

"Scrap's" brother  
still needs help.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Pray daily for  
Bulletin ints.

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Tomorrow's Mass Is Perhaps For You.

A year ago tonight Father O'Hara preached the mission sermon on death. He cited one case after another of students he knew on this campus who were every bit as husky and hustling as you, with the same fine prospects ahead of a good, long life. And not a single one of the students he mentioned is alive tonight. Hardly one of them dreamed his time had come when the day of his death first dawned.

There was Jerry DuHan, as wholesome and happy and solid a man as ever the walls of Brownson enclosed. One night in May he went to a dance. He was telling his pals how he had enjoyed it, as they were walking back to the campus along the Niles road. Suddenly, without warning, a mad-rushing car came up behind him. It left Jerry a heap on the road. He lived little more than an hour. \*\*\* For a man of his sort, that was ample. But is one hour enough for you? Think that over tonight.

When Father O'Hara finished his sermon, he made one simple announcement. No one in the church, not Father O'Hara himself, only God knew what those words fully meant. He had said, "Tomorrow's Mass will be offered for the next one of us to die." Then he stepped down from the pulpit and began hearing confessions.

In one of the pews was a lad from Brooklyn who roomed over in Freshman Hall. He hadn't the slightest idea that Father O'Hara was talking of him. Yet six weeks later this lad was dead. One November Wednesday he complained of a sty, on Friday he received the last rites, on Sunday he died. The Mass this morning in Sacred Heart Church was for him. \*\*\* Question: would this coming Wednesday to Sunday give you enough time to prepare for eternity?

As Bill's heroic mother was taking her boy back to Brooklyn, the Bulletin announced that another Mass would be said at once "for the next-to-die." Bill Washington read those words in his room in Zahm Hall. Doubtless he little thought, "this is I." Yet it was he. Tonight Father Schulte will read from the pulpit a few words Bill's dad sent describing the sudden death of his son.

You don't know. Father Schulte doesn't know. Nobody in this life knows which of us tomorrow's Mass will be offered for. But this much is certain. It shall be one of us and it may be you. WHAT IF IT IS? WHAT IF YOUR DEATH IS THIS NIGHT? These are sobering questions. They are not intended to scare you. As a matter of fact, if you're making the mission well, you shouldn't be scared if you are the next-to-die. \*  
\*\* But don't be a blind fool. Don't put thumbs down on God's mercy and grace. Suppose-- to play safe-- you are the next one to face judgment; suppose your heaven or hell is "around the corner."

If you need it, make a good, honest confession tonight. \*\*\* The priest will not hurt you. He sits waiting to help. He will be kind. He will be patient.

In the first Bulletin of the year you read how at some colleges, freshmen get the devil kicked out of them during "Freshman Week." Freshmen get the devil kicked out of them here during "Mission Week." It takes only three words to make Satan run: "I absolve thee."

So, don't be afraid of the priest tonight. Never be afraid of him. Bad confessions are senseless. And remember, tomorrow you may be offering the Holy Sacrifice and the fruits of your Communion for yourself.

PRAYERS: (deceased) James P. Doyle, Jr. '31 (Auburn, N.Y.); father of Dick Cotter (Fr.); Ill, mother of Father Moran, C.S.C.; father of Bill McGannon; Joan Fritz; (recuperating) Professor Downey; Gene Toolen '40; (Deceased during the summer) Brother Walter, C.S.C.; Professor DuBos; Rev. Patrick O'Reilly, C.S.C.; Rev. Patrick Dalton, C.S.C.; 2 sp.ints.