

Everyone up tomorrow
for Mass and Communion
for the team. An. . .

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.. injury could ruin our
chances of victory. The
team deserves your best!

"Sing Her Glory And Sound Her Fame".

When G.K. Chesterton, the renowned poet and apologist, gave a series of lectures at Notre Dame, it was autumn and football was upon us. With great good humor he entered into the life about him here, enjoyed his stay among us, and was much taken with the football games he witnessed. He was ever the poet... and from his visioning came the most beautiful tribute possible to the Notre Dame athletes...

The Pagan Original.

In the first part of his poem, The Arena, Chesterton describes the Roman coliseum of old. Those of you who saw Quo Vadis are familiar with the pagan cruelty that made up a Roman holiday there in the arena beneath the golden statue of Nero -- the blood-thirsty mob, the cheapness and futility of human life, the fickle thumb of the crowd sated with lust, men fed to beasts, the hapless gladiator, death and the end of all hope.

The Christian Counterpart.

But here at Notre Dame, Chesterton saw a new coliseum beneath the golden statue of Our Lady -- as St. John saw Her in his Apocalypse clothed with the sun. He saw other crowds thrill to the playing of young men -- young men whose hearts and hopes were made strong with the Body and Blood of Christ -- young men destined for eternal life -- young men who offered up their play for the glory of their Patroness, the Mother of God. And so he wrote, in part:

(The Stadium)

She too looks on the Arena
Sees the gladiators in grapple,
She whose names are Seven Sorrows and the Cause of All Our Joy,
Sees the pit that stank with slaughter
Scoured to make the courts of morning
For the cheers of jesting kindred and the scampering of a boy.

(The Team)

"Queen of Death and deadly weeping
Those about to live salute thee,
Youth untroubled; youth untortured; hateless war and harmless mirth
And the New Lord's larger largesse
Holier bread and happier circus,
Since the Queen of Sevenfold Sorrow has brought joy upon the earth."

(The Cheering)

And I saw them shock the whirlwind
Of the world of dust and dazzle:
And thrice they stamped, a thunderclap; and thrice the sand-wheel swirled;
And thrice they cried like thunder
On Our Lady of the Victories,
The Mother of the Master of the Masterers of the World.

(The Faith)

"Queen of Death and Life undying
Those about to live salute thee;
Not the crawlers with the cattle; looking deathward with the swind,
But the shout upon the mountains
Of the men that live forever
Who are free of all things living but a Child; and He was thine."

Tonight at 6:45 Novena Services as usual. Pep Rally later. Come to both.