

Hymn singing at Grotto
after supper, 6:00 and
6:50, to honor Mary.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 10, 1944

Don't miss your period
of Adoration. Extra Sp,
Bouquet cards in Sorin.

Don't Disappoint Your Mother.

Send home some token of your affection for Mother's Day. Send something; it need not be big or costly, maybe a letter, a telegram, a box of candy, a bouquet of flowers. Your mother will be pleased with your manifestation of thoughtfulness. One war mother has just written in about the cablegram she just received from her soldier son in England. Her simple comment reveals deep appreciation: "He sent me a Mother's Day cable. My three boys never forget me."

Your mother is always anxious about you. She has gone to war with you. Your worries are her worries; your hardships are her crosses too. She is concerned about your success in the classroom, about your good health, about the future battles you must fight.

The greatest gift a Catholic son can give his mother on Mother's Day is a letter telling her that he is going to receive Holy Communion on that day for her intention. Sickness, failure, and bullets do not worry your mother so much as the state of your soul. She has lived through one war already. She realizes the dangers the young man faces in war time, especially when he is withdrawn from the protecting walls of home and family.

The sweetest news you can send home is your promise to receive Holy Communion next Sunday. A Catholic mother knows that her son's soul is spiritually well and free from mortal sin when he receives Holy Communion. A word about her son's Communion consoles a mother, for it convinces her that her boy is trying to be good.

You are old enough to realize the immense debt of gratitude you owe your mother. Your Spiritual Bouquet, including your Holy Communions, is a sign of true sonship.

Wherever you are Saturday night, fast from midnight, and rise on time Sunday morning for a Mass at which Holy Communion is distributed. Mother's Day will be a test of your love.

The Feller Me Mudder T'inks I am.

Whilst walking down a crowded city street
the other day,
I heard a little urchin to a conrade turn
and say:
"Hi, Chimmie, lemme tell youse, I'd be
happy as a clam,
If only I was the feller dat me mudder
t'inks I am.
She t'inks I am a wonder, and she knows
her little lad
Could never mix wit' nuttin dat was ugly,
mean or bad,
Oh, lots of times I sit and t'ink how nice
'twould be, gee whiz,
If a feller was de feller dat his mudder
t'inks he is."

(Will S. Adkin)

PRAYERS: (Missing in action) Lieut. John Guldan, ex. '44 of Sleepy Eye, Minn. over Austria. (deceased) Mother of Brother Clarence, C.S.C.; Joseph L. Toohy, '02. (Ill) Brother of Brother Alan, C.S.C; Maurice Henault, ex. '42, brother of Bob Henault (BP); sister of Brother Robert, C.S.C. One Thanksgiving. 2 Special Intentions.