



Get It Off Your Chest.

Don't start this semester with a ball and chain tied to you. To get a good start, and to finish well, you must have peace of mind.

Is something bothering you? Maybe you need to consult your teachers or a priest. Maybe you are carrying about in your soul a load of mortal sins. Then the confessional is what you need...tonight.

The Cure Of Charles McDonald

In 1925 when he was twenty years old, Charles McDonald of Dublin, contracted tuberculosis of the lungs, and was sent to a sanatorium. He had active hemorrhages and continued to lose weight. He changed climates, and for seven years remained fairly well in health.

But while riding his motorcycle to work one day, great pain shot through his back. A hospital diagnosis showed that he had tuberculosis of the spine, and he was placed in a cast from his shoulders to his hips. A proposed operation was impossible because of his weakened condition. Later that year his right arm and shoulder became involved. Three years later he had many abscesses around his shoulder, chest and back, and they were open and draining.

Then he developed an inflammation of the kidney. His pain was so great that he hardly remembered being in the hospital. The medical authorities wanted to send him to a Hospice for the Dying, but he went home, preferring to die there.

McDonald was entirely bed-ridden for fourteen months. There was no hope of any improvement. And then, when desperately ill and at the end of his resources, his pastor suggested to him a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The conviction grew on him that if he could get to Lourdes he would be cured.

On his first day at Lourdes, Charles McDonald assisted at Mass in the Grotto. Then he was bathed in the waters in which so many cures had been performed. But nothing happened to him.

On a later day he was again taken to the baths, more dead than alive. After being removed from the icy water, he was placed on his stretcher and left in front of the Grotto. Suddenly he realized that he felt no pain.

It had been years since he had moved without pain. He shifted his hips -- with no pain. He slipped a brace from his arm and shifted his shoulder -- still no pain. He felt cured. So happily confused was he about it that he could not speak about it. In the morning when he got up to dress himself, the nurses forced him back, until a doctor gave orders for him to dress and ride in a wheel-chair.

When the sick were blessed by a priest with the Blessed Sacrament he stayed in his wheel-chair. But after the blessing he got up and walked into the church where he knelt down and prayed. The next day he went to the Grotto alone to pray. That day he got on a train unaided and went home. When examined by his doctors at home there were no signs of tuberculosis, and all his sores had healed. (Visit the campus Grotto tomorrow. It is the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.)

PRAYERS: (deceased) John Crowley, friend of Bill Klee (Dil). (Ill) uncle of Dick Nesline (OC). Eight Special Intentions.