

POOR  
ORIGINAL

COPY

Institute of Living  
Box 2070  
Hartford, Connecticut  
June 15, 1962

Most Reverend Thomas A. Connelly, DD, JCD  
Archbishop of Seattle  
907 Terry Ave  
Seattle 4, Wash

Your Excellency:

A number of psychological tests still lie before me, but the preliminary examinations are out of the way and I am settled into the routine of the hospital. No indication has been given to me about length of stay, but it certainly will be a matter of months, in my own opinion. More than ever, I appreciate the opportunity of coming to the Institute. The chaplain tells me they average 6 or 7 priests a year. Currently there is only one other priest here, a Monsignor. The previous occupant of my room was also a priest. I am in a unit with 20 other men, 5 of whom are physicians, easily the predominant occupation. My room overlooks the "campus," a beautiful park which forms part of the recreation area for the patients. The whole 35 acres of the hospital looks like a typical small New England college, complete with ivy-covered halls. There is a beautiful little chapel where we have Mass on Sunday mornings. A priest comes from the minor seminary, which is staffed by the diocese itself.

My psychiatrist is a Dr Lynch and apparently he is a practicing Catholic. So far he sees me three hours per week and I find I can speak quite freely with him. He is a very likeable man and I have confidence in him.

One of the most interesting things I have noted so far is that among the other patients, there are very few you would ever classify as "nuts" if you talked with them on the outside. These people are not nearly so obvious as the scrupulous persons encountered in parish life. Most appear to be depressives of one sort or another, usually with well built up defense mechanisms. Even though I wear lay clothes and am a patient, I am often a priestly sounding board or listening post. The patients are from all over the country; most are very intelligent and I would say the majority of the men are professionals.

The food is good for institutional cooking. The rules of the hospital would put the good Sulpician fathers to shame! They are myriad, as they must be in a mental hospital.

Before leaving Seattle I put my car up for sale with a reliable dealer and arranged with my bank to handle my checking account in trust. I find from other patients that this is the common procedure. The hospital is against control of money by patients and a car is a real problem in an absence of some months.

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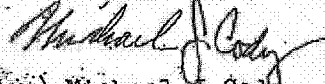
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There is much I could say describing the activities, the therapy and even the unpredictable Hartford weather, but I know how busy Your Excellency is in the administration of the Archdiocese. Again, I thank you for sending me to the hospital and I trust that your faith in my priesthood will eventually be fully justified.

Please remember me in your Masses since I cannot yet offer the Sacrifice myself. Begging your blessing and favor I am,

Obediently yours in Christ,



(Rev) Michael J. Cody

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