

New schedule of
Masses effective
this Sunday. . .

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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6:00, 7:00, 8:30
(high) and 10:00
(low). Be on time.

Meet "Bill."

Speaking of men who can take it, two hundred miles from here there's a friend of yours who's been lying in bed five years, happy and legless.

Keep Bill in your prayers. He thinks the world of you. He is not an alumnus but he is quite a fan. Forty years he has been a frequent communicant. Not counting Good Fridays, in the last five years he has hardly missed once.

In a pleasant home, across the street from the Church, he lives with his wife and daughter. By chance, during the Christmas season, one of the campus priests met Bill. He saw him propped up in bed, chatted and smoked with him. And Bill did some talking.

"You know, Father, this is really Purgatory. But it's great. People outside don't know what I mean. But, you know, you don't get a thing for nothing. I have plenty of time to think and pray. Heaven will be something for almost nothing. . .

After a pause, Bill went on.

"I mean, we do very little ourselves to get it. But think of Our Lord. His sufferings and Cross. That was a price.

"People come in here all the time. They are always so sad. They worry about me. Yet they always ask me to pray for them. I tell them, pray for yourselves. But when they go, of course I do pray for them. But they think they can get something for nothing. You've got to pay. With all they have, they're unhappy. With less, I'm happier.

"Another thing. I can tell people. They believe me. My condition convinces them. And I can tell 'em. They don't like it official, from the priest in the pulpit. It's the old I Won't Serve. But they take it from me.

"Once I had a remarkable dream. I had

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Joseph Reynolds (Dillon). Ill, father of Ray Sullivan (Dil); (operation in Detroit) John Hammond (Dil); friend of John O'Brien (Cavanaugh); (gravely) Mrs. James Casey; Miss Petra Beck; (operation) Bob Tierman (Dil). 1 spec.int.

been quite depressed. But this day someone came and gave me a job. We spoke not a word. He only gestured. He gave me a 250 pound electric drill. It took two feet and a hand to balance myself, so I had to operate the machine with one hand. I had many mistakes, which discouraged me. But he always looked on. I thought he would fire me. He merely gestured, keep on. That's all right.

"When I awoke, every taint of despondency had left. It seemed it was Our Lord teaching the fundamental lesson of obedience and trust. Since that day, I have never been gloomy--not once.

"Protestant friends often visit with me. Sometimes we speak of religion. They have a hard time on the question of suffering, but I always convince them, not by an argument, but merely by saying: Look, I'm the happiest man in the world! And, I am.

"I get some pity. But I don't deserve it. The Lord does everything. When my attacks come, for a while it seems as though I were crushed between freight cars. But I really don't suffer. I just go out.

"Once a funny thing happened. I had a spell. Some visiting friends--I overheard them, for I was not unconscious--told my daughter how glad they were to be there to help her. The man ran to the kitchen for water. But his wife, said, 'I think I'll fix my hair.' Really, I couldn't get my breath quick enough. I wanted to roar."

The day the priest left Bill's town he paid him a visit again. He misunderstood Bill to say he was blue.

"Blue?" he asked. "How could I. This morning, as always, my Lord came across the street. I went to Him, as long as I could. Sometimes, I would have to sit on the curb. But now--think of it--He walks daily to me."