

Sarah Child



All in the Family

The Heart Has Its Memories

I have been trying to write this particular column since the day before Christmas — no, not true: I've been writing it all my life.

There was no homily at the Mass for my mother at St. Elizabeth's, Smethport, Pa. And I was glad, because frequently a eulogy tends to gloss over reality, fashioning and forging a plaster of paris saint.

Margaret Costa was not one of those.

Her mother's people came to this country in the 1800s. Her grandfather cleared and tilled the land behind a pair of oxen and her grandmother baked bread in a field oven and sold it for a penny a loaf to the railroad workers and woodcutters who ravished the Pennsylvania forests at the turn of the century.

Her parents' lives were equally simple and my father loved to tease my mother that by marrying her he brought her into civilization and indoor plumbing.

Mom was tough as befit her background. I was six and my sister Thomasina four when she took us for a walk on the mountain railroad tracks. We came across a snake, four feet long and big around as my wrist, fat with eggs. When it reared up at us, we screamed and my mother picked up a thick stick and dispatched it to a better world. She beat down a lot of snakes for us over the years.

She was vulnerable and funny and bright and full of life — and very quick on the uptake. She married at 17, knowing little about keeping house. She learned quickly. She baked bread twice a week, was the best all around cook I've ever known. She frequently put in 16-hour days — cooking, knitting, cleaning, wall-papering and painting the ten-foot walls in our old Victorian house — all this

while bearing and raising five children.

She helped my father start his business and at 40 took up dressmaking and tailoring; learned bridge at 50, golf at 60.

She had a love of words and not one of the five English majors in the family could beat her at Scrabble or match her skill at the Sunday Times Crossword Puzzle.

My father, who literally sat at her bedside for the last two years, wrote down a fragment of something she muttered when she was coming out of anesthetic once, and he showed it to me recently.

"Fluff, Muff and Algernon," she had said. They were characters in the first book she ever read to me and which she said I requested ad nauseam. All five of her children are voracious readers.

But, here I am — painting one side of her. We loved her as she was and that included faults. She liked having her own way, was short on tact and did not believe in paying compliments to one's face (although she was relentless in pushing your cause behind your back).

Her grandchildren adored her and could not understand how anyone could ever be annoyed with Grandma. They were not familiar with the old saw that grandparents and grandchildren get along so well because they have a common enemy.

My mother, like many of her generation, demonstrated her love for us with actions, not words. In recent years she and I learned to say "I love you" to each other — usually over the phone.

And I guess I'm glad we did, except that neither those three words nor any others can possibly express how much she meant to all of us or what an awful void her going has left.

Msgr. Flynn

Continued from Page 1
 ticles based on episodes from the Bible also were highly regarded.

In an interview in the Gates-Chili News upon his retirement as pastor of St. Helen's, Msgr. Flynn said, "I was in the fifth grade at St. Monica's when I first received the calling to the priesthood. After that, that's all that mattered."

Speaking of his years as editor, he said, "I was satisfied to get out of the Courier. Enough was enough. The newspaper business is fast-paced. I'm just glad that they finally realized that I was there a long time. Besides, it was a hard job."

Legally blind in his last years, Msgr. Flynn nevertheless was described as being able to get about with the aid of a cane.

He is remembered for his

love of children and his concern for the sick.

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Pope Names Bishop Kelly Louisville Archbishop

Rochester-born Bishop Thomas C. Kelly has been named by Pope John Paul II as Archbishop of Louisville, Ky.

The 50-year-old Dominican, general secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and United States Catholic Conference, succeeds Archbishop Thomas J. McDonough, who signed the Louisville post last September.

Archbishop Kelly's appointment was announced early last week by Archbishop Pio Laghi, apostolic delegate in the U.S.

Archbishop Kelly was born July 14, 1931, in Rochester. He studied at Regis High School in New York City and at Ithaca High School in Ithaca, and at Providence College in Rhode Island before joining the Dominicans in 1951. He was ordained in

1958. He was ordained a bishop, as auxiliary of Washington, Aug. 15, 1977, a few months after his election as general secretary of the national bishops' groups.

The Archdiocese of Louisville is one of the oldest in the nation. It has a Catholic population of 207,000 in a total population of 1.3 million.



ARCHBISHOP KELLY

Chaplains Meet

The diocese was extensively represented at the recent New York State Chaplain Convention at Grossinger's Convention Center recently.

Father Thomas Doctor, president of the chaplains' association, arranged for the convention. Father George Freemesser, CSB, priest-psychiatrist, who was born in Rochester but now is stationed in Toronto, delivered a major address.

Diocesan priests in attendance were Father

Dominic Mockievicius, chaplain of Sonyea Developmental Center; Father Paul Freemesser, administrator of St. Aloysius, Auburn, who accompanied his Basilian brother to the event; Father James Duah-Agyeman of St. Michael's Church; and Father Thomas Florack, chaplain of Willard Psychiatric Center.

More than 60 chaplains representing Catholic, Protestant and Jewish chaplaincies across the state attended the two-day meeting.

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