

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Friday, September 21, 1962

Notre Dame, Ind.

NEW CHAPLAINS

By now you've had a chance to greet most of your buddies, and you've probably even noticed that there are a few padres on campus who weren't here last year.

One of those new faces -- new to you but really far from new -- belongs to your University Chaplain. He's at the old stand -- 116 Dillon -- ready and willing to provide the same kind of service you have been accustomed to receiving in the past from other University Chaplains. Drop in. I'm anxious to make friends and influence people.

Another new face belongs to the assistant chaplain who will be responsible principally for the Freshman Quad. He's Father Tom Baker. The freshmen met him during their Mission. The rest of you will soon get to know him. He's that kind of guy.

A second new assistant chaplain has been appointed. He's Father John Dupuis, not new on the campus, but new in this job and new also as rector of Howard Hall. His office in his capacity as chaplain will be in 107 Howard. His special charges will be the off-campus students, but other students should feel free to call on him as they would upon any other chaplain.

Again this year chaplains have been assigned to the residence halls. Each hall resident should feel free to go to his chaplain for advice, consultation, or merely to bat the breeze -- as long as it isn't a hurricane. His business is to know you.

CLASS MISSIONS

Freshmen: Writing of Father Baker above reminded me that the freshmen got off to a very good spiritual start. Their Mission was very well attended, and the reception of the Sacraments was gratifying to Father Joyce who gave the conferences and to the chaplains' corps. Congratulations on your good start, Freshmen! Continue to set the pace for the upperclassmen.

Sophomores will have a chance to get off to a good start during their Mission which begins Sunday evening with a visit to the Grotto at 6:45. Father Broestl, an experienced hand at preaching to sophomores, will give the sermons. An hour on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, time to make a good confession, and daily Mass and Communion in your hall chapels is all God asks in return for the abundant graces He'll grant you for a successful year, spiritually and academically.

Juniors and Seniors: Your Mission begins Sunday, September 30. Plan ahead to make the opening at 6:45 that evening. And you don't have to wait for the Mission to get to the Sacraments.

DEATH STRIKES

Alan Cairns, '64, was killed in a plane crash last week. Today the 5:10 Mass in Sacred Heart Church will be offered for the repose of his soul at the request of his classmates. Juniors, especially, turn out.

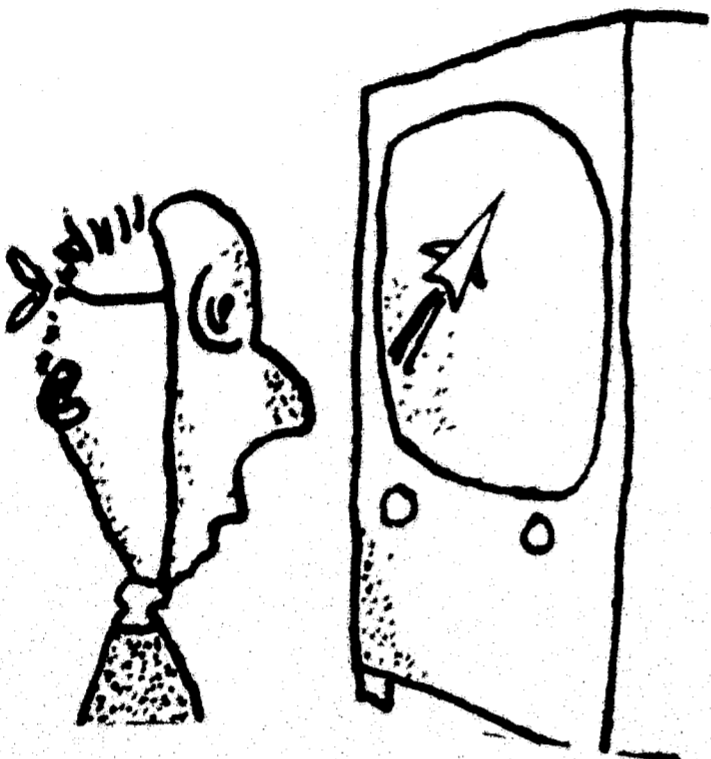
Early in his career Steve learned that a good academic average is all-important. It just doesn't pay to "goof-off". He has always racked-up "B's" in religion. A thirsty blotter couldn't absorb facts for tests better than Steve. With great gusto he can write fluently on the nature of Sanctifying grace, the mystery of Christ, and the advantages of leading the virtuous life. As Mom and Dad say; "Religion has always been one of his best subjects."



T H E T H R E E F A C E S O F S T E V E

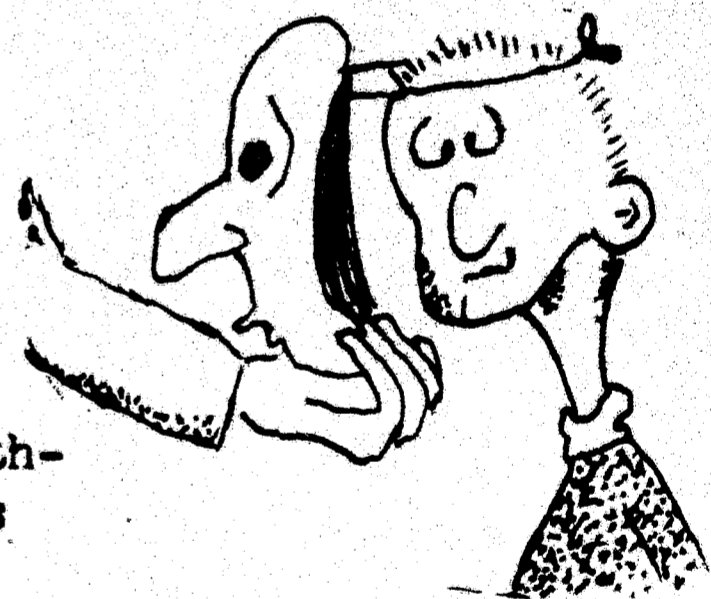
Steve -- The "Catholic" Student

Steve is crafty. Life at home was a game of skill: who could out-smart whom. The childish restrictions and the immature treatment he received rancored his soul. His parents old-fogey ideas made him rebel and do a slow burn inside, but he controlled himself. If he blew his stack there would be no more car or dates. So he always played it cool. He never knocked himself out for Mom and Dad. He did just enough to keep them off his back. He is still following the same policy -- "As long as I have such a good thing going I can "play the role" of the docile son for a few more years." Mom and Dad say; "He's a good boy. We just can't seem to get through to him."



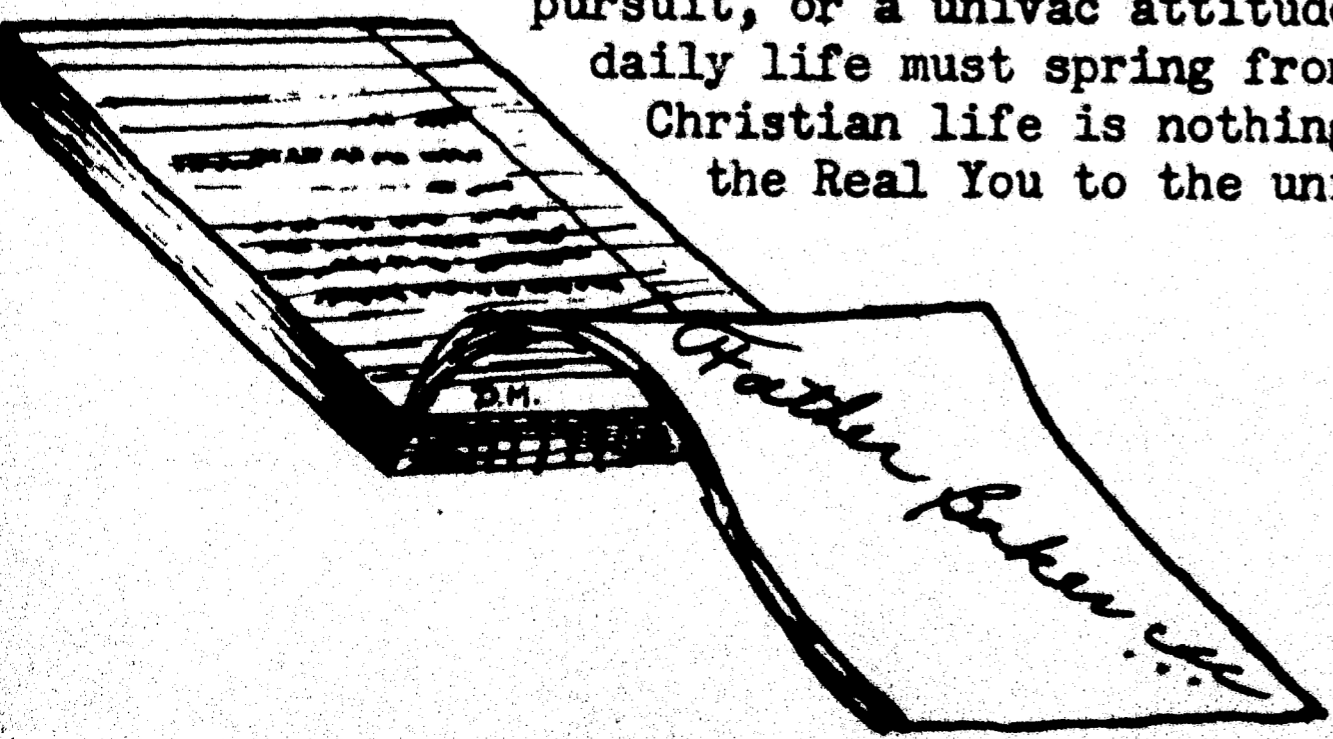
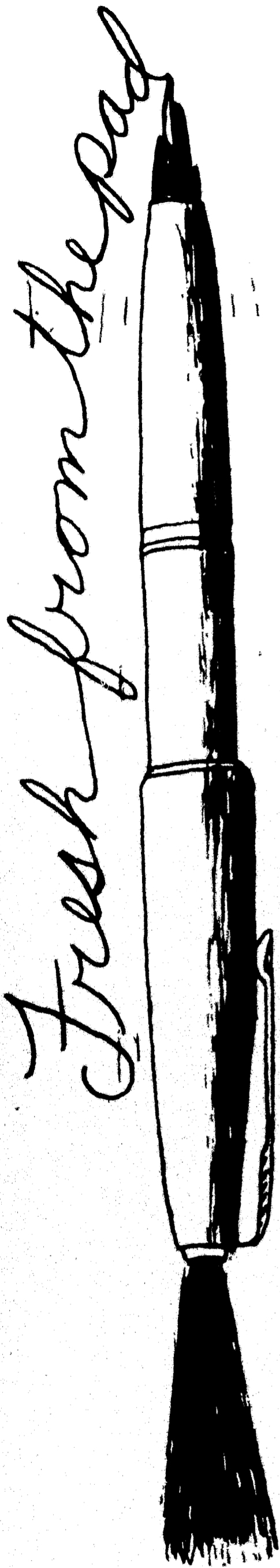
Steve -- The "Cautious" Son

When Steve takes a midnight, or a weekend in Chicago, when he's on a date, or when he's in a bull-session with "the boys" where are all his well-learned religious values? It's the GREAT DIVORCE. The masks are torn away and the real Steve comes on strong. The encyclopedia of religious knowledge has no manly convictions. The respectful and well-mannered son is without respect or manners. He's flipped. His profs, his parents and his prefect wouldn't recognize their ALL AMERICAN CATHOLIC BOY. He is in thick with the guys. He swaps dirty story for dirty story and matches goulish deed for goulish deed. Mom and Dad say; "He's never given us a minute's worry." Steve -- One of the Boys



Your false faces may fake-out a lot of people but God won't be mocked. The Christian life isn't some sort of grand theatrical, a sophisticated academic pursuit, or a univac attitude of mechanized religion. Every aspect of your daily life must spring from one launching-pad -- The Christ Life. The Christian life is nothing if it isn't the response of every stitch of the Real You to the unimaginable love of your Father in Heaven.

P.S. Some girls can't take a joke,
but others prefer one to no date at all.



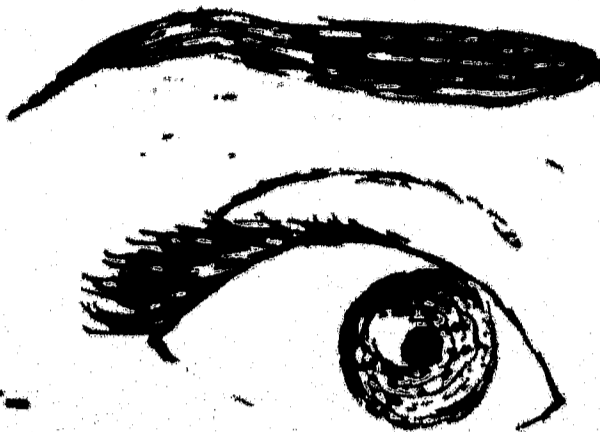
UNFORGETTABLE

THERE SHE IS. Her coquettish features dancing through the cold Physics' formulas and over the dead records of History. Her lazy lashes, her freckles her pug-nose, and her sparkling ivory keyboard make your mind do somersaults. But what thoughts does this soft and lively image of a girl churn up in your head?

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She has never tarnished my ideal of womanhood. In fact, she has unlocked my mind and opened my eyes to the goodness, the dignity, and the sacredness of womanhood. Through her I have come in contact with the gentleness and poise that are peculiarly feminine. It makes me feel good just to be near her. I don't know, but when I am with her it seems I display many good qualities I never thought I had. It's through her influence that I climbed another step in the ladder of genuine virility. My rough and tough manner seems to dissolve away in her presence. Because of her I have become more a man -- a gentleman.

Knowing her has made me a better person in every way. She has brought me closer to God.



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WHEN MISS FABULOUS peers at you from a wordy page, smiles at you through a blank wall, or stares at you from a desk blotter, what does she see?

Here's a fellow who is strong, and manly, but who never forgets that I am something special -- I am a girl.

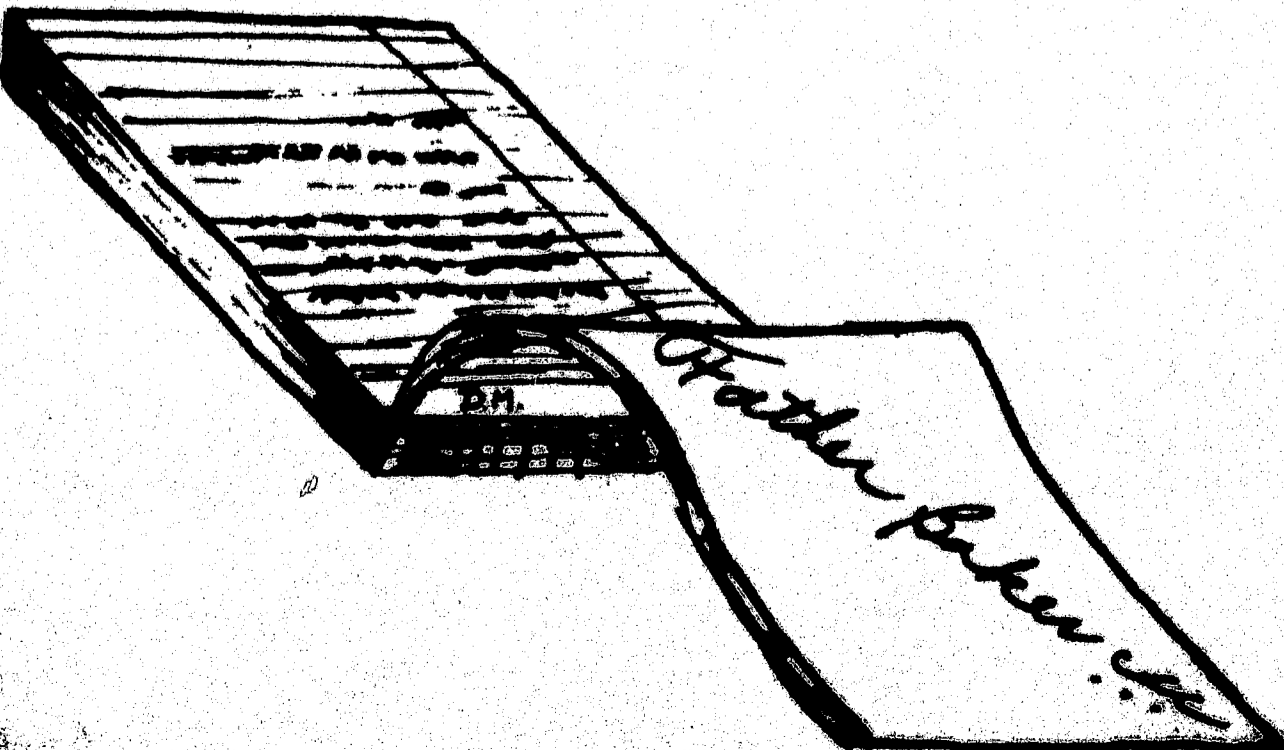
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When he looks at me, his eyes radiate reverence. Some how he makes me feel that I am a trust he will always protect. I feel perfectly relaxed while on a date with him because I know he is trying to be virtuous. Besides, I know I can always rely on his good judgment. He never puts me in situations which might compromise or embarrass me. I feel secure in his manliness. I can always count on his rugged virtue because he isn't any weak-kneed follower of the crowd. And he does not think he is less a man for being considerate and courteous to me -- a girl. He gets all up-set if I forget myself and act in any way which would cheapen me as a Catholic young lady. His reverence for me actually brings out my finer qualities. He makes me want to be the ideal Catholic girl. Most of all, he never forgets that my real attractiveness springs from the fact that I am a temple of God.

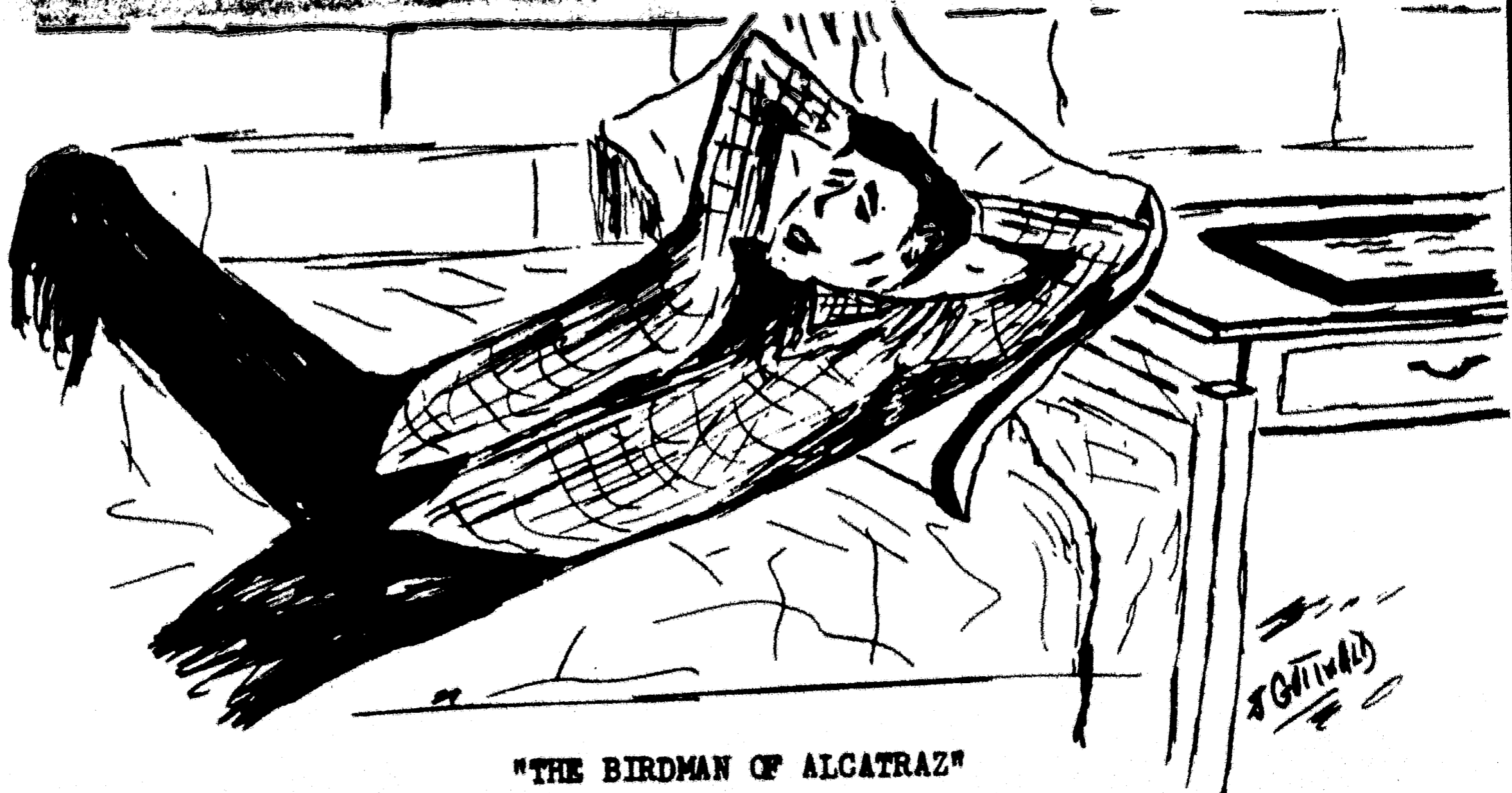
I can say truthfully that I am a better person for having known him. He has helped me get closer to God.

WHY DO I LOVE YOU??

**I LOVE YOU NOT ONLY FOR WHAT YOU ARE
BUT FOR WHAT I AM WHEN I AM WITH YOU.**



Fresh from the pad



"THE BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ"

One chair, one sack, one radio, and some books, that's it — YOUR CELL. By now you're painfully aware that you're not on a pleasure weekend at a Holiday Inn. Your room keeps getting smaller. The novelty of the campus wore off weeks ago. All the new faces are now familiar. Your life is falling into a dull routine — the sack, classes, the sack, lining up for chow, the sack, lining up for chow, the sack.....

From your favorite vantage point — the mattress — you can almost taste the tantalizing meals Mom cooked just for you. As you muse, the care-free casualness of high school seems like a lost luxury. Then out of the ceiling SHE appears, The Doll. Your memory is crowded with a hundred images of the great times you had last summer.

All the campus activity can't halt the loneliness which has a way of working into your every pore. You begin to feel down in the dumps. You sink deeper into discouragement. Then BANG! You're caught in the subtle trap of escape and day dreaming. And you know, as well as I do, that day dreaming spells sudden death for your moral and intellectual life. Never is a fella's resistance as low as when he runs away from the harshness of life and flies into the warm security of the unreal world of his imagination.

It's a tough assignment to grapple with loneliness, the absence of Miss Wonderful, and the bigness of the University. But Buddy, you have to grapple with it or else you're going to get shot down.

This dormitory living is your Big Challenge. Running away from it, escaping into the pink and blue softness of your dream world, and taking a bath in self pity have yet to solve any fella's problems. Life's difficulties devour the fella who tries to run away. It's only the fella who grabs ahold of life's rough edges with his bare hands who knows the taste of victory.

What works in trying to beat loneliness, homesickness, and day dreaming? Play sports. Make friends. Budget your time. Keep your sense of humor. And believe it or not—prayer.

P. S.: The best way to make your dreams come true is to wake up.

