

-----  
Some Call It Coincidence.

A priest on the campus was once engaged in work on a magazine devoted to the Blessed Virgin. To his desk came one morning a letter postmarked in the South.

"I don't suppose you can help me," the letter read, "but I've just got to tell my troubles to someone. I can't tell my children, because they might think the Blessed Mother has deserted us, after taking care of us these ten years since my husband died. It's been awfully hard; yet she has not only kept us from want, she has even shown her love by guiding my two boys into the Seminary at.....to serve her Son.

"Well, the Seminary is opening in a week and the boys must have decent clothes; one of them needs new shoes. But tonight I'm at the end of my rope. It seems as if all my slaving has been wasted getting them this far.

"My two-weeks pay of \$30.00 was due yesterday from the State for my work as a char woman in the Treasurer's Office. But they told me the State can't pay or won't pay for two weeks more--a month, maybe. And here the Seminary opens in a week. Well, I just won't let my boys go back to study in rags and with shoes all broken open.

"I don't know what I'm going to do. I can't borrow from any of my friends with this depression and conditions as they are. I've prayed and prayed. I even cried tonight when we were all kneeling saying the Rosary together. I couldn't tell my children the real reason for my crying--that tomorrow there won't be a cent even for food, let alone for clothes for them to go to the Seminary.

"Father, I'm sorry to trouble you, but I had to tell some one. The worry is more than I can stand alone. My only hope is Our Blessed Mother."

A short letter that very afternoon at two o'clock came to the priest's desk from Arizona.

"About a year ago," the letter began, "after my first baby died at birth, my husband and I were told by the doctor that another baby would cause my death. My husband and I said we thought the doctor was wrong, and we agreed to rely on the Blessed Virgin. We also promised that if a baby was safely born we would give \$25.00 for the education of poor boys studying for the priesthood.

"The doctor was wrong. A healthy seven-pound boy has arrived and I have now resumed my housework--thanks to the Blessed Virgin. She certainly takes care of her friends. We enclose a money-order for \$25.00 for some needy seminarians."

There were some needy seminarians right here at Notre Dame, but that \$25.00 seemed tagged for the struggling mother and her two boys. After securing proper permission, the \$25.00 was immediately sent South. The mother was intensely grateful. But surprised? Not very much. No skeptic, she believed that the Blessed Virgin takes care of her friends.

PRAYERS: (deceased) grandmother of J. Cavalier (Sorin); mother of Brother Linus C.S.C. uncle of Brother Austin, C.S.C.; Mrs. Catherine Doyle, sister of Sr. M. Fidelis C.S.C.; anniversary of Sister M. Thomasina C.S.C.; grandmother of Charles Faterne (Bad.); sister of Steve Sitko (Carroll); Mrs. Chas. H. Wall; friend of Jack Wilkinson (Carroll); father of Rev. J. Zielezinski. Ill, friend of Garv Maher (Zahm); Geo. Jackaboice '51; (a persectomy) Ben Steidl (Zahm); friend of Hiram Blois (Cav.). One thanksgiving. Five special intentions.