

Real team support starts with Mass and Communion in your hall chapel tomorrow morning.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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Ill, Father Brennan's mother; Ed Simonich; mother and brother of H. Weakley.

Where Your Treasure Is.

Two weeks ago your fat uncle died, the one in Burma with the shimmying poodles and the three shiny cars. All at once your dull life brightens up, hope springs eternal. Anxiously you wait for wind of the will.

Then this fair morning, relief. Joe Footache, the postman, brings you a check for twenty-five grand. What a check! No strings...in your name...and the old gent's signature right there at the bottom.

Of course he had to take one precaution (you're so young), he dated the slip "1940,"

20. <u>Just Note</u>	Date <u>October 15, 1937</u>
on sight, Pay to <u>Billy Joe Fitzguy</u>	
<u>On Account in Heaven</u>	
<u>For Having lived out his Faith on earth</u>	
	<u>Christ's Church</u>

your twenty-fifth birthday. You grow impatient for the good days of '40. How you cling to that check! It's your passport to comfort and ease, to lasting peace. You stick it into a special wallet. You fit it snug into your vest. "For where your treasure is, there is your heart also."

Your Heart Jumps.

But gentlemen, gentlemen, the chill midnight breeze snaps the curtain and startles you out of your doze. The Scholastic falls to the floor. The gruff snores of your Uncle Henry descend from upstairs disappointingly. Even if he had shuffled off he couldn't have left you a cent. Oh, this vale of tears, the unhappy years. You tuck yourself in with a prayerful thought. You haven't the money but you have the Faith. And that's treasure in Heaven!

The Faith is a check made out to you, payable on your birthday in Heaven. It is signed by Christ's Church. Christ's Church is your guarantee. Now St. Paul describes Faith as "the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not." The substance of things: those sacred realities, your God, your Heavenly Queen, your happiness in eternity. To be hoped for: the things that you yearn to know and love very deeply, to possess in utter security. By Faith you truly possess them now, but not in security. For Faith is the evidence of things that appear not: more like a check--tentative, looking ahead; not like cold cash in your hand. Moreover, on earth you can falter in living out your Faith. But one day you will cash your check. Your Faith will melt into the Beatific Vision of God. "We see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then face to face." Keep the Faith, you Catholics, fortunate enough to be Catholics. God put the treasures of the Faith in your heart. Put your heart in your Faith!

Very soon Father Gartland will conduct a CLASS OF INQUIRY INTO THE CATHOLIC FAITH for all non-Catholics. Leave your name with Father Gartland any evening between 8:30 and 10:00 at 107 Cavanaugh Hall.