

Father Tom Kelly, rector
of Lyons, underwent an
operation this morning....

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and asks the prayers of
all of you, especially
the men in Lyons Hall.

So You're Back.

One column's enough for tonight. You're probably tired from the train ride or hitch-hiking. *** But here's betting you've already told all your pals, lolling around in your room, about "her" and about New York or Kickapoo or wherever it is you come from. Any one of you would make an expert beauty-picker or Chamber of Commerce chairman.

But neither your girl nor the home town is the important thing. It's you. Don't get puffed up over that. Answer this question, straightforward. What kind of time did you have on vacation?

Of course, the first few days you were silent. No Christian goes jumping around in Holy Week, especially on Good Friday. *** But came noon Holy Saturday, then what did you do? Fry the lid off and go "flop?" You didn't shove all those good, Ash-Wednesday resolutions into ancient history, did you? *** Just so your celebration was reasonable, that's what counts in human affairs. None of this manic-depressive stuff, down in the "dumps" forty days, then silly as an old fool at Easter. You're not human, much less a Son of God and a representative Notre Dame man, if you let things get out of control. That goes for drinking, dancing, dates and the dentist's **drill**. Balance, stability: they are the things that make you human.

It would be a shame if you lost the lessons Our Lord taught on Good Friday from the Cross, or outside the empty tomb on Easter morn. Easter follows Good Friday. You can't have the peace and joy of new life unless you pay for it by discipline and self-sacrifice.

Take your daily temptations. They're one, perpetual Good Friday. They're your Cross. Now, of course, you can throw down that Cross and give in to every passing whim and delight. But if you do, don't call yourself a Christian. "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his Cross daily and follow Me."

If, during vacation, you did throw down your Cross, don't complain about feeling "funk" or "blue." You won't be "up" again, you won't have an Easter of your own, till you decide once for all to carry your Cross day by day in union with Christ.

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of Carl Doosen (Serin); Mother Mary Gertrude (Springfield, Illinois); cousin of Father O'Hara; aunt of Father Muckenthaler; Sister M. Florentine, C.S.C. (St. Mary's); brother of Sister Flenche, C.S.C.; Thomas A. Yates; Bill Hamilton (Columbus); Mother of Dean James McCarthy; Frank O'Brien (Chicago); Thomas McCarty, prospective student and friend of Phil J. Boyer, '38. Seven special intentions.