

energy of this man are alike a source of wonder and inspiration to all who know him. To someone blessed with the great privilege of living with him, I feel that his faithfulness to prayer and his unobtrusive way of manifesting this fact will always be my greatest inspiration and one of the things I shall always remember.

What was said of the patriarchs of old may also be said of Bishop Kearney — "a great priest, who in his days pleased God and was found to be just," — and the Scripture word "just" means righteous, honorable, fair, dutiful, and conscientious in all things.

**Spiritual Shepherd
Friend to His Priests**

By Monsignor
John E. Maney

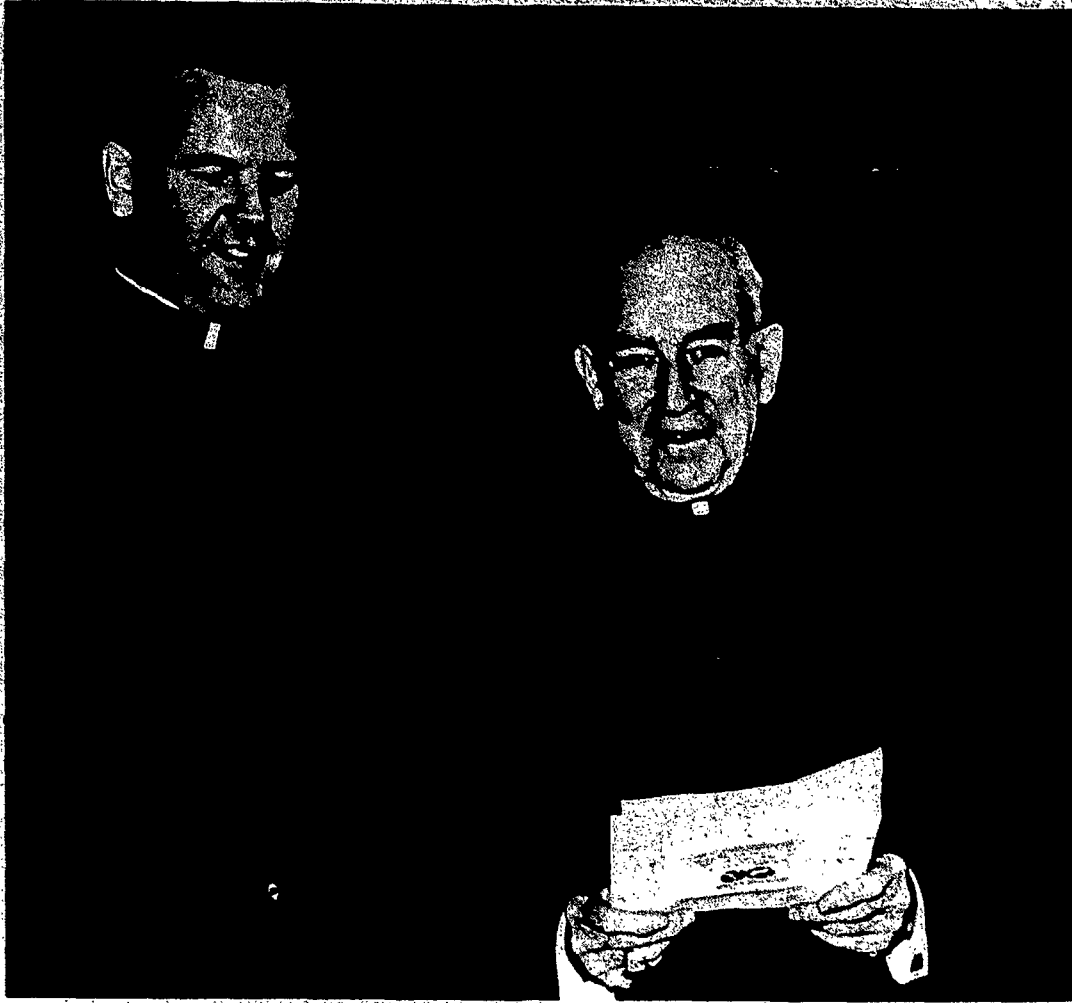
Throughout his extraordinary ecclesiastical career which has taken him from parish curate in Manhattan to pastor in the Bronx, thence to missionary bishop in Utah, and finally the bishop of a large and thriving metropolis, Bishop Kearney has never ceased to be what he aspired to be as a young man, a priest!

He began his career as Father Kearney, and the streets and homes of St. Cecilia's parish in Manhattan echoed that name for nineteen years.

Father Kearney was their priest. He endeared himself to them in all the ways that God gives to every priest. He shared their joys and their troubles and sorrows, and they soon came to know so deeply and intimately how aptly his title "Father" fitted him.

I have heard many of his old parishioners, even in these latter days, still calling him Father Kearney, and it seems to be the greatest tribute of love and appreciation they can give him.

Father Kearney taught them and their children the way of life and truth. He brought comfort to their sick and dying.



Father James Moynihan is Bishop Kearney's present secretary. He and the Bishop are shown at the Chanery, administrative center of the Diocese.

He helped many a young couple to find happiness with each other in holy matrimony. He counseled many a boy and girl to embrace the religious life and give service to the Church like him. He helped to settle many a domestic difficulty and he brought relief to their poor.

His mother once gave him a piece of advice on the occasion of his becoming a priest. She told him, quite frankly: "Son, keep your mouth shut, and be good to the poor!"

Bishop Kearney often jokes that the Church interfered with his mother's advice, especially

in making him a bishop, for he has had to open his mouth in thousands of speeches and sermons.

But the second part of the advice he has kept all his life, because he is constantly "good to the poor." When I say "poor," I mean anyone who is in need of help in any way, and I would characterize the life of Bishop Kearney as a constant kindness to his fellow man. His happiness comes from being kind to others, and one of the least known facts of that kindness is his great love for his brother priests.

Year after year at Christmas time and other numerous occasions, I have known him to send check after check to his former priests in Utah, the missionaries out there for whom he has never ceased to be their Father because they were his sons and he knew their trials and difficulties.

I have seen him press the hand of many a missionary priest and bishop, and leave a helpful token of his fatherly heart in their outstretched hands. I know of many instances when he has personally assumed the financial burdens of sick priests, down-and-out

priests and yes, even the priests who have given up and left their ministry.

I have been with him on confirmation tours in all the churches of the Diocese, his visits to the hospitals, schools and convents; and how many times I have witnessed this pattern of fatherly kindness: "Father So and So doesn't have a decent altar cross" . . . or . . . "Father doesn't have recent candlesticks for the altar," and many a church and chapel now possess a chalice here, a cross there, a tabernacle, as the result of Father Kearney's solicitous eye and heart to provide good things for his children.

Some of the priests know this very well.

Many have no idea of the vast amount of church furnishings in this Diocese which have come from Father Kearney.

One final random thought. The priests of New York, where Bishop Kearney was one of their well-loved brothers for a quarter of a century, have the fraternal custom of calling each other "Pere," which is the French form for "Father." It is a title that fits a priest, and the New York priests have adopted it as their familiar and brotherly salutation for each other. There is a deep fraternal bond which unites priests, and perhaps there is not a better expression we priests have to convey this to one another than to greet each other as "Pere."

Bishop Kearney brought that priestly salutation to us twenty-eight years ago. He loved to call his priests "Pere," but unfortunately we never adopted the custom here in this Diocese. But we priests will never be able to express in one word all the love, gratitude and devotion that we owe to our Father Kearney other than to salute him with heartfelt reverence on his 81st birthday: "Pere!"

Who Should Run the Missions?

By GARY MacEOIN

Rome—As I follow the generally approving debates on the expanded schema on the missions, my mind keeps returning to an open-sided, thatched-roofed hut deep in the Ibo country of Nigeria, where I dined on the night of April 11 last year. The bishop had come to confirm the children next morning. His hammock was already slung from the rafters of this building that served as parish hall, as school, and as guest house for whatever stranger happened by.

I do not recall what we ate, except that yam, the staple of all that region, loomed large on the menu. Just as the meal ended, a quick noise shattered the background murmur of hidden insect and animal life eternally present in bush and jungle.

The open doorway was filled by one of the finest specimens of mankind I ever laid eyes on. Silhouetted by the kerosene lamp against the black of the forest and dressed only in a loin cloth, the taut-muscled young man was obviously in a state of extreme agitation.

The pastor knew him well. A carpenter by trade, he is an important man in his village and a good-living Christian. We finally calmed him down enough to extract a coherent story. His wife had been many hours in labor, and the old people were warning that mother and child would surely be lost unless he consented to the just, the traditional ceremonial for such situations, which includes sacrifice to the spirits.

It is a common problem. If the priest insists, the likelihood of death is statistic-

ally high. The reason may be partly psychological. The woman feels herself condemned for rejecting the advice of the elders. There may also be ingredients in the potions which in fact have positive clinical value. Unfortunately, we still know next to nothing about African culture.

Being gods with a machine, we found a solution which is not normally available. We put John and his wife in the automobile and drove them to the hospital at Abakaliki.

The bishops of the entire underdeveloped world of Africa, Asia, Oceania and Latin America have such problems. The modern period of Church expansion has done little about them. We have thought of the missions as that part of the world which lay outside Western culture, and we have regarded the missionary's job as the simultaneous imposition of Christian belief and the culture in which he himself had received it.

Political changes have made this approach no longer viable. But, as Bishop Joseph Blomjous, of Mwanza, Tanzania, insists, it is also theologically wrong. A leading missiologist and founder of the most important institute of African studies under Catholic auspices in East Africa, Bishop Blomjous points out that today the Church is almost everywhere present in Africa in its essential structures, in some places more solidly than in many parts of Europe.

Because these Churches in Africa (and elsewhere) are young and consequently growing with the rapidity proper to older Churches on the basis of the collegiality which establishes a universal healthy youth, they need help from the mission of all the Church to all the

Church, according to the needs of each part. But it pertains to the local Church in each place to determine its structures and programs, within the unity of the universal Church. The older Churches do not control. They give from their abundance and charity whatever the young Churches determine that they need, personnel, know-how, economic support.

One obvious effect of this transfer of the decision-making role to the local Church will be a determined effort towards cultural integration. But even this will take time. Many of the local clergy have been brainwashed so thoroughly in their preparation from childhood by the missionaries that they are perhaps even less equipped than some Western missionaries to effect the Christianization of their traditions.

This factor may have been in Bishop Blomjous' mind in his answer to a question I put to him. I pointed out that the Moslems, whose progress in Black Africa is far more rapid than that of the Christians, insist for conversion only on a profession of faith, take several generations to impose their full moral code. "Do you think," I asked, "that the local Churches will seek a similar approach?"

"We can never minimize Christ's teaching," he replied. "However, I think that later on—but not just yet—a more indulgent attitude towards objective violations of the Christian moral code by the newly converted will develop."

A personal footnote. At latest report, mother and son are both fine, thank you. The boy received the name of Gary at the test. With scant concern for aptitude tests Gary's rights to a voice in his future, his parents have picked his career. He is slated to be a journalist.



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Ailing Donkey Delays Pilgrim to Holy Land

Istanbul—(RNS)—A French mother of five who set out three months ago on foot in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land was forced to halt here when the donkey that carried her belongings became ill.

She is Madame Genevieve Duclos-Troszczynski, the wife of a Pole, who started the pilgrimage from her home near Le Harve last July in thanksgiving

for a son's recovery from a serious illness. Her four sons and a daughter are being cared for in France by a Catholic institution.

Turkish officials came to the pilgrim's aid by taking her donkey to an animal hospital, but veterinarians said treatment would be lengthy.

Determined to push on as fast as possible, Madame Duclos

asked for another donkey and one has been promised her.

Madame Duclos has so far covered 2,300 miles—traveling through Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria—and has only 125 miles to go before setting foot in the Holy Land. When she reached here, she was given a new pair of shoes to replace one she had worn down.

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