



Photo by Ben Susso

JOSEPH FRANK

A View From The Front Seat

By JOHN DASH

Joseph Frank is a man of carefully chosen words. He protests that the confidences he shared with his employer for nearly 30 years are not to be disclosed.

Joseph Frank was chauffeur and grounds keeper for Bishop James E. Kearney.

He recalls that it was Father Roy Murphy who first proffered the job. Father Murphy was a member of the Frank family and to Joseph, "having just returned from the army," the offer sounded "like a great honor and peaceful occupation."

"From day one," he says, "the bishop never criticized or chastised me for any of the mistakes I'm sure I made."

Frank remembers that the bishop "was always on the job bright and early at his office at 50 Chestnut St. When his day-ended, there it only began at his residence at 947 East Ave. His office was always lit when we chanced to go by at night."

He notes that the bishop "always answered all of his own mail and appreciated every card and note he received — especially those on his birthday, at Christmas and on St. Patrick's Day."

Frank recalls that in his own home "we could usually expect a call on the phone and a happy birthday song from the bishop when one of us had a birthday."

On Christmas last, Frank visited Bishop Kearney whose health had failed considerably. He then was residing at St. Ann's Home. On this holiday, the aged prelate remarked, "Joe, I don't hear the phone ring anymore." Frank searched the room and found a telephone. He dialed long-distance to the bishop's relatives, and after some difficulty with the connections, was able to present the bishop with a holiday phone call to his family.

Shortly thereafter, two Daughters of Charity, who had cared for Bishop

Kearney at St. Mary's Hospital, entered the room, Frank says. One of the nuns approached the bishop's sick bed and whispering in his ear, began to sing one of the prelate's favorite songs. "The bishop opened his eyes," Frank remembers, "and tried to sing with her."

It was obvious to all that the holiday for the bishop was a great success. "We usually had the best time when we hadn't planned for it," Frank says.

Then other times required considerable planning. Frank recalls the bishop rising at 5 a.m. on Easter mornings to supervise the placing of 40 lilies in front of the East Ave. house, "to tell the city the glad tidings of the resurrection."

"Many times," he notes, "the whiteness of the lilies blended with the white snow on which they were placed."

Up until about five years ago, Bishop Kearney enjoyed an occasional game of pool with his priest-secretary. "He was interested in all sports and knew his players," Frank says.

"He happened to be at the game when Babe Ruth broke the record."

He loved music, Frank notes. "Bishop Kearney saved all the records the schools would present to him."

He enjoyed some television, Frank says. He preferred to watch the game shows and news broadcasts.

Near the end of his life the bishop still enjoyed "his much beloved ride in the countryside." It was Bishop Hogan who saw to this, Frank says.

"One of the last rides the bishop took was to bless our daughter Pam's new home. Although he couldn't leave the car, he blessed the house and recited the most beautiful prayers by heart."

Joseph Frank retired on Jan. 1. Bishop Kearney died a few days later. Joseph Frank's eyes grow misty, he sighs. "I'll take a little time," he says.



It is axiomatic that children tend to romanticize those events or situations which adults find disruptive of the daily ebb and flow.

This winter's blizzards are a case in point. Two of the children and I were caught coming home in a recent storm and in order to drive the last half-mile home I had to ask the oldest to open her window in the back and stick her head out in order to direct me, literally, inch by inch, a process I found terrifying. The youngest, meanwhile, oblivious to anything remained calm, blowing up a balloon which she had acquired moments before and letting it sputter repeatedly in my ear.

Once the car was safely in the garage, both children, instead of fleeing directly into the safety and warmth of the house kept pleading to go out and play in the 45-mile-an-hour gusts. The neighborhood children, they pointed out, were already "enjoying" the weather.

The whole thing reminded me of my childhood winters when severe cold would freeze the gas line and both the furnace and the kitchen range would be affected.

We walked to school and back — four trips a day. Not only was there no lunch program but brown-bagging was not allowed. In severe cold we little ones would be kept home. Once in a great while if bad weather had developed during the afternoon my mother would pick us up, taking my father back to work after lunch and keeping the car.

I can still remember the profound delight when once she picked me up, my little sister and brother already in the car, and told us there was so little heat in the house we were going to a friend's for dinner. When they asked us to stay the night my joy knew no bounds, although it had to be an unsettling experience for all the adults concerned, trying to find room to bed everybody down.

There was this same delight when my grandparents who had come into town on a Saturday to shop discovered the roads back home were impassable and they and my young aunt would have to stay over with us. Whatever hardships were involved for the adults, the few animals they kept and had to worry about, did not impress us children.

My own children will undoubtedly remember the blizzards of '77 with the same rosy overcast that colored our view back then.

They will recall with relish for their children the winters that were so bad that their friends were snowbound in schools and at ski resorts overnight. And if they recall at all the winter-related hardships and, in some cases, tragedies, those features will not be dwelt upon at length.

CDS: Trying to De-Fuse Crises, Ease Court Load

Photos by Ben Susso

BY MICHAEL GRODEN

Arbitration is defined as "the hearing and determining of a dispute between parties by a person or persons chosen or agreed to by them."

Since 1926 the American Arbitration Association (AAA) has provided trained mediators to solve such disputes, chiefly in labor-management settlements. They felt, however, that arbitration could be used successfully in a "broad range of social controversies involving individuals, groups and institutions."

In 1968, working under a Ford Foundation Grant, AAA established the National Center for Dispute Settlement in Washington, D.C. In 1975, "to better reflect the growth of its community activities and the establishment of regional branches (including Rochester)," the name was changed to Community Dispute Services (CDS).

CDS offers a number of programs dealing with the problems average citizens sometimes find themselves in. These services generally fall into three categories; actual intervention and mediation in disputes, court diversion and education programs.

Richard B. Boddie, associate director of Rochester's CDS and a Syracuse University Law School graduate, explained that CDS offers alternatives to outright confrontation. "Our society seems to be crisis oriented," he said. Community Dispute Services exist to prevent such a crisis. We believe that an impartial third party can keep a bad situation from becoming worse."

Court intervention exists to help prevent neighborhood disputes, family arguments, business disagreements, labor management disputes and even cases dealing with minor acts of violence or misdemeanors from entering the courts for a solution.

Besides lessening already overloaded court schedules, it allows the people involved to settle their problems by themselves, Boddie said.

CDS has intervened in more than 2,200 cases since it opened in the spring of 1973, including the Indian takeover at Eagle Bay.

Boddie "conservatively estimates" that CDS has saved taxpayers two million dollars from the court intervention program alone.

The education programs, deal with conflict resolution training, how to negotiate settlements, and manage these on-going programs, private counsel training and others. Floyd C. Tucker, program director said that when people know how to handle a prospectively violent or disruptive situation, crisis can usually be prevented.

He used a parish priest as one example of what CDS can provide. "A priest is someone who people naturally go to for help with their problems whether it be



Richard B. Boddie

Floyd C. Tucker

marital, sexual, financial or others," he said. CDS can offer professional training to him that he might not have had, before. It could make his job just a little bit easier, Tucker said.

Community Dispute Services is a non-profit organization and available to anyone who may need it. It is funded mainly through grants and private donations. Court intervention is funded through a government grant from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA).

Besides CDS, the LEAA funds go to another intervention program headed by the District Attorney's Office. Boddie feels that two such agencies are unnecessary and that the Pre-Warrant Hearing Project should be dropped.

Boddie said that his major objection to the Pre-Warrant program is that it is a "duressful" program. The Pre-Warrant Hearing Project "takes care of the problem of an overloaded court, but the problems of the people are not solved," he said.

In the CDS system the people are supposed to work their problems out themselves. The Pre-Warrant system doesn't allow for that, he said.

In any case these arguments may all be academic. The LEAA funds will stop in June and so far no other funds have been found.

Boddie feels that CDS Court Intervention should be incorporated into the city budget. No action has been taken.

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