

University of Notre Dame
RELIGIOUS BULLETIN
November 7, 1938

He Will See God

Bill Coogan is eighteen today. Last week he planned to spend his birthday on the campus. But tonight only Bill's heart is here. Over in Freshman Hall his roommate is forwarding all the cards of congratulations to Bill's widowed mother in Brooklyn.

This year Bill's birthday came one day early. Yesterday he started life anew—in Eternity. And, strangely enough, it was one year, to the day, after Len Casassa of Morrissey Hall had taken leave of the campus. November sixth is now doubly sacred at Notre Dame.

Popular, jolly, all smiles, Bill loved Notre Dame, hated to leave it, said as much on his deathbed where his words were few. Each letter home had been packed with acclaim. He had met a new friend. He liked such a priest. He had joined the Linnets. "If I couldn't have sung, I'd have asked Mr. Foster to make me an usher." The Linnets sang at Mass for him Saturday. Every minute of his campus life was enthusiastic. Business men back in Brooklyn were being besieged. "You must come to the Minnesota game, see this place." He was thrilled that his class—'42—would graduate the Centennial Year.

First week here Bill joined the "chain gang," picked up his medal in Cavanaugh Hall. For six weeks Christ was his Daily Bread. His muscles were hard but his feelings "soft." On his Mother's birthday, he sent her a spiritual bouquet, had a Mass said.

Then last Thursday he complained of a sty. Next day he noticed pain and infection. He was rushed to the hospital. Friday he received Extreme Unction. His faithful Mother flew to his bedside, glad she was early enough and always hoping the best. She was resigned. She was not really sad, only tearfully proud that she had such a boy. She suffered every one of his pains. She heroically offered him back to God. She is one who has lived many years for Others and now she will carry on for the two younger boys who idolized Bill. Bill's favorite priest-friend, Father Schaerf, has gone to New York with Bill and his Mother.

Friday night Bill's boys requested a vigil. "And, if we can have it, we want the Blessed Sacrament exposed." Other freshman halls picked up the same spirit. Adoration went on for two nights. "What was your period?" a priest asked one of the boys in Cavanaugh Hall. "Two to two-thirty, Father." "And, who was your partner?" "My **partner?** I had **eight!**" That kind of close-knit brotherhood would change the world, if the world lived that way every day. When Bill was told, between spells of unconsciousness, of the vigil, he said: "Gee—that's swell. Thank the boys." How he meant it.

He asked his Mother one question. "Shall I see?" She said: "Yes, if you keep your hands away from your eyes." But Our Lord was more emphatic: "Yes indeed, Bill. **Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God.**"

If Bill does not actually see God tonight, he must be in Purgatory. Read over your Calendar under November: "If you were a Poor Soul now, wouldn't you want Others to pray for you?" Are the words prophetic?

Play safe. Keep up that vigil spirit. When the Church bells ring out afternoons this week, pour out of your rooms. The Novena is on. Think of Bill and Leonard Casassa and "Rock," of all Notre Dame dead, of all the Poor Souls.

Prayers: (deceased) mother of Rev. Robert Sheehan, C.S.C.; father of Gene Klier (St. Ed's); friend of Ray Sadlier (Dil.); friend of Mike Kelly (Fresh.); Mr. Broderick; Mayor Dennis McDonough (Dover, N. H.); friend of Joe Mangano (Dil.) and Sal Trentacosta (Morr.); Mr. Goetz, friend of Father Hooyboer, C.S.C.; friend of Lou Cenni (St. Ed's); **(ill)** Mrs. Luella Tanner (Kankakee); friend of John Debitteto (Morr.); **(seriously)** aunt of Bill Waters (Al.). Two thanksgivings. Twelve special intentions.