

# RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Monday, May 14, 1962

Notre Dame, Indiana

**IN YOUR CHARITY** Please pray for the following. Deceased: Mother of Eli Shaheen, '32. Ill: Mother of Sr. Evelyn Catherine, O.P.; friend of Pat Deluhery of Lyons; grandmother of Joseph Brendler of St. Joseph Hall.

**NOVENA** The Novena for Success in the Examinations begins today. No one suggests that this will compensate for the study that should have been done during the semester. All should pray during these days, however, that they will do as well as they're capable of doing. Sometimes, in the heat of an examination, students don't.

**DAILY** Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament continues daily in Sacred Heart Church from Noon until 4:45. Devotions at the Grotto also continue daily at 6:00 and 6:30.

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## THE TUMBLER (Concluded.)

Many of the monks noticed his unusual habits and reproached him for not attending the daily services. Finally, one of them, out of curiosity, followed him to the crypt and discovered his secret. "By my faith," he said, "this man is a fine artist. He performs as though he truly loves the Lord. There is not one, I believe, who would not rejoice to see this great gift displayed before God. It is his penance because he does it without evil intent."

The monk went straightway to the Abbot and told him everything. The Abbot stood up and said to the monk, "By your holy vow, I command you to say nothing of this to others. Come, we will go together and view this strange thing." They went quietly and hid near an altar in a recess of the crypt. They watched with great interest the marvelous service of the novice as he leaped, danced, whirled, and bowed before Our Lady. He did not spare himself, but continued on and on to the point of fainting. Finally, when completely exhausted, he fell down at the altar and did not move.

The Abbot became uneasy from the sudden fear that the Lord might be displeased with such a performance in a holy place. But as he watched, the crypt soon became bathed in a dazzling white light. And a Lady, more beautiful than truth, came down a giant staircase that seemed to open in the far wall. Never before had anyone seen a woman so lovely, so precious, or so richly dressed. With her were a host of angels and archangels from Heaven above. They gathered about the tumbler to comfort and support him. The Lovely Lady fanned him with a white cloth. Then she supported his head on her arm and wiped away the tears from his eyes. Finally, she arose, pronounced a blessing, and in an instant was gone. The tumbler, being yet in a faint, was unaware of all this and did not know that he had such fair company.

When all had departed, the monk exclaimed, "Sire, mercy, this is a holy man we see here. If I have said anything wrong about him, it is right that I be punished. Charge me with penance, for he certainly is a worthy man." The Abbot replied, "You speak the truth. God has shown us clearly that He loves him. Now I command you, under obedience, that you speak to no man of what you have seen."

The Abbot considered the miracle for many days before he sent for the tumbler. When the holy man heard that the Abbot had sent for him, his heart was full of sorrow. He supposed that he had been found out and he knew not what he might answer. He came weeping before the Abbot and knelt. "Sire", he said, "in God's name, mercy. I know you wish me to leave. Command me, and I will obey." The Abbot replied, "I wish to know, and I want you to tell me the truth, how you serve and by what you deserve your bread?" "Alas", said the tumbler, "you do wish then to send me away?" "I haven't said that," replied the Abbot. "I merely asked you how you serve the monastery." The tumbler replied with the complete story of his deeds at the altar, his reasons, and his hope of divine approval. He wept and asked if his sins were very great. The Abbot lifted him up. "Say no more, for you have my assurance that you will be a member of our order and remain with us always. I ask God to grant us the goodness to be like you. Good brother, pray for me, and I will pray for you. I ask that you do your service exactly as you have done it in the past, and still better if you can."

We can well imagine the great joy that filled the tumbler's heart. With a clear conscience, he did his penance every day at the first note of the Angelus.

Many years later, in the inexorable course of nature, he was taken very ill, and could not leave his bed. The Abbot honored him greatly and the monks read and sang at his bedside every day. But none could cheer him. His thoughts always returned to the little crypt, and he longed to be there again. Since he could no longer serve the Blessed Virgin on this earth, he prayed God to receive his soul into heaven. He beseeched the Abbot to tell him what awaited him beyond the grave. The Abbot replied, "In the kingdom of Heaven, if you wish it so, you will be a tumbler. And what a tumbler you will be! You will serve God with such feats as you have never before dreamed of. All the saints and angels in Heaven will gather to watch you perform. But, as on earth, you will not work for wealth and praise--only for the love of God." And as he spoke, all the monks who had gathered saw a wondrous miracle. The Virgin Mary, with a host of angels and archangels, came to the tumbler and received his soul. As music burst forth from all around, the angels escorted him up through the meadow of the infinite into Heaven.

Thus ends the story of Our Lady's tumbler. The monks prepared and buried his body where he would have wanted it--in the little crypt. He has departed this life forever. Yet, no shadow of that infinite night will ever darken his fame, for memory has lighted up his image with her everlasting lamp. Now let us pray that we also may serve God so well as to merit His love.