

Have a good vacation--
in the state of grace.

University of Notre Dame
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Ill, father of Geo.
O'Neill (Sorin); one
thanksgiving.

". . . Even To The Death Of The Cross. . ."

The saddest day in the year is
Good Friday. Why not spend it
in thoughtful reflection? Medi-
tate Christ's Seven Last Words.
Especially, keep silence between
noon and three. It was for you.

Place your-
self, in
spirit, on
the hill of
Calvary 1900
years ago.

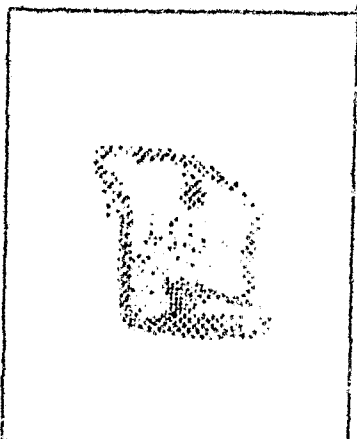
Dismiss from
your mind and heart all care and
trouble. Forget every worldly
thought and desire: your work,
your business, what you shall do
on the morrow, or on the next day.

Have you ever watched someone die?
A death-bed is always a solemn,
impressive sight, particularly the
death-bed of someone you love.
You share in it. You become a part
of it, till the finger of death
warns you that some day you, too,
shall pass away.

If the death-bed be one of horrible
suffering, struggle as you will to
turn away, some impelling power
makes you stay. And if the victim
dying before your eyes has been
brought to death's door by some
indiscretion of yours, or because
he tried to save you from some
disaster, then every spasm of pain
stabs you like a dart of fire.

Draw close to the death-bed of
Jesus Christ. You are the cause
of His being there. He is dying
on this Cross to redeem you from
the tragedy of an eternal separa-
tion from God. You cannot feel in
your body, nor in your soul, what
He suffers. Yet every torturing
throb received its intensity from
your sins.

Oh, the treachery of sin! That it



should inflict such gaping wounds
on that innocent body! You sicken
at the bloody sight and resent it.
You long to help Him, to pull out
the killing nails, to soothe the
thorn-crowned head. But Christ
asks for none of that. He begs
only for your
companionship.

Think of this
bloody spec-
tacle as it
happened so

many centuries ago! Only then
will you see what He saw on the
first Good Friday: through sacred
blood an infinite beyond, through
ignominious shame an infinite
glory, through frightful suffering
an infinite joy.

The Cross is your only hope and
greatest honor. Through it death
passes into life. The Cross is
the victory of sacrifice and of
love.

"I thirst." -- On sick beds
where much blood has been lost,
an insatiable thirst sets in.
Christ felt this anguish.

In His case there was something
more than the fever-stricken cry
of physical anguish. Nor was this
cry from the lips of God an out-
burst of weakness.

He thirsted for souls and for the
love souls denied Him.

Which one of you will deny Him
your love? Then neglect not to
feed your soul on His Body and
Blood. Hide not the candle of
your Faith beneath the bushel of
human respect. Slip not from the
heights of chastity to the gutter
of lust. Give Him no Judas kiss.
Give your Redeemer love!

PRAYERS: (deceased) aunt of Al Redd (Dil.); Father Brophy (Franklin, N.H.); Sr. Mary
Joseph (first asst. to Dr. Wm. Mayo, Roch. Minn., for 25 years); Hugh McBrien, uncle of
Prof. Fitzgerald. Ill, Johnny Groves; cousin of George Landry (How.); Martin Weide-
mann (Fresh.); Fred Holl (Mor.); mother of Charles Walter '33. Four special ints.