

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

Vol. XL, No. 84

Wednesday, May 24, 1961

Notre Dame, Ind.

THE GROTTA

We will continue to have the devotions at the Grotto each evening until the end of May. If you haven't yet joined the crowd there, do so now that the stress and strain is letting up a bit. Friday afternoon will be the last time for exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the Lady Chapel. Make it your business to spend some time before the Blessed Sacrament there.

YEAR'S END

With this issue, the Bulletin winds up business for another year. Thanks to one and all who have helped to get it out each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. We hope that it has been of some assistance in making known the availability of the services here. We hope too that some have found encouragement in what was said.

SENIORS

The Baccalaureate Mass on the morning of Commencement will be celebrated by Cardinal Muench. It will be a Solemn Pontifical Mass and will be sung by the members of the congregation, the Seniors and their guests. Holy Communion will be distributed at the Mass. Seniors should note, however, that the Last Visit to the church on Saturday morning does not include the celebration of Mass. Consequently, they should plan to attend Mass that morning in one of the Senior hall chapels.

NEXT SUNDAY

The 11:00 o'clock Mass on Sunday next will be offered for the next student to die. It frequently happens that one or more students are called to give an account of their stewardship in the course of the summer. Pray that you and everyone here may receive the grace of a happy death.

NEW CARS

Seniors who will be receiving new cars for graduation should arrange to have them blessed sometime during Commencement week-end. Stop at 116 Dillon or call Ext. 348.

CONFESSION

There is still time for making that general confession you've been planning for the past few months. And if anyone hasn't yet made his Easter Duty, somebody light a fire under him. Sunday marks the end of the Easter season.

LATE MASSES

The late weekday Masses in Sacred Heart Church will continue until Friday evening, June 2nd. Visitors arriving Friday afternoon for Commencement weekend will want to know about the 5:10 Mass on June 2nd, which is the First Friday of the month.

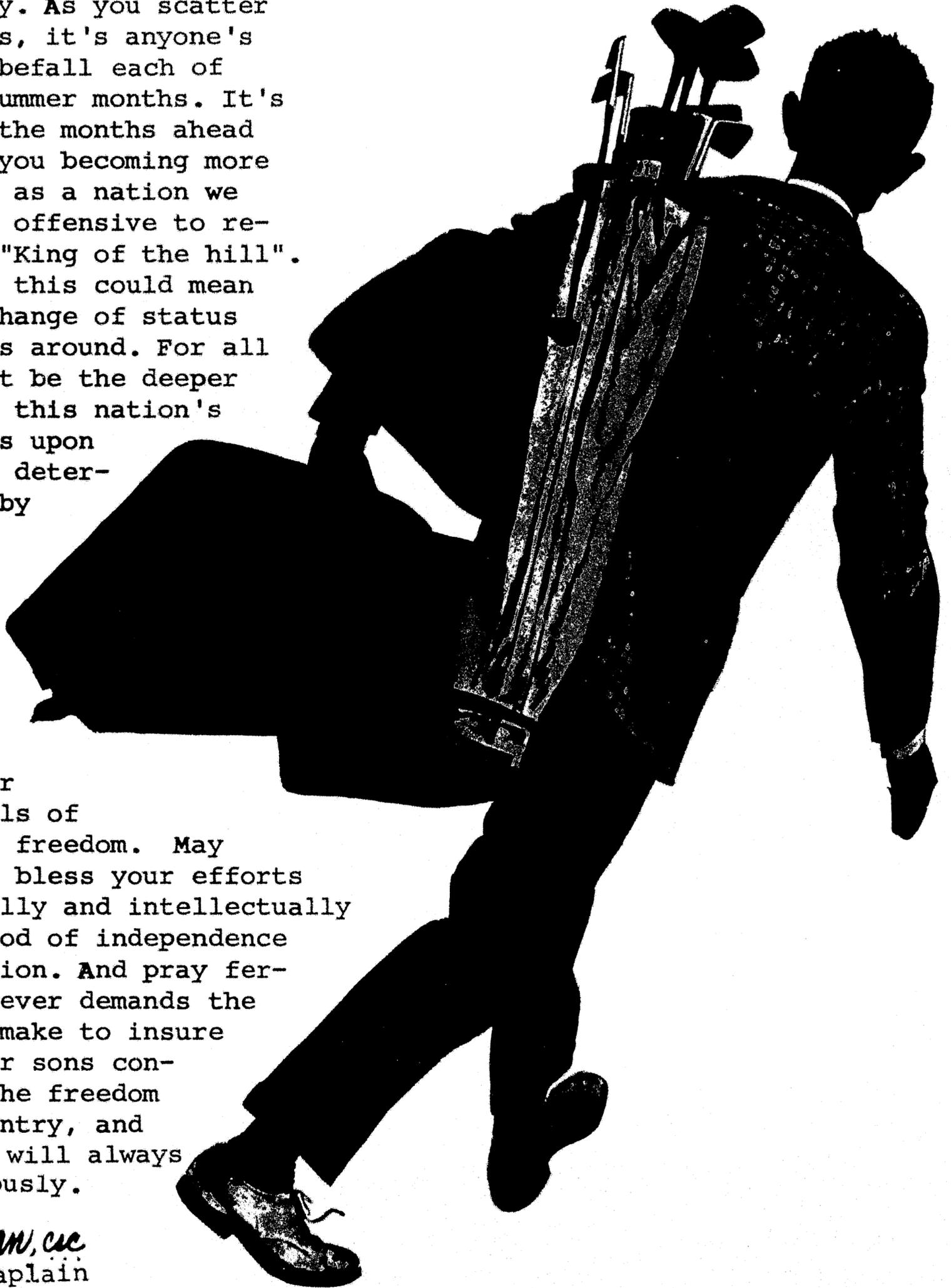
IN YOUR CHARITY

Please pray for the following. Deceased: All Notre Dame graduates who have died in the service of their country. Ill: Niece of Bill Weinsheimer of Badin. Special intention: Cardinal Cushing of Boston (40th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.)



In a few hours, most of you will be leaving behind you the sounds of the University. As you scatter in all directions, it's anyone's guess what will befall each of you during the summer months. It's a safe bet that the months ahead will see all of you becoming more serious. Perhaps as a nation we will mount a new offensive to regain our title, "King of the hill". For some of you, this could mean a very decided change of status before Fall comes around. For all of you there must be the deeper realization that this nation's greatness depends upon you, and will be determined very much by your willingness to sacrifice your ease and your own will in those things that will be required for the salvation of your soul and the souls of all men who love freedom. May God and Our Lady bless your efforts to grow spiritually and intellectually during this period of independence and self-regulation. And pray fervently that whatever demands the days ahead will make to insure that you and your sons continue to enjoy the freedom to love God, Country, and Notre Dame, you will always make them generously.

Gene Boardman, csc
Student Chaplain



MY MORNING OFFERING

O Jesus,

THROUGH THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY,

I offer Thee

my prayers, works and sufferings of this day,

for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart,

in union with the Holy Sacrifice of

the Mass throughout the world,

in reparation for my sins,

for the intentions of all our Associates,

and especially for the intention recom-

mended this month by the Holy Father.



When you say this prayer . . .

When you say this prayer act of
praise of God.

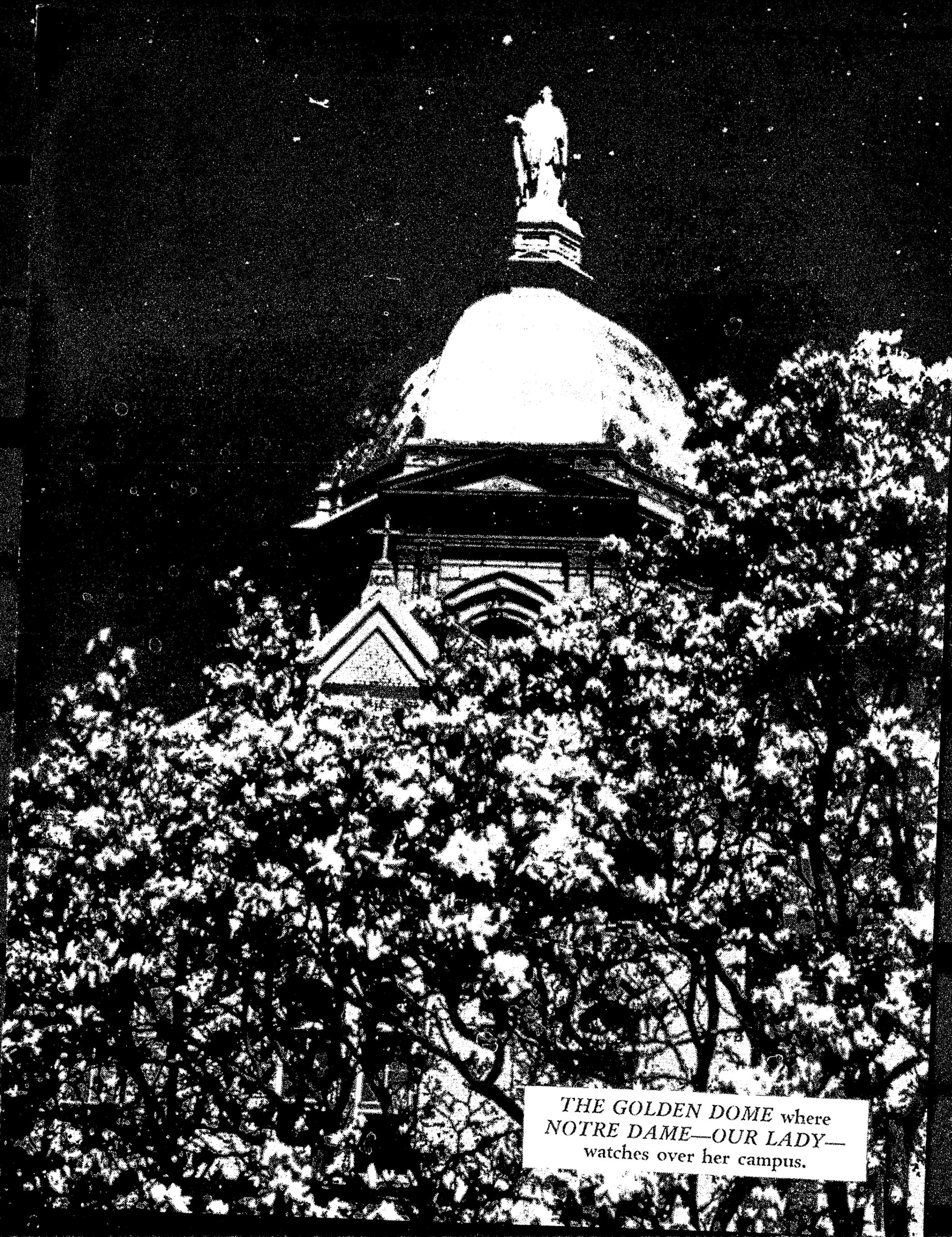
You make all your actions meritorious.

You draw down God's special favor
and protection.

(With ecclesiastical approval)

Statue of the Sacred Heart

Quadrangle of Notre Dame campus



*THE GOLDEN DOME where
NOTRE DAME—OUR LADY—
watches over her campus.*



FATHER
EDWARD SORIN,
C. S. C.
1814 - 1893

Founded
Notre Dame
1842

Our Lady and Father Sorin

AT the entrance of the University stands the statue of Father Sorin, C.S.C., the venerable founder of Notre Dame.

On November 26, 1842, a year after he left his home in France, Father Sorin and seven Brothers reached the shores of the lake about a mile north of South Bend — a century ago, the two campus lakes were joined making one body of water. Father Sorin was the leader of this little band of missionaries. All were members of the religious Congregation of Holy Cross, newly founded in France. Though Notre Dame is French in its foundation, it is not entirely so, because four of the Brother-companions of Sorin were Irish.

Father Sorin came to America to found a school. The Bishop of Northern Indiana offered him the tract of land near South Bend. When Sorin arrived on the site, there was only a log chapel and a settler's dwelling. Today there are forty-five buildings on the campus.

Sorin named the school after the Mother of God. He could hardly do otherwise, for he himself had a profound love of the Blessed Virgin. Moreover, the lake on the grounds was named after her by the early settlers, and its beauty reminded him of the beauty of the Queen of Heaven. Sorin worked all these details into the name he chose. In French it read: "*Notre Dame du Lac,*" *Our Lady of the Lake.*

Notre Dame means *Our Lady*. She is the mother and patroness of the University, and every student who enters the Notre Dame family becomes *Our Lady's man*. In the mind of Father Sorin, every student was to study, work, and play for the honor of *Our Lady*, that, through her, Christ her Divine Son would be glorified. Today at Notre Dame everything is still "*To Jesus through Mary.*"

Father Sorin stands in spirit at the front entrance of the University he founded. From his granite throne he welcomes daily every student and every visitor to the campus, and directs them to the Lady on the Golden Dome saying, "Here is Notre Dame, your mother. Consecrate your life to her. Look after her interests and she will look after yours."

The religious dress of the Holy Cross *Fathers* is the black cassock, cape and cord. The Holy Cross *Brothers* wear the cassock and cord, *but no cape*. Both the Priests and Brothers write *C.S.C.* after their names to identify themselves as members of the Congregation of Holy Cross (*Congregatio Santa Cruce*).



The Dome

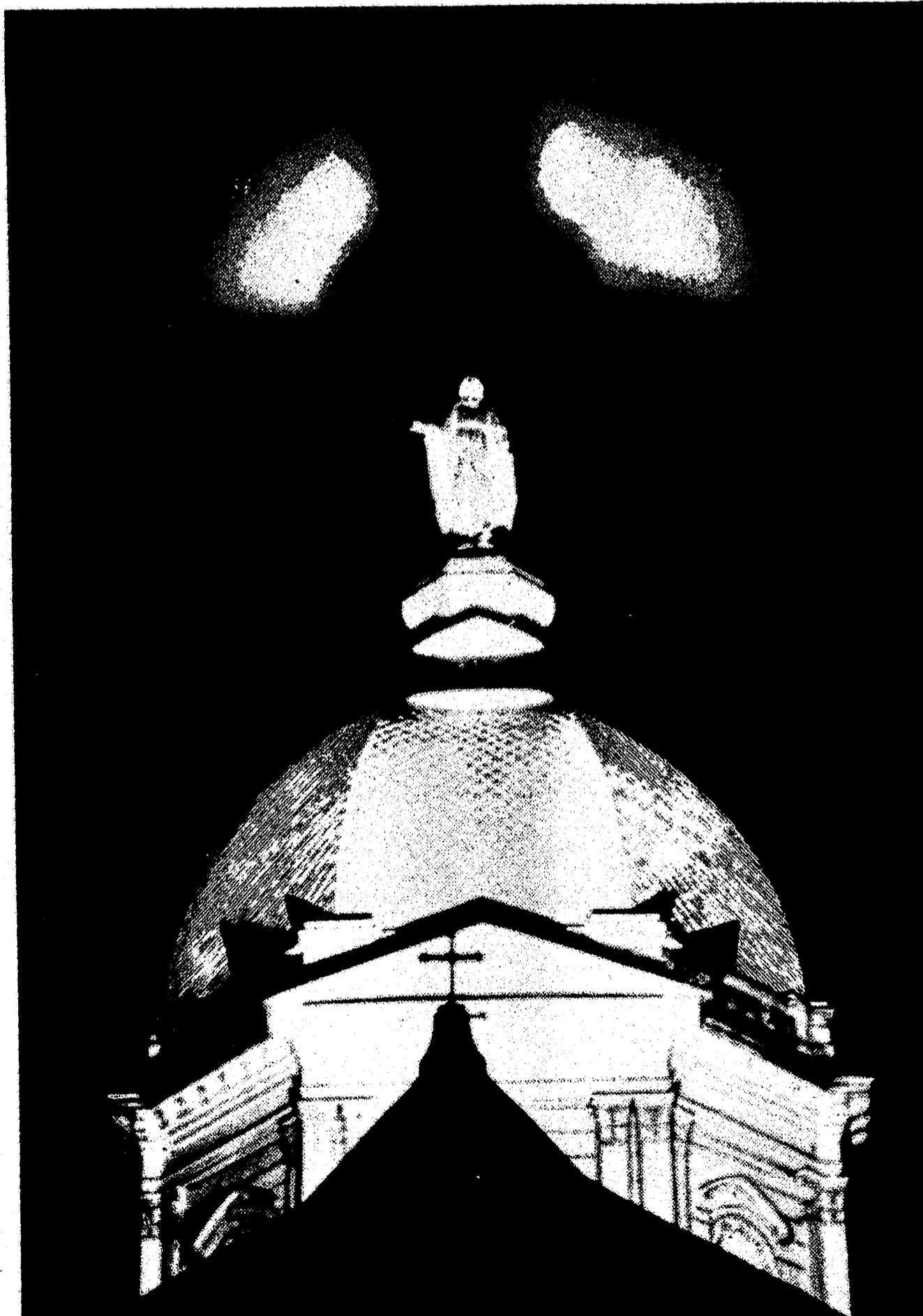
OUR LADY reigns over the Notre Dame campus from the Golden Dome atop the Administration building. On a clear day, the Dome, with its 16 foot statue, is visible ten miles away. On a sunny day, pilots use it as a guide, for its reflection can be seen fifty miles away. At night the Dome is lighted, and sometimes when the clouds are low, the outline of Our Lady appears in the heavens enthroned between two bright patterns of reflected light.

The statue, like the Grotto, honors the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady. It is a replica of the statue Pope Pius IX erected in Rome to honor this dignity of the Mother of God. The statue weighs 4,440 pounds, and was put in place in 1882.

"The statue on the Dome reminds me to say a 'Hail Mary'."

"I speak to her when I look at the Dome."

"I remove my hat on passing the Dome."



A Story That MUST Be Told

A few years ago a student came to tell his story, and he made the request that it be handed on to other students in years to come. His request was not heeded while he was here, although he asked that it be done; there was a danger that he might be known. He is gone now, and forgotten; there are probably not three people here who could recall him if you mentioned his name.

Briefly, his story was this: His father was wealthy but careless, both in religion and morals; his mother, who died when he was ten years old, was a good and pious woman, intensely devoted to the Mother of God. His early days with his mother were passed happily enough, and they were the only days he could recall without remorse. The death of the mother evidently gave the father no added responsibility, for the son was left to his own devices to find pleasure when he was not in boarding school. Boarding school was a help for only a few years, for the father soon granted him permission to live at home unshielded while he pursued his studies in a day school.

Precocious and unmitigated vice was the result. He had all the money he wanted to spend, and when you have that you have plenty of friends—of a sort. He took a certain pride in his mind, and this caused him to be a fairly diligent student; but his mind was active enough also to demand a reason for his vicious conduct, and this resulted in his reading atheistic authors and association with blasphemers, in the hope that he would find safety in numbers. At seventeen he was conversant with as many agnostic writings as were his professors, and he was a full-fledged libertine, as cruel as he was impure. And nothing caused a break in his way of life or his philosophy until he came here.

Why he came here he could not say. He had heard of the school as having a particularly good course in the profession he expected to follow, but had given no thought to the fact that it was a religious school. This fact came to

The Grotto at Lourdes

LOURDES and its Grotto is the story of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of Christ, and the fourteen-year-old Bernadette Soubirous, a poor little shepherdess, now a canonized saint.

The Blessed Virgin appeared eighteen different times to her little friend. The first apparition took place February 11, 1858. The fuel supply in the Soubirous home had run low and Bernadette was sent to gather some twigs and branches. Below the village of Lourdes is a small stream called the Gave. Along its banks, about noon, Bernadette with two girl companions began the search for wood.

Bernadette, deciding to wade across the stream, leaned down to remove her shoes and stockings. As she did so, a rustling as of a breeze came up with great suddenness and startled her. She looked up. And standing in a small niche in a large cavern-like rock she beheld the Mother of God. The Virgin was nodding her head slightly and holding out her open arms. Very much frightened, Bernadette took out her rosary and prayed fervently, and Our Lady fingered her beads along with Bernadette. When the rosary was completed, The Blessed Virgin smiled and disappeared.

Other apparitions followed over a period of five months. During these visits Our Blessed Mother would pray with Bernadette and tell her heavenly secrets. Once Our Lady told her confidante to tell the priests of the village to build a chapel and to encourage the faithful to come to the Grotto for prayer. That request has been fulfilled. A magnificent church has been built and the pilgrims number thousands every year.

Miracles began to take place at the Grotto. Many of these were performed after the sick and infirm had bathed in a stream of water that sprang up miraculously on the occasion of one apparition. Many cures are still performed today through contact with that stream which continues to flow, and blessings of every description are being granted by Our Blessed Mother because of devotion to her as Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. At Lourdes one feels the goodness of the Queen of Heaven.

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his attention after he had sent in his application; so he made a supplementary request to be allowed to live off-campus. He felt, however, that he was immune from any religious influence, and he came on to this school with really very little thought about the matter.

His shock came when he saw the statue on the dome. "When I first saw it," he said, "my heart almost stopped beating. I was an agnostic, but my philosophy did me no good. I had gloried in my conquests and in my cruelty to women, but now I felt a sickening sense of shame. My tongue had dripped filth, but now it stuck in my mouth. Here was the Mother of the God I had blasphemed—serene, peaceful, majestic, merciful, bountiful—undisturbed by all the evil in my heart and in my ways. Here was the Woman to whom my mother had taught me to address the Hail Mary.

"That was six months ago, and that statue has tortured me day and night. I know my sins. Things long forgotten have come up to haunt me. I have tried to run away from this place, and I cannot. I have planned wicked deeds, and have been unable to carry them out. I close my eyes and try to forget, and I always see that statue—majestic, peaceful, serene. I need no arguments now for the existence of God. I know there is a God because He has a Mother."

He made his first Holy Communion over again the next morning, and he was not ashamed of the tears he shed. He got a pair of beads, and a medal to wear about his neck. At the end of the year he moved away from the campus, and no word has come since of his fate. But he wanted his story told for the edification of other students, and here it is told for the first time—during the Novena of the Immaculate Conception.

—Notre Dame *Religious Bulletin*, December 3, 1927.

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*How often do you visit the Grotto?**

"Every day. The Blessed Virgin found me *the girl*."

"After every Sunday Mass."

"Daily after supper."

"Every morning after Mass."

"I've not missed a day."

"Whenever I feel morbid spiritually."

"Every night regardless of the weather."

"I say the rosary nightly at the Grotto."

"Each evening before bed; it is beautiful."

"I never pass without stopping."

"Either to ask, or to give thanks for, some special benefit."

—*Religious Survey*, 1933-34.

What devotion do you practice in honor of the Blessed Virgin?

"I dedicate my days to her; go to her with my joys and troubles."

"I have laid my classwork in her hands since entering here."

"Her litany, the Grotto. I talk to her just as I do to my mother."

"My life is consecrated to her."

"I say a 'Hail Mary' every time the chimes ring."

"Saying a 'Hail Mary' every time I pass the church."

"I constantly carry my rosary with me."

"I say ten 'Hail Marys' every night before going to bed. I have said three a day since I was six years old."

"I say a prayer for the protection of my girl friend and myself."

*The Notre Dame students were asked these questions in a Religious Questionnaire. They answered anonymously and their comments were compiled in a volume entitled *Religious Survey*.



IN a wooded spot west of the Dome, a little behind the campus church and within a few yards of St. Mary's lake, lies the Grotto of Our Lady, a replica, on a slightly smaller scale, of the famous shrine and place of miracles at Lourdes in southern France. It is the inspiration of a student of 1855, Thomas Carroll, and was erected through his benefactions. Its foundations were dug in the spring of 1896.

The Grotto was built that the spirit of Lourdes might be brought to the campus. Since its completion, fifty years ago, it has been an integral part of Notre Dame life. The students find their Heavenly Mother there, and they pray every day at her campus shrine with the same fervor and confidence as if they were at Lourdes itself.

During Mary's month of May the students gather nightly after supper to sing hymns in praise and petition to their Heavenly Mother.



The Grotto at night

THE CHIMES

IN the tower of Sacred Heart Church, there is a chimes of twenty-three bells. Like the Dome and the Grotto, the chimes has the sacred mission of elevating the minds and hearts of the students to their Blessed Mother and her Divine Son.

Every two hours during the day and early evening, the melody of a familiar hymn to Jesus and Mary can be heard everywhere about the 1700-acre campus. The bells in the chimes are named *Mary* after Our Blessed Lady. A 7-ton bell hangs below the chimes, and is rung on solemn occasions. Its name is *St. Anthony*.

What have been the results of your devotion to the Blessed Virgin?

"I feel at rest with the world after a period of devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

"The Grotto seems to me the place where troubles are easily smoothed out."

"I've been able to take disappointments much better."

"Confidence in myself; success in my studies so far."

"Almost 100 percent success in the fight against sins of impurity. Success in classes."

"She has helped me in choosing my girl companions. No more cheap or insincere ones for me."

"I say the rosary more often. She is in my company at all times. I feel she's real now that I feel her presence at the Grotto."

"I never realized before what a real person she is."

"A realization of protection and sympathy when I desire it."

"A burning desire to become spotlessly—to the minutest thought—pure."

"My rosary is my companion. I go to Mary to get more from her Son and I usually get more too."

"She has helped me out of many a tight spot."

"She has introduced me to the girl with the beautiful Mary-like character I've been looking for."

"I try to imitate her purity and patience in suffering. I look on her as my ideal of womanhood."

"She's never let me down and I've asked for some tough ones."

"She sure is a fellow's friend."

"She sort of takes my mother's place around here."

"I am acquainted with her—she is more than a statue or a name."

"Purity (as much as I have of the virtue); peace and hope even when I am 'down'; and a vocation to the religious life."

"I see the futility of going with dizzy gals and think of my sweet, pure hometown girl. (God bless her!)"

"It is very, very seldom that a 'Hail Mary' doesn't curb my flesh when temptation comes."

"I firmly believe I would still be far from God and the Church had I not visited the Grotto at least once a day."

A Mother Visits Her Dying Son . . .

APPRENTICE Seaman Jerry Butler can tell you about a wonderful thing that happened to him on the first day of this month consecrated to Our Blessed Mother. Our Lady came to him and performed a miracle—well, almost.

The story begins in a Navy station in northern Michigan. A few days ago, the Navy inducted a young man into the Service. Two days after the induction, the seaman fell dangerously ill. The authorities decided that his case could best be treated at the Great Lakes Naval Base. A plane was chartered and a doctor was assigned to accompany the patient to Chicago. The plane ran into a heavy fog. Flying conditions became so poor that the ambulance-plane was grounded at the South Bend Airport. The patient, still in serious condition, was brought to the Notre Dame Infirmary, the Navy Sick Bay. He was unconscious, and had been for some time.

When the Sister in charge of Sick Bay saw the seriousness of the case, she phoned the Chaplain. A priest was in the sick room in five minutes. Who was the boy? Was he a Catholic? Nothing was known about him, only his name, Gerald Butler. He wore no medal, and his collapse had taken place so suddenly that his Navy records were not complete. In his unconscious state he could not identify himself.

And then our Blessed Mother came to look after her sick son. No sooner did the chaplain appear at the sickbed than Jerry's mind began to clear. Strength came to his faculties and he was able to respond to the priest's first question. "You are a Catholic?" A bow of the head gave the answer. The chaplain took out his rosary and dangled it before the boy, who clutched it in recognition. When the priest recited "My Jesus, mercy," "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony," and other short prayers, the young man responded.

Confession followed, and after it Extreme Unction, the Sacrament through which Christ comes in His power to console and to strengthen those suffering a dangerous illness, and to prepare them for immediate entrance into heaven. When all was over, the priest and the nurse heard Jerry say something like, "Thank you, Father. Thank God." Once more he fell unconscious.

By noon Monday flying conditions had improved and the journey to Great Lakes was continued. The Catholic Chaplain at the Navy station was informed about the case as soon as Jerry was put on the plane.

A letter arrived from the chaplain yesterday. It read: "Gerald Butler died last evening." We believe in the supernatural. We believe that our Blessed Mother came to help Jerry prepare for a happy death. God be praised, for giving us such a mother! — Notre Dame *Religious Bulletin*, May 5, 1944.

The History of a Rosary . . .

“. . . . I went to Notre Dame in 1887, in the preparatory school, and during 1888 and 1889, finished that and started on my studies in civil engineering. Financial matters kept me out for a year and I went back in November, 1891.

“I went to confession to Father Granger in the chapel in the basement of the church. He gave me as a penance, a decade or so, of the rosary. He asked me if I had a rosary and I told him I had lost mine in a fire which consumed our home two months before. He immediately reached in his pocket and handed, around the outside of the confessional, a rosary and told me to keep it with me always. Whether he handed me his own rosary or not, I do not know. I always obeyed his injunction to keep the rosary with me.

“I went through the Spanish War in Cuba, and World War I, in France, and many other tight situations, where an engineer must go. But by day, that rosary has been in the left front pocket of my trousers, and by night in the pocket of my pajamas or under my pillow when I slept in a bed.

“Once, in going across the ‘Shoe Swamp’ (Cienga Zapata) in Cuba, making an estimate to build a railroad, I passed three days and two nights in the swamp and at times I sunk so deep that the muzzle of the automatic I carried in a shoulder holster was in the mud. My pockets were filled with mud, and in cleaning them out, I took out my rosary and washed it in the water of the swamp. I had three colored Cuban boys to carry the hammocks, food, etc., and they were much surprised to see an American take a rosary from his pocket.

“The rosary has had only one broken link in all that time, and I repaired it myself. The beads have worn down, whether from rubbing together in my pocket, or from natural attrition, due to the fingers passing the beads along, God knows.

“Half a century is a long time to have one rosary. However, in remembering in my prayers each day those whom ‘we have loved long since and lost awhile,’ is included Father Granger”

—C. C. Fitzgerald, C.E. '94.





THE GROTTTO where
NOTRE DAME—OUR LADY—
listens to her sons.

