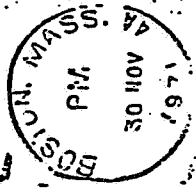


.....
Eileen Mulcahy
128 Tremont Street
So. Braintree, Mass.
.....



Archbishop Humberto Medeiros
Archbishop of Boston
Lake Street
Brighton, Mass.

VERY PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL

128 Tremont St.,
S. Braintree, Mass.
November 30, 1971

Archbishop Humberto Medeiros
Archbishop of Boston
Lake Street
Brighton, Mass.

Your Eminence:

May I start by giving you a little of my background? I am 69 years of age, was born in St. Francis of Assisi Parish, Braintree as were my parents and one brother. My paternal grandparents were one of the 12 families who started St. Francis Parish many years ago. I retired early from a position as Assistant Administrator at the N.E.M.C. Hospitals but became quite lonely and did volunteer work for the Sacred Heart Radio and TV Program. After that I became and still am secretary to Rev. Paul R. Shanley and have been doing this work for about five years.

It is about him that I am writing. I worked for him at Boston State College; while he was on the street and living at Warwich House; and on the Farm in Weston, Vermont. I, more than anyone I believe, know his very great potential in social work; his constant and complete devotion to the work; his integrity and his great love of God. I remember how Cardinal Cushing loved him and how he came to our Thanksgiving dinner for the street kids. Also, how about 2-3 months before he died, he wrote Father a beautiful letter and sent him a personal cheque for \$500 saying that it was all he had and that if he were thirty years younger, he would be right on the street with Father.

Father had many frustrations and harassments while on the street from people who did not or would not understand what he was trying to do, possibly wellmeaning fellowpriests and police. His long hair and blue denims made him an enemy because they would not understand that he was trying to reach these young people. He did just that and I can testify that they would die for him. He had won their confidence. Father was and is terribly hurt but understanding that they just wanted this terrible curse of drugs to go away, but as we know it hasn't.

As well as successfully lecturing all over the United States, he worked a farm given to him by the Benedictine Fathers in Weston, Vermont, where we had about 1000 last summer of professionals who work with drug using or alienated kids. They were doctors, lawyers, teachers, social workers, welfare workers, young Priests, Nuns, staffs of hot lines, street workers and drug counsellors. Also many young Priests and Nuns who were discouraged came to Father for advice and went back to their work feeling much better.

As his secretary, I know that he is a good Catholic Priest and that it was with the greatest of pleasure and pride that he would write this in many of his letters.

The farm is now closed and Father is visiting with fellow Priests in rectories in Vermont for the past two weeks. He is very tired as he, in my time, never took a vacation and worked very hard on that farm and on the street.

RCAB 00754

He can be reached at "Weston Post Office, Box 100, Weston, Vermont, asking them to hold the mail for him, or by writing to him in care of me at 128 Tremont St., S. Braintree, Mass. 02184, and I immediately will forward any mail to Weston.

He has a lecture date on December 8th at 7:30 PM in St. John the Baptist Church, Quincy, Mass. - Monsignor Maguire, Pastor.

Please forgive the length of this letter, but reading about you, I feel that you are very understanding and kind. I know that you will understand that this is extremely confidential. Thank you. I do not want Father to think I would interfere but I do so want to have someone else begging God and His Blessed Mother to help a very good Priest who has and is trying so very hard. I firmly believe that if he knew he had your confidence and love plus a few weeks of rest, relaxation and reflection in a warm country, he would come back to his work a new man.

If you would ever like to talk with me, I would be honored to drive in to your office to speak with you. I am most grateful to you anyway for reading this letter. Thank you very much.

Respectfully yours

Eileen Mulcahy
(Miss) Eileen Mulcahy