

Religious Bulletin

January 14, 1929.

Why Didn't You Sign Your Name?

"718 Peterboro, #202,
Detroit, Michigan.

"Dear Father O'Hara:

My trip to Notre Dame is still the big thing; I haven't gotten over it yet.

"Christmas brought me a flock of spiritual bouquets and Christmas cards from fellows at school; but, while I'd like to write each fellow who sent me one, and thank him for his prayers, so many of them didn't sign their names that I'm at a loss how to do it. Could you thank them for me through the Bulletin? I don't know of any other way that I could let them know of my appreciation. I intend to write the others and tell them myself, as soon as I can manage it in this slow, punch-by-punch manner.

"I braved the flu, frozen ears and what-not Saturday to have my eyes tested. I hope soon to be able to devour books again at a normal rate. To make sure that I'm really kept busy, tho, I've become a business man -- not tired, however -- a sort of mail-order insurance salesman. The idea is working out in pretty good shape, too. I'll be selling enough to buy myself a small-size circulating library. Then I won't have to pay fines any more. Perfect freedom, eh? Wish me luck, will you? -- Van Wallace."

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"Dear Father:

I have been wanting to tell you for some time how that trip to Notre Dame put new life and hope into our boy. There has been a very marked improvement in Van's condition since his visit to Notre Dame. He sleeps less, is always planning and figuring something that he might do to help himself, moves his shoulders about from side to side, hoping to stir up some of his deadened nerves, and he has taken a great interest in what he calls his mail-order insurance. He spends hours studying it. The fact alone that he has the ambition to start speaks volumes, don't you think?

"It is no easy matter for him to write and prepare the letters necessary in this line of work, and yet he never tires -- just punches away incessantly. He smiles for hours when the mail man brings him an application, the result of his efforts. It occupies his time, and so he has less time to think of his helplessness and his dependence on others for his every need.

"Again I must say that prayer, and prayer alone, has brought this strength to him; it is his only medicine, and slowly but surely it is bringing him to health and strength. I still feel, as I always have, that in God's own good time, the many, many prayers offered for our boy's recovery will be answered; and I feel deeply grateful to the men at Notre Dame for their prayers and supplications in Van's behalf. -- Mrs. Wallace."

And that's not bad news to get during the Novena for Health. It's too bad you didn't sign your names, so that Van could have the pleasure of thanking you personally; on the other hand, however, it will give him more time for his insurance business -- and you should know that typing is not the easiest thing in the world for him to do. He does it with his right hand (his fingers are still paralyzed) by means of a wire contraption he invented, which fits over the hand and has a rubber tip on the free end. -- Get busy with a few more prayers in his behalf; he is teaching you cheerfulness and faith.

Prayers.

Chas. Kennedy's mother and Ray Doherty's grandmother have been injured in falls. John Golden's mother was anointed a few days ago, a deceased person. A student's mother is undergoing a dangerous operation today; another student's grandmother is reported dying. (The Novena for examinations begins Wednesday; get to confession early.)