night of the Wise Men. But it can never be completely closed. With our grateful memories, we review again the wonderful visit of the Wise Men from the East. Men who feasted on the traditions of old, men who knew God's Star and the message it brought to men, men who were ready to sacrifice everything that they might find the King of the Jews to adore Him and bow down on Him gifts filled with mystic meaning.

How blessed it would be for us to carry with us from Bethlehem lasting and vivid memories of the Wise Men! Live their happy days of realization, share their thoughts and feelings, keep the new-born Saviour with us even as did these Wise Men of old.

No worldly attachment can ever match the divine and human love that marked those travelers among all dwellers of earth as Wise Men!

Our New President

In a world troubled with war, a world shaken to its foundations by the forces of communism, where liberty is denied to many millions of subjected people, we approach Inauguration Day.

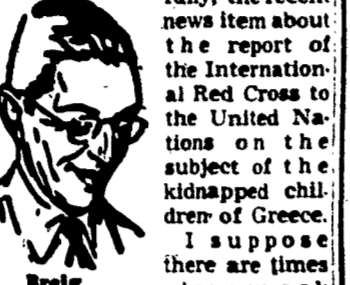
The old order passes, a new order comes in. In a true American manner, President Truman turns over to President Eisenhower the reins of Government. The people have made their choice; the people have spoken. Our Government of the people, by the people, for the people, thankful for past blessings, looks forward to new blessings under the new leader we have chosen.

With confidence in God, with a prayer for the success of President Eisenhower in bringing to our country the blessings of peace and prosperity, we welcome Inauguration Day. Let it be the purpose of every American to cooperate with the new administration in promoting for all new grants of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness! God bless America!

JOSEPH BREIG

Letter To All Mothers

To the mothers of the young men of the anti-communist world: I hope you saw, and read carefully, the recent news item about the report of the International Red Cross to the United Nations about the kidnapped children of Greece.



I suppose there are times when you ask yourself whether it is absolutely necessary for your sons to be far from home, perhaps in Korea, in Indo-China, in Malaya or elsewhere on the defense lines of decent civilization.

Perhaps you had almost forgotten about the thousands of children who were abducted four years ago when Communists invaded Greece, ravaged the country, burned villages, broke up families, tortured and killed, and at last were driven out.

When they retreated, the Marxists took the stolen children with them, and distributed the youngsters among the Iron curtain countries, to be reared as Communists and made ready for some possible new attack on Greece at some future time.

THE FAMILIES of the children appealed to the United Nations, through religious and civic leaders in many lands, for the return of their little ones.

The United Nations then requested the International Red Cross to attempt the task of persuading the Communist governments to give back the youngsters.

Now, four years later, the Red Cross has been forced to confess failure — something the Red Cross seldom has to do. All its approaches were coldly rebuffed by the Soviet Union and the Soviet satellite governments.

Those governments simply refused to give up the stolen children. The International Red Cross felt that there was nothing more it could do. Therefore it asked to be relieved of the assignment.

THE UNITED Nations General Assembly, sorrowfully and reluctantly, granted the request. And the kidnapped children remain captives, never, perhaps, to be seen again in this world by their parents, their brothers and sisters.

Such are the facts; and I hope that the facts will become clearly known to fathers and mothers all over the world. I believe that those facts alone, aside from the countless other crimes of Iron curtain governments, are sufficient to explain to any mother, or to any father, why youngsters have been called back to arms.

Mothers, if your sons are away from home, know that no sons have ever been away in a better cause.

The complexities of international politics may sometimes grow bewildering; but there is one thing that all of us understand very well. We understand that when children are torn from their mothers, something unspcakably evil is abroad in the world.

WE ARE ADULTS, and we know about human weakness. We know that men and women fall, and rise, and fall again. We do not condone sin, but neither are we surprised at it.

We are unhappy almost accustomed to moral failures. We have lived to know that people do sin. But there is one sin from which we turn away our eyes in horror because of its viciousness, its cynicism, its calculated hellishness.

I mean the sin of deliberate cruelty. And that sin is the sin which more than any other is characteristic of communism. It is the abominable sin which always rises from the depths where-aver Communists gain power. It is the sin which Marxists seem driven by devils to commit. It is the frightful sin of godless pleasure out of making others suffer.

COMMUNISTS, ALTHOUGH alone among human beings alive today, are able to laugh scornfully at the pleadings of a mother begging for her little one. Communists, alone among men of our day, are able to laugh at the pleas of a mother who has lost her child. They are able to laugh at the pleas of a mother who has lost her child. They are able to laugh at the pleas of a mother who has lost her child.

Prayer For Nurses

By ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING
The following Prayer for Nurses, composed by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston, is featured in the December issue of The Catholic Nurse, official journal of the National Council of Catholic Nurses in the U.S.A.

Lord Jesus Christ, source of all health and all healing, be with me this day and always as I go about among Thy sick committed to my care.

Place Thine own wounded hand upon my head that all my strength may come from Thee and be used for Thy glory. Let me find Thee in all the bruised and hurt whose injuries I mend. Let me serve Thee in those to whom I bring solace and hope.

Give my weariness and the sufferings of all my patients a place in Thy passion so that we will fill up whatever is lacking in the pain by which Thou hast sanctified the world and saved our souls.

Do not let the human in me spoil the divine work that is mine to do. Keep me silent when I would speak without patience or pity. Hold back my hand when I would do whatever is against Thy will.

Be with me in all my dealings with those whose bodies I tend, that I may touch their very souls with love for Thee and save my own soul by the love that I gave them.

And, Lord Jesus, when finally my round of duties is done and the hour of my death shall come, grant me a place among Thy ministering angels, close to Thy Blessed Mother, health of the sick, hope of the dying and strength of all who serve Thee as she did, as I try to do! AMEN!

GRETTA PALMER They Choose Death

Titu is killing priests. Mao Tse-tung is killing priests. The heads of the Soviet satellite states in Latvia, Estonia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania and Rumania are killing priests.

And when a writer tries to get the story published, what happens? Gretta Palmer asks.

What happens is something of immense significance: his agent or his editor says to him, "Look, if you write about the persecution of the Catholic Church, you and I will be accused of narrow sectarianism. See if you can't find a few Protestant ministers who are also being killed. If there is a Presbyterian martyr or two—a occasional Episcopalian jolt-bird-for-his-faith—there is a story. Otherwise it is strictly a matter for the Catholic magazines."

A FEW YEARS ago Jews were being massacred in Germany by Hitler and his followers. Americans were all being asked (and rightly asked) to examine their consciences and to find out whether we could abide this thing—the punishment of the innocent for no fault, the persecution of the minority because of nothing worse than unpopularity.

The uproar of protest that arose over this injustice literally rocked the world—it sent America to war and it led, ultimately, to the sharp and fearful explosion of the atom bomb at Hiroshima.

The very fact that America is not a Jewish nation made her resentment over the persecution of the German Jews far more impressive than was any anti-Catholic opportunism here. Our statesmen had a right to speak because our statesmen had nothing selfishly to gain.

TODAY there are members of another minority, not suffering in totalitarian countries: 11,000 Catholic monks and nuns have been forced out of their convents in Hungary alone, 9,000 Catholic monks and nuns are now enslaved in concentration camps in Czechoslovakia.

In Rumania—where the Catholic traditional greeting once was, "God lives," and the reply, "Indeed, He lives"—children are now taught to say, "There is no God," and to answer, "Indeed, there is no God."

In China, the good Catholic Sisters who cared for abandoned babies have been expelled by the scores for having "murdered" the poor mites who died under their care.

This is a true persecution. It is a warfare against a ideal, a battle against a religion, a persecution against a particular group of innocent men and women. The nuns who are Catholic in the East were no more guilty than the Jews were martyrs of the 1940's. But where is the world protest against this later suffering?

Why is the U.S. Department of State so still about it? Why are there not a dozen organizations of statesmen who wish to boycott the goods that come to the U.S. Department of State from Catholic-hating lands?

You Can Win Converts

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

Terrence McKenna of Milwaukee is an outstanding brother of a boy and at 18 already has a string of converts to his credit.

He believes that good things should be shared and has lost no time in putting his belief into practice.

The story begins with an automobile accident near Green Bay, Wis., in which Terry was injured and his cousin, Hugh Wolfe, was killed. While recovering at St. Vincent's Hospital, Terry asked the attending Sister for something to read. She gave him some books, on the Catholic religion.

THE DIVINE origin of the Catholic Church, her authority to teach in the name of her Founder, Jesus Christ, and her capacity to minister to all the spiritual needs of man made an instant appeal to him.

Her beautiful teachings, all calculated to make a person better and more Christlike, were a revelation to him as they are to most non-Catholics.

When finally permitted to return to his home at Francis Creek, Wis., he applied to the pastor, Father Joseph Rauch, for instruction. When the course had just gotten under way Terry came to Milwaukee to work.

There he contacted his grandmother, Mrs. Maude McKenna, and brought her with him to the Inquiry Forum just getting under way at the Gesu Church.

"YOU WILL find, Grandma," said Terry, "that the Catholic Church is different from all other Churches. It alone goes back to Christ and speaks to us in His name. It alone seems to have all His teachings and all the marks of the true Church."

"You're talking, Terry," replied Mrs. McKenna. "To the daughter of a Protestant minister. My father, the Reverend Robert Cross Bennett, was the pastor of the Congregational Church at Rio, Wisconsin. But if you, at eighteen, are going to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church, I guess that I, at seventy-one, should look into them too."

"It's pretty late in the afternoon for you, Grandma," remarked Terry, "but it's better late than never."

"ONE IS NEVER too old to learn," Mrs. McKenna smiled. "Terry never missed a lecture and they both averaged 99% in the six tests given during the course. On June 19, 1949, they were among the happiest of the 31 converts received into the Church.

When Terry and his grandmother stood side by side as they made their profession of faith, they dramatized the truth that God's grace and love know no limitations of peace, time or conditions of life.

There is no "closed season" for God's grace, no time when the door of His Church is shut to the earnest seeker of divine truth.

BUT TERRY was not satisfied with getting one convert started on her way. On week-ends, when Terry traveled home to Francis Creek, he carried with him Bishop Noll's great book, "Father Smith Instructs Jackson," which has led so many into the Church.

"Here," said Terry to his widowed mother and to his four brothers and a sister, "is a book which will bring you more happiness than any book you have ever read. It tells you all about the Church founded by Christ and how it can help you to live a good life and save your soul. See Father Rauch and he will instruct you."

Terry's older brother was then serving with the army in Korea. But the other four brothers, sister and mother were instructed and received into the Church by Father Rauch. A happier family it would be hard to find in all Wisconsin.

WITHIN A YEAR Terry McKenna had been instrumental in getting seven converts started on their way into the Church. But his happiness over the developments is no greater than that of his grandmother. You see, her three daughters, Eileen, Kathleen and Nellie, and her son-in-law, Lyster Wolfe, are also converts. "That," she remarked, "makes an even dozen. That's quite a thrill for a grandmother!"

The Apostles' Creed 'I Believe...'

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

HE WAS BORN — When kings are born, their birth for one reason or another may be concealed for a time. For death, not a scepter, is often the throne of an infant king. So it was with King Arthur, the last Briton to stand firm against invading Saxons.

However, five centuries before Arthur walked on the stage of history, another and a greater King was born. Like Arthur, He was destined to destroy the kings of eternal evil and unite the petty princdoms of men. That King of kings was Christ the Lord.

He could have been born in total obscurity. Even Mary and Joseph could have been kept completely in the dark about Who He was. But such censorship would have militated against the purpose of His birth. He came to save men. Without faith none can be saved. And faith comes from hearing. Somebody, therefore, should be told.

OR HE COULD HAVE BEEN BORN with worldwide publicity. His divinity could have been broadcast to the four corners of the earth by angels. But had this been done, faith again would have been destroyed.

Faith is the evidence of things that appear not. It would not pay, therefore, to make His birth too evident. Everybody shouldn't be told. Moreover, Christ's birth was a kind of military secret. He came to kill death by dying. That was to be the strategy. But who would kill Him if it were known He was God? "If they had known, they would never have crucified the Lord of glory." (1 Cor. 2: 8). No cross, no redemption; no redemption, no salvation!

So it was in keeping with God's plan neither to conceal His birth from all, nor to reveal it to all. The purpose of His birth might better be achieved by revealing it to a few and concealing it from the many. And so, that was what God did.

CERTAINLY, MARY AND JOSEPH SHOULD HAVE KNOWN Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.

But parents, you know, are always prejudiced in favor of their own children. Well-intentioned though they may be, yet their evaluation of their own children seldom approximates the complete truth.

Often a two-legged skyrocket of a kid is naught but an angel of light to his parents. The result — a mother's ravings about her child is always taken with a grain of salt.

Although Mary had every reason to boast of her Child, yet who would believe Her? Wouldn't her eulogies be discounted? Wouldn't allowances be made for them too? To circumvent such a possibility was the reason why God saw fit to let some others in on the secret of Christ's birth.

The birth of a baby is always an exciting moment. The father, outside the maternity room, paces the floor like a caged lion. Suddenly the door opens. The nurse's look and nod are enough. The father's pent-up emotions burst out like a broken spring. He dashes excitedly to a telephone booth. His voice races the good news over the line. To those further away, the message is tapped out by the voiceless telegram. Congratulations pour in. His cigars are passed out. With both hands in his pockets and smoking one of his own cigars, he struts before all like a rooster at cockcrow — for joy that a man is born.

Can't you imagine something like that happening when Christ was born? Can't you picture His Father in heaven waiting thousands of years for this blessed event. No sooner does it happen than all heaven is astir.

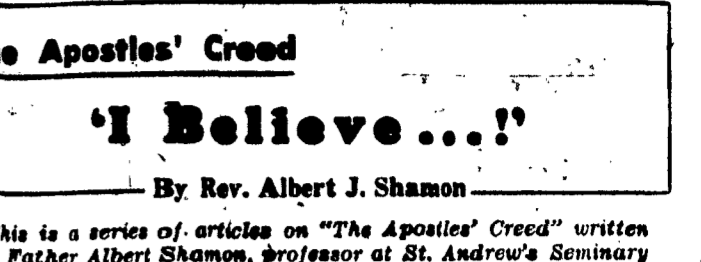
THE FATHER MUST TELL HIS FRIENDS. Some of them, like Simeon and Anna, are so very close to Him that they get the message by a simple nod or a heart-whisper from His Holy Spirit.

Others, like the simple shepherds, are near enough to the Lamb of God to have the good news telephoned by an angel. And a whole host of other angels come with this one not only to let the shepherds know for sure that what the angel is telling them is the Gospel truth but also to show them how happy they all are over it.

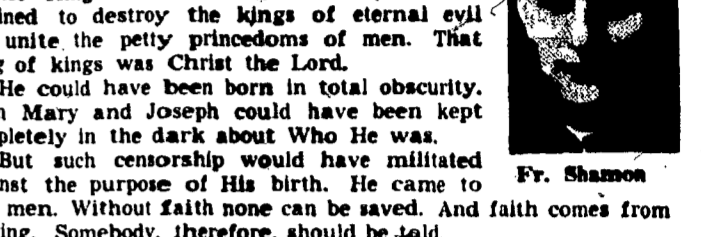
Still others, like the Magi, are so very far away that the good tidings is telegraphed by a star. It was a strange star, its flashing points, like the five fingers of a deaf-mute, told in sign language of a stranger sight — a Virgin in childbirth.

IN THESE EXTRAORDINARY WAYS God let His friends know of His Son's birth. But He let just enough of them know to cover all mankind. Christ was born to save all, Jew and Gentile, male and female. So the few friends informed of His birth represented all.

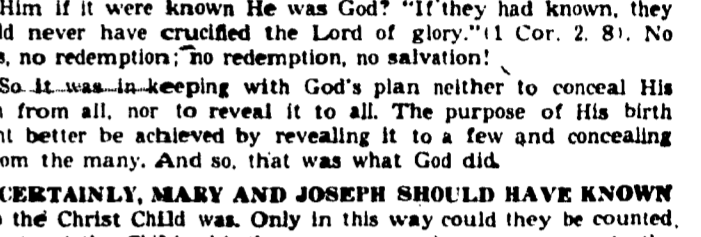
In the persons of the shepherds and the Magi, Jew and Gentile knelt at His crib. In the persons of Mary and Joseph, Simeon and Anna, everyone — young and old, male and female — was there. All hastened to His as to a cornerstone.



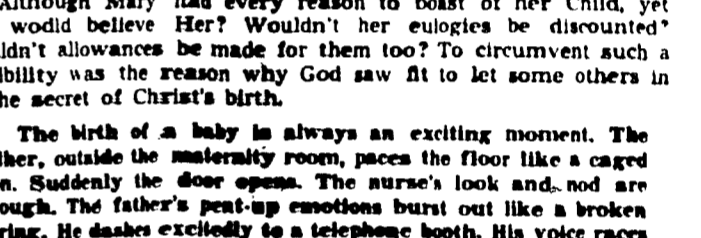
Fr. Shamon



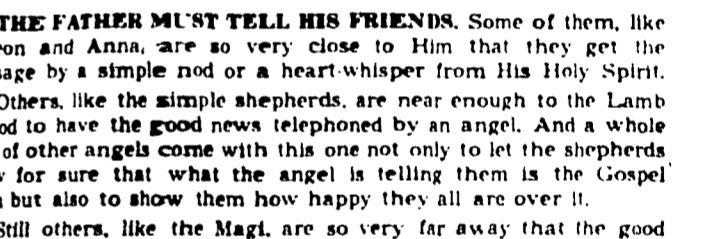
Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.



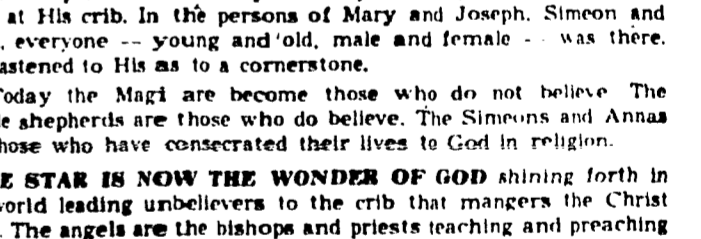
Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.



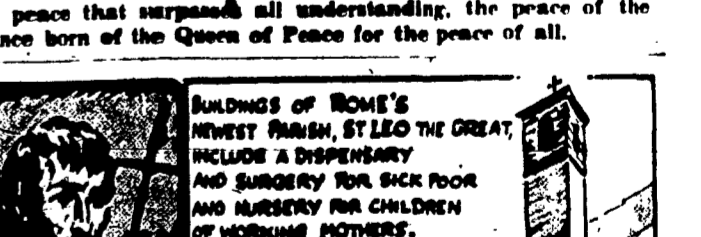
Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.



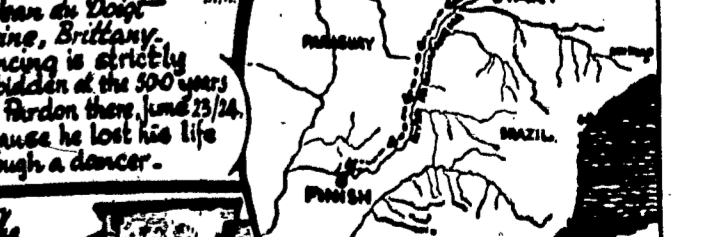
Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.



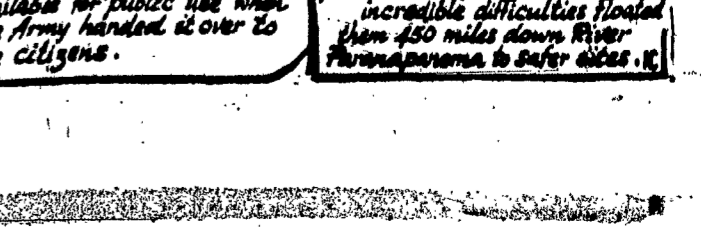
Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.



Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.



Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.



Who the Christ Child was. Only in this way could they be counted on to treat the Child with the reverence and respect proper to the Son of God.

Courier Journal
FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1953
Not for two hundred fifty years has the Sacred College of Cardinals had a complete membership of seventy members. Now with solemn observance of bestowing the Red Hat at later ceremonies, The Church welcomes new Cardinals to attain the full number prescribed by Canon Law. So we have six Cardinal Bishops, American Cardinal Deane, fifty Cardinal Priests.

Who Won?
"Daring," sighed the weary husband, "I've made up my mind to stay home this evening."
"Too late, Ducky," crooned the little woman, "I've made up my face to go out!"

Buildings of Rome's Newest Parish, St. Leo the Great, include a dispensary, two nurseries for children of working mothers.
INDEX PINDER OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST is claimed for St. John by Dougl...
The oldest church in France...
ST. PIERRE-NI-MONMANS, Metz, in the heart of the Citadel...
12,000 native converts on 700 miles and after incredible difficulties floated them 450 miles down River Parana... to safer sites.