

Lenten services tonight,
7 and 7:30. Father
Collentine preaches.

University of Notre Dame
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Joe Sullivan very
near death.....

After a Long, Holy Life.

Brother Leopold was buried today, in his 99th year. His was a long life, full of activity, yet shrouded in shadow.

Brother Leopold was known by generations of students by the nickname, Brother "Leep". It was a term of affection. It stood for gentleness, patience, simplicity, sly humor, humility.

When this Bulletin shall have come to the old students, there will flash before their minds a quaint, familiar picture--the little store, a diminutive old man, gray-headed, gray-bearded, undisturbed by the insistent din of implacable youth wanting to be served.

He moved slowly, methodically, questioning quietly, "What will you have, sir?"

"Lemonade and fours!" "Lemonade and sixes." They were served, in turn, the nickle scrupulously accounted for, surety demanded for the return of the heavy glasses.

For forty years he served the "boys" their lemonade and cakes, their candy--and tobacco (if you were grown, and had permission from home, and the consent of authority at school, to smoke a pipe).

Old students returning with their young wives brought them into the "store" to see Brother "Leep". The wives had heard all about him and his lemonade and cakes and humor and patience, a hundred times. Now they were to see him. He remembered you; perhaps the town you came from. The Lady of the house noted that! He gave her lemonade at the oil-cloth covered table, "on the house". And not to be a piker, you bought twice that much in candies and cigars.

The old man smiled inwardly. "Honesty is the best policy!" "Yes, generosity is a pretty good policy too." Kindly Brother "Leep" tells how he had invested a free glass of his lemonade, and it netted a half-dollar sale in cigars.

His familiars called him "rascal", "hypocrite". He smiled. He liked that. He defended his virtue to provoke more abuse. He got it; and smiled some more.

He was not always in the store, however. Brother Leopold was a fine musician, a violinist. He taught music for years; and during the hours between, he set type for the Ave Maria. He saw the first issue of that magazine come from the press.

But through all his years, he was the simple, humble, cheerful religious. Virtue made him good-natured, tolerant, forgiving, slyly mischievous. He thrived on raillery; welcomed it; feared to be without it. He had stored up a head full of spiritual lore which he could illustrate with a story for every case. He had a lot of the St. Philip Neri--Cure of Ars kind of sanctity. It wasn't long-faced, or terribly solemn.

It was practical as shoe leather, and like shoe leather, was on the ground.

Brother Leopold didn't fear the death that places his tiny body today in the Community Cemetery. He knew that his broken body could no longer serve, and consecrated service was the watchword of his life. Surely, wherever he is today, his heart can reach up to God in prayer, for the University and "the boys".

PRAYERS: Deceased, Father Judge; Mrs. Edna Ross, mother of James McGill '34. Ill, uncle of Fred (Alumni) and Henry (Brownson) Thoie, injured in auto accident; grandfather of Richard Fitzgerald (Dillon); Vic Kurswog (Walsh); father of Vernon Rongo (Off-Campus). Seven special intentions.