

# Father McCarthy Praised as 'Always a Priest'

The funeral eulogy for Father Charles J. McCarthy, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, who was buried July 20, was preached by his classmate and former teaching colleague at St. Bernard's Seminary, Msgr. J. Emmett Murphy, pastor of Holy Apostles Church. Following are excerpts from Msgr. Murphy's sermon at the Mass of the Resurrection:

To review the priestly life of Father McCarthy is to review his whole life. For he was totally a priest, always a priest. His sole ambition in life was to be a good priest. To this he dedicated his many talents—for this he worked faithfully to the very end.

If I should limit this eulogy to the simple statement "Father McCarthy was a good priest," I would have told you the story of his life for the past 32 years.

Father McCarthy was an assistant at St. Bridget's for three years and at Holy Rosary for six years. The 28 years since he left St. Bridget's and the 22 years since he left Holy Rosary have failed to dim his memory to the parishioners of either parish—they still remember the young, energetic, jovial Father McCarthy.

For 13 years, as choir-master and professor of music at St. Bernard's Seminary he maintained and perfected the high standards established by his predecessor, Father John Peter and Father Benedict Ehmann. His albums and concerts gained a national reputation for St. Bernard's choir.

But it is in St. Bernard's Chapel that he is best remembered by hundreds of priests. There he was our leader at Solemn Mass and Solemn Vespers. There he taught us to love those beautiful hunting Latin melodies of yesteryear.

It is a measure of his progres-

sive spirit and his filial obedience that he who knew and loved the Latin chants so much more than I, never echoed my complaints over their passing. Instead, he began immediately to search for suitable melodies in English and to train his people to sing the glories of God in the vernacular.

Here at St. Andrew's I have heard the beginnings of a liturgy which will in time be a worthy successor of the music we have put aside. Here at St. Andrew's, under his inspired leadership, I have heard the congregation sing as I have never heard elsewhere—it was his dream that someday our churches would be filled with the voices of our entire congregations as they praised God.

How happy he was in Macedon where he was able to know all of his parishioners, to teach all of the children, to preach every Sunday, to be truly a father to all his families. Here he devoted himself exclusively to spiritual matters. Here, he had time to read, here by a kindly providence, he had the time to be with his elderly mother and his ailing sister, Mary.

Father McCarthy possessed an attractive, a magnetic personality. People just loved him, that's all. What was the reason? It was many reasons. They loved him because he loved them. They loved him because they saw God in him, another Christ, kind, compassionate, meek and humble.

They loved him because he was innocent, like Nathaniel, "a man in whom there was no guile."

A friend and counsellor of sinners for 30 years, he knew sin in all of its ugly shapes, but his soul was a fortress unconquered—he was clean of heart and his priestly chastity was yet another reason why people loved him.

They loved him because he was a man of prayer—particularly devoted to the Blessed Sacrament and to our Lady. I saw him last on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Pinned to the pillow were a crucifix and a scapular, symbols

of his faith. How appropriate it was that he should have died on a Saturday of our Lady.

But his sunny smile and cheery greeting were often a mask hiding a heavy heart and a tired body. His heart was often troubled. One can not love

people without sharing their sorrows and bearing their crosses. And his body was often tired. Had he spared himself he would no doubt be with us yet. —But then he would not have been Father McCarthy and he would not yet be with God in heaven.



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Wednesday, July 28, 1971

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BOB CONSIDINE

## On the Line



The worst show on Broadway is not in any of its legitimate theaters. It is in the streets outside. The once-charismatic native habitat of the Barrymores, Katherine Cornell, the Lunts, Helen Hayes, Ziegfeld, Rodgers and Hart and Hammerstein, Jerome Kern, Ethel Merman, Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence, etc. etc., has become a cesspool.

Even the salvation shouters who once exhorted passers-by to denounce the devil seem to have fled in the face of today's battalions of prostitutes and their repulsively affluent pimps, furtive pushers and the agonized pushed, unwashed hippies, the seediest beggars this side of Calcutta, toughs who must have been expelled from the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club for ungentlemanly conduct, muggers, purse-snatchers, bums, drunks and derelicts who would give the Bowery a bad name.

The wonder is that the graven image of George M. Cohan, somewhat the worst for wear because of his pigeon fans, doesn't climb down from his pedestal, repair to St. Malachy's and confess that it was he who wrote, "Give My Regards to Broadway." Whether he'd get absolution today is moot.

The city is trying by every means, including off-track gambling, to get the funds to make it into a place attractive to tourists, conventions, and even

attract a national political convention. It hasn't had one since 1924. But what can it do about the most brightly lighted Skid Row in the land? Broadway has been too much for the cops for four or five years. By and large the people they arrest use the swinging doors at the nearest precinct.

The babes, their bosses, the brutes and the bereft are back the next night, still in charge of what once was the Gay White Way. It's increasingly "gay" from the looks of things, but that's all there is, there isn't any more — as Miss Barrymore might have said.

The millions of out-of-towners and foreign travelers who will find their way to New York this summer will, by tradition, want to see Broadway. You can be sure that when they return home they'll be the first to say, "New York's a nice place to visit, but I'd sure hate to live there."

It used to be fun to stroll up Broadway after seeing a show and head for a good restaurant for a snack. Now it is advisable to take a cab, get to your home or hotel as quickly as possible, and take a shower.

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