

Don't break up your
NOVENA FOR MOTHER at
any cost. ** Seniors....

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 9, 1939.

....7:25 Cavanaugh Mass
for Dan Fox tomorrow,
his 1st anniversary.

"Mother" Doesn't Mean The Same Thing Any More.

Nowadays you read too much in the papers about the glory that motherhood used to be. This is a sad commentary on the mutt-headedness of our day.

The Chicago Herald-Examiner splashes this front-page sensation on new-fangled motherhood: "AWAITS HER TEST TUBE BABY: Motherhood is on the way to Miss Jean Gordon, she hopes. A 28-year-old divorcee, Miss Gordon yesterday told how she submitted to scientific treatment for a 'test tube' baby so that she would not be 'deprived' of the glory of motherhood."

You get a reform leaflet called "Progress," squawking about the National Catholic Scandal of Bingo and you find that the bigwig reformer behind it is the same man who wrote propaganda for birth control fourteen months ago. You can say plenty against bigtime bingo, that's true. But who needs reform the more: a Catholic mother of four or five, who spends an occasional evening in fun-- yes, and with the hope of walking home with a door prize!-- or some priggish prude's wife, motherless, loveless, holding smart-cut, prim "Pewee" tight by the leash lest the traffic tread on his tender toes?

Away with all murky thoughts in this month of Mary. 'Tis a joy to present these devout lines written by....

An Old-Fashioned Mother.

She recently died at eighty-three. She was Catholic, cultured, well read, full of fun. She was deeply spiritual. When her husband died years ago, he left her with seven children. "This letter," her pastor says, "she evidently wrote shortly after his death and then stored it among her keepsakes."

"Alone in the old, old home. Lonely, yes; lonesome, no! for I have my memories, joyful and sad. I live again and think with what hopes I start my young married life. Ah, what a blessed thing is memory and what a much more blessed thing it is that we cannot see ahead-- no, not by one minute. Which of us would be brave enough to go forward? Like Newman, let us thank God we can say, 'Lead kindly light, lead thou me on, one step enough for me.'

"One by one the happy years go by. Little curly heads pop up to make glad my heart. Little feet pitty-pat here and there up and down, sweet childish voices call "Mother" and how gladly I listen to each little tale and real baby sorrow. Then the angel faces lighten to hear the heavenly story of God, the Angels, the Blessed Mother and the Divine Child -- Christmas, Santa, and sad Good Friday when I had to wipe the tears away from streaked boyish faces as I recited the stations at home in this dear old house. The first blow of the hammer on the cruel nail caused those dear young things to cry and bawl. How the dying Christ must have loved it. Then Easter with its joy and eggs and bunnies.

"I would not give up one sorrow or joy for all the money in the world. Poor Dad, how proud he was to save and sacrifice for the boys. How proud and happy to educate them to his fullest extent. The happy childhood he gave them, happy youth, and when he could, to start them on their great adventure. How sad for me to be alone now and yet somehow not alone. Dear husband gone, children all with happy homes. Gone my loves that kept me from my one Friend and Master. What self-reproach to think that it took lonely old age to find the path that leads to peace and the foot of the Cross. Oh, Blessed Mother, help your poor child over the few rough places that still must be trodden before I see Him face to face! Life seems so short and yet see how I have said goodbye to so many friends and so many dearer still." (To be concluded tomorrow)

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Paul Lillis (Fresh); mother of Bob McKeating '37; friend of Tom Ziegler (Al.). Ill, friend of Don Murtagh (How.); sister of Jim Foltz '37; friend of Lee Read (Alumni); Clarence Hayes (Zahm); Bill Howard (O.C.). Six special ints.