

TOMORROW IS HER FEAST

The Annunciation

The Lady With The Blue Eyes.
(From a Freshman Essay)

I wasn't too much impressed by this Lady when I first met her. There were too many exciting things happening. But like a pretty face in a crowd, she left a hazy impression....So one afternoon I went to see her again.

Before I realized it, I was standing in front of her, and she was looking down at me. I knelt down and introduced myself. I decided she was as nice as they said she was. But her eyes weren't turquoise pools of love and affection; they were blue, gorgeously blue, like somebody else's I know. I was thinking about somebody else I knew on the way up the steps when I heard the squirrel chattering noisily....

Winter finally came and with it dreariness and emptiness. Football was over. The novelty of college life was wearing off, the discipline became irksome, and finally the complaints started. The gripe sessions were at hand. But Christmas intervened in the nick of time, and the campus was deserted. The Lady was left alone.

After the effects of vacation wore off, and everybody was back in working trim, exams rolled around. Then the Lady really had a lot of callers. Rush season was on, and every night after dinner a mob of suitors sought her favor. I was one of them. But she was grand about it and did her level best to please everybody. After that her friends called more consistently, and the path to her shrine was well worn.

I followed the crowd one night and went down to thank her. I've seen a lot of her since then--- for a number of reasons. Maybe it was the blue eyes, maybe it was the Grotto itself; it's all that the Bulletins and sermons say it is, beautiful, peaceful, conducive to prayer and meditation. It's all of those. But it's a lot more.

It is the one, concrete, living tradition of Notre Dame. No one forces you to observe it, no one checks you in as you kneel on the cold steel kneeling-benches. It's the one place where you can find all those things which are lacking away from home: contentment, consolation, advice and, yes, even love. I guess it was the blue eyes that won me over.

You know, after a while the going gets pretty tough and the hill gets pretty steep. A Winchellism is adopted and becomes: "Notre Dame, love it or leave it". But the Lady with the Blue Eyes helps you love it, 'cause she makes you love her. Pretty soon the hill levels out, the end of the climb is in sight. Gripes, like useless crutches, are discarded during the 40 days of Lent. Maybe there are green pastures in the valley over the hill. Spring is just around the corner.

By the way, the Lady with the Blue Eyes and I --- we had a long talk last night. We are working on a cure for spring fever.

Wednesday is Easter Duty Day

Easter Duty in common is a beautiful and charitable tradition at N. D. If difficult confession, talk it over TONIGHT with the Lady with the Blue Eyes. Then press the buzzer at Dil. How. or Cav. up to 10 P.M. Be ready for her Feast and Wednesday. PRAYERS. Dec: Friend of Larry Tierney (Bad); Grandmothers of Al Swan (Cav) and Ed F. Walsh (How). Ill: Brother of Frank Hopkins (Al); Father of Bro. Gordian, C.S.C.