

N.D. World War II Dead.
17. Lionel Smith '33
Rosary tonight for him.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 19, 1942

Tonight at 7:00 Ben. &
Rosary in Thanks for
greatest favor rec'd at
Notre Dame.

IV. 1842 From Vincennes to Notre Dame. 1942.

November 19th, 1842. It was with great rejoicing that Father Sorin and the seven Brothers approached Terre Haute. Just before they arrived, they could see, perhaps, the small cross that topped the chapel of the Sisters of Providence--St. Mary's of the Woods to you. Brother Gatian and Brother Marie began chattering in French. They turned to Father Sorin, gesticulating and pointing:

"Voila! It is the chapel of the Sisters, is it not so!"

"But most certainly it is!"

"And their founder, Father Dujarie, was he not also ours!"

"Indeed!"

"They will know where we may find good shelter!" Brother Gatian turned toward the men in the ox-team. They were, perhaps, two hundred yards behind him. He cupped his hands and shouted:

"Halloo! The Sisters!" and he pointed ahead of him.

.

The first thought of the Sisters, when they realized that this band of missionaries was almost "related" to them, was to offer warm food. It must have taxed the tiny community to accommodate eight men who came out of the cold so hungry and weary. Let us use our imagination.

Father Sorin was a very direct man. When the Sisters urged the company to accept their offer of warm food, he wasted no time in proposing excuses, in dissembling refusal. His answer was immediate.

"Sisters", he said (maybe), "the Brothers are cold and hungry. If you have some hot soup or warm milk, I know it would aid them greatly. Then, we will seek some place of shelter for the night".

.

While Father Sorin and the Brothers were refreshing themselves with warm food, the Sister Superior, with two of her good nuns, sat at a respectful distance and made discreet inquiries.

"You are going to South Bend! It is a long journey yet!"

"Yes, ma Soeur, that I realize."

"But this time of the year! It is so verree, verree cold! What can be so important that you go, in the middle of the winter, on such a trip?"

"Voyez, Sister, the Bishop gives me land. He says: 'The land is yours. It is yours!' And Father Sorin here, letting his voice become soft, slow and solemn, quoted the Bishop: "'Providing that, within two years from now, you build there both a college and a novitiate!' Voila! What can I do! I cannot sit around St. Peter's all winter, n'est-ce-pas? So! I make my decision. We pack. We begin. We are off!"

.

That night, let us suppose, Father Sorin and the seven Brothers found shelter, at the home of Leonidas Chatard. Most of them had to sleep in the hay. And it was cold. They wrapped themselves in whatever could be found, blankets and heavy cloaks, with hats pulled down over their ears and woolen scarves about their throats.

"Ye know", said Brother Patrick after a long interval, "I think I must have frozen one of me hands today!"

Nothing but the low snoring of the others answered him.

"Thank God!" He muttered. "Thank God!"

ZAHM REPRESENTS STUDENTS OF 100 YEARS AT CENTENARY NOVENA TONIGHT.

TOMORROW: ALL OUT - PEP RALLY AFTER CHURCH.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Rt. Rev. Francis J. Monaghan, Bishop of Ogdensburg; Seven S. I.