

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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St. Peter.

A Pennsylvania lawyer, Mr. Homer Greene, wrote the following appreciation of St. Peter. Tomorrow, you know, is the Feast of St. Peter's Chair (Antioch):

Of all the saints that crowd the roll,  
Or wear the shining aureole,  
Or, pictured, live at Art's behest,  
Whether Apostle, Martyr, Maid,  
Or he who preached, or she who prayed,  
I like Saint Peter best.

I scarce know why, save this that he  
Enheartens and refreshes me,  
Like wine to slake the spirit's thirst;  
And if, some day, a shivering ghost,  
I look for saints in Heaven's host,  
I'll seek Saint Peter first.

They say that unto him are given  
The keys that lock the gates of heaven.  
And should I reach there, soon or late,  
I will not tread the golden way,  
Nor ask for robe or harp; I'll stay  
With Peter by the gate.

And yet, and yet I know he fell;  
Mayhap that's why I like him well;  
Impetuous, wavering, weak, like me.  
The other Saints wear robes so white,  
And crowns that gleam so golden bright,  
With them I'd fear to be.

But Peter was not born above;  
Oh, weak in will and strong in love,  
My friend and comrade he would be;  
Our talk would turn to boat and tide,  
To One who taught by Jordan's side,  
Or walked in Galilee.

I know he played the traitor when  
He vowed again and yet again  
Through peril with his Lord to stay;  
And straight from dark Gethsemane,  
With all his craven comrades, he  
Stole silently away.

Oh, coward! you who thrice denied  
The One who loved you; you who lied,  
And cringed before a girl, and swore;  
Not crown of thorns, nor driven nail,  
Nor Judas' kiss, nor Mary's wail,  
Had hurt the Master more.

But when, that morn, the Crucified  
Called out to you across the tide;  
The nail-prints in His hands and feet;  
In haste you girt your fisher's coat,  
Plunged boldly from your fisher's boat,  
And swam your Lord to meet.

Seven sat with Him upon the sands;  
To one alone He reached His hands,  
Saying, "Son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"  
Saying, "Feed My lambs," and "Feed My Sheep!"  
Not Philip these beloved to keep,  
Nor sons of Zebedee;

But Simon Peter; yea, the Rock;  
The chosen Shepherd of the Flock;  
Oh, never, never more fell he!  
Nor was he greater than we all  
Who sin and suffer, rise and fall,  
And win the mastery.

And so I dream that Peter stands  
And beckons to me with his hands,  
And haply some day, soon or late,  
I'll pass beyond the mountains dim  
And far beyond the ocean's brim,  
And meet him at the gate.

For now, of all the Saints that be,  
Who died in grief or ecstasy,  
Or, pictured, live at Art's behest,  
Whether Apostle, Martyr, Maid,  
Or he who preached, or she who prayed,  
I like Saint Peter best.

Come Again!

The first rush cleaned out the temporary supply of daily-schedule cards in both Sorin and Dillon Pamphlet Racks. Come again if you did not get your card. There is a new supply now at both Racks, and there are plenty more besides in the Prefect of Religion's Office, 117 Dillon Hall.

PRAYERS: Deceased, uncle of Bill Leonard (Morrissey); friend of Bill Whalen (Alumni) Ill, Father Fogarty; Joe Sullivan (St. Ed's.); Bob Malarney (St. Ed's.); Paul Mueller (Lyons); Ed Kirby (Sorin); brother of Prof. Frank Flynn; a sick child; mother and friend of John Penrose (Freshman); Fred Hanifin; sister of John M. Crimmins '33; friend of a student. Four special intentions.