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**Fr. William F. Carr, S.J.
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Interview with Fr. William F. Carr, S.J.
by Fr. Paul C. Kenney, S.J.
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PAUL KENNEY: Hello, Bill, and welcome.

WILLIAM CARR: Hello, Paul. I thank you very much.

PK: Shall we start at the beginning—where you were born?

WC: I was born in a hospital in Chelsea, but we were from Boston.

PK: And you grew up there?

WC: Grew up in East Boston, but then the family moved on to Winthrop, right down over Orient Heights. My father was a Boston fireman, and that meant a big commute for him. It also meant a beautiful home for us in a nice town.

PK: Were you the only child?

WC: No, I had two brothers and a sister.

PK: Are they living?

WC: My brother John and my sister have passed away; my brother Paul comes out here faithfully, once a week,

to see me.

PK: How about your mother?

WC: She passed away, too, and Dad as well.

PK: Did your mother work mainly as a housewife?

WC: She had no choice, I guess, in those days. But I think she loved it. She was there for us when we came from school, always at the window with a prayer book, "Hi. Bill. Hi, Paul. Hi, John." She was there.

PK: She had a strong piety?

WC: She did have a strong piety. It got her through the war, with my two brothers in the service. Paul was on an L.C.I. [Landing Craft Infantry], and John was on a transport that was way around the world. And she was at peace with herself, knowing God would take care of them, and her, too. She was marvelous!

PK: And how about your father? Did he share a similar religious spirit?

WC: Dad was more at home at St. Mary's Church in the North End. He was a Boston fireman. Right in the North End was a firehouse, Engine 8, which he loved very much. He loved the work. In those days he was working more than seventy-two hours a week. They slept there, too, so he was away from the house quite a bit. Even for holidays, especially for holidays, we missed him. He was a good man.

PK: And he had a formative influence on your own growth?

WC: Oh, he did, yes. He was very proud of me and all the children. He just rejoiced in all the good things that happened, and helped us when we were in trouble.

PK: I know you later developed a very strong interest in ethics.

WC: Yes.

PK: Did you find that your home life and contact with your parents laid a foundation for that?

WC: Oh, I would not be surprised, but I could not point it out definitely.

PK: It was in the air?

WC: Yes. I would say that I was never a speculative philosopher. I did the logic and theories of knowledge. I was very happy studying a more practical part of philosophy, ethics. I took it, because we had a couple of men who were very elderly, my age now. I think the provincial wanted somebody younger who was new to the field. I liked it better than any other teaching assignment that I had.

PK: Well, let us return to that later. You were then at B.C. High as a student, commuting from Winthrop?

WC: Yes, it was not too bad, about an hour. Good transportation—a bus and then rapid transit. The difficulty was that you could not do anything after school. The South End was not a good neighborhood. The teachers discouraged us from walking alone, even in those days. So it was getting home, and doing home work. Very little association with my fellow students except in class, and I liked them very much. Ed King was in my class, later governor of Massachusetts.

PK: How was B.C. High as an experience for you?

WC: It was a great experience, kind of frightening at the beginning, because I had no preparation for the kind of work I would have to do. In fact, I had grown up in an atmosphere in which my mother had gone to business school; my Dad had not done any kind of higher education—I think even high school was the

most he had, if that. So it was my mother's encouragement and his support for whatever we did.

PK: They were there for you.

WC: But when we were growing up, there was nobody with a college mentality. When I went to Winthrop Junior High, I took the college course, because I thought I wanted to go to college. Yet, I was ill-prepared for any kind of work. I did not do a lot of studying, and nobody pushed me. Yet I did OK. But fortunately, and providentially, my father was threatened with transfer out of Boston if he did not move into a Boston neighborhood. In other words, since he was working for the city of Boston, he was going to have to live there and pay his taxes there.

PK: Much as it is nowadays...

WC: So we moved to East Boston, which was already familiar. But Winthrop was my home town—a great town to grow up in, because we were surrounded by water, beaches, no big airport. We had the ocean, a golf course, and places where we could work, First National and stores like that. So we were pretty much happy with the home life.

PK: And was your parish there?

WC: Yes it was, and that was very good. We had four curates and a monsignor, so we had a lot of priests. They were edifying, friendly, talkative, and interested in what we were doing. They got report cards from B.C. High before we did—which I never knew. Being an altar boy made a big difference. I got to know some of the priests better than others. They were edifying, because there was never any scandal; there were just good things about them.

PK: So they laid a foundation for your religious life?

WC: They did, yes. I think being an altar boy was probably the first foundation. As I was saying, I moved to East Boston, and had a chance to go to East Boston High School, which did not have a good reputation at that time—maybe it does now—or try for B.C. High. So I was, I think, the only one in my family who stayed back, because I went to Boston College High, interviewed, and realized I would be getting into Greek, second year Latin, second year algebra. I knew I was not ready, so I repeated the first year at B.C. High. And I never regretted it, because I had a good foundation for the rest of my course. I do not tell many people that, but I stayed back one year.

PK: So you showed prudence?

WC: Well, I hope so. Maybe fear! But I had a good experience, with homeroom teachers especially.

PK: Do you remember any of them in particular?

WC: Oh, yes. Joe Valenti was a workaday Jesuit scholastic. He did his work, and made sure we did our work. But the one who influenced me most, I think, was Bernie Murphy, who was at B.C. High at that time, a scholastic. I remember coming out to Weston to talk with him, going to one of the cabins with him, talking about a vocation. But it was never anything that was brought up to me; it was something I brought up to them. He was somebody I liked, I thought was happy, jovial, and happy in his work. So he influenced me a great deal. Mort Murphy I remember very well. He was a third year teacher, wonderful teacher. And Larry Herne, a fourth year teacher. So I had very good homeroom teachers. They were all Jesuits.

PK: A good introduction to the Jesuit life?

WC: Certainly was, yes.

PK: Then after that, you entered the Society of Jesus in 1943?

WC: I did, that is right.

PK: What do you remember about that in particular?

WC: Fear!

PK: Fear?

WC: Whether I was going to make it, because my brother John had just gone into the Navy, and my brother Paul was sixteen or seventeen. He volunteered early for the Navy and was in combat. And I was up at Shadowbrook, wondering about the long retreat, whether I could make it as a Jesuit, be happy. It was a mixed feeling. I was very happy where I was. The long retreat was not a major factor in my vocation; I found it very difficult, but nevertheless, I think very important in the formative years in the novitiate and later on.

PK: Any themes that became key for you later?

WC: We had, I think, a wonderful master of novices, Bill Kelleher, who was the president of Boston College. And he was a sophisticated Jesuit in the right sense. He was wise. You could talk with him. He also was somebody that you knew had had experience outside of the novitiate. So that was a good thing for me, because I never met any people in the novitiate I thought of as very strong, and grown up. They were a kind of people I had never met before. They were almost monastic, and Bill Kelleher was not.

PK: Do you recall anything in particular that he said?

WC: One thing I remember from many of his talks with me personally and also in conferences was: "We want

you to grow up to be supernatural gentlemen.” And I think that is about the only thing I particularly remember from the novitiate, except the scullery. But the conferences were good. He was practical: “To be supernatural gentlemen.” And that you had to be ready for anything. But especially that gentlemen would try to incorporate Jesuit values, be happy, but as a supernatural Jesuit. So it was a tough time, but a good time, too.

PK: Were the war years felt at Shadowbrook particularly?

WC: Yes, mainly through my mother’s letters. And my brother John’s letters were censored by the Navy. My brother Paul was in the Philippines and then New Guinea, but that was never mentioned to me. But I knew where he was. John, however, was safe, because he was on a big transport, at first going to dangerous places, but afterwards just following the troops with supplies and men. And generally they went alone, outside of a convoy, so they were fast enough to manage for themselves. He was an electrician and a gunner, and so was rather not involved in the war effort, except when his ship went into dangerous places, but that was usually after combat.

PK: How was it for your other brother, Paul?

WC: Paul, the youngest one, volunteered for the L.C.I., and at seventeen he was coming down the west coast in a ship. He went from San Francisco over to I think Australia, then to the invasion of New Guinea, the Philippines, and then had to come back to the States and invade Japan. So he had, at a very young age, a wealth of experience in war.

PK: How did you feel about that?

WC: I was proud of him, the whole thing. I knew he was in danger. I did not know, and he did not talk very much about it after the war. He did say he felt safer sometimes on a boat than on land, because the Japs would strafe the beaches. The ships always had some armament, so when the planes came, he went back on board ship. A small ship, but they had some gunnery, and he was a gunner, too.

PK: How were the juniorate years for you?

WC: Those were good experiences, because I loved the classics, essentially taught in high school, and would have majored in them if I had not turned to philosophy. I found Bill Carroll an especially inspirational teacher. Charlie Buckley was good, and John Sampey. They were capable teachers. But above all was Bill Carroll. He used to bring humor to the English class. Once in a while he would bring in a book and turn the cover over, because its jacket was something like *Vile Bodies*, a novel by Evelyn Waugh. He would say, "I had to turn that around, because I came through the faculty area. They would wonder what I was doing in English class!"

PK: Indeed!

WC: So he always had a surprise for us. But my love for English and poetry came from him. The others were good teachers, and the studies came quite easily to me. So it was not as difficult a time as it was for other people. In fact, I enjoyed it very much.

PK: And then on to Weston College and philosophy?

WC: I looked forward to it, especially from juniorate on. But I did not know how lacking in contemporary and modern philosophers were the subjects that we were doing. We had teachers' notes, which previous

generations of scholastics had copied down and passed on from year to year. They were duplicated over and over. Even in the text books we used there were annotations: “At this point, professor so and so would now look up at the ceiling.” And at another point, professor so and so would say, “I’m reaching for the right word.” It was right there in our books! So we had that kind of textbook, not even a textbook—it was his notes. They were good notes, but they were somebody else’s, somebody else’s books, and all the notes were duplicated from manuals.

PK: I see.

WC: Once I asked one of the professors—I had done well enough in my first year of philosophy to hope for either a good experience in philosophy or classics. So I went over to one of the famous professors in theology, and asked him whether he would give me a little direction in St. Augustine. Yes, I liked the classics, as I said, liked Augustine, the *Dialogues*, but they were in English. I thought if I had the combination of Latin and Augustine, I would get a good feeling for philosophy and theology, and Latin, too. The first question this man asked me was, “What grade did you get in your final examination?” So I said, “I did pretty well,” and I walked out. I said, “Thank you very much for the interview, and I hope I see you around the house.”

PK: What did you do then?

WC: I went down to Louis Sullivan, who was still teaching at that time. I knew of him only from hearsay, but I knew he was a nice fellow. I said the same thing to him. He said, “Bill, Augustine is a pretty

good subject to study. I studied the classics, and whatever I can do to help you, I'll do it!" And I found him like that. I found a man of theology, a man who would be great to study under. But in the end I did not have him; I went to Woodstock instead. But he had a great deal of interest in helping Jesuits. I would not tell him what grade I had, and it was a good grade. It was on the honor rolls, and I was beadle the next year.

PK: How did you respond?

WC: I was so disappointed by the other professor. But the other teachers were adequate. When the time for regency came, I was supposed to go to studies. But the situation changed, and so the provincial took us all from studies, because they were too expensive. Bob Varnerin was the only one who stayed in studies; he was a chemist. I think the chemistry professor at Boston College said, "Keep him, or I quit B.C.", because he was the only chemist we had coming along. We had plenty of philosophers; we had plenty of classicists. So many of us headed to Fairfield, where I taught for two years, then studied for a year in St. Louis. He was actually rector, but he was acting provincial at the time. He sent most of us down to Fairfield.

PK: Who was he?

WC: James Dolan. We ended up there because he filled the place with scholastics, so I was at the southwest corner of the Province. He later said, "People say I sent practically the whole Province down to Fairfield!" Well he did not say whether he meant to or not! But in the end Fairfield was good for me and I did well. Then Arthur Sheehan, Province Di-

rector of Studies, said, "We better get you going." So I did a year's worth of work towards a master's during a summer in St. Louis. But I found the preparation at Weston, without primary sources, something that had not prepared me as well as it might have. I had some of the best teachers at St. Louis University: Drs. Vernon Burke and James Collins, outstanding philosophers, one in medieval and the other in modern. They influenced me tremendously.

PK: In St. Louis?

WC: In St. Louis. But I felt so, in a way, disappointed that I had never read Descartes. I had never read Kant. I was taught Kant was wrong; he did not say the right things, according to the scholastics, so Kant was dismissed. Not that he might have had any insight into this world or the other world, or anything valuable! The same thing was true even of St. Augustine, yet he was a pretty good Christian, even a Doctor of the Church. So when I went to St. Louis, I found that these teachers gave me many authors to read, such as Gabriel Marcel to read. Vernon Burke used a textbook, but also drew on Aquinas quite a bit.

PK: What was your reaction?

WC: It was a revelation about how much I did not know, as it dawned on me during that year. I did a small thesis under James Collins, who was probably one of the best in the Catholic scholastic world in modern philosophy. I knew that he would get after me, and that I could work from primary sources. So I chose Pierce, an American philosopher because I know Dr. Burke would have the sources.

PK: Charles Sanders Pierce.

WC: Charles Pierce. All his works were in English, and Collins had all of them. I know that Collins was interested in him, and I was, too, because he had something practical to say to American philosophy and to Americans. I finished the thesis on time, and I was very happy. I did not go for the doctorate, because I did not think I was prepared. The course in St. Louis was just great for me to learn what I did not know. The chairman of the department later commented, "You passed, and well. But we all advise you to do more work in primary sources." I said, "You betcha! You see so well." He replied, "I do. So when you go back, you get to reading."

PK: What happened next?

WC: I went to Woodstock College for theology, and I had people who were good teachers. Once I got back to the Province, people told me how much I had missed at Weston College, because I did not a certain have teacher supposed to be good. I said, "Well, I had very good teachers, too." Someone said, "Well, I've read everything that Gus Weigel has written." I replied, "I have not been able to read your favorite professor, because he's never published."

PK: Such a contrast!

WC: Here, we had Gus Weigel, Walter Burghardt, John Courtney Murray. They came in for lectures. The full-time teachers were wise enough to bring guest speakers. Weigel was a full-time teacher. He once said to us, "I hate seeing the beginnings of bald heads! Put your heads up high, and listen to me! Do not look at the book! Listen to me!" In my class was John Foster Dulles' son, Avery Dulles. It was an intellectual environment, even in the treatment of

scholastic philosophy. I believe it was not what I would have found at Weston, as far as I knew. At Weston I did a defense, but it was a defense of what I had just learned out of a textbook.

PK: In philosophy?

WC: Yes. I did not do poorly at Weston, but when I got down to Woodstock, I had outstanding scholastics with me, and studying with them for *ad auds* all the work for them was a revelation.

PK: *Ad auds* are the exams about hearing confessions.

WC: Yes, we passed them for the most part.

PK: Sure.

WC: So the experience at Woodstock and St. Louis was my intellectual foundation. Weston helped, but I am afraid it helped by highlighting what I did not learn or read firsthand from noted philosophers. It was only at Woodstock that I began work on Kierkegaard. They were not hidden away in a place where you had to have a key to get to.

PK: Locked away.

WC: They were available! But that is part of the problem, I think, being on my own when I went to St. Louis, having teachers that pushed primary sources, made you study, gave you written examinations, gave you back those examinations graded. So it was university experience that we did not get at Weston. I did well grade-wise. We never saw our grades at Weston! You could ask for your *ad auds* results, but when someone asked "What about the dogma one?", the vague reply would be, "You did pretty well in that."

PK: Nothing definite.

WC: They would never say "Ten, nine, eight, seven", but

only, "You did pretty well." Once in a while they would say discreetly, "You did very well." We were not encouraged to be proactive in taking care of ourselves academically or by choosing courses. I had a choice in St. Louis, and chose what I thought were the best and the hardest.

PK: I understand that after tertianship at Pomfret you began teaching philosophy at Fairfield and did so for about thirty years.

WC: Yes, give or take two wonderful sabbaticals. I was there about thirty-five years, all counting. Early in my academic life I got out of epistemology and logic and went right into ethics. I liked that; at least the textbook was decent and written in plain English. I supplemented it with other books. So it was something I liked, and felt much more at home with.

PK: You found ethics quite congenial.

WC: The same could be said of the invitation from St. Vincent's Hospital to teach nurses. I was kind of a dismal failure there, because they had no preparation for any kind of academic ethics. So I think I was happy, and they were happy, to see me go.

PK: So you moved on?

WC: But I think the most influential period was the invitation later to teach the nurses at Fairfield U. as they came into senior year, because otherwise they would go through a four-year program without any course in the ethics of health care. The dean asked whether our department would do something. With my interest in medical ethics as a sideline, I volunteered. I realized later I had volunteered again for something in which I had no practical experience. I did that for a year or two, and then realized I did not know much

about that.

PK: How did you meet that challenge?

WC: That was when I went to the Kennedy Institute at Georgetown University, and worked for the most part in a hospital. Dick Rousseau, who is here today, and I had sabbaticals at Georgetown at the same time. I followed the advice of a good doctor friend of mine from my youth. He said, "Do not hide yourself in a text. You can find a lot of good reading everywhere. Go up to the hospital, and find somebody who will take you around." I went to the director of social work, who was a godsend. She knew every doctor who would welcome a Jesuit, be good to me, and bring me around.

PK: She helped you a lot.

WC: Yes. The first session I had was with her group of social workers with neonatal care. I was right in there with the parents. I was told, "Be quiet, but just listen." I did. They were talking with people whose child would never come home with success, but they could do nothing for the child. I read so much about that in casework and later on in the class work, I at least had seen a spina bifida baby, and seen the future of medical care for such patients.

PK: You had a chance for some direct experience.

WC: Every Friday or Saturday I met him in his office with two medical students, and we went around to different patients' rooms, and he talked. All he asked us to do was not to ask any questions. Unfortunately, the first thing out of the mouth of one of the first-year medical students was, "Will the baby ever be able to walk?" The doctor looked at him and said, "I'll talk to you later about that." The doctor re-

buked that student: "That is the one thing I asked you not to do! These women have brought home a baby that will never walk, and they'll have a life that is very difficult. We'll do as much as we can for them, but I never want you to ask any patient a question again."

PK: I can feel the tension even as you recount the incident.

WC: I was wise enough to know what he was doing, and the medical student was quiet afterwards. I was in awe of what was going on. The privilege that the woman and the doctor were giving us! That teaching doctor went to Children's Hospital afterwards, and when I went down on sabbatical again, I went over there where he was the director of neonatal neurosurgery

PK: These experiences were very helpful for you for getting practical experience.

WC: Because the nurses I was teaching had seen these kinds of patients. Then I went with an oncology professor for a full year. We talked with grown-ups for the most part, but also some children, too. I remember I was wearing a white coat and tie. Nobody asked me who I was, but the doctor would say, "This is one of the professors." One woman just beginning her chemotherapy said, "Are you a medical doctor?" I said, "No, I'm a professor of ethics at Fairfield University in Connecticut. I think you're so good to let me come in, and I hope it's not an intrusion." She said, "Oh, no, but I had never met you as a doctor before." That was the kind of greeting I had from doctors and patients.

PK: Such a rich occasion to learn.

WC: I went to meetings for nurses and doctors only. One class was called psychosomatic medicine. It was an awful name, because it was really on the doctor-patient relationship. It was taught by an internist and a psychiatrist as part of the psychiatric rotation. A student would bring down a patient who was interesting and talkative.

PK: That helps.

WC: Every Thursday I would go over there, and the professors would brief us about who was coming down. There were all sorts of people we talked to. I did not ask any questions there. Doctors interviewed them. They were people that were fun to listen to, because they were trying to get their independence, but some of the doctors were relegating some of them into nursing homes when they did not have to.

PK: You were able to see both sides of the situation.

WC: I recall one in particular who was an independent person all his life, except when he got diabetes, he had to be in a wheelchair. People said he could not live by himself. Yet he had been living by himself for years, and he wanted to go back to his apartment. Afterwards the psychiatrist talked to the student who had brought him back to his room, "I want you to keep in touch with him. He likes you. He was interested in you, and I want you to be with him. So in your spare time take an interest in him." As a matter of fact the patient went to independent living.

PK: He must have been a much happier.

WC: But I learned so much through things like this, seeing different patients coming in, giving their histories, having the doctors talk with them. I saw two of

the fourth year medical students holding hands. I found out afterwards they were husband and wife, and this was the only time they had together. I said, "Well, that's pretty daring of them, and wonderful that they probably got married in med school." That was the only time they could show affection there. But what was noticeable was just that I noticed it.

PK: So these actual experiences enriched your teaching.

WC: Yes. The most enrichment, though, came when I tried again to do the same kind of work at Georgetown on another sabbatical in 1992-93.

PK: Getting firsthand experience?

WC: Yes, doing work with doctors and patients, going around. I think the class I particularly recall was one that a reporter was invited to, but he wrote about it in the main newspaper.

PK: The *Washington Post*?

WC: He was immediately asked to leave the class. First of all, he was asked not to write about it. Second, he was told not to talk about it; this was private, confidential. It was understood by everyone else. Yet he wrote about it. So, when I came, again I was told most of all: "Please do not ask any questions." Most of all, "This is private and confidential."

PK: Confidentiality was important. As you speak of these fine doctors and this firsthand experience, you remind me of how highly you valued reading primary sources in philosophy early on, and here you were getting firsthand and primary experience in medical ethics.

WC: Yes. The other thing that came about through the second Georgetown experience was that I returned home, because I found out I could not do anything

more there that I could do back at Fairfield. What I wanted to do I could not do. In fact, I had hoped to take a medical ethics course, given to four medical students from four different medical schools at the end of the year. I had seen it in the *Hastings Institute Report*. I asked to audit it.

PK: What was their response?

WC: After a long delay the man finally said, “We think you are too well prepared and that it might be an intrusion.” I said, “Thank you very much. I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but I did not intend to speak. I just wanted to listen, and I hope that was understood.” “Yes, but the board thought that you would have to be explained, and I perhaps should not have encouraged you.”

PK: Your request was denied.

WC: So I went back to Fairfield, and wrote about the rounds, and got it to the *Linacre Quarterly*. I had got clearance from the doctors involved.

PK: These sabbatical experiences at such important teaching hospitals and your writing then, seem to have changed your focus. You were doing medical ethics as a course in the nursing school. It seemed then to have become a major formative influence in your whole work.

WC: Yes. Although I had always enjoyed teaching at Fairfield University, these firsthand experiences were a double blessing—to me personally and as a professor. You are certainly right about that. I still had two courses in ethics, ethical theories, and I could bring some of that into that course, but not all. It was just ethical theories. I had gained confidence about what I had not known. I realized that the

nurses in their fourth year had been doing hospital work and so had seen much of what I had also seen. They had worked with the same kind of children and adults I was seeing. So I knew enough when to keep quiet and when to listen. From that point of view, knowing what I did and did not know gave me tremendous confidence as a teacher and as a person.

PK: You had received a rich learning opportunity.

WC: I got into areas in seminars through one of the professors at Fairfield, Lisa Newton. She got good grants, which I never would have been involved in if I had not had the experience at Georgetown. These were great grants. Dan Callahan came; people from Yale Divinity School, Yale Medical School; each week someone would be there. They would talk, after we had done the reading. There were four of us professors: Don Ross, Vincent Burns [S.J.], myself, and Lisa Newton. The seminar was larger than usual, maybe twelve or thirteen students, who would also have done the reading. The visiting professor would give a lecture the night before to a general audience, then talk with us in the group.

PK: It sounds like it was a memorable experience of a powerful seminar.

WC: So Lisa Newton was a great factor in inviting me to this seminar. I also was involved in another grant for seminars, and actually that ran out of money. So she got another grant—this was from the government, too—to teach a group of pre-med students. Don Ross taught that course with me. He was a biology professor who loved the Church, and he loved biology.

PK: Quite a combination.

WC: Dr. Ross knew scholastic ethics, and he listened. We had disagreements in class, but I was happy we could disagree. He would give a lecture in ethics, but most of all in the biology, say, of abortion question or the dying question. We would alternate classes and seminars. So we did some of these courses, and we had a good textbook later.

PK: Sounds like a fruitful collaboration.

WC: The other course Lisa Newton got a grant for was mainly for nurses. I had been working towards bringing nurses and pre-med students together, so they would have the experience, at least once in their academic and professional lives, of hearing one another and of listening to one another, because that did not happen in med school. Yet the pre-med students in the course asked, "Are we ever going to get through doctor bashing?" The nurses always said, "I was with a doctor who...; this doctor said..." It never was a nurse who made an error, such as, "We nurses should pay more attention to this." So I said to the pre-med students, "I'm sorry that it had seemed that way. It is a book that we're not going to use any more. It is a casebook that I thought was good for them, but if it was not good for you, it's not good." We immediately went to another textbook, which used cases.

PK: The pre-med students were uncomfortable.

WC: They really felt they were being bashed in that class. I certainly tried to favor them, since they were five among thirty. They felt ill at ease, whereas the nurses took over: "I had this experience in this hospital. Yesterday I..." The students were pre-med, yet they

had experience because practically all of them had worked in hospitals.

PK: You were sensitive to their discomfort.

WC: Those two grants with Lisa Newton were very formative, very helpful. I found all of that very useful in working back at Fairfield. I did lecturing at Fairfield and outside. I also did grand rounds at a hospital in Allentown, Pennsylvania, where I had been asked to speak by a friend.

PK: How did you get to know him?

WC: Dr. Mark Kelley had graduated from Fairfield Prep and then Fairfield University, where I had taught him ethics. When he came to his senior year at Fairfield University, he was going to have to take a required ethics course. I learned he was going to be in my class. I said, “You’re going to be in my class again, but you can get out of it if you want, because I watch football with your father practically every Sunday, and you’re upstairs studying. Is it going to be too difficult for you, because everybody knows that we’re friends?” He said, “Not if it does not bother you. It’s OK. You can say anything, and it won’t be repeated back home.” He became a doctor doing medical ethics at the hospital in Allentown.

PK: What a coincidence!

WC: And frankly, I found it much different from my experience in Connecticut. When the question arose at Allentown about tube feeding—gastric feeding—as obligatory in practically every case, even when the person was comatose, I talked about basic principles that were being overlooked—the ordinary and extraordinary means—the way it had been brought out in different experiences I had at St. Vincent’s

Hospital in Bridgeport, because I served on their ethics committee.

PK: I see.

WC: I thought I had to say something. Everything that happened at Fairfield and Georgetown was memorable. I would not want to end without saying what I did after that half-year sabbatical.

PK: What was it?

WC: I asked to go to England, just for vacation. I stayed at the Jesuit church at Farm Street. There I met a priest-doctor who had been on the missions in Africa, but came back because deafness prevented him from working. He was not really up to confidentiality matters at the hospice, but he was filling in for somebody. He said, "Oh, you're interested?" He brought me over to St. Joseph's Hospice, just as a visit. He greeted everybody, the patients, and the head of the nursing, the whole establishment. Afterwards I said, "This is a place I would like to work." I asked the matron, who was the president of the hospital, whether I could come back and be part of the teaching corps, or do something such as auditing the lectures. The head of the nursing was an Irish nun, a Sister of Charity. She spoke directly, as an Irish person might do: "We never invite people to watch people die." I said, "Well, I would like to do more. I would like to maybe take the place of the chaplain, and do priestly work." "Oh, that's different. Oh, Tom has not had a vacation in years! Hey Tom! We have someone to take your place!" So I went over there twice, for three weeks apiece. That was the most formative experience, other than Georgetown, where I was with the dying, did fu-

nerals for the dying, and so forth.

PK: That sounds like a powerful priestly experience.

WC: As I reflect on our time talking today, since actually I had expected your questions to focus my comments, I thought I would talk about all the most significant parts of my life: the persons, places, family members, B.C. High, the hospices, all the people I met that helped me along my way, as well as God's Providence—even my going to Fairfield Prep—all these helped me on my life journey.

PK: Well, thank you for giving us a glimpse of that journey.

WC: You are welcome.

Rev. William F. Carr, S.J.

Born: May 8, 1925, Chelsea, Massachusetts
Entered: July 1, 1943, Shadowbrook, Lenox,
Massachusetts
Ordained: June 17, 1956, Weston College, Weston,
Massachusetts
Final Vows: August 15, 1968, Fairfield Jesuit
Community, Fairfield, Connecticut

1939 Boston, Massachusetts: Boston College High -
Student
1943 Lenox, Massachusetts: Shadowbrook - Novitiate,
Juniorate
1947 Weston, Massachusetts: Weston College -
Studied philosophy
1950 Fairfield, Connecticut: Fairfield Preparatory
School - Taught sophomores (1950-52); taught
history (1950-51), taught German (1951-1952)
1952 St. Louis, Missouri: St. Louis University - Stud-
ied philosophy
1953 Woodstock, Maryland: Woodstock College -
Studied theology
1957 Pomfret, Connecticut: St. Robert's Hall - Ter-
tianship
1958 Fairfield, Connecticut: Fairfield University -
Taught philosophy (1958-95); sabbaticals (1977-
78, 1992-93); professor emeritus (1995-2004)
2004 Weston, Massachusetts: Champion Center -
Praying for the Church and the Society

Degrees

- 1949 Bachelor of Arts, Philosophy, Weston College-
Boston College
- 1950 Master of Arts, Philosophy, Weston College-
Boston College
- 1952 Master of Arts, Philosophy, St Louis University
- 1958 Licentiate in Sacred Theology, Woodstock
College

Publications

- “Clinical Sessions and Health Care Ethics.” *The Linacre Quarterly* (August 1986) : 36-77
- “Examining the Catholic Church’s Edicts on Birth Technologies.” *The Advocate* (May 1987)
- “What are they Saying about Grief?” *Fairfield Now* (February 1988)
- “Lead me Safely Through Death” *America* (March 25, 1989): 264-267
- “Respecting the Gift of Life.” *The Bridgeport Post* (November 23, 1991)
- “Living Wills and Catholic Thought.” *The Transcript*, Part 1 (April 24, 1992), Part 2 (May 2, 1992)
- “Living Wills and Religious Communities.” *Linacre Quarterly* (May 1993): 72-77
- “Spiritual Pain and Healing in the Hospice.” *America* (August 12, 1995): 226-29

Autobiographical Sketch

Rev. William F. Carr, S.J. is professor emeritus of philosophy at Fairfield University at the end of the 1995 academic year. He continues to teach courses in the ethics of health care as an adjunct professor in the Program in Applied Ethics, and he serves on the Institutional Ethics Committee at St. Vincent's Medical Center in Bridgeport. He came to Fairfield University in 1958 with master's degrees in philosophy from Boston College and St. Louis University. He also has a licentiate in sacred theology from Woodstock College in Maryland, where he was ordained in 1956. While at Fairfield he has taught courses in logic, theories of knowledge, medieval philosophy, ethical theories, the ethics of health care, and seminars in bioethics.

For many years his emphasis in teaching has been in the field of medical and nursing ethics. This specialization began when the first dean of the School of Nursing asked for a philosophy course in keeping with the ethical issues nurses meet in the clinical context. After a few years, to meet the demands of this course, he asked for and was granted a sabbatical leave and became a visiting research scholar at Georgetown University's Kennedy Institute of Ethics during the 1977-78 academic year. During the sabbatical most of his effort was concentrated on clinical sessions at Georgetown University Medical Center, where he accompanied physicians and medical students on rounds and attended staff meetings with nurses and social workers.

During a second sabbatical he returned to the Medical Center at Georgetown. There he focused on some areas of specialization which he had not experienced before. One was child oncology at the Vincent Lombardi Cancer Research Center. He also participated in pediatric neurosurgery rounds at Children's Hospital, National Medical Center in Washington, D.C. In addition to the work of these centers, he wrote "Clinical Sessions and Health Care Ethics," which is an account of his first sabbatical at Georgetown's Kennedy Institute.

Thereafter he visited St. Joseph's Hospice in London, England. Through this visit he made plans to return to the hospice as a replacement chaplain the following summer. His return to St. Joseph's was funded through a research grant from the University. He wrote an article about hospice care, "Lead Me Safely Through Death." He visited St. Joseph's once again through a summer grant. In June 1990 he did research at the National Reference Center for Bioethics Literature at the Kennedy Institute.

The 1992-93 academic year was a time for another sabbatical leave. His research was on Hospice Care in Ireland and England. In the first semester, he visited Our Lady's Hospice in Dublin and St. Patrick's Hospice in Cork. In both hospices he attended staff meetings and accompanied physicians on rounds. In London he did research at St. Joseph's Hospice Study Center and visited St. Christopher's Hospice.

In the second semester, he continued his sabbatical at Santa Clara University in California. Upon returning to Fairfield University, he continued teaching courses in the ethics of health care, and introduced, with a professor in the School of Nursing, a bioethics seminar in the care of the dying.