

## Religious Bulletin

January 24, 1927

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### And Now Everybody's Happy!

Six hundred and eighty-two dollars in eight days! It was worth the extra day. And we are allowing another extra day for the off-campus students who were not prepared with their offerings yesterday morning at Mass. The pamphlet rack will be reserved for Fr. Finner's donations throughout the day today.

Father Finner will be flabbergasted. He asked for five or six hundred, and when we cable him seven hundred a week after his letter arrives it will either knock him cold or give him jungle fever. The extra hundred will hire him a school teacher for a year.

It gives you a sense of accomplishment and a realization of the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The fellows who are happiest over the results are the ones to whom a quarter looks as big as five dollars. Donations of one and two dollars came from students who are working hard, some of them till late hours every night, to make both ends meet.

Yesterday's collection amounted to \$148.83; off-campus students handed some fourteen dollars more to Fr. Farley as they left St. Joseph's Church. Donations Saturday night after the dead-line at six o'clock amounted to \$35.00. More trickled in during the day yesterday.

What was it all about? Many students who went dumb on the Bulletin last week and on the Sunday announcements have asked this question. Father Finner, a Holy Cross priest who was formerly located at Notre Dame, sent word last week that his Bishop, at Dacca, Bengal, India, had assigned him to a city of 50,000, in which there was not so much as a crucifix, and told him to go there with God's blessing (and no money in his pocket) to build a church and school. He asked you to furnish the means. And you have done it. Don't you feel better now?

### Who is This Van Wallace?

This question was asked a few times the other day when mention was made of a new letter from Van. Here's his story: Van was a freshman in engineering with the present senior class. He was a fine student, an amiable, popular lad, a daily communicant, and a very sturdy swimmer. On July 4, 1924, he went swimming with a crowd of friends at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, and in an attempt to dive in shallow water he broke his neck. No hope for his recovery was offered by the doctors; they said, in fact, that he could not be expected to live twenty-four hours.

Van fooled them -- and he has been fooling them ever since. The Summer School students made a Novena for him which ended on the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, July 16. On that day one of his friends wrote to ask prayers that he would die quickly, as his body was turning black, his fever was 105, and he might live to see his body rot away. Not another word was heard for nine days, when a letter came, dictated by Van, in which he stated that on July 16 he fell into the first normal sleep he had had since the accident. a sleep from he awoke with temperature normal, and satisfactory internal functions which were relieving his body of the accumulated poisons; and that in the interval, sensation was returning to his paralyzed arms.

For two years and a half we have prayed for Van -- we at Notre Dame, and hundreds of students in other schools whose sympathy was aroused by the news who were at that Summer School -- and inch by inch he has come back to life. His legs and his fingers are still lifeless, but with pens on his hands he types perfectly and keeps us cheerful with a communication of the spirit that has never once complained. We owe him lots.

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PRAYERS are requested for four students who are ill, and for five relatives of students