

Tomorrow's Sunday. Be on time for Mass and don't leave early...

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
October 22, 1938

6:00 Mass Sun. requested by Sisters in Saskatchewan for Fr. Maloney CSC.

"To Our Lady Of The Dome."

Do you recall the printed picture of the Dome, at night, three weeks ago? It reminded one non-Catholic, Notre Dame alumnus of a similar Bulletin several years ago. On that occasion he tarried in his office after work, penned this inspiring apostrophe:

"As a non-Catholic Notre Dame man, I address my Catholic brothers. I am not so presumptuous as to say I speak the sentiments of all non-Catholic Notre Dame men, but I do speak for myself and all others with whom I have discussed this subject.

"That figure with a diadem of stars by day and a halo of light by night, standing guard eternal on our Golden Dome, represents to you all the virtues embraced by the catalog of love.

"Your thoughts of her have been shaped and trained from the cradle to this day. They are thoughts of acquiescence and conformity. You are her natural sons. You approach her as your natural mother. You appeal to her more by right than privilege. Your requests are almost demands.

"But we are only her stepsons. Not by reason, nor choice, nor logic, nor our own will, but merely by the accident of birth. . . .

"Maternal sentiment displayed toward a natural child is a beautiful virtue, but a virtue tinged with duty. A loving earthly mother is a saintly thing, but a loving stepmother is a paragon of virtue.

"Do you begin to see our viewpoint? If our Mary of the Dome gives you comfort and peace in time of strife, you should be grateful, should respond with loving obedience to what you conceive as her will.

"But if she likewise gives 'comfort and peace in time of strife' to us her stepsons how much more our obligation! (How do you and we atone for offenses?) Sometimes it has seemed to us, your addresses to her are too much like those of so many natural sons to devoted, natural mothers: not hateful, but careless; not coarse,

but not refined with affection.

"Sometimes as the priest or lay-professor kneels on a chair before the class begins and says, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us,' we hear your voices and repeat the words. Sometimes (if you could only hear them) our hearts really and devoutly make the same response.

"In your happier moments, you look up at that shining statue and say, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.' We do that too.

"Thus, I think, your non-Catholic brothers join in all your prayers to our good guardian. But here, I think, we depart and, of our own volition, add to and enlarge upon the virtues of that blessed figure we love.

"To us she is gentle, compassionate, forgiving, inspiring, as she is to you. But then she becomes more-- the exacting stepmother. She commands. We think we know her wishes, we try to comply. We fail. We blunder. We resist. We rebel. We struggle against the buffetings of a heedless, unsympathetic world.

"Sometimes hope flees. And then (if you could but hear our hearts) the prayer would be not, 'Hail Mary, full of grace,' but, 'Oh, Iron Woman of the Dome, give us of your strength that we may stand before the storms of life as you stand before the tempests that often rage above that unsheltered Dome.' Or, 'Our Lady, Woman of Iron and Gold, lend us your light, give us of your wealth, lead us in life as you did in those glorious, careless days at Notre Dame. Comfort us now as then.'

"Sometimes we think she hears, and comes, and gives us light, and points our path, and gently says: 'You are also my sons.'

"And so, my Catholic brothers, when next you behold, in fancy or reality, the light of night or day upon that Golden Figure, and you see her upraised arm pointing always to the path of rectitude, bear in mind that the non-Catholic brother by your side walks in the same light, seeks the same path, lives and prays with equal devotion."