

Photographs create sense of intimacy with readers

By Father Paul Cuddy
Courier columnist

Does it make a difference whether a newspaper column has a logo or a photo of a columnist? I have campaigned for months to have the *Catholic Courier* columnists' photos returned. The editor wrote: "If a large number of readers want the photos of our columnists back — we'll consider reinstating them."

Probably the first letter to the editor was from the tall Father Raymond G. Heisel, actively retired at Our Mother of Sorrows, Rochester. Since he is given to drollery, his letter requires some study. In the *Courier* issue of August 31, he wrote: "I am shocked and saddened that he (Father Cuddy) wants the American flag torn down only to be replaced by his picture over his column." Hence this letter.

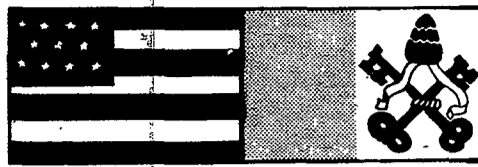
"Oh, the dagger to my heart! How like Brutus you are, thrusting the deadly weapon of my alleged unpatriotism. Now I know how Caesar felt as he gazed into the eyes of Brutus who was about to thrust the

dagger into his heart. With what sorrow came Caesar's cry in Shakespearean Latin: 'Et Tu, Brute!' To paraphrase: 'And you, Father Heisel!'

"As we grow older people suspect that our buttons get looser. But I think yours are on perfectly tight, so let me explain to our readers about 'L'affaire de la photo.'

"Regarding the logos which booted out the photos. I think they are excellent. The Gospel symbols for Father Shamon. The pen and ink for Father McBrien. I never was clear about the logo for Cindy Bassett. Is it an open book, or a spider? My own logo is relevant: the flag of our country and the papal flag for the church. The logos are attractive and relevant, but the photos are more pertinent.

"Newspapers have photos of Ann Landers, Dear Abby, Jimmy Breslin, William F. Buckley, Jack Anderson in their appropriate columns. The *Catholic Courier* retains the photo of Bishop Clark. They could have put a logo — e.g. a crown of thorns, which is the lot of many bishops —



ON THE RIGHT SIDE

but the bishop's benign smile more touches the senses of the people.

The past two months, I have been supplying in many parishes, and am grateful that so many told me: 'I've written the *Courier* and asked that your picture and Father Shamon's be returned.' One very able high school teacher added tartly: 'I don't care what they do with Father McBrien.' Those who read Father Shamon's superb commentaries on the Scriptures usually read my own commentaries on many things. Those who applaud Father McBrien usually would be pleased to at-



A WORD FOR SUNDAY

there are no sacred images, no family prayers or devotions, no example of virtuous living. Often society is at fault. It tolerates drugs, pornography, an irresponsible media that glorifies crime and criminals, lust and violence.

Finally, like the prodigal, some people get lost because they want to do what they want and not what the Father wants.

God seeks the first two kinds of people who are lost; for them He is a "hound of heaven." But the prodigals need to seek God. That is why Our Lady at Fatima and Medjugorje has asked us to pray for sinners. That is our work: to bring back the prodigals to God.

If the shepherd toils so hard for one sheep, if the lady worked so diligently to find a lost coin, if heaven rejoices so much over one who is lost and then found, ought we not to be indefatigable in seeking lost souls by our prayers, works, and sacrifices?

Our calling is grand: to find the lost. Lost people will be found by people who care as God cares. And all heaven shall rejoice!

tend my pending funeral. Most people read Bishop Clark's weekly column, since they are interested both in the bishop as our chief shepherd, and in the direction of the diocese.

"A few people sent me copies of their letters to the editor, and they are impressive. Mrs. Rhea Gartland of St. Petersburg sent me a copy of her letter to the editor, and added a personal letter to me. In it she wrote: 'The photograph creates a sense of intimacy between the reader and the columnist.' That expresses it perfectly.

"Despite your Brutus-like betrayal of your long-time friend and classmate, I still invite you to my funeral to stand shoulder to shoulder with the bishop and our remaining classmate, Father William Gaynor, at the Mass of Christ the High Priest. How blessed we have been to be able to give 53 years of happy service to God and His church. May the Blessed Trinity continue to give us a great love for the church and the people. Blessed be God forever. Thanks be to Our Lord for His Mother."

Divinity school schedules conference for November

"Treasure in Earthen Vessels: Exploring the Call to Professional Church Leadership," is the theme for the 1989 Conference on the Ministry at Colgate Rochester Divinity School/Bexley Hall/Crozer Theological Seminary in Rochester.

The conference, which is scheduled for November 9-11, is designed to help individuals discern their call to ministry and professional church leadership.

The divinity school prepares men and women for Christian ministry that is learned, pastoral and prophetic. It has historic and continuing ties to the American Baptist churches, the Episcopal church and is an ecumenical and multi-racial community of faith and theological inquiry.

Conference brochures will be available this month. For information on application and admission to the conference, contact: Father Thomas G. Carr, Colgate Rochester Divinity School/Bexley Hall/Crozer Theological Seminary, 1100 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N.Y., 14620, or call 716/271-1320.

Souls stray from God through carelessness, conscious choice

By Father Albert Shamon
Courier columnist

Sunday's readings: (R3) Luke 15:1-32; (R1) Exodus 32:7-11, 13-14; (R2) 1 Timothy 1:12-17.

Daniel Boone was supposed to have been asked one day if he had ever been lost. He replied: "Never, but there were three days once when I didn't know where I was."

A New Yorker stopped a farmer and asked, "Does this road lead to New York?"

The farmer replied, "I don't know."

"Well, does it lead to Boston?"

"I wouldn't know," said the farmer.

"Well, does it lead to New Haven?"

"Don't know that either," replied the farmer.

"Well, what do you know?" asked the traveler with exasperation.

The farmer answered, "I know I'm not lost."

There are two classes of people: those who are lost and know it; and those who are lost and don't know it. In the Gospel, the tax collectors and sinners knew they were lost and so they gathered around Jesus to hear Him. The Pharisees and scribes didn't know they were lost and they murmured audibly against Jesus. "This man welcomes sinners and eats with them." Notice, they wouldn't even mention His name — "this man." To welcome sinners is bad enough, but to eat with them — that was a shocking scandal!

How important self-knowledge is! I always enjoy Robert Burns "Ode to a Louse." One Sunday in church a beautiful lady strutted in, robed in lacy finery, and tossed her head in proud disdain of all around her as she took her pew in front of

Burns. He looked at her and saw a louse crawling on her bonnet. It inspired his poem, which concludes with this stanza: "O wad some Power the giftie gie us/ To see ourselves as ithers see us!/ It wad frae mony a blunder free us,/ An' foolish notion:/What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,?! An' ev'n devotion!" To translate: "O would some Power give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us. Then we'd be saved from many a blunder and wouldn't put on airs or even devotion."

How do people get lost? In three ways.

First, some get lost like sheep: they nibble themselves lost. Sheep never defy the shepherd. They just wander along, heedless of danger, seeing one tuft of grass over there that looks better than this tuft right here, never looking up to see where they are going, and finally ending up on some precipitous mountain ledge or in some menacing swamp where they never in the world intended to be.

How many have lost the faith, just by neglecting daily prayers, Sunday Mass, monthly confession, little-by-little neglects?

Secondly, like coins, some people get lost through the carelessness and neglect of others. This is so often true of children. They lose the faith, because in their homes



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