

Mass Tues. of St. Pius,
p. 808. 2nd collect of
St. Joseph, p. 461.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 4, 1936.

Bouquet cards for Mother's
Novena at both Pamphlet
Racks.

From Professor Myers.

"God's holy will be done!" This is a hard saying to mean in suffering and reverses. Professor Fred I. Myers, in the following beautiful letter, expresses gratitude and a spirit of resignation that you will not soon forget:

"Last fall I took this means to thank Notre Dame and her sons for their manifold kindnesses and charities to me, and it occurs to me now that I ought again to let them know how beneficially these have been to me.

"At that time the doctors and specialists gave me little hope; no leukemic had ever before recovered; if I were to recover, it would be hardly less than miraculous. When I went to the Simpson Laboratory at the University of Michigan Hospital during the last Easter holidays, they found that what had seemed impossible had happened. No longer, they tell me, do I need to feel that I am under sentence of a short life, rather now they feel that I should live, barring accidents, to a normal length of life. Of course they give me little hope of ever being robust again (but that no longer seems so necessary for happiness!); but God cannot be anticipated in His generousities--perhaps He will listen to your manifold petitions again.

"And so you must know how humbly grateful I am to all of you. I have now received transfusions thirty-seven times--and Doctor Isaacs is sure they alone have kept me from dying at the two times when I came so near it. Even more I appreciate the evidence of your charity and kind love for me in the many masses, communions, aspirations, and blessed inquiries about me. Certainly it would have been impossible for God to forget me this last winter.

"And finally do not pity me. I do not at all regret my weakness--it has made me more patient; I do not cry out against the pain--it has been so contemptibly small in comparison to our Lord's! And I remember the saying of Epictetus--'Naught evil ever happened to a good man.' His goodness if real will transmute it--and though I haven't succeeded quite in being sure of my goodness, I try hard. And one should remember that nothing but blessings come from the hand of God!

"Keep me in your intentions; and I shall you in mine."

While rejoicing with Professor Myers, each of you should accept as an obligation his last-line request. It will be well with you if you do.

Song For Waiters.

Sanctity is the animating of an entire life with the love of God. Let a 19-year-old servant girl illustrate how even menial services are to be sanctified:

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things or watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the twilight or storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals or washing up the plates.
Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy sandals, Lord, I find;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more,
Warm all the kitchen with Thy love and light it with Thy peace,
Forgive me all my worrying and make all grumbling cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food, in room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do--I do it unto Thee.

PRAYERS: (deceased) aunt of Jack Liley (Dillon); Lawrence Braunen. Ill, George Morris (Badin); Bob Mark; John Ellis (Badin); Bob Pick (Dillon); Ralph Capone (Dillon); Charles Sidner (Brownson); fiancée of Al Orzechowski, '34; Myrtle Golle (appendectomy); friend of Sister Arteo, C.S.C.; Fred Snite. One special intention for Fr. Hooyboer.