

best wishes
on the 100th anniversary
of the
Roman Catholic Diocese
of Rochester

Newspapers Don't Grow Old

Your Democrat & Chronicle and The Times-Union, like the Courier-Journal, trace their traditions to Rochester's beginnings.

The Times-Union is a descendant of the Advertiser, oldest daily newspaper west of the Hudson. The Democrat & Chronicle was first published as the Morning Advertiser in 1833.

Today, though, they're new, NOW.

Responding to the needs of modern readers, the Democrat & Chronicle has a new People Page, a new Feminine section for the ladies, a new Metro Page, and new His and Her sections every Wednesday.

On Sunday, the new 12-section Democrat & Chronicle has introduced Upstate, an exciting magazine for and about Upstate New Yorkers, and new Home, Now, and Show sections.

The Times-Union's changes include "listen..." the new every-Friday magazine for the young, the new daily Money Page, and "GO", a magazine for Greater Rochesterians on the go, every Friday.

Maybe that's why "The Best Informed Read Both."

THE TIMES-UNION
Democrat and Chronicle

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**CATHOLIC
DIOCESE
OF ROCHESTER**
Centennial

Best wishes for your
continued advancement
and growth

The National
DOWNTOWN - SOUTHTOWN
PITTSFORD - GREECE

CITY OF ROCHESTER
Frank T. Lamb, Mayor
Seymour Scher, City Manager

The First Five Bishops . . . a Recollection

From McQuaid to Kearney, They Showed Their Lighter Side to a Keen Observer

By MOST REV. LAWRENCE B. CASEY, Bishop of Paterson

These personal recollections of the first five bishops of Rochester have no definite pattern. The major contributions each made to the diocese are largely left unmentioned here.

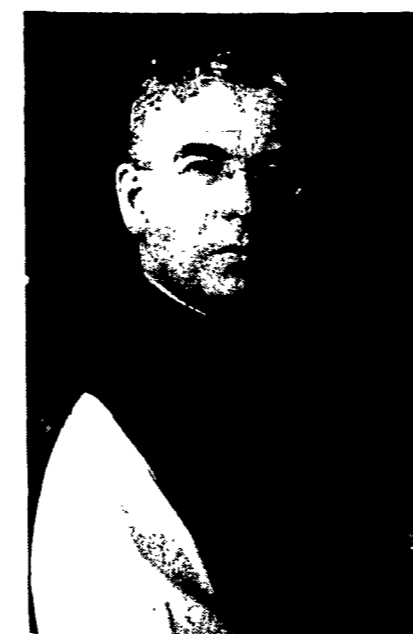
Their greater deeds are narrated by Father Robert McNamara in his monumental work: "The Diocese of Rochester, 1868-1968." Those who wish to know what has happened in the diocese since its foundation will find this book required reading.

Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid. I was four years old when the first Bishop of Rochester died. I saw him once but don't recall it. I was perched on my father's shoulder during a Holy Name parade.

When she was a sixth grade pupil at St. Patrick's Cathedral Grammar School, my mother carried a message from the principal to the Bishop's room in the Cathedral rectory. She described its spartan simplicity, desk, chair, prie-dieu and iron cot. She remarked about his gentle way, particularly with children.

My old pastor, Monsignor Arthur Hughes of Holy Rosary Church, said that the Bishop showed great kindness to the seminarians and he was concerned that they had enough to eat.

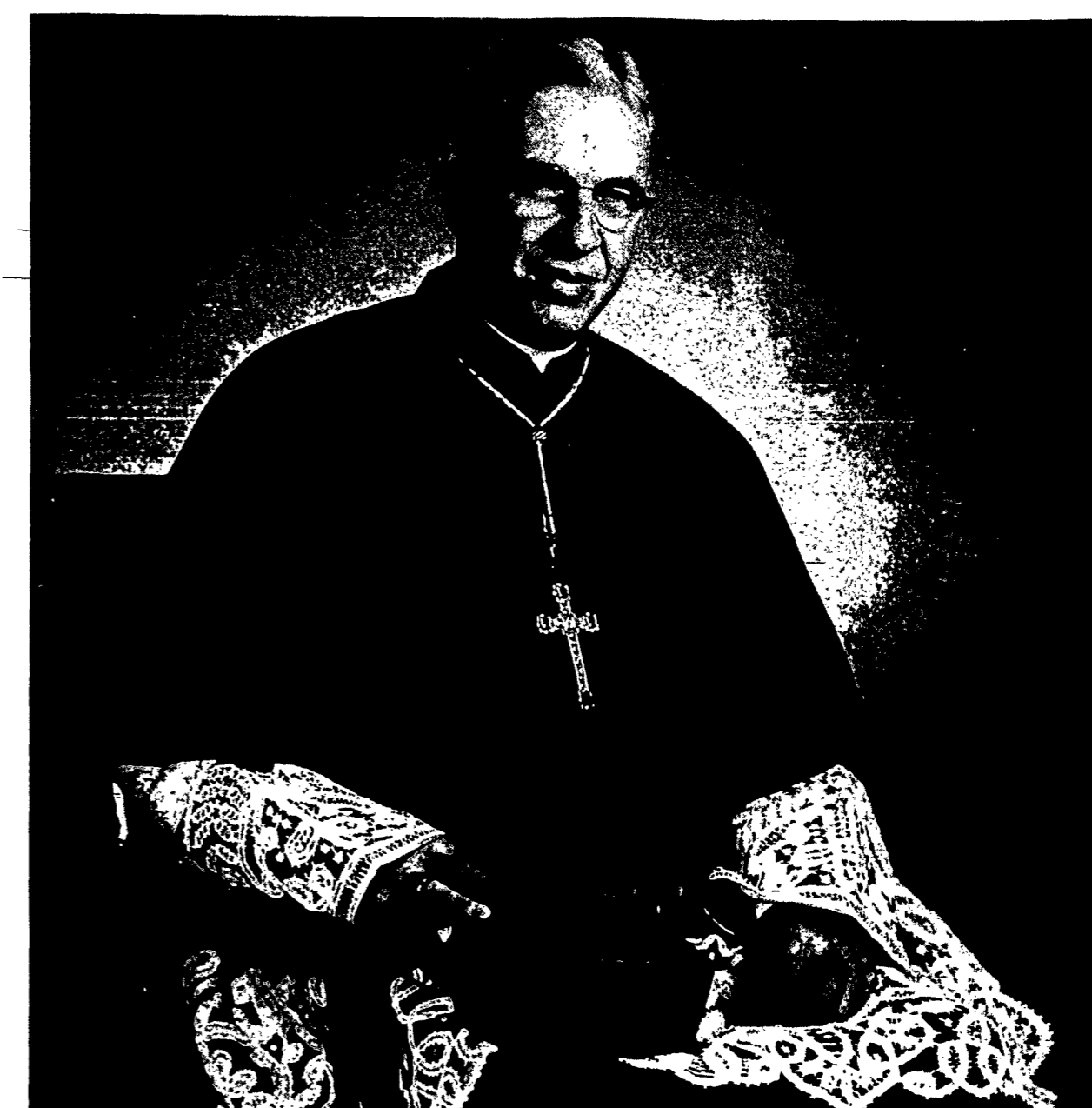
Doctor Frederick Zwerlein painted a different portrait in his book on Bernard McQuaid.



Msgr. William M. Hart

There you see a man who was a formidable adversary, one who seemed to thrive on controversy. He was not a man, certainly, with whom to take liberties.

Bishop Kearney has a photo of him standing at the corner of Kodak Alley and State Street,



Bishop Lawrence B. Casey

waiting to board a Charlotte trolley. The profile is leonine and the countenance stern. It is claimed he wore each suit for ten years, economizing to save money for his beloved St. Bernard's Seminary.

Another story has the Bishop standing at the base of the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery chapel, spy-glass to his eye, checking to see that the masons did their work correctly.

But here was the man of vision who built the Diocese of Rochester on a firm foundation, a pioneer who was willing to take risks.

Archbishop Thomas F. Hickey. My first encounter with Rochester's second Bishop came in 1916 at Corpus Christi Church when I was confirmed. He was a very dignified person and the children were awed by him.

The seminarians at St. Andrew's and St. Bernard's had few direct contacts with their Bishop, other than an occasional conference in the chapel. Listening to him, one felt that here

was a holy man who believed what he said.

As a St. Bernard's seminarian, I was a torchbearer at the Consecration Mass of his successor, Bishop O'Hern, March 19, 1929. Archbishop Hickey, who had resigned his office the previous fall due to illness, gave the sermon. In his prime, the Archbishop had been one of the finest pulpit orators among the hierarchy. He rose to this occasion and gave a memorable sermon.

At the end, he walked over to the throne he had vacated and knelt down to kiss the ring of his successor. Instead, Bishop O'Hern stood up and embraced his predecessor. It was an emotional moment, the passing of a regime, and Cardinal Hayes, the consecrator, looked on with compassion and understanding.

When the Archbishop died unexpectedly at St. Mary's Hospital, December 10, 1940, Bishop Kearney, Monsignor Hart (his right-hand man and the one who was closest to him), and I drove there immediately.

I looked at the still form and thought of a phrase we used during evening prayers at St. Bernard's. It was a prayer for Bernard McQuaid's soul: "May he be at peace after the laborious struggle of this life." It had been a long, hard road for Archbishop Hickey. He had found the burdens of administration too crushing.

Yet, those who knew him well saw him as a man of simple faith who had a burning desire to do God's will on every occasion, no matter how much it cost him; such is a successful life.

Bishop John F. O'Hern. There is always a special relationship between a bishop and the priests he ordains. The Class of 1930, St. Bernard's, was the second group ordained by Bishop O'Hern. He was essentially a parish priest and remained one during his episcopate.

He became the third Bishop of Rochester at the beginning of the Great Depression, and the financial difficulties of the parishes left their mark on him. He shared the worries of his priests

and did what he could to help them.

I was with Bishop O'Hern as acting secretary during the last eight months of his life. He had suffered heart damage shortly after his Consecration in 1929, and he was living on borrowed time. He knew this but still traveled at a fast pace. The doctor had advised him to shorten his Confirmation talks. I'd remind him of this each time he left the sacristy and then he'd go out and talk for forty minutes, having a great time telling stories to the youngsters.

Gregarious by nature, Bishop O'Hern could call ten thousand Rochesterians by their first names. Except in the last days, he would get out of the car at the Four Corners and walk the rest of the way to the Chancery at 70-Frank Street (later Plymouth Avenue). He stopped to talk with bootblacks, former parishioners, policemen and delinquents.

He was a forerunner in the ecumenical movement and his relations with those of other faiths were friendly and warm.

Curiously enough, the Bishop was everyone's friend but was intimate with no one. Very few knew his inner thoughts.

Two weeks before he died, we made a swing in the Auburn area, visiting Ludlowville, Auburn Prison, Mercy Hospital in Auburn, with a final stop at St.



Msgr. William F. Bergan

Francis Rectory, Geneva. I sat in the rear seat with him while John Coaker drove the car.

The Bishop probably had a premonition of death because he talked incessantly about the old days, and the priests and the
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