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Why Do Such Things Happen?

There has been a great deal of speculation going on since the tragic happening of Sunday night on why it happened, and how it happened, and what if this, and what if that. Far be it from us to inquire into the inscrutable workings of Divine Providence in our behalf; but while we cannot know the mind of God in its mysterious workings, Our Lord Himself has told us to read the signs of the times and be warned by them. Consequently we can without irreverence look into the concomitant circumstances of that tragic accident and draw from it certain profitable conclusions.

A few nights ago we conceived the notion of a Bulletin on sudden death, and we jotted down the names of twenty-one students who had died within the past few years, ten of whom had died so suddenly that they had no chance to go to confession before they died. Four of them were drowned; one was found dead in bed; another was shot and died instantly; three died on their way home from dances; another was found unconscious with his face against the radiator in his room, horribly burned; another was killed instantly in an auto accident.

We let that Bulletin go. Several times within the past few years it has happened that a Bulletin on death was followed swiftly by tragedy -- at times before that day was done. Like Jonas, we were cowardly; we did not wish to seem a prophet of evil. We talked football instead, because we saw that your enthusiasm was leading you to the altar, and we hoped that its wave would sweep in many who had rejected the grace of God all fall.

Vain hope! There were few faces at the Rail Saturday morning that we had not seen before this year, most of them very frequently. Then God took a hand, and drove home the lesson you heard, but many of you did not heed, in the Mission: "You can fix your goal for the shadowy hope of peace and comfort, if not luxury, in this life, and take a chance on eternity; or you can make eternity your goal and take a chance on the years, few or many, God will give you on this earth." Jack Gleason profited by this lesson, and he was thoroughly prepared to die, as Notre Dame men usually are when God calls them. But what of the rest of us?

Have we done anything this fall that would seem to make necessary this frightful lesson? We are tired of reviewing your silly emotional ups-and-downs of the fall, and we will confine ourselves to the last week-end. There were more than two thousand students at Holy Communion Saturday morning, -- but among the hundreds who were not, there were more than two hundred who have not approached the Sacraments this fall. There were 1665 Holy Communions Sunday morning, -- but among these who did not go were many who stayed away, and are still away, because they celebrated victory as a dissolute Roman would. Fred Miller told you Sunday night what won the game, and told you that if you wanted to continue to support the team you should be there in the chapels Monday morning again to receive -- and Monday's Holy Communions were the lowest since the week following the Navy Game. Finally, there were plans for Sunday night, conceived by childish collegiate minds, that would have made your mothers ashamed they had ever borne a son.

God give you sense! Don't make another death necessary this year. Saturday morning Sophomore Hall asks for a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Bon Conway, who would have made the team this year had he lived through the summer, and the S.A.C. wants a Mass for the team. Both intentions will be included in the Mass at 6:15 Saturday morning. And have a little pity on the team. You have done your best to wreck it for next Saturday, when it meets a bad, unbeaten team; ask God to pity your ignorance and be good to the team once more -- if you can stand it.

PRAYERS: Two deceased friends, a relative dying, a friend dangerously ill, a sister seriously ill, three special intentions.