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The Suffering City

There is a city where everyone suffers severe pain and distress. The pain is worse than any earthly torment -- worse than the rack, or rope, or burn, or broken bone. And the pain goes on ceaselessly, without let-up, night or day. Nor is there any distraction from pain.

Some inhabitants of that penal city have been there for years; some, only for a few hours; others for days or months. But there is neither bitterness, nor cursing, nor hatred, nor despair within that city walled with suffering. Everyone is grateful for the penalty he has received.

Many in that purgatorial city know you well, have talked with you often, may even have shared many years of association with you. Your own father, or mother, or some other close member of your family, or friends, is most likely there.

One day, if you are fortunate, you, too, will be there. And then you will know what it is to depend completely upon the charity of others.

Why are they fortunate? Because they are sure of Heaven -- someday. It is merely a matter of time until they gaze upon the Beatific Vision; until they are received into the company of the Saints; until they enter upon an eternal and infinite happiness where pain, and weeping, and sadness are no more.

You live on the very outskirts of that suffering city. Into your ears come daily the cries of these citizens, especially during November: "Have pity, have pity on me, at least you my friend!"

You are rich in the only goods that can shorten or alleviate the pain of the suffering souls.

What Will You Do For Them?

Here you are entering upon the month dedicated to helping these people. Surely, you will not want to neglect them -- if for no other reason than this: someday, by God's grace, you yourself will be in Purgatory and in dire need of assistance. And they in Heaven, will then remember the help you gave, and will repay you a hundredfold. Really, it is too good a bargain to overlook. You can't afford to be short-sighted here. And your sense of loyalty to your own household should prompt you to take advantage of the wealth at your disposal. Daily Mass and Communion, plus the Rosary, will help immensely. And jot down the names of friends and relatives on a small piece of paper; then drop it in the container near the bulletin board in your hall. The Prefect of Religion will offer a Novena of Masses for your deceased intentions. Your intentions will be placed on the altar during the Novena Masses.

Very little effort is required of you for this work of mercy. And someday you'll be glad you made friends, and remembered friends, in the Suffering City. It is unthinkable that they will forget you when they move into the Glorious City of Heaven.

PRAYERS Deceased: father of John Vann (accident); grandmother of Ed Schickler of Dillon; mother of Fathers Edwin and Lawrence Bauer, C.S.C.; mother of Philip Jensen, '49; grandmother of Joe DiPinto (off-campus). Ill: brother of David Decker of Walsh; Father Furstoss, C. S.C.