

ED MATTHEWS (Zahm)
DIED LAST NIGHT
AT 11:45

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
March 30, 1943

Anniv. Mass. Wed.
on Rockne Altar in
Dillon at 7:45.

Tomorrow Rockne's Anniversary.

A plane crash in 1931 took the life of one of the nations greatest heroes: Knute R. Rockne. Men, women and boys wept when they heard he was dead. Twelve years have passed and "Roc" has not been forgotten. It seems that he belongs to time as well as to eternity.

You must have heard the story. The fatal plane crash in Kansas. In Rockne's hand was found his broken rosary.. It was on Holy Saturday that "Roc" was buried from the campus church. Since no Requiem Mass could be held that day, the services were held in the afternoon. Rockne was carried to the church by six of his players: Carideo, Schwartz, Mullins, Brill, Conley, Yarr. Bishop Noll and the attending clergy met the body at the door of the church. The entire ceremony was broadcasted to the Nation - and that was fitting, for Rockne was the nation's man. The late Father Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., the president, preached the sermon.

Rockne - the "Go-Giver".

In the course of his eloquent sermon, Father O'Donnell asked these questions: Who was Knute Rockne, and Why did he enjoy such incredible popularity - and he responded:

"I do not know the answer. I would not dare the irreverence of guessing. But I find myself in this hour of piteous loss and pained bewilderment recalling the words of Christ: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like unto this: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' I think, supremely, he loved his neighbor, his fellow-man, with genuine deep love.

"In an age that has stamped itself as the era of the 'go-getter' - a horrible word for what is all too often a ruthless thing - he was a 'go-giver' - a not much better word, but it means a divine thing. He made use of all the proper machinery and legitimate methods of modern activity to be essentially not modern at all: to be quite elementarily human and Christian, giving himself, spending himself, like water, not for himself, but for others. And once again, in his case, most illustriously is verified the Christian paradox - he has cast way to keep, he has lost his life to find it. This is not death, but immortality.

"It is fitting that he should be brought here to his beloved Notre Dame and that his body should rest awhile in this church where the light of Faith broke upon his happy soul . . . He might have gone to any university in the land and been gladly received and forever cherished there. But he chose Our Lady's school, he honored her in the monogram he earned and wore, he honored her in the principles he inculcated and the ideals he set up in the lives of the young men under his care. He was her own true son.

"To her we turn in this hour of anguish and of broken hopes and hearts laid waste. She is the Mother of Sorrows and the Comforter of the Afflicted. O Mother of God, and Mother of God's men, we give him into thy keeping. Mary, Gate of Heaven, we come to thee, open to receive him. Mary, Morning Star, shine upon his sea. Mary of Notre Dame, take him into thy House of Gold. Our life, Our Sweetness - (and here Father O'Donnell's voice broke with a hoarse, choking sob so that it was most difficult for him to finish the sentence) Our Hope, we lay him in thy bosom."

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen; grandfather of H.B. Medley U.S.N.; father of Bill Moorhead, '42; uncle of Bill Murray (St. Eds); mother of Bob Mack (St. Eds); Father T. Bryson - friend of J.E. Christen (Al). (Ill) uncle of Wib Marshall (Dil); Mabel Myers. Three Special Intentions.