

Father George McCall

Following is the text of the sermon given by Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph J. Sullivan at the funeral Mass of Father George T. McCall, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Waterloo, Father McCall died Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1958, and his funeral was Saturday, Dec. 13.

It is truly meet and just, right and availing unto salvation, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks to Thee, almighty and eternal God.

We have come together this morning to discharge one of life's bitterest but most common tasks: to bury a father—the father of the spiritual family of St. Mary's Parish.

For some of us, the ties of human family bound him also as brother, uncle, great uncle. For all of us, he was in many ways at many times, a father as well as a Christ-like friend and neighbor, and we are honored and grateful that so many of his friends and neighbors are sharing our grief today.

The task of commemorating his passing and doing some small part of justice to his memory is more than merely difficult. The risk of indifference on the part of a member of his human family who attempts it is I trust, compensated for and justified by the need to seize this opportunity to acknowledge and express at last the gratitude in the hearts of both his families for all that he was, more than all that he did, when he no longer can struggle to prevent or avoid it.

We are stricken by a sense of loss, the natural mother of grief, but we dare not, we must not be so selfish as to linger upon that loss. It would befit neither God's plan, nor the proper human appreciation of things, nor the character of Father McCall to do so. There is too much for which to be grateful.

St. Paul tells us that every higher priest taken from among men is ordained for and in the things that appertain to God (Heb. 5:1).

In this particular, the hand of God reached out and took the eighth of nine children of an Irish immigrant railroad worker as His instrument for the care of the souls of men: Having chosen His instrument, He fashioned and finished it through long seminary years and led him to his altar to care for men "in the things that appertain to God."

But God was not selfish, did not do it all, left something for his chosen tool. And Father McCall gave himself for the fashioning and for the using as he did everything in his life—all the way—for all but 50 years.

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he worked, in his overalls in his garden, in his hunting clothes in the field, in his vestments at the altar, at the bedside of the sick, in the rectory parlor or in the classroom with his children, he was always priest and man, father and friend.

THE PATH HE TROD took him in his earliest years to Auburn where the people of Holy Family parish, and even the unfortunate in its prison, knew his priestly heart and hand. Later, it was St. Mary's parish Rochester.

For 15 years his path made him a familiar figure across the beautiful hills and valleys of Livingston County near Livonia and Honeyey.

It was a commonplace wonder of the people of the countryside where he found his energy. For those who knew him well, it was a continuing marvel that there could be so much of so many things in that tiny frame—energy, vitality, spirit, personality.

We could even say that he died of good health... he almost always felt so well, loved life and people and enjoyed the things of nature so much that he could not learn to slow down and rest things in that tiny frame—energy, large as himself.

And now, after 50 years of walking he has reached the end of the road, his eternal home. There was something symbolic in the way he reached that end. He who had walked so long and so far alone, with only God as his rendezvous, was alone.

There was another possible grace in that passing, his so abhorrent attention, recognition, honors that he almost feared his coming jubilee.

He seriously intended to take a long vacation at the time of his golden jubilee to avoid the embarrassment of a celebration of honors or attention. And Almighty God spared him the trouble by calling him to his eternal jubilee.

For a brother and uncle than which there never was a better, for a friend and neighbor who enriched every place he stepped, for a father and pastor according to the heart of Christ, for a man and a priest of God, for 50 years of Father McCall. Thanks. Thanks. Thanks to God!

The story of those 50 years seems to me, holds a mirror, up to those other words of St. Paul: "Let a man so account of us as the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." And "it is required among the dispensers that a man be found faithful." (1 Cor. 4:1)

FOR FIFTY FAITHFUL years this chosen instrument walked through life filling the days and months with quiet, unostentatious, humble, priestly goodness. We might even say, speaking in a lighter but appropriate vein, that his life could be summarized by saying that while the world went spinning on its wild way, he went walking.

Sometimes it was with the current, often against, sometimes the weather was gentle, at others it was troubled and stormy, but always undauntedly, Father McCall was walking into the wind when necessary with it when possible.

As he walked, he observed the spinning world and its changes, accepting its offerings, which were good, rejecting those which were evil, and so guiding and teaching his people accordingly.

With an honesty which was flawless, a humility which was almost unapproachable, a power of will which was nearly physical, a courage of his convictions which was the marvel of those who knew him and an utter, absolute lack of human respect which must have been the envy even of angels, he pursued, as he preached, the path of goodness: the love and service of God and his neighbor.

Whatever the need, the problem, whatever the call upon him, its singleness of purpose, its dedication and preaching were pointed, his counsel and comfort true. He never did a sensational thing in his life, yet that entire life was nothing short of a sensation, its singleness of purpose, its dedication, devotion, to what he knew was right.

Wherever he walked, wherever



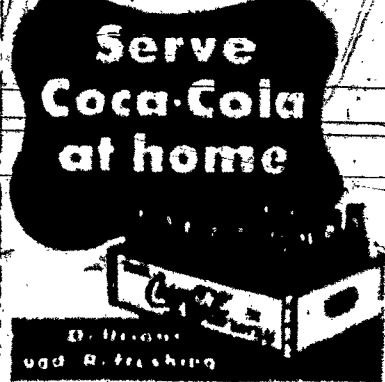
Carmelite Christmas Mass A TV 'Scoop'

A "television scoop" will be made when WROC-TV telecasts Christmas morning Mass from the Carmelite Monastery, Rochester. It will be the first such program in the United States to originate "live" from a chapel of these cloistered nuns. Photo shows Sister Elizabeth, extern nun, arranging altar candles for the 10 to 11 a.m. telecast.

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Father Muckle Funeral Mass This Morning

(Continued from Page 1)

from its original few hundred families to become one of the largest parishes in the Rochester Diocese.

Father Muckle purchased the property on which the parish church, school, convent and rectory now stand.

He supervised construction of the combination church and school and expanded it in 1945.

He also built a new convent for the Sisters of Mercy who staff the school and completely renovated a house purchased in 1922 and converted it into the present rectory at the corner of St. Paul-Bh-1 and Colebrook-Dr. He retired as pastor in 1954, due to failing health.

FATHER MUCKLE was ordained to the priesthood on June 6, 1908 after completing his theological training at St. Andrew's and St. Bernard's Seminaries.

He received his early schooling in Yates County public schools and Dansville High School. He also attended Keuka College, St. Francis College, Quebec, and St. Michael's College, Toronto.

After being ordained to the priesthood, Father Muckle served as procurator at St. Bernard's Seminary for three years. In 1911, he was named assistant pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, and two years later was named principal of DeSales High School, Geneva while being attached to St. Francis DeSales Church. He held this post for several years.

FATHER MUCKLE was the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Muckle of Stanley. His priest-brothers are Father Charles Muckle of Avon, Father Joseph T. Muckle, C.S.B., of Toronto, and Father William Muckle, also of Toronto.

His nun-sister is Sister Mary Charles Muckle who is at St. John the Evangelist convent, Rochester. Father Muckle was the last surviving member of the 1903 class ordained for the Rochester Diocese.

In addition to his priest-brothers and his nun-sister, Father Muckle is survived by another brother, Andrew of Stanley and two other sisters, Mrs. John E. McWilliams and Mrs. George D. McWilliams, both of Stanley.

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