



PICKING UP ON THE WORLD AROUND HIM: the Bishop reads the morning paper at the kitchen table . . .



. . . and listens to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ryan while deacon Bill Darling stands by.

Text and Photos by Laurence E. Keefe

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE I



OFFICE WORK: above in his private study, the Bishop prepares his weekly Courier-Journal column. Below, he looks over incoming mail with Father Conboy, and dictates answers to Miss Brady.

Always on the street there is the sudden start of recognition, the tentative, "Hello, Bishop." His long legs pause in their quick and even stride. "Why, hello, Bob," he says. "Good to see you, again."

Bishop Joseph L. Hogan may lead a lonely life, but seldom does he get to be alone.

Whether it's a stranger on the street, an old family friend or a member of his official family, they all have something to tell the Bishop. And he listens.

A routine day begins with Bishop Hogan's private Mass in his own chapel, followed by a spare breakfast of tomato juice, coffee and an English muffin.

The Bishop, when he is alone, usually breakfasts simply in the small white kitchen in his apartment, served by his housekeeper Laura Wosnick. She still calls him "Father," a habit left over from the days when she worked for him at St. Margaret Mary's Church.

A quick glance at the paper, and the diocese's chief administrator is off to his office on the fourth floor of 50 Chestnut St.

Father Michael Conboy, his personal secretary, brings in the mail and they sort it, make entries in the schedule book and decide on answers. Miss Anna Brady then comes in for dictation and with letters to be signed.

The schedule shows that this particular morning there is a funeral to attend, one for the father of a deacon. The Bishop and Father Conboy pack their vestments in light suitcases and go to the church.

