

Sunday is Pentecost
Sunday. . . Easter Duty
period closes in 8 days.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 18, 1945

Night Confessions: in
Basement Chapel, 6:30,
and in Sorin and Cav.

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 comrade 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
t'would be, gee whiz,
If a feller was de feller dat his mudder
t'inks he is.

(Will S. Adkin)

Well, are you? Are you a noble monument to the prayers and sacrifices of your good mother. Or are you an ugly masterpiece fashioned by the Devil and your passions? It's easy to tell. Are you in mortal sin? Are you ribald in your conversation? And impure in your conduct with girl companions? Are you drinking because you think it's smart, and getting drunk or allowing others to get drunk, and then laugh about it? Manliness in the eyes of even the woman of the street is associated with virtue, especially the virtue of purity. If you would be ashamed to have your mother learn about your weekends, then you are playing false to her, as well as to Christ, and to your better self. You are kidding yourself that you are happy in your sins. Start anew by humbly admitting to God you are wrong, and then make a good confession.

A Happy Death.

"Dear Father . . . Mother passed away last week in a Pittsburgh hospital. She had all the rites of the Church and had a happy death after three months of suffering. In spite of her trials throughout life, she remarked that 'God had been so good to her and she was grateful.' In her last moments she was delirious. But when I prayed aloud she would join in with me, and as my father touched the Pardon Crucifix to her lips, she raised to kiss it. Brother Conan gave the crucifix to me in 1941 and I've carried it with me at all times. I can't say for sure, but I've always believed a plenary indulgence is attached to it."

(From Tom Kelly, '44, brother of Bill, ex. '43 and J. Regis, ex. '48)
Address: U.S.N. Hospital Ship, Oakland 14, Cal.

Prayers.

(Deceased) mother of former Prof. Vincent Fagan (Arch. Dept); friend of Gene Austin (Sor); uncle of Marcellus Widenbeck (Science Hall); J.A. Burke, friend of Bob Lewis (Sor); Mrs. Shield, friend of Ester Carrico (Main Office); brother of Brother Clarence, C.S.C.; killed in Action; Joseph Allen; friend of Charles King (Cav); friend of Father Henry Bolger, C.S.C.; John J. Murphy, brother of Father Timothy Murphy, C.S.C. and Sister Edwardine, C.S.C. (St. Mary's); brother of Jim Kinn (Cav); John O'Brien and Robert Burke, friends of Art Coughlan (B-P). (Ill) Miss Florence Hayes; wife of Paul Martin, '09, very serious in Allegany Hospital, Cumberland, Md.; brother of Sister Lucilla, C.S.C. (Students Infirmary); father of John Moran, (Dil); mother of Jack Baynham (Cav); wife of Edward O'Malley, '32, operation; son of Pat A. McGuire, '44; Mr. Callaghan, friend of George Weiss (Sor); friend of Jerry Terhaar (Cav), missing.