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JUDGEMENT DAY FOR IVAN

St. Peter: "Lord, it has been a very tiring day. Look at Mark and John over there on their thrones; they can hardly keep awake.

Gabriel; "Peter, I just gathered up one more for judgment. Will you check his records? He is a Notre Dame man."

Peter: "Lord, here comes a man from N.D. This should be an easy one to judge. Let's take his case now, because I am getting anxious to hear that special choir music you prepared for the newcomers."

Gabriel: "Son, come here, and bring your Guardian Angel."

G. Angel: "The name of this Notre Dame man to which I was assigned twenty-one years ago is Ivan Yerygood. Here he is — a bit frightened."

Peter: "What are you frightened about, Ivan:?"

Ivan: "There are a few thing I'd like to forget."

Peter (reading record): "Yes, I can see why too." (Peter turns to Christ the Judge.)

Ivan was not a bad kid, Lord, but terribly indifferent and negligent
towards the end of his stay at Notre Dame. Maybe you should question
him."

"Ivan, this is the first time you have been really close to me for any long period. I was really present in Cavanaugh and Dillon hall chapels and could almost reach out and touch you as you passed by. But you never stayed for long. That hurt me, because I had helped you often, particularly when your mother was sick, and during examinations."

Ivan: "I made morning prayer, Lord."

Christ:

"Yes, that was but two minutes or so of prayer. But why did you so often remain in bed and miss morning mass when I reoffered my sufferings for your good? I wanted you hear me on a few of those mornings, because I eas anxious to offer my merits for you intentions."

Ivan: "But, Lord, those weekends we had were very tiring."

Christ: "I know, Ivan, I wanted you to enjoy them, but not to the extent of turning aside your spiritual opportunities. Another thing I cannot understand is why you are at the Communion rall only twice a month—when you have daily facilities almost at your door. And you needed frequent Communion too—y u were lazy, impatient and subject to lying. Ivan, I am disappointed in you. I am forced to delay your entrance into Heaven untillyou pay the pehalty for this negligence in Purgatory. Peter, here's your man."

Peter: "Tough luck, Ivan. Don't you wish you could send a warning to your pals?"