

Requiem Mass for the  
soul of Denis Mulcahy  
in Sacred Heart Church..

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
October 14, 1957  
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... on Tuesday afternoon at  
5:10. All, especially Sopho-  
mores, are invited.

"Blessed Are They Who Die In The Lord!"  
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A year ago Denis Mulcahy came here from Cathedral High, in Indianapolis, for a Catholic education. It didn't take him long to catch on to the Notre Dame way of life. His neighbors in Breen-Phillips tabbed him a regular at the 6:30 Mass, as he trotted down four flights of stairs, missal in hand. They'll tell you, too, that the stroll back from the dining hall found him edging towards the Grotto regularly, for a brief pause and a prayer to the Blessed Mother. This was the daily routine that he latched on to as he settled down to life on the campus.

Friday night, while the "Student Special" headed for Philadelphia and the Army game; and death was farthest from their minds, God reached into the campus and took Denis off to Heaven. A heart condition that had caused previous trouble suddenly worsened. The end came rather quickly -- but not before he had received the Last Sacraments from Father Lahey. His family, called earlier in the afternoon, was likewise present, along with the nuns and nurses at the infirmary. The bulging wards prayed for him. And so he died peacefully, and quietly -- with no worries, no regrets.

Nor did he go empty handed -- no, he took with him all the fruits gathered at the Sophomore Mission -- when his classmates on one particular morning offered up their Masses and Communion for the next one of their number to die. God, Who is Infinitely Wise and Infinitely Good, decided on this moment to call Denis into eternal life. Apparently Denis was ready. Certainly, he was a classical example of the Notre Dame man who lives as he would wish to die. He belonged to the crowd that goes to face God, sure-footed and unafraid. We don't worry about these fellows at all. Rather, we thank God that another one of the Notre Dame family was found "watching" when God called him to Judgment.

Denis was a quiet, retiring individual, not much given to athletics because of his heart condition. But he never complained; and everything was always right with him.

This was his brief education. He had come to Notre Dame to learn how to live in order to die well. He learned the lesson early, and God called him home. And his is the only kind of education that ultimately pays worthwhile dividends. Miss this lesson, and you miss everything!

So often you hear, and sometimes believe, the fallacy that death is far away -- that God is patient -- that old age offers much time for repentance! And so often you hear that school years are merely a preparation for life -- when in reality they may be the only life you will ever know!

This is the point that was driven home at the Class Missions with which we begin each school year. And we added that the Class Mission was a big part of your education because Notre Dame can't very well pretend to offer a complete education without impressing this fact upon you, and reminding you why you are here. But this lesson of the University, this lesson of the Catholic Church, the sum and substance of the teaching of Christ, has thus far meant very little to many of you -- to some 300 Seniors, to an equal number of Juniors, and Sophomores -- those who skipped the Class Missions, and who have not been to confession since the summer vacation, and who have not heeded God's loving invitation: "Come to Me, ye who are heavily burdened..."

And now this irrefutable truth -- that men die at all ages -- comes home to us in a most stirring manner -- the death of a fellow student! And with it comes also the questions: "Are you living as you would wish to die -- in the Lord?"