

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Notre Dame, Ind.

News Section

● TONIGHT, AS USUAL, the Sorrowful Mother Novena will be conducted in Sacred Heart Church at 6:45. Stop by, if you've never done so before.

● TOMORROW IS THE FEAST OF OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

● SUNDAY NIGHT AT 8:00, the Glee Club presents its annual Christmas Concert. The place: Washington Hall. This concert has been a "must" with generations of Notre Dame men. Just a suggestion: Get there early, if you want a seat.

● HOW'S THIS FOR CHRISTMAS SPIRIT? Even though a couple of your chaplains hear as many as 150 confessions each day, chances are there are still a few who haven't been for quite a spell. So, next Thursday night in Sacred Heart Church at 6:45, anyone and everyone will have a chance before going home to get to confession. Four confessors will be on the job following Benediction and prayers for a safe journey. The annual night for Christmas Carols in the Church will also be next Thursday night. Whether your voice is good or bad, come over and join in the singing after Benediction.

● WHEN BROTHER BONIFACE throws the switch that will light the Christmas trees in front of Sacred Heart Church on Sunday evening, we ought to recall that the origin of the Christmas tree goes back to the Medieval German mystery plays. One of the most popular "mysteries" was the Paradise play, representing the creation of man, the sin of Adam and Eve and their expulsion from Paradise. In these plays the garden of Eden was indicated by a fir tree

hung with apples; it represented both the "Tree of Life" and the "Tree of discernment of good and evil" which stood in the center of Paradise (Gen. 2:9) When the mystery play was performed in a church, the tree of Paradise was usually surrounded by lighted candles.

● THE MISTLETOE AND HOLLY SEASON will find many of you gathering to toast old friendships and family ties. The Church teaches us that things created by God are good when they are used for the honor and glory of God. So it is that the Church has a blessing for beer.

BLESSING FOR BEER



Bless, O Lord, this creature, beer, which by Thy power has been produced from kernels of grain, that it may be a healthful beverage for mankind. Grant that through the invocation of Thy holy Name all who drink thereof may derive health of body and protection of soul. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

● PRAYERS. Deceased: Father of Prof. Otto Bird of the General Program; friend of the Fenwick grads; father of Robert Kramer, C.S.C.; grandmother of Anthony Mileto of Dillon; mother of Bob Miles, Off-Campus; Ill: Friend of Bill Heinbecker of Pangborn; grand-uncle of Len Blum of Dillon; Bob Rose of Dillon; Roger Rolle, Off-Campus.

Dear Son:

Some people down here say you were foolish to reach for the top of the mountain; that this was a task for a grown man.

I do not believe this. All kids at some time or other in their lives want to think that they are grown men ahead of their time and try to reach for the stars.

Some of your friends and mine tell me that you failed to reach your goal. Not so; your great adventure led you to the very top itself. Not the mountain-top, it is try, but to the very heavens.

You made the 7,000 foot level, and God reached down and lifted you up above the highest mountain to place you by His side. He took your soul, but returned to us your body. For this, we thank Him.

I kind of believe the good Lord, seeing you already so high up, merely reached down to lend you a helping hand to place you forever by His side.

Adventure? This is the greatest adventure of all: No more rocky roads and snow covered trails to stumble forward upon. pity us poor mortals below with our trials and tribulations to come.

Son, keep a close watch upon the trail you left behind. Guide the footsteps of the children who will tread upon it in the years to come.

Your father and mother in due time will also walk the long trail to be with you forever. In your journeys over the broad heavens, walk slowly and from time to time look behind you and call our names. And if you hear footsteps, turn your face ever so often for it could be us, your father and mother.

In the language you knew and loved so well,
Adios, adios.

Your father and mother.

DURING THE NOVENA FOR PARENTS, IT SEEMS FITTING TO RECALL HERE THE PUBLIC LETTER A FATHER WROTE JUST A YEAR AGO FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF HIS 13 YEAR OLD SON WHILE CLIMBING ARIZONA'S MOUNT BALDY.