

"AD MULTOS ANNOS"

A Very Warm Welcome
And Best Wishes
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
For A Long and Memorable
Stewardship Of The
Rochester Diocese

Joseph Entress
BUILDER

God Love You

from

The PEOPLE

of

St. Patrick's, Aurora, N. Y.

and

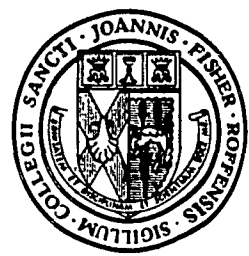
St. Michael's, Union Springs, N. Y.

GREETINGS

from



Nazareth College



St. John Fisher College

"AD
MULTOS
ANNOS"

EXTENDING
SINCERE
BEST WISHES

for a

Long, Happy
Career

to

Bishop Sheen

from

DWYER

ELECTRIC CO., INC.

252 TREMONT STREET
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



In the days of old, Knights
and Ladies pledged their
fealty to the Church.

Thus do we pledge our fealty to our new
Bishop, His Excellency Fulton J. Sheen.

We extend a sincere welcome to our new
Shepherd and offer him the same service
and loyalty we have tried to exhibit to our
beloved Bishop Kearney.

We happily recall Bishop Kearney's arrival at the New York
Central Depot to become our spiritual father. We were there in
full dress uniform and have tried to fill every important event
since that beginning with the military—religious significance
that marks our Order. For ten years Bishop Kearney honored
us as the Supreme Spiritual Adviser of our Organizations. We
were privileged to be with him at many historic events and we
recall our happy association with His Excellency.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN
LADIES AUXILIARY, KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN

—Continued from Page 1B

store. "We'll take those," he said, indicating two plump chickens turning on a spit. "And some of these, and these," he exclaimed, scooping up cans and packages with both hands. He seemed even happier than I was as we staggered out, arms filled with enough food to stock my larder for a week.

Bishop Sheen's kindness and infectious good nature began lifting me from my morass of dependency. All the slights and hurts I had suffered over many years began to dissipate in the face of this one man's goodness and patient counsel. He constantly sought to strengthen my spirits with words of encouragement and hope. Above all he urged me to rid myself of bitterness against anyone who had humiliated me by thoughtless words or actions. "You have told me of people who have hurt you, perhaps unintentionally," he once said. "Is there no one who has been kind to you?" Then I remembered the selfless care and devotion of the doctors and nuns at Carville. I recalled particularly the patient work of Dr. Daniel Riordan, a great surgeon who had performed the 16 operations to make it possible for me to use my hands again. Through the words of Bishop Sheen I was made to see that no matter how much I had suffered there was still much to be grateful for; that there were thousands of dedicated people working to alleviate suffering in the world. As I got to know him, I was constantly amazed at the far-flung extent of his work and charity, particularly in the fight against Hansen's disease. As director of the U.S. Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he supervised 400 leproseries around the world. Once Jackie Gleason, the comedian famed for his portrayal of Joe the Bartender on television, gave the Bishop a large check and told him to give it to "the poorest of the poor." The Bishop told him the poorest of the poor were in a leper colony in the Pacific. The check was so large that Bishop Sheen took it to the leper colony himself. With it they were able to build a clinic, get additional doctors and more

medicine. When he was about to leave, an old woman, badly crippled by leprosy, came up to him. "Please tell me who did all this," she asked the Bishop. He thought for a moment and remembered his promise not to reveal Jackie Gleason's identity. Bending over, the Bishop whispered to the crippled old lady: "The man who did all this was Joe the Bartender."

Gradually, with Bishop Sheen's encouragement, I became better able to face my situation. I conquered my bitterness over slights I had suffered. Yet at times, when I was alone, I lapsed into spells of acute loneliness. Once I became so desperately lonely that I called the Bishop as he had told me to do whenever I felt I had to talk to someone. His secretary told me he was ill at home. I apologized and resumed pacing my little apartment, desperate for someone, anyone, to talk with. A few moments later the phone rang. I recognized the voice of Bishop Sheen, although he sounded hoarse and tired.

"Paul, I want to see you," he said. I told him I was terribly lonely but that I didn't want to trouble him if he was sick. "I'm just a bit under the weather," he said. "You come right over now. It will do me good."

Guiltily I hastened to his residence. The housekeeper opened the front door. Inside, in bathrobe and slippers, the Bishop sat hunched on the stairs leading to the second floor. He looked pale and weak but he summoned up a smile and greeted me as warmly as ever. Ill as he was, he sat and talked with me far into the night. I said the hardest thing to bear was the loneliness, the absence of any friends except him.

"Friendship is a precious thing," he said. "But sometimes one finds kindness even among strangers."

Not long afterwards, the Bishop's words of encouragement came true. A woman in the office where I worked—a complete stranger—became interested in my problem. She told me she thought my appearance could be greatly improved by plastic

surgery. "But plastic surgery is expensive," I said. "I could never afford it."

"Don't worry about that," she said. "I have a doctor I want you to see." She sent me to Dr. Theodore Capeci, one of New York's finest plastic surgeons. He arranged for me to have plastic surgery performed by Dr. Carl Barlow, another top surgeon. Dr. Barlow performed four operations over a two-year period that made a marked improvement in my appearance. All of the operations and hospitalization were provided free by the two doctors who were complete strangers. And the woman who had sent me to them was just a casual acquaintance. Later, as I thought of this, there came back to me the haunting words of Blanche Dubois in Tennessee Williams' *Streetcar Named Desire*: "I have always been dependent upon the kindness of strangers."

Strengthened by the kindness of such good strangers, I have finally found a purpose in life. I am now proud that the pioneering work which Dr. Riordan did in the 16 operations on my hands, helped him perfect the revolutionary surgical techniques which have enabled him and other doctors to restore the usefulness of the crippled hands of thousands of victims of Hansen's disease (the correct medical term for leprosy.) I also take satisfaction in working to make the public aware that today the disease is curable, that with early diagnosis and modern drugs it need not be crippling or disfiguring.

Above all, I am grateful for the friendship of Bishop Sheen. Once I tried to express this gratitude in words. "You have given me your friendship, your time, everything I have," I said. "And I have nothing to give you."

"That's not so Paul," the Bishop said. "You give me strength."

When I was with Bishop Sheen he never preached to me of religion or of Catholicism. Rather, he spoke of love of God and man, and edited by his example, I came to realize that in his kindness to me he was



Bishop Sheen at a church in Georgia.

the living embodiment of the parable of the Good Samaritan—the man who succored the stranger in distress. His unflinching compassion and holiness inevitably kindled a spark of faith within me. It was with a deep feeling of humility and gratitude that I was received into the church and baptized by Bishop Sheen at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Bishop Sheen is a world famous figure. He is a noted churchman, a famed preacher, a learned philosopher, a popular writer and now Bishop of Rochester. But to me he has a quality more precious than all those high accomplishments: he is the great man who befriended a lonely stranger. His friendship has been a bright beacon that has dispelled the dark night of loneliness.