

Fort Wayne Club offers
7:20 Dillon Mass Tues.
for Bob Centlivre's Mother.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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Law Club offers Dillon
Mass 7:20 Thursday for
Prof. Manion's brother.

The Sign Of The Little White Host.
(A Reprint)

It is Forty Hours again. You focus the eyes of mind and body alike upon the little White Host enshrined in the Monstrance. It sets you thinking as you pray on the kneeler in the midst of the sanctuary.

Why a little White Host, why Our Lord's Body under the sign of bread?

Every sacrament has its own sign. In Baptism it is water, the symbol of cleansing. In the last rites (Extreme Unction) it is oil, symbol of the athlete being anointed and strengthened.

In the Eucharist it is bread to point out that Our Lord's Flesh is the food of our souls. "My Flesh is meat indeed."

Why did He say: "Take ye and eat?" It was to nourish us as the cells of His Mystical Body. "As I live by the Father so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me."

He made Himself the Bread of Life to make us understand that in Holy Communion He comes to feed our starving and needy souls, to give them life and that more abundantly.

As food unites with the one who eats it, becomes flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, so the food of Holy Communion-- Our Lord Himself-- unites with us. "He that eateth My Flesh abideth in Me and I in him."

But the Last Supper is different from every other banquet. We hear Christ say, as St. Augustine wrote: "Thou shalt not change Me into thee as thou dost feed into thy flesh, but thou shalt be changed into Me."

Changed into Christ-- as far as we can. He-- that is the marvelous effect of Holy Communion.

In Holy Communion we lose our life only

to find it again, a new and exceedingly beautiful life, not our own but the life of Christ.

In Holy Communion we are stripped of the rags of Adam and are clothed in the innocent fleece of the Lamb of God.

In Holy Communion we put on Christ and cry out with St. Paul: "I live now not I, but Christ lives within me."

In Holy Communion Our Lord perfects His power in our infirmity. He fans the flickering embers of our dying fervor into a conflagration of zeal.

He tempers the licking flames of our lust into the steady, radiant glow of chastity.

He melts the chill cutting air of our smug self-love into the cool and refreshing atmosphere of an all-embracing and generous charity.

If Holy Communion is not changing you, the fault is yours. The sign of the little White Host does not work by magic. You have to do your part.

Make your preparation a little more carefully. Think out what is meant by your acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition. Make the precious moments of Our Lord's Eucharistic presence within you count. Extend your thanksgiving a little.

As often as possible associate your Holy Communions with Mass, for this is the Bread of the Sacrifice.

And now, during Forty Hours and as long as the Lenten Adoration is scheduled, draw near to the Bread of Life. This is no burden, it is completely a privilege-- a privilege few besides cloistered nuns may enjoy.

Vest in cassock and surplice. Go into the sanctuary. Kneel. Pray. The White Host is the staff of your spiritual life.

PRAYERS: (Weak in Faith) Catholics who ignore the Eucharist; (Spiritually sick) Those Christians who have excised the Blessed Sacrament from their Christianity; (Farancians) Those who revile Our Lord in the Tabernacle; (Mentally defective) Notre Dame men who time their return from town to join the exodus from Benediction; (ILL) father of Pete Pankey ex'41; sister of Bill Kräpf (Dil); (DECEASED) father of Bob Connolly (St.Ed's)