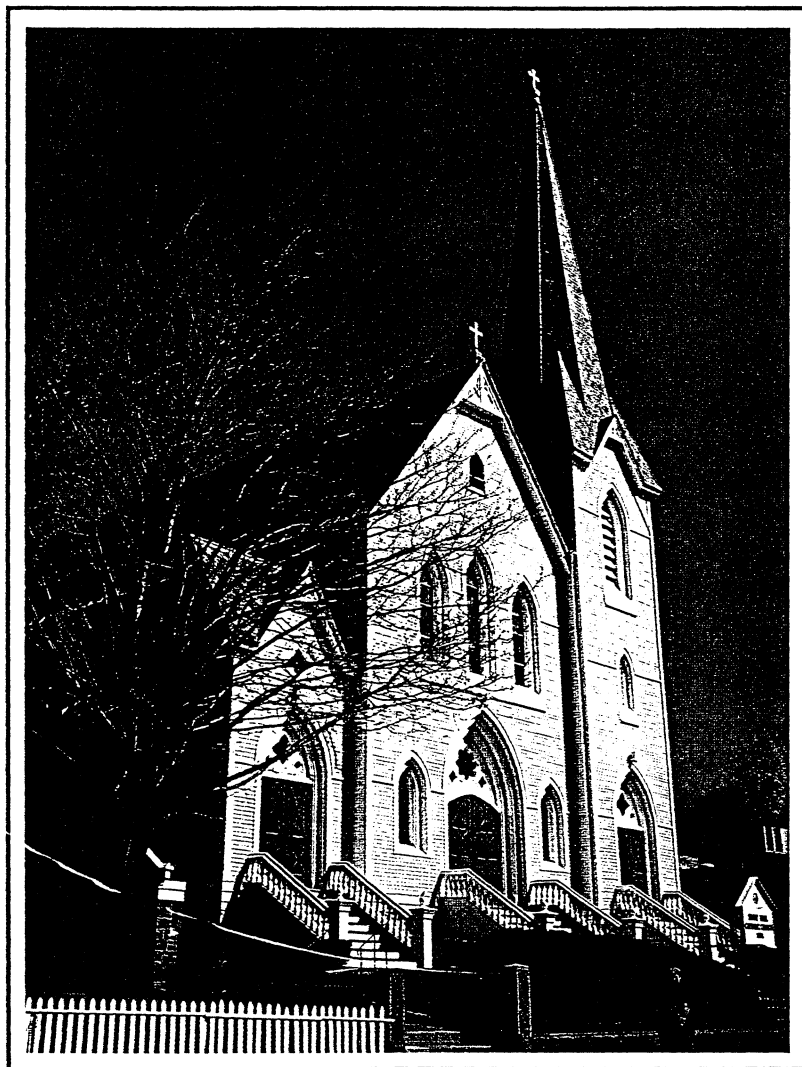
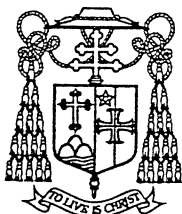


No. 177
11/14/01 JAC

CELEBRATING 125 YEARS
1871-1996



ST. PAUL CHURCH



CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE
2101 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02135

September 5, 1996



The Reverend James F. Rafferty
St. Paul's Parish
147 North Street
Hingham, MA 02043

Dear Father Rafferty:

It was a pleasure for me to be with you, the priests, religious and parishioners on June 29, 1996 to celebrate the 125th anniversary of St. Paul's Parish in Hingham. The liturgy was beautiful and the music excellent. I am happy that everything worked out so well.

The faith has taken deep root and has matured among generations of Catholics in Hingham through the lives and sacrifices of so many dedicated persons associated with St. Paul's Parish. The parish in so many ways is the heart of the religious lives of the faithful. Centered around the celebration of the Eucharist and nourished by the preaching of the Word of God and celebration of the sacraments, the faith of the people has been strengthened and their lives enriched. What a beautiful testimony to the goodness of God is the life of this parish!

As I thank you and the pastoral staff for the good work which you have accomplished at St. Paul's Parish it is my prayer that all the members of the parish may rededicate themselves to the Lord. May the vitality of spirit and spiritual growth of the parish's life continue to be strengthened through the Lord's favor. I pray in a special way that the young people of the parish might be moved by this celebration to consider what role God expects them to fulfill in the Church.

Asking God to bless you, I am

Sincerely yours in Christ,


Archbishop of Boston

BCL:kr



St. Paul's Rectory
147 NORTH STREET
HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS 02043

October 1, 1996

Dear Parishioners:

It is a great joy to be with you to celebrate the 125th Anniversary of the founding of St. Paul's Parish in Hingham. Every time I pick up the 1996 Boston Catholic Directory, I feel a good sense of pride in my heart as I look at the outstanding back cover picture of our Parish Church with its doors wide open and the caption proclaiming, "125 years and still growing strong in Hingham." I congratulate you the faithful parishioners of St. Paul Parish for making us the good, strong, healthy parish we are. Our parish life is marked by the active participation of our laity, the committed service of our religious and clergy, the gracious spiritual support of our parishioners and your generous financial support as witnessed by your extraordinary response to our recent Capital Campaign to improve our Church and Parish School.

Today's parish is called, above all, to be the center and source for the faith development of all its people. To awaken and strengthen faith in God and His Church has always been a personal summation of my sense of mission and this is also the vision of parish which is operative at St. Paul's. It is your faith and love that enkindles a spirit which makes us feel like an extended family, it is your voices and acclamations of faith that foster a desire for full participation in the liturgy, and your ready smile that creates a spirit of welcome for all our people. Celebrating Sunday and daily Mass with you is a joy because of your evident faith and desire to be nourished by the Word of God and the Eucharist. All our sacramental celebrations give witness that you are listening regularly to the Word of God and deepening the conversion of heart that leads to holiness of life. Through your active part in Christ's mission you contribute personally to the life and work of our parish and all this makes it a particular privilege to serve as your pastor.

May Almighty God continue to bless us and to call us to even greater fidelity and fruitfulness as we work together to accomplish his holy purposes and come at last to eternal life in Heaven. Let us continue to pray for one another and live in holy joy and love.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

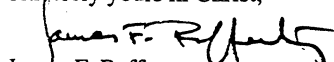

James F. Rafferty
Pastor

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We Recall

When the Reverend Peter Hobart first came with his band of colonists to Bare Cove in 1635, Catholic settlement and influence in Massachusetts were small indeed. Sir Christopher Gardiner, the first Catholic of record in Quincy, had settled in Squantum in 1629. He had suffered difficulties at the hands of the Puritans and had taken refuge among the Indians in Plymouth. They turned him over to Governor Bradford. He was brought a prisoner to Plymouth, taken to Boston, and finally shipped off to London in 1631.

Perhaps the first mention of Catholicity in Hingham was contained in the writings of Josiah Quincy, who in his day was the leader of the Federalists and who, in his late years, wrote a book called *Figures of the Past*, in which he recalled "One day at the beginning of the century [that would be around 1800] I was driving to Boston in a pelting storm and overtook a forlorn foot passenger who, drenched and bedraggled, was plodding along the miry road. I drew up my horse and called to the stranger to get in and ride with me. 'That would be scarcely fair' was the man's reply. 'My clothes are soaked with water and would spoil the cushions of your chaise, to say nothing of the wetting I could not avoid giving you.' These objections were made light of and, after some difficulty, the wayfarer was persuaded to take the offered seat. During the ride I learned that my company was a priest named Cheverus, who was walking from Hingham where he had been to perform some office connected with his profession, and thus commenced an acquaintance which afterwards ripened into friendship between those whose beliefs and ways of life were outwardly so different."

Jean Lefebre Cheverus, after a succession of priests whose tenure at Boston had not been happy, came to the town as a priest in 1796. He became the first Bishop of Boston in 1808 and, until his departure in 1823, made himself so beloved in the intolerant Puritan community that his leaving was a signal for an outpouring of affection such as Boston had rarely witnessed. He and his confrere, the sainted Father Matignon who had preceded him to Boston, were instrumental in the great change in attitude towards Catholics and their faith, which did not really begin in Massachusetts until they came and lived here. Jean Cheverus was the first of a line of truly remarkable men who served the Boston diocese as bishop and who are of importance to the people of St. Paul's Parish because, without the foundation which they laid, the collection of the congregation at Hingham and the building of the church would have come much later than it did.

In the year 1826 the town of Scituate, which had been separated from Braintree of which it had formerly been the northern precinct in the 1790s, had two thousand inhabitants. Late in that year the first Mass in Quincy was celebrated in what was called "Long House," which then stood near the brook on Adams Street.

A gentleman called to see President John Quincy Adams, who was then at home. He introduced himself as a Roman Catholic clergyman, and gave his name as the Reverend Father Prendergast. He told the President that he had come to visit the Catholics in the vicinity and administer the sacraments to them and, since he was a stranger, he made bold to ask President Adams as to how he might find them.

The President received him in very cordial fashion and, after some conversation, called in John Kirk, an Irishman in his employ who lived with the President, and introduced Father Prendergast. The news soon spread through the village that the priest had come, confessions were heard that night, and early the next morning the first Mass was celebrated. (This was the story of an old Quincy gentleman, which is probably true, although Father Prendergast has not been otherwise identified in the history of the Archdiocese of Boston. He could have been, and probably was one of the numerous mission priests who passed through from time to time.)

It is necessary in tracing the history of St. Paul's parish to make reference to Quincy, which was the bridge between Boston and the South Shore. Quincy was for a long time a mission of South Boston. In December 1840 a Father Terrence Fitzgerald was placed in charge of both areas. After first saying Mass in the West Quincy schoolhouse in Quincy, from which he was for a time ousted by local bigotry, he bought a lot in West Quincy close to the quarries where most of the men in the little congregation worked. There he erected a modest church with a cupola at a cost of \$4,000. On September 18, 1842 the bishop dedicated St. Mary's Church, with President John Quincy Adams in attendance.

St. Mary's parish at first embraced Milton, Randolph, Stoughton, Braintree, Weymouth, Hingham, Cohasset, and all of the South Shore save Plymouth. Every Sunday there could be seen people from nearly all of these towns in the churchyard at St. Mary's. They came by boat, on horseback, and the few who could afford car-

riages drive in them. The churchyard of St. Mary's in the 1840s on a Sunday was a living testimony to the faith which the people had brought with them after hard days—it is a picture which should be recalled in these days when travel is so simple and passage by foot is so largely a relic of the past.

In 1851 it was decided to extend the Quincy parish by building a new church at Gay and School Streets in Quincy. Construction got under way, but a depression caused cessation of the operation. Father Rodden, the first Boston priest to be educated in Rome at the College of the Propaganda, who had taken over in the district in 1848, contributed his personal savings and salary as editor of the *Pilot* to the extent of \$5,000. This facilitated completion of the church, which finally cost \$6,000. The dedication of St. John the Baptist Church by Bishop Fitzpatrick took place on November 13, 1853.

In those days the members of the congregations entrusted to the priests at St. Mary's and St. John's were largely Irish in nationality. Many of them had come here poor, untrained in any skills, and with no schooling whatsoever. The oppression



which the immigrants endured in their own country for centuries was heightened by the terrible days of the famine. And so it was that the original Hingham parish was made up of people who had come here mostly in very small vessels, some of three hundred tons, some but sixty or seventy tons. While the average passage was thirty-five or forty days, bad weather would make such a passage extend two or three months. The people who first came to St. Paul's brought with them all their possessions on shipboard: a bag of potatoes, oats, bread and tea. Overcrowding was commonplace and, since the height between decks was no more than five-and-a-half feet, it was impossible for some to stand erect. Fever and cholera plagued the passengers and, even before their arrival on shore, they died in large numbers.

During this time Hingham continued as a station of St. Mary's and St. John's in Quincy. At the beginning of 1850 a group called the Hingham Catholic Association announced a course of lectures on church history to be given by Father Rodden. The Know Nothing Movement was at its height during Fr. Rodden's pastorate, and it fell to his lot to calm parishioners with the outrageous anti-Catholic rumors which were circulated by members of that party in the community in which he served. During this time Mass services were held in the Town Hall. Despite a number of efforts, the people were not able to build a church. It appears also that Mass was occasionally said on Sunday at a home in the area known as the "Cove," owned by a family named Hickey, and probably located near the junction of North and Mill Streets. Prior to the building of St. Paul's, Mass was said regularly on Sunday in what was then the town hall,

located on Main Street. A priest would come down from Quincy on Saturday, would hear confessions, and stay overnight in the homes of parishioners in order to say Mass on Sunday. One of the homes in which he stayed was the residence at 31 Cedar Street.

In due course Abington was detached from the Quincy parish and Hingham became part of it and then, on July 16, 1866, Weymouth was separated from Abington and became a parish which included all the adjoining coastal towns down to Scituate. The first pastor of this parish was Father John Hannigan, and he was succeeded by Father Hugh P. Smyth.

In Fr. Smyth's career as pastor from 1869 to 1883 he constructed eight new churches. Three months after he arrived in Weymouth his own church, St. Francis Xavier, burned down, and he relocated his new church in South Weymouth. Fr. Hannigan purchased the site of the church in Hingham on August 10, 1866, on which Fr. Smyth erected the earliest of his churches. St. Paul, as it was called, was dedicated by Bishop Williams on July 23, 1871.

The land on which St. Paul's church stands was a part of one of the original town grants of land made in 1635. A house built about 1652 (later, the Thaxter mansion, which remained on the site until 1866) was a fine old colonial house, with tapestried walls, broad tiled fireplaces, and decorated door panels. The house was sold in 1770 to Elisha Leavitt, a bitter Tory. In the house was a blind passage to which a secret door gave access. At one time during the Revolutionary War fellow Tories were concealed in the passageway, safely escaping a search by the Committee of Safety. On one

occasion when a mob threatened to burn the house, Leavitt rolled out a barrel of rum in front of the house and the threatened violence was drowned in good cheer. The house was demolished in 1866 and the property, which was valuable for manufacturing purposes in the business center of Hingham, was also a convenient and easy distance to Boston both by rail and steamboat.

At long last the Society of Catholics of Hingham, already numbering 500 souls, had found a spiritual home and purchased the property for \$1,500. The cornerstone was laid on June 12, 1870.

From the archives of the Archdiocese of Boston comes this record of the dedication of the "new church in Hingham" on July 23, 1871:

"The Bishop said Mass at 8 a.m. in South Weymouth Church and at 10 1/2 blessed the new church in Hingham, St. Paul's. It is a beautiful wooden church with stone basement. It has cost about \$20,000. It is built on the site of the oldest house in the town. A choir from St. James Church in Boston under the leadership of Mr. Geo. Lloyd gave very good music at the Mass, which was sung by Rev. S. A. Healy, Rector of the Cathedral. Rev. P. McKenna of Marlboro preached a well prepared sermon. The church was crowded by the Catholics of the town and by about four hundred who came from Boston for the ceremony. (P. Keely Architect)

Rev. M. P. Smyth, Pastor
Rev. P. Leddy, Assistant"

Indeed, many of the four hundred who came from Boston arrived in Hingham on the steamer *John Romer* and returned to

Boston that afternoon.

The Church of St. Paul was 111 feet in length and 57 feet in width, with a belfry tower 128 feet high. The interior was done in chestnut, capped with black walnut, and there were numerous stained glass windows donated by members of the parish. Patrick Keely was the same architect who designed Boston's magnificent Holy Cross Cathedral, and he endowed St. Paul's with that same Gothic majesty: impressive nave, soaring spire, stained glass windows, tripartite front rising dramatically to the heights. In 1873, according to an account of the time, the most imposing structures at what was called Broad Bridge, besides St. Paul's, were the old Union Hotel and behind the church the four-story Burr Brown cord and tassel factory.

The Rev. Peter J. Leddy became the pastor on August 15, 1876 when St. Paul's became an independent parish, being separated from Weymouth. At this time the Hingham parish included Scituate, Hull, and Cohasset. St. Anthony's Church in Cohasset was built in 1875.

By 1879 St. Paul's Church needed extensive repairs. In addition, a fence was added on Fearing St. These repairs were costly for the time and, when Fr. Fagan arrived in Hingham as pastor in February of 1880 he found the debt to be about \$11,000 on St. Paul's and \$2,000 on St. Anthony's in Cohasset. There was income, too: \$48 from the sale of a stereopticon, \$2,137 from a fair.

But expenses continued also. An iron fence was put up at a cost of \$275 and various payments were made to organists May Buttimer, Mary Barrett, and Hannah Welch. In 1885 Fr. Fagan, the Hingham pastor from 1880 to 1896, purchased land on Atlantic Avenue in Hull, and in 1890 opened St.

Mary's of the Assumption, which was there after a mission church for the Catholics at the northern end of the peninsula. Services were held first at the town hall in 1894, and then at the Corinthian Yacht Club in 1896. Finally, Fr. Mulligan of St. Paul's erected the church of St. Catherine which was dedicated by Bishop Brady on August 28, 1900. That year also marked the relocation of the rectory about 12 feet *back* from North Street.

A diary of St. Paul's would have related a terrible storm, almost a winter hurricane, on November 27, 1898 forcing church to be canceled. But there were happy events as well—lawn parties and fairs, including one of the latter that brought in \$4,022 on August 25, 1902. 1910 brought problems with the roof of the Church, and Father McCall noted that “nearly four months were consumed in the repairing of the roof.” World War I years were made harder by a harsh winter of 10 to 15 degrees below zero in 1917 and by the dreaded influenza in 1918. All churches in the town were closed on October 6 and October 13 as a result of a flu epidemic raging in Massachusetts. Parishioners gave gifts in memory of their deceased relatives and friends. Then on November 21, 1920 a fire broke out in the kitchen of the rectory in the early morning destroying that part of the “L” and the roof. The necessary repairs provided two new rooms on the east side of the rectory.

Nor was the church itself neglected in the 1920s. Fifty-five years after the construction of the church in 1926 Father MacCormack noticed that the church spire was swaying. Plans and engineering data were assembled and repairs followed. Only three years later the interior of the church was completely redecorated in a maze of scaffolding.

St. Paul's School had its beginning

when the Terry estate, formerly the tassel factory on Fearing Road came up for sale and was purchased by the pastor of St. Paul's, the Rev. Patrick Quill. An intense effort was launched by the Hingham Council of the Knights of Columbus to solicit funds for the school. The Knights were joined by every church organization, and by the fall of 1951 \$50,000 had been subscribed, and amounts for about twice that sum were pledged. Members of the Building Fund Committee and the Rev Quill had already broken ground for the school on April 8, 1951.

The population of the town continued its rapid growth expanding into south Hingham. This population explosion necessitated the establishment of the Resurrection Parish on Main Street, dedicated on April 17, 1958.

The Second Vatican Council led to many changes, not only in the liturgy but also in the participation of the laity. A parish council was instituted in 1968 with members nominated and voted for by parishioners. A more physical effect of Vatican II was the moving of the altar forward in 1969 with the priest facing the congregation. The lacy spires that adorned the altar were removed. A figure of Christ symbolizing both the resurrection and the crucifixion was placed on the teakwood paneling in the back of the sacristy.

Only two years later the centennial celebration took place, highlighted by the Mass celebrated by and reception for Cardinal Medeiros.

From the late 1960s until 1980 the parish took part in the Transitory Deacon program. The Archdiocese of Boston would assign a seminarian in his last year of study to a parish to give him experience and a

greater understanding of parish life to better prepare him for his upcoming ordination. Through the years some thirteen seminarians received their training at St. Paul's.

In June of 1973 the Sisters of St. Joseph were withdrawn from the school and for a time it seemed that the school might have to be closed. However, the Diocesan School Board concurred in the hiring of a principal and an all lay faculty. A kindergarten was opened and in September 1975 Sister Marie St. Barbara, S.N.D. was appointed principal. St. Paul's School not only survived the crisis, but grew and thrived.

In 1976 St. Paul's took part in Hingham's ecumenical celebration of the nation's Bicentennial. Exhibits and presentations by eleven participating churches were held in the parish hall. Hingham high school's concert band performed on the rectory lawn, and an ecumenical worship service took place on the steps of St. Paul's Church. In May two men from St. Paul's Parish, Edward Doyle and Philip Anderson, who were among the forty men accepted into the Permanent Diaconate Program by the Boston diocese, were ordained with the first class of deacons in Holy Cross Cathedral. Ordained as deacons in later classes were James Cumiskey '77, John Halloran '80, and John McHugh '92.

Nine years after the country's bicentennial celebration, St. Paul's joined Hingham's observance of its 350th Anniversary in 1985. Cardinal Law offered Mass and preached in St. Paul's on Sunday, September 8. His Eminence concelebrated the Mass with the pastor, priests, and deacons of the parish, as well as other area clergy and representatives of Glastonbury Abbey. An ecumenical delegation shared

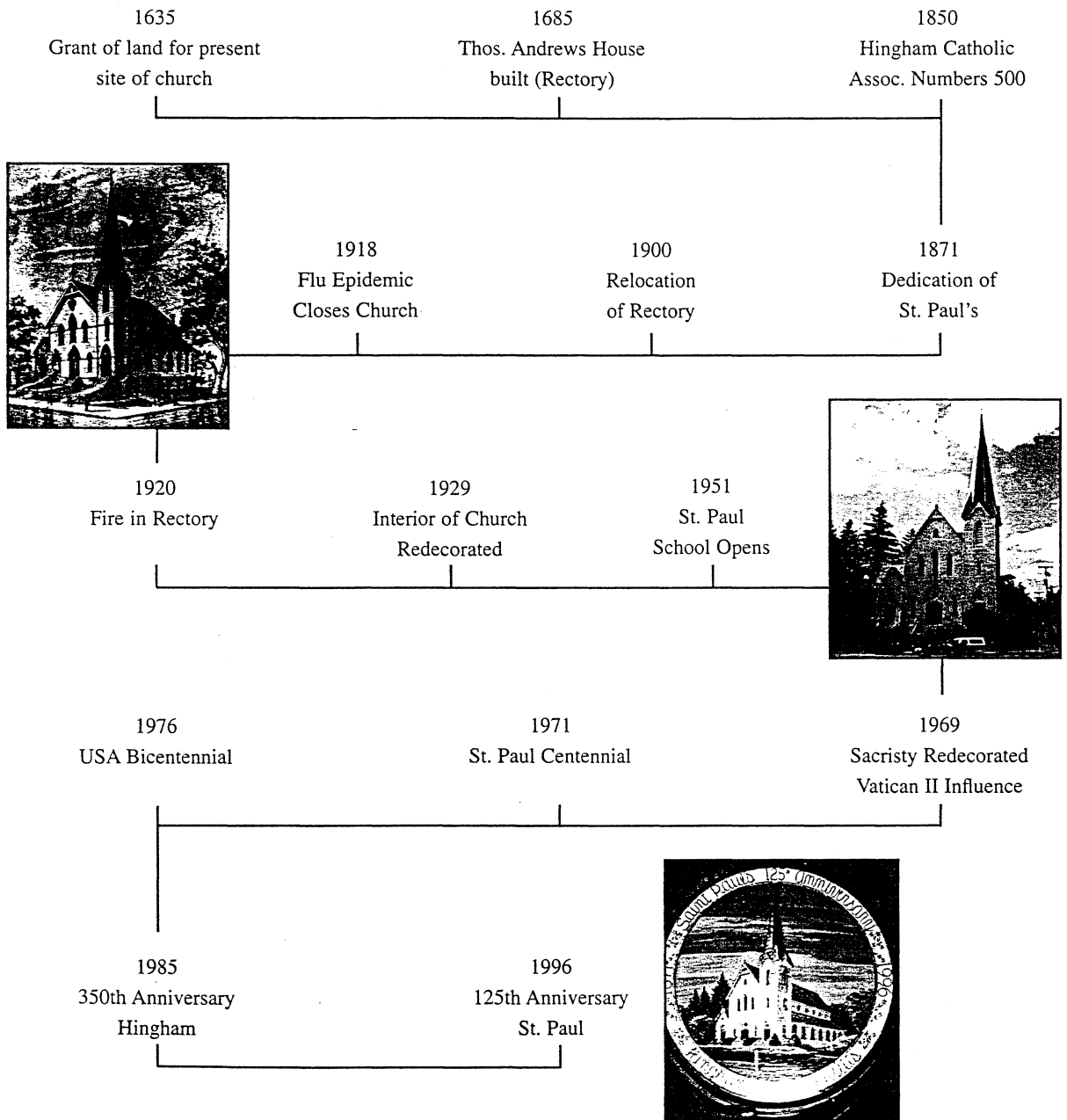
forward pews with civic dignitaries and lay officials of the parish. Music director Sal Bartolotti led the 25-voice choir and brass instrumentalists and an overflow crowd participated from the lower church. Cardinal Law complimented the priests and people of St. Paul's for the "beautiful restoration and refurbishing of the 115-year-old church."

In 1985 also the church roof was repaired and the 128' steeple was re-slatted, using polychromatic Vermont slate set in a pattern surrounding crosses on each of the six sides. St. Paul's church received an architectural preservation award for this restoration from the Hingham Historical Society in 1988, stating that the parish "has been most vigilant in protecting and maintaining its superb Gothic Revival Church, one of the most important components and contributing factors in the historic streetscape of downtown Hingham."

In 1988, after a six-year study of more than 1,100 parishes throughout the United States, a pastoral institute at Notre Dame chose St. Paul's Church to be featured in the video, "The Dynamic Parish." Churches that were deemed "dynamic" were community-oriented—churches where parishioners socialized and found spiritual enrichment and emotional support during crises. The sense of community was primarily created by St. Paul's school and its "involved" parent/teacher organization. The 30-minute video will be used in adult education classes to provide a diversity of leadership approaches for churches throughout the country.

Today, in its 125th year, 1996, St. Paul's rededicates itself to that community orientation and involvement.

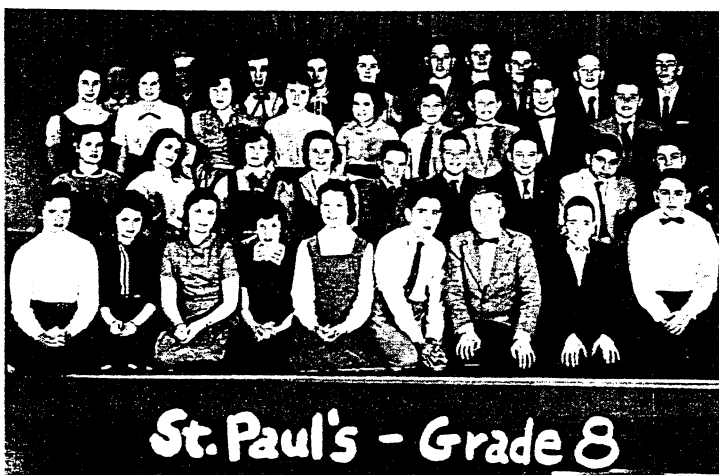
Time Line



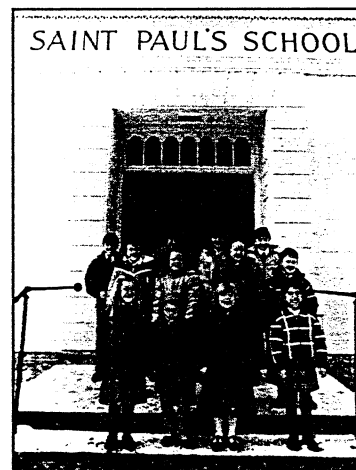
St. Paul's School

St. Paul's School Vital Statistics

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 1951 | Groundbreaking | Sports: Basketball Team for Boys and Girls |
| 1952 | School Opens, Grades 1-4 | Testing: Standardized Tests Annually; I.Q. Testing |
| 1956 | 8 Grades Enrolled | Uniforms: Required for Boys and Girls |
| 1957 | First Graduating Class | Tuition: \$1620 (Students from Parish); \$1875 (Students from Outside Parish) |
| 1960 | Original First Grade Graduates | Towns Represented: 12 |
| 1973 | Sisters of St. Joseph Leave | Bus Transportation: Arranged for Hingham Residents by Hingham School Dept. |
| 1974 | Kindergarten Opened | Nurse: Volunteer Mothers |
| 1996 | 9 Full-Time Teachers; 4 Part-Time Music, Art, Physical Ed., Computers 280 Students Enrolled 125 On Waiting List Rooms: 9 Classrooms, Cafeteria, Computer Room, Gymnasium, 2 Offices | |



1957



We Remember

ONE FAMILY'S HISTORY

In the spring of 1935 my parents and our family of seven children, of whom I was the second oldest, moved to Hingham from Mattapan. That spring I was a sophomore at St. Gregory's High School in Dorchester and my sister Eleanor, who was a senior, drove us back and forth to Dorchester every day so that we could finish the school year without disruption. When we moved to Hingham, the very first place my mother took us as a family was to St. Paul's church for Sunday Mass. It was then, on that day, that I began my lifelong relationship with this beautiful church. Also, although I didn't know it at that particular moment, I was soon to meet the love of my life, and together we would realize the most significant events of our generation, and the most memorable occasions of our life would revolve around St. Paul's.

In the remaining years of the 1930s my family would go on to have two more Baptisms, three First Communions, and five Confirmations at St. Paul's. It was during this time, in the fall of 1935 as I began my junior year at Hingham High School, that I met James "Bud" Magner.



Bud's family had a long history with deep and abiding roots in this, his beloved town of Hingham. His great-grandfather John James Magner had immigrated to Hingham in 1851 from his birthplace in County Cork, Ireland. John married here and had six sons; the third one, James Alfred born in 1889, was Bud's father. John, a stonemason, was among the workers who built the foundation for the new Catholic church in Hingham Square, to be called St. Paul's.

Bud and I dated throughout our high school years and beyond—into the historic 1940s, when life as we knew it would change beyond our imagination. It was to St. Paul's church that we found ourselves flocking on Sunday, December 7, 1941 as the news of Pearl Harbor flooded every radio wave in America. Shortly thereafter, in the spring of 1942 Bud enlisted in the Army and became the first of Hingham's young men to ship out. During those four, long, dark years of World War II, I spent many hours in St. Paul's quietly praying for him and for all of our "boys" who were so perilously far from home.

Truly God heard my prayers because on the picture-perfect morning of September 11, 1943 Bud and I were married in St. Paul's church, planning our wedding around his leave. Many months later, on June 6, 1944, which was also Bud's 26th birthday, I returned to St. Paul's church and prayed for the D-Day troops as news of the invasion began. It was there again on a cold Sunday in January of 1945 that I had our first child, Mary, christened—and wrote about it to her father who was then somewhere in Europe. And, finally, at long last it was there in June of the same year that I and hundreds and hundreds of other parishioners, many having to stand on the church stairs and sidewalk, gath-

ered to rejoice in the news that this terrible war had ended.

In September of 1946 our second child, Joanne, was born, followed by Imelda in 1947, James in 1949, Thomas in 1950, Paul in 1952, Bernadette in 1957, and Richard in 1961. Each child was baptized and each child received their sacraments in St. Paul's church as did their father before them, marking them as the third generation of Magner's to do so. In September of 1952 St. Paul's School opened and Mary started in the second grade, Joanne in grade one, with her class being the first that would complete all eight grades in the new school. There was one period of time when six of my children were enrolled in St. Paul's School simultaneously. This was enough of a distinction to form our own bus stop and, I'm certain, leave the Sisters of Saint Joseph with their hands full.

The community of St. Paul's Church and School gave my children a lasting imprint of spirituality, family, and trust—and their success in life has proven these values out. Six of my eight children are married, four of them from St. Paul's Church. I have fifteen grandchildren, eight of whom were baptized in St. Paul's Church. And in coming full circle on March 4, 1994 my beloved Bud was buried from this Church of his ancestors and now rests with his family and mine in St. Paul's Cemetery.

As I look back on my life, and the lives of our families and our children's families, I take profound comfort in knowing that our religious life has been well served, and God's teachings well taught by the nurturing environment that has been provided by the humble and dedicated men and women of St. Paul's Church and School. This magnificent Church provided us with a foundation of faith

that will endure and prevail as impeccably as has the foundation of St. Paul's Church built so long ago by John Magner. My husband and I began our life together in this sacred place, and I know that in the new century before us with the next millennium ahead those of mine who come after us will be as divinely cared for as we were.

Marie Curley Magner

It was 1981 when Fr. McGann asked me to be one of the new lay Eucharistic Ministers. Administering Communion? Lay people? Me?

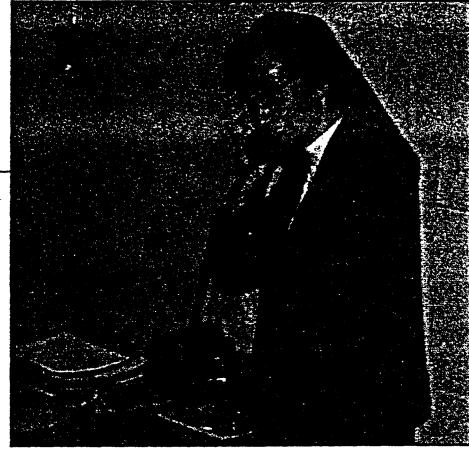
My first response was "I could never." Father told me to think about it and pray. I prayed and prayed, and my thoughts traveled back to my dear aunt, Sister Mary Edwardine (a Sister of St. Joseph for 50 years, who had just died). My answer was "Yes" and I minister Communion to this day—in her memory because she never had the honor.

It was Sunday, April 30, 1989, the day before I would enter Massachusetts General Hospital for major surgery. I was scared!

Fr. LaVoie asked me to meet him after the 10:00 Mass at the foot of the altar. With family and friends around me, I received the Sacrament of the Sick, and I experienced the power of prayer as never before. A sacred moment at St. Paul's never to be forgotten.

P.S. My surgery was a success, thank God!

Laurene Fee



In October of 1983 Father McGann called Rose Calvi and offered to say his daily Mass for Joseph Calvi, Jr., who was having surgery for a major brain tumor. Turning from the altar, Father asked the parishioners: "Let us all pause and say a prayer for the doctor to guide his hands during the operation as a gift from God."

This was a special day for me as Joseph was my son. And this is Father's Mass of Thanksgiving:

1. God is good. Thank Him.
2. Be happy at all times.
3. Pray constantly.
4. Give thanks to God because that is what God expects you to do in Christ Jesus.

Anna Calvi

When I reminisce about my thirty-six years as a parishioner, so many happy, holy and deeply moving experiences are enshrined in my memory. Five of my children received five sacraments here. One received four. The children in their white communion garb—and in a few short years, their bridal white. Love . . . tears . . . exhilaration! My mother, in her final years: "Gee, Dottie, everyone is so

friendly. Why I know more people here than I knew in my entire life in my other parish."

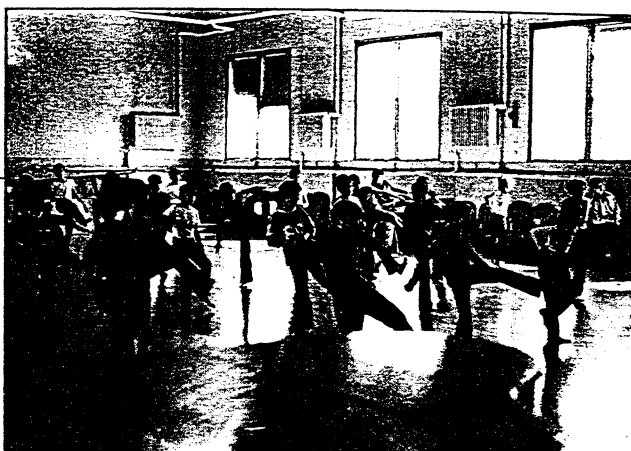
My husband, Don, converted to our faith. What a joy to attend mass as a complete family!

For many years we held a mass in St. Paul's cemetery to remember our departed around Memorial Day. This led to the annual shut-in liturgy, first held in 1975. This special liturgy was unheard-of on the South Shore; therefore, we invited every member of the surrounding towns' nursing facilities to become our guests. Over 200 attended. The square became a traffic jam with buses, MBTA handicapped vehicles of all kinds to transport people. Over 150 parishioners, from first-graders to octogenarians, prepared for the day-long celebration. It was reminiscent of a Cecil B. de Mille production. This tradition continues, thanks be to God!

I have met many wonderful people, lay and clergy, who have become my dearest friends. How blessed has my life been with the rejuvenating graces of St. Paul's . . .

Dottie James

When I was growing up in St Paul's, we had doll carriage parades. I remember one in particular while Fr. Quill was pastor. It was during the summer. There were many people in the churchyard. The school had not yet been built. We paraded on the sidewalk along the outside of the church, and then back into the



churchyard. It was quite a festive occasion.

My grandmother made me a nun's habit out of black-and-white crepe paper. In my doll carriage I pushed a large Japanese doll, dressed in a traditional silk kimono that my Uncle Charlie brought home from Japan. I was supposed to be a missionary nun. I won first prize that year: a very big, powder-blue teddy bear.

Regina Hickey

The 125th Anniversary should not be celebrated without remembering the many contributions of the Holy Name Society. A period of particular poignancy was the late 1950's and the early 1960's, including the era of Fr. Dan Sheehan. In those days the Holy Name was very active, especially in three areas: the Father/Son and Father/Daughter Communion Breakfasts; the all-night watch before the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday; and the rosaries at Pyne's Funeral Home at wakes.

The most vivid highlights are those of the annual Father/Son and Father/Daughter Communion Banquets. The Coral Gables Ballroom in North Weymouth was always filled to overflowing. Father Dan gave us his wonderful blessings and Mike Sweeney served as master of ceremonies. There was a featured speaker, but I always felt that it was Mike Sweeney who people really came to hear. Mike was an outstanding raconteur and

kept the audience in rapture with Irish wit and tales of conquests over adversity. One cannot but feel that these occasions resulted in a unique spiritual bonding that was a hallmark of St. Paul's.

Gale & Miriam Foster

Kimball Beach, located in the Crow Point area of Hingham, was once a community of summer residents who annually returned to enjoy the beach and long-term acquaintances.

Many were Catholics, and a large majority were of Irish descent. The 10:00 A.M. Mass on Sunday seemed to be the focal point of their worship, mostly congregating in the left front pews of the upper church, and a few venturing into the center aisle.

World War II brought many changes. This area is now a year-round community, with many residents and offspring living in other sections of Hingham. I live here with my husband and, although we were married at St. Paul's, we lived for forty years in other regions of the country. Fr. Paul Harrington spent his boyhood summers at Kimball Beach.

Betty Shaw



I remember Fr. McGann telling the congregation that one faithful parishioner would be knitting for all the children in heaven. He voiced his surprise at her passing. "She just was at Mass two days ago. I gave her communion." It was my mother he was speaking of.

Another memory: A small boy at a 7:00 A.M. Mass in the lower church during Lent was inching his way slowly to the front during Mass. By the time the homily ended, he was hugging the pillar in the center aisle, intently listening to Fr. Rafferty's homily. When Father was finished, he asked the boy if he liked the homily . . .

Tina Martino

The church was the focus of our lives when we were young during the early 1920s. We walked to church and home again for Sunday and Holy Day Masses, even on the coldest winter days. We had Sunday School in the lower level of the church after the 8:00 A.M. Mass. All grades were there together. Each grade had its separate section. Reading books were given to the children who did well in Sunday School. My four brothers, my sister, and I had quite a collection of books after a while. As the older children graduated from Sunday School, the priest would come to our house and ask us to teach the following year.

Alice Dennehy

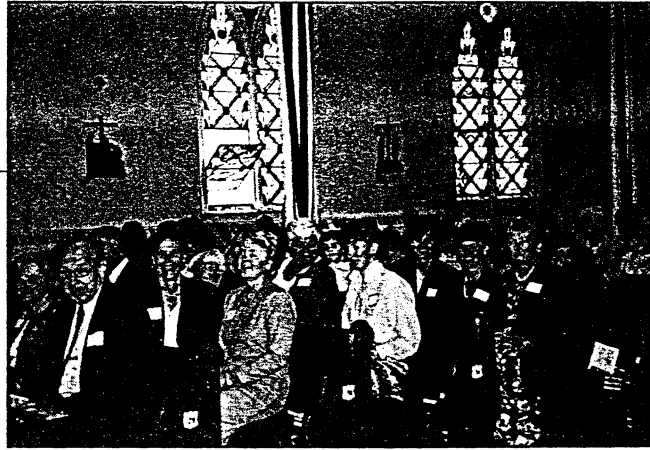
In the early 1950s when plans were being made to open a parochial school in Hingham, fund-raising became essential. I do not know how much money was raised from the events that three of my friends and I attended. These events were whist parties that were held in private homes. Refreshments were served and prizes were given to high scores.

For us women it was a night out when our husbands did the bedtime duty for our increasing families. We were interested solely in the sociability and sense of community we felt we contributed.

Occasionally a large card party was held in the hall. Then a rotation of partners was demanded—and there's the rub. We did not concentrate on the game, much to the chagrin and annoyance of our changing partners. If perchance we ended up with a prize, the glances were downright "deadly"!

Elena Coleman

As a young child I remember every Sunday morning: up at 5:30 A.M., all six of us dressed in our best attire and on our way to 6:30 A.M. mass. As we grew older, we attended catechism class in the downstairs church. All grades were sectioned off, with two sisters of St. Joseph in charge and mothers as teachers. My mother was one of the teachers, so believe me I had to know my lessons.



I have a particularly fond memory of Father Segadelli, who stood six feet six inches tall. He began a CYO basketball team. Father was an excellent coach, and with his height an outstanding athlete.

As the years went by, I remember attending the Holy Name mass with my father. (The middle aisle would be filled with all St. Paul's fathers and sons.) After mass we would go over to Coral Gables—where Harborlight Mall is now—and enjoy breakfast and a great speaker. Upon reflection, I realize that St. Paul's was the focal religious experience not only of mine but earlier generations.

Speaking of generations, I think in a particular and special way I helped perpetuate the parish's continuing influence on future generations by and through the funding and construction of St. Paul's Parochial School, an outstanding school which both my sons attended.

Jack Fee

I remember when I was on the board of St. Paul's School: what hard-working and dedicated parents there were.

Then there was Father Segadelli, who planned a day at Duxbury Beach with the CYO softball team and anyone else who wanted to go. The day turned out to be very cloudy, dr-e-e-e-ry, and a bit windy. We all frolicked on the sand playing ball without any sun protection because of the gloomy day. By

nightfall we not only looked like lobsters, we were sick from the sun. What a day at the beach!

Another memorable experience was Father "Bill" Morgan, a big man who did things in a big way! That was the year we had the St. Patrick's Day Dance at the armory, which was a huge success. I truly cherish both the experiences and the friendships of those years.

Connie Whitman Gallatly

John and I returned to Hingham in retirement after almost 25 years away. We picked Hingham and its loveliness, although we knew no one. One Sunday—maybe our first here—we came out of St. Paul's looking, frankly, for some recognition or a smile. Then someone named Ann Lincoln did just that—greeted us and that's all we needed: just one person to say "Welcome."

Father McGann entered into our life, especially with our beautiful daughter, Kate, who had cerebral palsy. Father brought communion to her in frequent visits and saw a saint in our Kate and said so in his eulogy when she went back to God in 1987.

We salute St. Paul, our clergy, and the wonderful people we know and love, and who share that love with us. It's truly contagious.

John and Mary Vaughan



One of my most memorable experiences at St. Paul's was participating in the series of renewal weekends held in February of 1981. These three weekends included all-day workshops, speakers, prayer, music, and small group interchange with parishioners and clergy. Father Boivin and Sister Rose Marie were very active, as well as members of parish committees. There was a rare atmosphere of good will, faith, and openness to God and one another. I made many new friends and felt strongly rooted in the parish and in my faith.

At Mass shortly thereafter, Father Boivin noted that he could pick out the faces of those parishioners in the pews who had attended the renewals. He said their faces were shining like the sun.

Suzanne Diaz

When I lived in Hingham and went to St. Paul's as a small child in the late 60's and early 70's, I remembered St. Paul's church being so big—almost cathedral-like. Now when I visit the church, it brings back special memories and new meaning—and, of course, looks quite smaller to me now!

Donna Twerago

The announcement was made one day at Church. It seemed like it might be fun. Spend a week in West Virginia helping poor people? But wait! Did you say that we have to use outhouses and get only one shower a week? Forget it! To this day I probably could not tell you why I decided to travel two long days in a van with eight other people to Center Point, West Virginia to do a week's worth of service work. Something inside me told me that I should go.

The long, dusty country dirt road approaching the driveway to Nazareth Farm somehow kept me wondering what would be around the next bend. Finally we saw it: the sign at the entrance. We drove in farther, and were immediately surrounded by a huge group of people, each with a warm, welcoming hug to offer. The meals at the Farm are not exactly Julia Child specials, and the outhouses are a hike from the sleeping quarters, but somehow I felt a sense of welcome and being at home right from the start.

On a regular week at the Farm all the volunteers are split into work crews, and travel with that group to various sites during the week. My first two days were spent rebuilding a rotted roof. I wondered to myself why in the world was I sitting on this roof when I could be home in an air-conditioned house.

Then I met Olin, the man who lived in the house we were repairing. He gave me the reason for why I had originally felt as if I had to go to West Virginia. For Olin life was simple.



He and his wife and their granddaughter lived in a small house with few material goods. Olin lived a life of happiness and hope despite his lack of wealth and past family troubles.

I came to realize that what helped Olin to live this life was hope and faith. He always looked on the bright side of things. He was able to smile through times when any weaker person would have completely broken down. Olin helped me to realize that it is not what you have in life, but what you hold inside of you. Through my trip to Nazareth Farm, West Virginia, I learned how lucky I really am.

Shannon Toomey

Deacon Phil Anderson
1924-1995

Long before we became deacons together, Phil Anderson and I were friends. When we were accepted into the first class as candidates for ordination to the Permanent Diaconate, we drove together to the seminary for study and spiritual exercises two evenings a week for three years. We had long conversations as we drove along. We discussed the courses, teachers, interpretations of Scripture, faith and, as we approached the day of ordination, we exchanged thoughts on what we expected to do in our ministry as deacons.

Phil's one desire was simply "to serve



the people of God," and so he did. Without neglecting his family, he traveled far and wide to visit people who needed the kind of support his presence provided and, when he couldn't be there in person, he would send a note, whether he knew you or not.

Phil had a deep devotion to St. Therese, the Little Flower, a devotion that was constant and loving. He preached about her, introduced her to those who did not know her, and blessed us with her relic when we were distressed.

Phil's faith-filled service was a gift of grace for the parish and for the Church. I am sure that many parishioners join me in feeling that his presence has not been diminished by his death, but only grows stronger as we reflect on his life "serving the people of God."

Deacon Ted Doyle

It was about 1926 and Father McCormick was personally auctioning a cake at a bake sale. He held up this cake for all to see and asked, "What am I bid for this nice, heavy cake?" When it comes to cakes, Father, heaviness doesn't sell!

Ginny McLore



The wedding of Jane Reardon to Walter Labys took place at St. Paul's on August 26, 1967. Wearing her grandmother Reardon's wedding dress, Jane was given away by her father, the late Justice Paul C. Reardon.

Since there were no longer Latin Masses, which the bride and groom preferred, the St. Paul (Cambridge) Choir Boys joined the procession and sang sections of a Mass by Palestrina in Latin during the service.

Ann Reardon

I remember . . . attending mass, complete with hat, gloves and Maryjanes, sitting with my grandparents, Bill and Elizabeth Goodwin, in the same pew every week. I now sit in that pew with my grandchildren.

I also remember "Sunday School" after mass in the lower church, the placards with all of the hymns we sang, and the nuns pacing the aisles keeping a good eye on us.

Carol Doyle

St. Paul's parish has been blessed over the years with many dedicated and deeply spiritual priests, nuns, and lay teachers. By their example, support, and guidance they have, in large measure, brought all of us together to enable St. Paul's to be the wonderful community that it is today.



While all of these very talented people, as well as the parishioners, have been an instrument of God's work in my life, I am particularly grateful to Father McGann for his friendship, support, and mentoring. I'll never forget that special moment during my ordination to the Permanent Diaconate at Holy Cross Cathedral in May of 1980 with Father McGann at my side during the liturgical celebration when I was vested by him with the deacon's stole and dalmatic. It was a memorable and deeply spiritual moment for me.

Deacon Jack Halloran

I am a native of Hingham, and was baptized, made my first communion, and was confirmed at St. Paul's. I was married in Saint Edward's in Brockton because my wife Phyllis came from Brockton.

I have met many fine priests through the years, but one of my most memorable first meetings was with Father McGann when I was patrolling my beat as a policeman at Sunday Masses in front of St. Paul's. While we were getting acquainted, he told me his age—it was the first time I had met a pastor younger than me!

Sam Amonte



In the late 1970s my wife and I began attending the R.C.I.A. meetings which were conducted by Father Boivin. Dotty, not a Catholic, always attended Mass with me on Sunday, and wanted to learn more about the church.

On our wedding anniversary, which happened to be the same day as the R.C.I.A. meeting, we went to dinner in Hanover at a restaurant where my nephew Danny was the pastry chef. As it was getting near time for us to be at the meeting, we decided to skip dessert and be on our way, when all the waitresses came to our table with an anniversary cake, which Danny had sent out. We asked to take it with us, and headed for Hingham.

When we entered the coffee shop in the school, the meeting had already begun. Fr. Boivin told us that we better have a good excuse for being late. I told him where we had been and then offered to share our cake with the group. Upon hearing the story, he decided it was time to take a coffee break, and everyone helped celebrate our anniversary.

Joe Willard

Some of my fondest memories of St. Paul's are centered around the Christmas season.

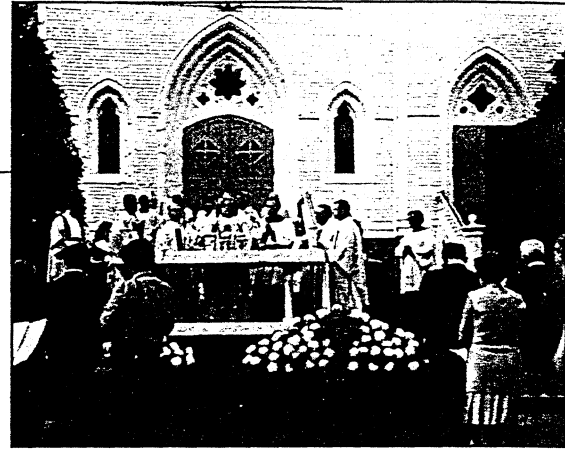
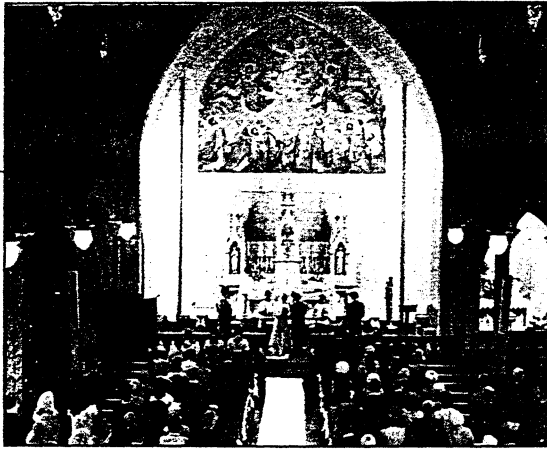
The sale of Christmas trees and wreaths for St. Paul's School in the church parking lot gave great pleasure to many parish families and others in the 1970s and early 80s. It was fun to help families choose their tree for their holiday celebration, even though they were subject to our rendition of "A Pretty Tree is Like a Melody" as Santa Claus, a.k.a. Bill Kirsch, and I "danced" around the tree. (Some even asked for a repeat performance the next year!)

Bill Handrahan

I have to look back at the times our children were students at St. Paul's School and what fun times we as parents had at the different School socials. Somehow we always seemed to be on the Clean-up Committee. We washed dishes in that teeny kitchen and had many good laughs.

Our children are all grown up now, married and on their own, but the friendships we made during those years have stayed for a lifetime.

Santa's Wife



When I was going to Sunday School, our pastor Father Sheerin was so economical he played Santa Claus himself.

When we used the armory on Central Street for C.Y.O., Father Finnegan wanted us to put on boxing gloves and box him, hit him, box with him—which was very hard to do! We used the armory to play basketball, volleyball, for boxing, and for running laps around the gym.

Another priest I remember for a different reason! Father Geary and I started at St. Paul's together, he as acting pastor and I as head usher. In our first three weeks together, three people fainted.

Rudy Capparotta

Until fairly recently it was necessary to fast from midnight in order to receive Communion the next morning. The tradition in a parochial school encouraged all students to attend Mass and receive Communion on the first Friday of each month.

At St. Paul's School, a group of mothers would prepare hot chocolate to serve to the children after the 9 o'clock Mass. Standing by the stove, stirring the large pots of cocoa, the mothers would make sure it did not burn. Ahhh! the aroma!

Other mothers would go through the classrooms distributing paper napkins and cups, as well as a sweet roll to each desk. When the children returned from Mass, other mothers would fill the cups with the hot chocolate and the students enjoyed the pleasure of the treat which was

enough food to tide them over until lunch time. The mothers could return home, satisfied that the breakfast obligation had been met.

Wanda Rando

It was a memorable fall day when a Thanksgiving Mass was offered by Father McGann for my grandparents, who were married at St. Paul's in January 1887, and my parents who were also married at St. Paul's in December 1922. Sitting in church were nearly one hundred of their descendants, who continue to follow their path to St. Paul's.

Carol Wigmore McCusker

My year in Hingham was filled with excitement, affirmation, and joy. I will always be grateful to the priests and people of St. Paul's for all the encouragement and love they gave to me.

It is hard to believe it has been 16 years since I left your parish as a newly ordained priest! After my first Mass at St. Paul's on June 22, 1980 there was a reception given for me and among my fondest memories are the pictures taken of me and what I believe were the sixth-graders I taught.

I wish the parish a wonderful 125th anniversary. May the Lord continue to bless the beautiful parish of St. Paul's.

Fr. Joe Raeke



We remember . . .

the many good priests
the beautiful young people
the numbers of faithful parishioners
the wonderful celebrations

All make St. Paul's a special place.
a testament to our faith,
And thanks to God for all goodness.

Donald & Kathleen Hernberg

During the 50's and 60's St. Paul's had a number of large families that were very active in the Parish and school. There were eight children in the Devine family and we were just an average size family in the Crow Point neighborhood. Some of the larger families names included Sweeney, Sheehan, Curtis, Marr, Devine, Dillon, Foster, Murphy, Donovan, Crowley, Corcoran etc. At the corner of Otis Street and Downer Avenue, a school bus would fill to capacity and proceed directly to St. Paul's school. Two young parish priests, Fr. Downey and Fr. Dan Sheehan were catalysts in getting the families involved in the parish, and we all became lifelong friends.

Hugh and Kate Devine

My grandson, Dennis Love, was baptized by Father McGann when he was four years old. As Dennis was stepping down from the altar after the ceremony, he pointed to pew Number 4 and excitedly said to Father, "Look, God, that's Bobby Orr's number." I have a photograph that captures the next moment, Dennis sitting on the steps of the altar looking up at Father McGann, who was now sitting down beside him explaining he was not God. The pew, however, was certainly Number 4—Bobby Orr's!

Marjorie Wigmore Jordan

Since I moved to Hingham many years ago I was fascinated by St. Paul's church. Wow! a Catholic colonial church—the tallest building in Hingham—all those pleasant-looking people moving in and out of weekend services.

And then one day I attended a funeral Mass. Finally, I would get my first look at the interior of St. Paul's. I was charmed; it was a captivating blend of colonial atmosphere with Catholic ritual. And the choir and music: sensational! Even better than the mariachi Mass in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where 2,000 people come an hour early every Sunday. What else can I say other than the funeral Mass for Jane Reardon Labys could not have been held in a better church—not even Notre Dame in Paris!

Robert Siegel



Sometime in the 1940s a great football game between Georgetown and Boston College took place. Georgetown was undefeated for three years and B.C. was undefeated under Frank Leahy. It was impossible to obtain tickets. A COMPLETE SELLOUT.

At that time St. Paul's had a very crusty old pastor, Father Daniel F. Sheerin (1936-1946). He was very difficult to deal with. Our two curates (one was Father Lally) owned a car, but had to keep it hidden in Gussie Crowley's garage on Burditt Avenue. They had tickets for the game and offered one to me. If they were to eat lunch at the regular time, with the pastor, they would be late for the game. So they bribed the cook to set the clock ahead by one hour, and told me to wait across the street from the parish house in front of the railroad station.

As I was pacing up and down, Father Sheerin noticed me and asked the curates who I was and what I was doing there. They got around that, ate dinner an hour early, met me and we all walked up to Gussie's, picked up the car and went to the game.

It was one of the greatest games of all time. Boston College won 19-18.

How the curates got back in time to hear Confessions, I do not know!

About 1920 St. Paul's had its first and only altar boys baseball team, coached by our curate, Father Foley. One day we played the Scituate altar boys at their field. How did we get there? By train.

John F. McKee Jr.



At a recent gathering I overheard a discussion regarding the old time practice of segregating the boys from the girls on each side of the center aisle at First Communion and Confirmation. How orderly that procession used to be, as opposed to the new order of communicants sitting with their parents in undesignated seats. I love order, having been taught by nuns to respond when "clicked at"!

There is one advantage of the new order that serves me well, however. I can now recognize the children of my family by their parents. I was never able to decide which child was mine as they all marched in with their white clothes and the boys freshly barbered and the girls hidden by their veils.

Rose Tuite

As a member of St. Paul's choir, there have been numerous Sunday masses, concerts, and special performances at which the liturgical music has enhanced my spiritual life. Theodore Dubois's *The Seven Last Words of Christ*, an annual Lenten concert, however, brings special meaning to me year after year. The emotional involvement created by the words and music, by the choir director, Sal Bartolotti, and enhanced by the orchestra repeatedly evokes for me the true spiritual meaning of the Lenten and Easter seasons.

Carolyn C. Philippon



It was the 10 o'clock Mass on Easter Sunday and St. Paul parishioners were there in all their finery. Including a little three-year-old in the center aisle who knew she was the apple of her parents' and grandparents' eyes. She wore a long pink dress with a white lace front, white gloves, white slippers, and a broad-brimmed hat with a ribbon down the back. Her mother tried—unsuccessfully—to keep her wandering daughter close to the pew. But daughter had other ideas. She strolled farther and farther from mother, only to be brought back on each occasion.

It was the end of Mass and the priest was giving his final exhortations prior to the last blessing. Who should glide up the center aisle all the way to the steps below the altar but our charming pink traveler. With pixie grace she took her wide skirts wider and dipped in a deep curtsy, then turned with most of the church tittering to make a grand and triumphant exit — mother in tow!

Dick De Bruin

The one remembrance that immediately jumps out at me of my 12 years at St. Paul's took place in the aftermath of the great blizzard of February 1978. When Sunday came, the snow still had everything tied in knots, and cars were still forbidden to use the roads. We at the rectory thought there would be very few at the Masses. To our amazement, crowds

came from all directions to our mid-morning and late morning Masses—so many that we had to have an extra Mass in the lower church.

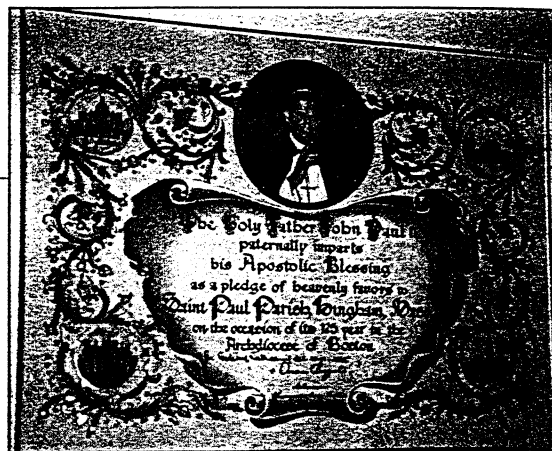
It was a beautiful, bright, sunny day. The snow, though creating real problems, made for a most beautiful scene throughout the center of the town.

It was a great day for displaying community spirit. Everyone was in an exhilarated mood. Some people saw friends for the first time in months, if not years. It was the church and the community at its best.

Fr. Francis McGann

My memories of St. Paul's span forty years and, like the mysteries of the rosary, encompass many joyful and sorrowful moments. I dedicate this remembrance to my grandmother Emily Connell, whose strong faith and determination were an inspiration to all who knew her.

It was February 15, 1966 and Fr. Tague was waiting at my house on School Street as I arrived home from St. Paul's School. He calmly told me that my mother had been killed in a car accident on Winter Street earlier that afternoon. He explained that she had been sitting at the stop sign when another car skidded and hit her head on. She died instantly; she was thirty-eight years old. Fr. Tague told me that she was in heaven, and I believed him and wept on his shoulder.



The Sisters of St. Joseph seemed to take me under their wing following my mother's funeral, which my fourth-grade class attended. My teacher was Sr. Leo Mary, and she invited me to help do chores at the convent. The sisters were kind and good to me, and I felt very much at home at the convent, polishing the silver, helping set the table, cleaning the chapel.

My years at St. Paul's School continued until graduation in 1970, and they were happy years. My grandmother always said that she and my grandfather could never have raised my two younger sisters and myself without the help of the Sisters of St. Joseph. St. Paul's Parish became my extended family.

In 1980, when my grandfather died at home at age 88, Fr. McGann was at the door within minutes with consoling words. The next morning was Sunday and we tried to persuade Nana to stay home and save her strength. "I must go to Mass because that is where I get my strength!" Her words have always stayed with me.

My grandmother was a strong and determined woman. During the late 1940s she worked endlessly, having bridge parties at her home to raise money to build St. Paul's School. When I announced my engagement to Tom Johnson, a Presbyterian, Nana threatened not to attend our wedding. My uncle persuaded her to attend our wedding in 1983. Nana died in 1988, not knowing that in 1995, under the direction of Fr. Reardon, my husband Tom would become a Catholic.

I think of St. Paul's as my parish family, and my thanks go out to all the priests, sisters, and fellow parishioners who have been there through the years for me and my family. We have suffered and rejoiced together as a community. Some words from St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians epitomizes what my grandmother taught me: "Therefore put on the full armor of God, so that when the day of evil comes, you may be able to stand your ground. . . Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God . . . be alert and always keep on praying for all the saints."

Janet Fay Johnson

To know him was to love him—and it didn't take long. He was 53 years a priest, but Mimie Pitro never lost his common touch. His wit and his "stories" were priceless, but he managed to build a sobering thought to live with after opening a homily with some wry bit of humor that had the entire congregation tittering.

One of his favorite witticisms was familiar to most of us. Monsignor was probably pulling everybody's leg, but he said he had an Italian expression that served every occasion. Loosely translated, it meant "If it's worth doing, it's worth doing well" or "Life is a celebration" or "When you dance, you dance." The Italian? "Quando si bella, si bella."

Ann Handrahan



One memorable moment of many for Lin and I as part of St. Paul's community occurred 24 years ago. We had decided to become more active in the parish and recommended a particular adult education program to Father McGann. We assumed that would be the end of it—and our involvement. How wrong we were!

We were asked to explain the program at a meeting. When it got around to our proposal, we briefly and enthusiastically outlined the specifics and fully expected a period of reflection, questions, discussion, referral to a committee and deferral to a subsequent meeting. Father McGann simply looked over to us and said, "And when could you start this program?" With that almost terse invitation, we became fully involved in the activities of the parish.

What was so magnificent for us was Father McGann's beautiful expression of inclusion. I had spent the first 36 years of my life feeling outside the church, and with a warm smile of welcome and encouragement he included it all.

Dave Hurley

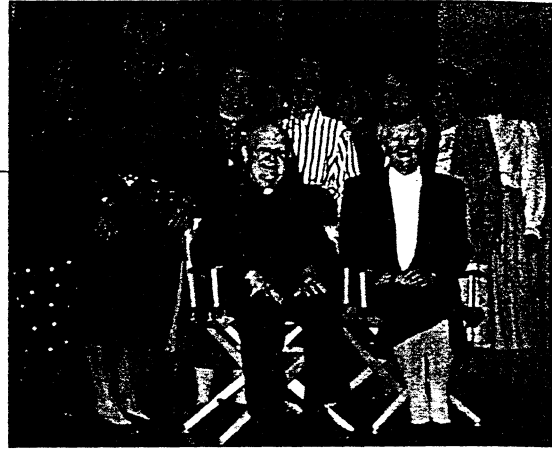


Msgr. Mimie B. Pitaro
1916 - 1995

He was small in stature, but Mimie Pitaro was a giant in compassion, wit, and spirituality. Offered a scholarship by Harvard, he accepted instead a parish scholarship to Boston College. And a priest for only eleven years, he yet was appointed pastor of Our Lady of Pompeii Parish in Boston's south end. When that parish was literally leveled by industrial development, he continued to serve its people for seven years from Holy Cross Cathedral. In his "spare" time, he taught Italian and French at St. Sebastian's Country Day School in Newton.

Msgr. Pitaro's next assignment was as pastor of Holy Redeemer Parish in East Boston, whose school, convent, and church today reflect the inspired work he brought to them. Not content with his demanding pastoral duties, he rallied his parishioners and took on Logan Airport, which was encroaching on and flying noisily over his "turf." With the permission of Cardinal Cushing, he took his crusade to the General Court of Massachusetts, to which he was elected and in which he served with characteristic vim and vigor.

After seven years at Holy Redeemer, he was assigned to St. John's in Peabody. As usual, he threw himself into his new assignment with energy and enthusiasm: overseeing the quality and nature of the parish school's

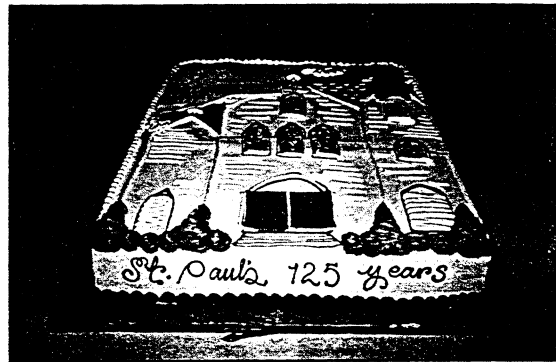


education, and the parish's liturgy and spiritual life. Having energy to spare, he helped to get a medical clinic for the poor of Peabody and involved himself in the introduction of the Hospice program to the North Shore.

Msgr. Pitaro was active in the Peabody Clergy Association and through that organization invited all its members to a Good Friday ecumenical service for the public at St. John's from noon until 3 P.M. All clergy and nuns in the city were Mimie's guests at an annual Christmas dinner.

This seven-year stint was followed by an assignment to Immaculate Conception Parish in Stoughton. Here he endeared himself to the Portuguese community, especially when he sent his assistant to Portugal to study the language. Retired from this pastorate in 1986 because of illness, he accepted an invitation to live and work in St. Paul's Parish in Hingham, where he involved himself in almost every facet of the parish activities. He was especially beloved as a celebrant at the children's Mass, where he was capable of engaging the children in his homilies, to say anything of adult parishioners who looked forward eagerly to the sagacity and wit of his homilies.

He was truly a God-given gift to our diocese, and our prayer might be that God will give us others like him.



Msgr. Paul Moritz

