

Solemn Requiem Mass to-  
morrow morning for Bill.  
6:20 Sacred Heart Church for..

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
November 8, 1938

..Fresh., Cav., Zahn, St.  
Ed's, O.I., Bro., Car.  
Others in hall chapel.

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We Learn A Lesson.

No room this week for "Monday Mention."  
God Himself wanted all the space, took  
one of us to teach us a lesson.

"I cannot get started." The priest can  
ask leading questions.

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Death can strike any one of us in the  
flash of an eye. God gave Bill Coogan  
two days. But Bill didn't need "time  
out" to set his house in order. Christ  
found it swept and clean, built upon rock.  
Bill had "watched and prayed." No matter  
to him that the Lord should come, as He  
promised, like a thief in the night. It is  
good when God steals a boy like Bill.

Don't be afraid. No priest will knife  
you. He is ordained for one thing, not to  
blast you but to bless you. He has no rea-  
son to be upset. You offend not him but  
the good God. He should not be unkind.  
Christ wasn't that way. But supposing a  
priest--some time, some place--did grow  
angry. Why take it out on yourself by  
leaving the Church? What will these trif-  
les matter on the other side of eternity?  
Pick out the priest you want. See him this  
night. Sometimes there is no tomorrow.

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But who of us would not find two days  
too short to prepare for eternity? If we  
have faults, even habits of sin that cut  
us out of the friendship of God, we need  
time. If death strikes us unprepared,  
still not His friends, we shall not see  
God. Never, not for a single split-second  
of all eternity. And, not-seeing-God is  
essentially hell. Unquenchable fire is  
secondary.

Yes-- "There goes the Bulletin again,  
pessimist, preaching death." Oh, no:  
not the Bulletin, please. It is God.  
"Hear ye Him." Give yourselves a break.  
Drain all the cesspools, paint up your  
house. Know you not, your house is the  
Temple of God?

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Not-seeing-God is also the principle pain  
of the Souls in Purgatory. Not enough of  
you were in Church last night to pray some  
of your friends into the Vision of God.  
Bell rings again tonight, just before five.

There were 1782 of you at the Rail yester-  
day morning. All for Bill and for Leonard  
Casassa. And, by the way, the sixth of  
November is triple a sacred day. Eleven  
years ago, Frank Gallagher passed away on  
that day. Pray for him, too.

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Two days to go. Picture yourself-- you,  
Jack Smith--on your back, on your deathbed  
this Thursday: panting away, grabbing for  
breath. Does it scare you? If you have  
"things on your mind," things you'd be  
ashamed to take with you, things that make  
you afraid to die, NOW is the acceptable  
time--now while you're conscious. Don't  
gamble eternity. See a priest. Talk it over.

1782. What a mob! Yes, indeed. But 1782  
from 2909 leaves 1118. Amongst them are  
the ones Bill died for. Christ died for  
all. Bill, for this present generation of  
Notre Dame men. And 1118 didn't see it  
that way yesterday morning.

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Confession, Communion, Consultation.  
Cavanaugh, Howard and Dillon Halls. "Knock  
and it shall be opened to you."

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"It will be embarrassing." Very well, then,  
prefer the chatter of demons for unending  
centuries. "I am too timid." All right,  
you will be terrified at "Depart."

Tomorrow's your chance. Read the corners.

mailed: (deceased) mother of John F. Sullivan '24; mother of Jack Clifford (C. I. I. Ill,  
seriously) father of Geo. Haithcock; Bill Sterhart (Al.); Fr. Lange, C.S.C.