

"My dear Son:

"There are many things you will never know about the sacrifices your father and I have made for you, but when I received your letter this morning, warning us that you might be put on the undesirable list 'because the priests have it in for you' I made up my mind there is one thing you must know. It is this:

"Before you were born the doctor told me that it was a question of my life or yours. He wanted me to allow him to *kill you before you were born*. Thank God, my faith was strong enough to say NO; it wasn't even a temptation to me, although I was young, and that first year of married life had been so ideally happy. The doctor was wrong, of course. I got another doctor, and went to Our Lady for help. Yourself and your five brothers and sisters are proof enough that my faith in Our Lady was justified.

"I would to God I did not have to tell you this — but you have made it necessary. For the second time you have been branded as undesirable, and I never want it to happen again. I know that I must take some of the blame for the thoughtlessness that has brought on your present trouble. I had longed so much for you, and I had gone through so much to have you, that I spoiled you. And now, hard as it is for me to do it, I must tell you some things that may wake you up.

"You say that missing morning prayer a few times is all they have against you. Why should you miss at all? If your father were to lie in bed till ten o'clock in the morning, how could he support his family? And if I didn't get up to get his breakfast, what kind of wife would I be? More than that — if I didn't slip off to eight o'clock Mass after he and the children were on their way, do you think I would have the strength to go on? I know I wouldn't.

"I pray to God that is all they have against you, but I must tell you that I have my doubts. Twice during the Easter holidays I noticed a strong smell of liquor when I passed your room early in the morning. I hesitated to tell you about it, because I know you fly off the handle so easily, but I can't keep silent any longer. If you are dismissed from Notre Dame it will be just too much.

"Just one more thing. George's mother brought in some more of those Religious Bulletins yesterday (why don't you ever send any home?--you know we like to see what the priests are telling you). I notice that one of them says that you are having a Novena for Father's Day. If you are not making this, please start one at once and send your father a spiritual bouquet. His job is so uncertain that his nerves are on edge. Do at least this much for him now. I will hold your letter from him until next Wednesday in the hope that a spiritual bouquet will come from you by then.

"Your loving Mother."