

NOVENA FOR FATHERS
starts tomorrow. Be
sure you don't let
your Dad down.....

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
April 20, 1939

The Man You Forget.

Bill Santocki (ex 41),
is in serious condition
in St. Joseph's Hospital
following an accident..

Tonight around nine you'll start yawning. You'll get up from your desk, take a look in the mirror and think, "Yeah, I think I had better turn in."

You sit on the edge of the bed and take off your shoes. "But I ought to do some of that outside reading tonight." You fish for the book, give the radio dial a twirl, tune the music down, and get set.

As you roll up your sleeves and flop into the easy-chair, you recall vaguely something you heard Sunday at Mass. The rector spoke of it also at nightprayer.

You light up a smoke, flick the match into the tray at your side, start to read. The lamp needs to be moved. "Ch, that was it, the Novena for Dad."

"It's a funny thing how 'Bud' could have said what he did coming out of chapel... 'I don't owe a thing to my old man.'" You clear the ashes from your cigarette. "Gee, I should think only a parthenogenetic bee could say a thing like that...." You change your dial to the late sport news. "His Dad must have been a whole lot different from mine....." Bud knocks on the door.

"How'ya goin', Bud? I was just thinking about my Dad." Bud throws himself on your bed. "Mom told me last year about the time I came home from the maternity hospital. How I fussed and foamed in that high-up apartment house the first night. My aunt with the triple chin kept smiling at me. Mom said I kicked her jaw and she bit her tongue. Dad was in the kitchen passing out costly cigars....." Bud is listening.

"I made a mess of things around home when I was a kid. I twisted spoons, broke lamps, cut the telephone cord, tore up the bridge deck, emptied the ice-box on the pantry floor..." Jack knocks at your door, sits on your desk with his feet on your study chair. He, too, is in a listening mood.

"Mom said Dad used to smile as she recited my wreckage each night when he came home. But he had to keep sweating to pay the bills. He woke me up one night-- it was one in the morning-- to hug me tight. That day I had broken loose from the porch and crept into the street to play with the sparrows. The bakery cart ran into the ice truck to avoid me. They cussed Dad up and down over the phono. It cost him a hundred dollars.

"For years he took me out to the ball park. He taught me to drive. He bought me a tux my senior year in high school. *** I started to go with girls quite a bit. I never went any place with Dad after that. I wouldn't drive him in the car. I hogged his bus. He always gave in and I forget him. Then I came out here and I've never yet thanked him once for it all...." Bud rolls over toward you---says, "My Dad was killed before I was born...." Jack, cheeks flushed, tells you, "My Dad died last year and I never thanked him for a thing and he's left me plenty."

You put your shoes back on and, with Bud and Jack, walk quietly to a nearby hall. You push the buzzer. Jack goes in first, then Bud, last of all you. All three are ready to make the whole Mass and Holy Communion nine days in a row for "the man you forgot."

