

Joe Sullivan's condition
slightly improved.
Keep up your prayers.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
February 14, 1935.

An Impression of Notre Dame.

"Dear Father:

"Unfortunately, I am not a Notre Dame man technically, but I am in spirit after my observations last summer. Mother and I were among the thousands present at Commencement last June.

"The awarding of the sheepskins, the speeches, the dinner, the meeting with so many people from all over the United States, even the presence of the Papal Delegate,--all of these were to me secondary. What impressed me most was the sight of a group of young men silently adoring Our Lord. Something pulled me towards the open door of that chapel.

"Crowds were coming into the vast grounds just previous to Commencement. They were all anxious to see the stadium, the dining halls and the other great buildings. Some others, undoubtedly, were anxious to see certain members of the pigskin gang. But there was no rush to see the King of them all.

"He was there longly and depressed, the same as He is in so many churches, except for the time of the Sunday-morning Mass.

"Well, anyway, I looked into that chapel, although I felt awfully spotted. An act of contrition and a Hail Mary were my only attempts. As I knelt there among those fine young men I talked with Our Lord without saying a word. I even felt tears trickling down my face. Some of the intellectuals will call me screwy, but that doesn't matter.

"I asked Our Lady to secure a favor for me--a funny request, an intellectual will say, to be allowed the privilege of serving Mass at Notre Dame before I left. I waited until the boys finished Adoration and came out feeling the same as if I had completed a tough confession.

"We stayed at Notre Dame about a week. Each day as I dropped into Sacred Heart Church, I'd think about that request I made the first day I arrived. The very last day, with my railroad tickets in my pocket ready to go, I went to an early Mass. Father O'Hara himself said that Mass. He had no server, so before he began at the foot of the altar he looked around towards the congregation. I waited, hoping no one would come forward. But I was in for disappointment when a young man came up and served the Mass.

"After my thanksgiving I went to breakfast. Then I came back to the church and thanked God that I was a Catholic. Being alone in the chapel I was really praying it out when a visiting priest came in to say Mass! He was a little feeble and his hands trembled a good deal. Here was my chance at last. He came over and asked me if I could make the responses. I had the green covering off the altar and those candles lighted before he could change his mind. I was afraid someone else would beat me to it.

"I hope this long letter hasn't bored you, Father, but after reading that request for servers in one of the Bulletins sometime ago, I could not understand 'advertising' for servers when I had to pray so hard for such a wonderful privilege. That a privilege to be a graduate of Notre Dame! Being one of the boys for a week last summer left me with so many peaceful recollections. I know now that Notre Dame doesn't mean football, as so many wise-guys figure. Receiving the Bulletins regularly refreshes me in this conviction that I, too, am now one of Our Lady's boys.

"Respectfully,
J.A.H."

PRAYERS: Ill, Bob Malarney (St. Ed's.); Paul Mueller (Lyons); Ed Kirby (Sorin); friend of James DeBartolo (Dillon); friend of Joe Petriz. Five special intentions. Ill, Ray Bonar (Sorin).