

Bishop Kearney's Appointments

SEPTEMBER

1 Monday—New York City—Silver Jubilee of the Union of the Holy Spirit—10:30 a.m.

2 Wednesday—St. Thomas High School, Auburn, N.Y.: Mass of the Holy Spirit—9:00 a.m.

3 Friday—St. John the Baptist Church, Albany: Mass of the Holy Spirit—9:00 a.m.

4 Saturday—St. Bernard's Seminary—Tomb—4:30 p.m.

5 Sunday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—1:30 p.m.

6 Monday—St. Anthony's, Corning—Confirmation—7:15 p.m.

7 Tuesday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—7:30 p.m.

8 Wednesday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—8:15 p.m.

9 Thursday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—8:30 p.m.

10 Friday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—8:45 p.m.

11 Saturday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—9:00 p.m.

12 Sunday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—9:15 p.m.

13 Monday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—9:30 p.m.

14 Tuesday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—9:45 p.m.

15 Wednesday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—10:00 p.m.

16 Thursday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—10:15 p.m.

17 Friday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—10:30 p.m.

18 Saturday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—10:45 p.m.

19 Sunday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—11:00 p.m.

Bishop Casey's Appointments

SEPTEMBER

1 Sunday—Camp Beechwood—Old Scout Mass—9:00 a.m.

2 Wednesday—Sacred Heart Cathedral—Mass of the Holy Spirit; Opening of School—9:00 a.m.

3 Saturday—New York City—Silver Jubilee of Consecration, His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman—11 noon.

4 Monday—Sacred Heart Hall—Rosary Guild—8:15 p.m.

5 Tuesday—DeSales High School, Geneva—Mass of the Holy Spirit—9:30 a.m.

6 Wednesday—Nazareth Academy—Mass of the Holy Spirit—9:30 a.m.

7 Thursday—Immaculate Conception Cathedral, Albany—Consecration of Auxiliary Bishop Edward Martin—11 a.m.

8 Friday—St. Bernard's Seminary—Tomb—4:30 p.m.

9 Tuesday—Aquinas Institute—Mass of the Holy Spirit—9:00 a.m.

10 Wednesday—Our Lady of Mercy High School—Mass of the Holy Spirit—9:00 a.m.

11 Saturday—St. Bernard's Seminary—Ordinations—6:15 a.m.

12 Monday—Sacred Heart Hall—Catholic Men's Club—Rosary Guild—7:15 p.m.

13 Saturday—St. Mary's, Corning—Address, Opening Building Fund Campaign—6:30 p.m.

14 Sunday—St. Vincent's, Corning—Confirmation—1:30 p.m.

15 St. Mary's, Ball's Bluff—Confirmation—2:15 p.m.

16 St. Ann, Colchester—Confirmation—6:30 p.m.

Strange But True

The Basilica of Our Lady of Loretto

THE BILLY GOATS OF LORETTO

THE BILLY GOATS OF LORETTO are the only goats in the world which have lived on the same spot for 400 years. They are the only goats in the world which have lived on the same spot for 400 years. They are the only goats in the world which have lived on the same spot for 400 years.

Labor Day

God Wants You To Love Your Job

JOSEPH BREIG

How I Got Poorer And Poorer

You just listen to me. If you should happen to take your boy to the shopping center to buy a toy, be sure there isn't an electric fixture store nearby. Otherwise, you might end up as poor as I am.

Make yourself comfortable in that new chair there, and I'll tell you about it.

Nice chair? Yes, it is. It's part of the story. Oh, you like that painting above the fireplace? The Madonna of the Sandal, we call it. It's part of the story, too.

Come to think of it, about half the things you see here in the living room are part of the story—including these paint stains on my shirt.

AFTER YOUNG Jim got his toy, I happened to remember that I'd been promising my wife a new light for the kitchen. I figured I might as well get it, while I was there at the shopping center.

I brought it home and installed it, but it wasn't right. I took it down and told my wife to come along and pick another.

The trouble is, this fixture store has a furniture department, too. Mighty nice stuff—and they were having a sale. First thing you know, I'm signing up for a davenport, coffee table and chair—that chair you're sitting in.

Plus, of course, the light for the kitchen.

The stuff was delivered a few days later, and meanwhile the Madonna of the Sandal arrived.

THAT'S QUITE A STORY in itself. Seventeen years ago, a newspaper photographer snapped a picture of my wife Mary, holding our baby Betty in her lap to put her shoes on. Betty is the one who's Sister Joseph Mary now.

I thought the photo was as heart-touching as any picture and child picture I'd ever seen. Some day, I promised myself, I'll get some artist to paint a Madonna and Child for me in that pose.

Well, sir, all these years later, Virginia Broderick of Milwaukee, a painter of religious subjects, did the job for us. Yep, it's mighty good. But the lighting in the living room wasn't right for it.

THE LIGHTING wasn't right for our little collections of Madonna statues in those shelves on either side of the fireplace, either.

So back we went to the fixture store, and browsed around until we found those lantern-type pull-fixtures you see there.

Yep, they fill the bill. They don't cut off the view of the Madonna statue like floor-lamps did, and you can change their position and alter the lighting any way you like.

After we bought them, I had to install some electric receptacles to plug them into.

I DIDN'T MIND THAT so much, but those neighbors came to see the painting, and told me the color scheme of the room wasn't right for the Madonna painting.

That's why there's paint on my shirt—and shoes and trousers, too. I hate to change into old clothes. If I do, I'm likely to jump into the car to go to the store for something, and not have my wallet in my back pocket.

I don't mind so much not having money. But the police have a sixth sense for catching me driving without my license.

I HAD TO PAINT the mantel first. Then I had to paint the shelving to match. Then I had to paint the rest of the woodwork. Then I had to go on into the dining room.

All this painting is showing up the wallpaper—something fierce. It's king it look as old as it is, which is pretty old. So I guess I'll have to get the living room papered. And of course that means the dining room, too.

That's why I'm getting poorer and poorer, and paint-spattered. I wouldn't put up with it for anybody by my wife and Our Lady.

Disgust for work is one of the scourges of our times, said Pope Benedict XV.

When the Holy Father makes a pronouncement like that it is safe to say that he knows what he is talking about.

There are also people who work without apparently ever experiencing anything like disgust for work.

They keep the same pace all ways, crowding hours and hours of work into every day. Like blind persons they go

By father
Huber, C.S.S.R.

along securely on an oft-traveled path. They work in order to work. If only the day's work is done, everything is fine.

They are zealous, ardent in their work and they go zooming along their speedy way; but they do not know where they are going.

There is no destination on their time table, not even a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

They are, definitely interested in work; they grasp at any

outlet that leads to activity. It is a joy to see them buzz around.

Anything like a feeling of disgust for work, while it may hang around the fringes occasionally, is brushed off the flying arms and kicked off of the way by the flying feet. Every day they get all steamed up and go along as faithfully as a locomotive pulling a long and heavy train of cars.

So long as nothing gets in their way, they roll along like a machine on a chain, in a great big circle, or a small one, all day long, from morning to night.

They work because they like to work.

Why?

It's their dish and they do it justice. So they may go on until they die—with their hand on the throttle.

THEY NEVER realize that their zest for work may be only a surrender to a selfish inclination; they are never conscious of the fact that because of their fussing and fuming, they may often be a source of irritation to others.

And if anyone interferes with their work or their way of doing things, they may, until their fit of childish pouting wears off, stop working altogether.

There are others who work just as much and as steadily as the persons just described; but they work not just for the sake



WOULD YOU say that there is anything like disgust for work evident in his life? What is his purpose? To provide for the present and the future of his family and himself the things he believes they should have. Five children in the family, and perhaps more later, are looking to him for a sound beginning and even more for providing for them not only necessities but a reasonable amount of the desirable things in life.

I wonder if he doesn't have his moments when all this striving and working becomes distasteful if not disgusting, not because he doesn't like to work, but because it doesn't seem to be getting him anywhere, at least not so fast as he would like, or because he suspects that he is making mistakes in the way that he is going at the problem, or because he feels that the cards are stacked against him.

Even the executive or owner of a business may spend long hours at his desk every day. People may think he has a soft time in life, sitting at a desk and giving orders and raking in his profits. Still, who but he can tell of the hours and days and nights of worry and planning that he spends in the solitude of his aloneness.

He must drive himself to keep up the pace he has set so far; drive himself and the whole business to set a better pace next year; to keep standards high; to meet competition; to hold up the company reputation.

Doesn't he have a family which, like other families, seem to demand more from him the more it gets in the way of

Daily Mass Calendar

Sunday, September 1 — Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost (green), Gloria, 2nd prayer of St. Aegidius, Creed, Trinity Preface.

Monday, September 2 — St. Stephen, confessor (white), Gloria; or Labor Day Mass in honor of St. Joseph the Workingman (as on May 1), Gloria, Creed, Preface of St. Joseph.

Tuesday, September 3 — St. Plus X, confessor (white), Gloria.

Wednesday, September 4 — Mass as Sunday except no Gloria, no 2nd prayer, no Creed, Common Preface.

Thursday, September 5 — St. Lawrence, confessor (white), Gloria.

First Friday, September 6 — Mass as Sunday; or Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart.

First Saturday, September 7 — Saturday Mass of Our Lady.

Monk's Medicine

Rated Tops

Recent excavations at a 12th-century monastery on the island of Zealand near Copenhagen, Denmark, has revealed an advanced state of medical practice among the monks.

Archaeologists began working on the site of Aebelholt monastery in 1935, but their work went slowly. Interrupted by the outbreak of World War II, archeologists returned to their work last year.

Among the discoveries are a number of medical instruments and fragments of medical treatises which attest to an advanced knowledge of medicine among the monks.

Aebelholt monastery was built in 1175 by Augustinian monks. It was destroyed early in the 16th century when the monks were driven out. The monastery had a fine library of medical treatises, which was scattered.



of working or to please themselves but because they have a goal in view—a purpose to fulfill.

An accountant who works regularly every day may spend several hours three nights a week attending classes in a school of commerce and finance so that he may advance in position and salary.

At the same time he uses his spare hours in building in addition to his home, bit by bit. Somewhere in that schedule he may find time to develop a formula for a waterless hand cleanser and to manufacture and market his product.

And if he goes through this grind week after week for years would he be surprised if he became bitter towards his workers, his family, the gov-

ernment and himself? Would you be shocked if some day he became filled with disgust for it all and said in the bitterness of his soul: "I hate my job"?

Then think of the millions of workers who hold a job simply because they have to work in order to live.

Now you are really looking at a crowd. Out of bed early enough in the morning after late hours the night before, jammed in buses and streets on the way to work and back home again; hours of work in factory, store or office; cold, impersonal, artificial, almost slavish rendering of service (or so much a week; the small but oft-repeated and maddening stinging pains of the faults and failings of employer and fellow-workers; physical exhaustion, nervous strain, financial worry; and the thought coming back again and again that this will go on for years and years; aren't all these enough to make these workers say, at least once in a while: "I hate my job"?

If you have ever found yourself saying, "I hate my job"; or if ever now you are discontented and unhappy and perhaps even disgusted with your work, it's time to do a little thinking.

In the plan God made for man's life here on earth, no place was reserved for a life without work of some kind. God's will is that every human being should engage in some activity which requires the use of the powers and abilities which He has given, whether those powers employed be powers of soul or of body.

There just isn't any room in God's plan for an idle, easy, lazy, inactive or workless life.

When Adam was placed in the garden, he was given the duty of tending care of the garden. "And the Lord God took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure to dress it and to keep it."

It was not penance; it was a duty. It was work; but at the same time it was a pleasure and a joy.

When Adam committed sin, among many other things that happened was this: work became a penance and a burden. "Because thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy

money, clothes, luxuries, homes, travel, social position and the leisure to enjoy all these things?

Do you think it difficult to think of this man letting thoughts of getting away from the desk and the rush and roar of it all, thoughts of needed recreation, thoughts of needed relaxation and relaxation take hold of him?

And if he goes through this grind week after week for years would he be surprised if he became bitter towards his workers, his family, the gov-

work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread."

Our father Adam took it in stride. He worked for many long hundreds of years in a spirit of penance for sin. But he did not forget that work also meant a fulfillment of God's plan; that it was a way of worshipping and serving God.

It did not take too many centuries for wayward, selfish human beings to forget to look up to work in this way; rather, they looked down upon work as something degrading.

It did not take too many centuries by personal example that work must be a part of life. He worked as a carpenter for many years; worked with His hands and heart and head; for surely He did not look upon His work as merely cutting wood and driving nails for a price agreed upon.

He was serving others by providing the products of the carpenter's trade to be used by others in their own work and for their convenience and comfort.

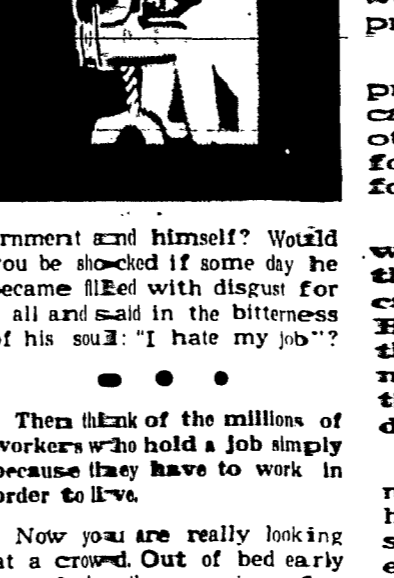
If men and women today would build only on this one thought, that God's plan for us calls for work and that with His help they can learn to love their work, there would be much less disgust for work than there is in the world today.

There was a time when a man could take honest pride in his work and put his heart and soul into it without too much effort, because he was making something by himself for himself or for somebody else to use.

Shoes, watches, clothes, furniture, carriages, were the product of a man's hands, and his personality was reflected in them because his personality was put into them. Some men are still doing that.

But where is the opportunity for such pride and interest and injection of personality into the product of labor when work means drilling the same set of holes in the same place on the body of an automobile hour after hour, day after day; or punching plugs into a telephone switchboard and saying, "Good morning," over and over until it's time to say, "Good afternoon"; or pounding the keys of a typewriter to write letters that reflect the personality of someone else?

Bad as this may sound, there still is the opportunity to try to drill those holes with precision, in the spirit of giving service to fellowmen according to God's plan; to say "Good morning" to the person at the other end of the wire with true Christian politeness and meaning; to type those letters



neatly and correctly; for even in this way you can put your personality into your daily work, monotonous as that work may be.

• • •

The spirit of the times does not foster a love for work; on the contrary it plants the seeds and waters the growth of a disgust for work.

If men pay less attention to God's ideas about things in the world in general, it is to be expected that they will not pay attention to God's ideas about work; or try to get them into their heads.

They will see only the unpleasant side of work; the burden of it; and they will never think of or look for all the advantages and blessings of doing honest work and doing it well.

Balance the hours that are spent in work against the

Courier Journal

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE ROCHESTER DIOCESE

Vol. 63, No. 48 Fri., Aug. 30, 1957

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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and the Catholic Press Association. Subscribers to National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, Religious News Service.

Published every Friday by the Rochester Catholic Press Association.

MAIN OFFICE — 11 Erie — BAKER 4-2210
Rochester 4, N. Y.

ALBANY OFFICE — 41 Grant Ave. — ALBANY 1-3516
ALBANY OFFICE — 111 Lehigh Bldg. — ALBANY 1-3516

Entered as second-class matter in the required office in Albany, N. Y., on March 1, 1919.

Single copy 10c; 1 year subscription in U. S. \$4.00; 2 years \$8.00; Foreign \$6.00 a year.



hours that are being spent in recreation, fun, card playing, seeing shows, or just sitting, or even in sleeping too much, or perhaps just dawdling. Is there anything like the balance God intended there should be?

PEOPLE KNOW they must work if they want to live. It's the law of God. But they don't like to admit it.

They are trying to handle this problem of work in the manner in which the modern undertaker has trained them to face the problem of death. People used to die and the undertaker would take care of the corpse and at the burial the casket would be lowered very simply and unadorned down into the grave, while the family and relatives watched and wept honestly and were impressed by the undeniable fact of death. And now? Well, you know how it's done now. It's supposed to make things easier for the family and relatives and friends. But is it the better way to face and handle the fact of death?

And what is the better way to look at and react to the fact of the necessity of work in our lives? Break your head in trying to find ways to keep it down to a minimum? Escape it? Dodge it? Do it poorly? Cut corners? Crowd it out of life as much as possible?

OR IS IT better: calmly to face the fact that work must have a place in the life of every human being, according to God's plan; to be convinced that we cannot be honestly happy by doing good work; and that some of our happiest moments in life are those we spend in doing work; we are not obliged to do and for which we are not paid?

A person who has learned to see and face these facts and who tries to live accordingly can then truly say with real meaning: "I love my job."



This article may be obtained in pamphlet form titled "Why Work," for six cents from the Redemptorist Fathers, Liguori, Missouri.