

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Notre Dame, Indiana

TOMORROW EVENING AT 8:00 P.M., Fr. Philip Schaerf, C.S.C., director of the Confraternity of Lourdes, will deliver the first of two Mariology lectures on the subject, "The Happy Grotto of Happy Failures".

PRAYERS. Deceased: Uncle of Bob Erler, Off-Campus; uncle of John Bird of Morrissey; Paul Simcoe, '39; Lawrence Rebillot, '13; Vincent D. O'Neil, '32; George Maywalt, '32. Ill: Pat Galvin of Morrissey; Tony Cornwell; father of Joe Rodriguez, Off-Campus.

● EACH EVENING AT 6:30, follow the crowd to the Grotto for five minutes of devotions in honor of Our Lady.

● EXPOSITION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT continues each week-day in the Lady Chapel from Noon until 4:45 P.M. Tomorrow is the day for Sorin, Dillon, and Pangborn residents to provide adorers. And, on Wednesday, Badin, Howard, Lyons, and Keenan residents will take their turn.

● CUT OFF the lower part of this Bulletin and fold twice to make an "insert" for the Mother's Day card or letter you'll be sending home tomorrow. More than flowers, or candy, or your latest photo, that's what these prayers will mean to your Mother.

Novena for My Mother





MOST OF YOU, no doubt, have already given your quarters and dollars to Hallmark and Brother Conan for that extra-special, just-right card to send your Mother on Mother's Day. But, let's hope you did more than that. Let's hope you began a Novena of Masses, Communions, and Rosaries for her last Friday. If so, cut off the lower part of this Bulletin and send it along to show her you realize all she did for

you during the helpless years as well as what she is doing for you now. If, by chance, you failed to begin the Novena on Friday, start tomorrow and finish it next week.

John Boorman, c.s.c.
Prefect of Religion

What is a Mother

By N. CARROLL

A mother is a person who is old enough to be an authority on Indian war whoops and whether cowboys ever went barefoot, and yet young enough to remember the rules of the game May I? and the second verse of Sing a Song of Sixpence.

She must be smart enough to answer questions about thunder and locomotives and stars, but ignorant enough to laugh at the reason a chicken runs across the road.

She must be a detective and able to find the top to the cereal box which was thrown away last week, the treads to Greg's toy tank, and the other roller skate.

She must be a veterinarian and accomplished at taking ticks off the dog, feeding the kittens, and remembering to change the water in the goldfish bowl.

A mother must not just be a cook, proficient at cooking roasts, biscuits, chicken gravy, Mike's favorite sukiyaki and Greg's favorite spaghetti; but also must be able to decorate birthday cakes and place exactly right the raisin eyes in gingerbread men.

She must be a judge and arbitrator when someone would not let someone ride his tricycle; must be a stern disciplinarian when it comes to too much chewing gum and getting three little boys to bed at night; and she must have a well-padded shoulder for tears and comfort when his best chum throws sand at Mike and goes off with a new friend.

She must not only be an expert laundress, but always remember to remove sand and pebbles and string from pockets; and she must be a seamstress and adept at sewing on buttons, letting down and taking up sleeves and pants legs and able to patch threadbare corduroy knees so the patches do not show.

She must be a doctor and able to remove splinters without hurting, stop bleeding noses, vaporize colds, read stories to measles-speckled boys, and always have on hand an endless supply of ready-cut bandages.

A mother must also be a naturalist and able to dissect caterpillars, remove taillights from fireflies, and touch squirmy worms.

A mother must be a financial wizard and always able to stretch a meager weekly budget to include new shoes for Brian and a birthday present for someone she did not know had invited her sons to a party.

She must be a magician and keep a bottomless cookie jar, a constant supply of apples in the refrigerator, and be able instantly to recognize a scribbled drawing as a beautiful picture of a man walking down a dirt road with a pan on his head.

She must be able to balance a baby under one arm, a small boy climbing up her back and another trying to tie her feet into knots, and still write a check for the dry cleaners.

Regardless of her shape or stature, when she sits down a mother must have a lap large enough to hold three wiggling pajama-clad boys who listen wonder-eyed to "Once upon a time" stories of the world about them.

Her sense of beauty must be able to stoop low enough to see the lovely ferny plant Greg found growing under a toadstool; and must be able to stretch on tallest tiptoes to hold Mike to see the heavenly blue of the robin's egg in the nest in the sycamore tree.

A mother is a queer sort of person. In a single instant her endless cooking and dish-washing and ironing and sock darning and knee bandaging can swell over into a heart-thrilling wave of pride on visitors' day at the kindergarten when Mike stands up in his new red sweater, replies "Yes, ma'am" to the teacher, and solemnly walks to the front of the room to direct the rhythm band.

A mother's payment is rich and full, but often comes in little ways: a wadded bouquet of dandelion puffs; seeing Greg, unnoticed,

share his tricycle with the new little boy across the street; watching Brian reach to pluck a neighbor's prize tulip . . . hold his hand in mid-air a second . . . and then toddle off to chase a butterfly. Her payment comes in the cherished words of a small boy's prayers at night when Mike adds a P.S. to God to "also bless Billy even though he pushed me off the swing today."

Then a mother kisses three blond heads, turns off the light and hugs a smile to her heart as she walks downstairs. And after the dishes are done, before she gets out her mending box, she puts a batch of cookies in the oven for a surprise tomorrow.



Spiritual Bouquet

Holy Communions

Masses Heard

Rosaries

Your devoted son,