

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 21, 1954

That Sunday Suit!

What ever became of the Sunday suit? Not so many years ago, most people saved their best garment for Sunday -- because Sunday was a day set apart; it was important. We remember Bob Saggau, the great halfback, donning his best to serve the High Mass every Sunday he was at Notre Dame. Sunday afternoons found him in old togs again, playing interhall games. The Sunday suit lent dignity to the person, and to the occasion. We suspect that Mass rated very high in the Saggau order of values, especially the Sunday Mass in Sacred Heart Church.

Today, you'll find even the campus big-wheels immaculate at senate and club meetings; but at Sunday Mass they appear in "casual wear," as do many (too many) of you. Some come with a shirt, even a T-shirt. If that's all you have, that's good enough. Notre Dame has never been stuffy about these things. And Catholicism has never been sympathetic to the Puritanical blue laws that once made Sunday as dreary as it was holy. However, we saw no T-shirts at the Senior Ball!

We shouldn't forget that Sunday is a holy day -- the most important day in the week -- that the importance should be manifested externally and socially -- that clothes lend dignity and importance to any occasion -- and that the house of God is worthy of importance and dignity -- much more so than the Morris Inn, or even St. Mary's, or any respectable beanery in South Bend where gentlemen wear coats.

And so, if you have a Sunday suit, wear it to Sunday Mass. Sunday belongs to God. God deserves the best effort you can make to honor Him worthily. Look sharp!

To Hold-Outer's And Putter-Offer's

If there are any of you who have not as yet made your Easter Duty, this weekend would be an excellent occasion to fulfill that obligation. You'll be exposed to enough horrors with exams without adding spiritual terrors to your mind. And it's ~~less~~ less than stupid to go around the campus burdened with conscience problems, when you can unload them so easily any day, morning or evening.

And if it's the roommate who needs a little prodding -- prod him. He'll be edified, whether he admits it or not. Even more important -- he'll be ready for any emergency. And we have emergencies every day, you know.

Song For June Brides

Hail to the Machine Age
The Great Margarine Age
The Pork and the Bean Age
The Joy of Man!

Garden of Eden
And synthetic feedin'
With all that you need in
A bright tin can!

-- (Selected)

Not Too Late -- To start a little private novena of your own choosing for success in the coming exams -- no less than for grace to prepare properly.

Tonight at 6:45 -- The Novena to the Sorrowful Mother (It would be edifying if Badin Bog athletes attended in a body -- and so do away with the usual disturbance of foul balls being hit through the front door!)