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He Met Death Smiling.

"Father, I can't cut it." Frank Gallagher gasped out those words to show that he knew God was calling him and he had to go. And then he prayed, with his parched throat: "My Jesus, mercy!..... Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you..... O My God, I am heartily sorry for all my sins..... I confess to Almighty God, the Blessed Mary ever Virgin... He had to be helped through the Confiteor and the Memorare at the end..... then "My Jesus, mercy!" Those were his last words.

Death came near at ten-thirty; he died at one. Off and on a momentary delirium would seize him, but with a bit of Holy Water or the word of a prayer recognition came back to his eyes. Every now and then his face would light up with a smile, the great smile he was famous for. He had nothing to worry about. He had received all the Sacraments and the Last Absolution with its plenary indulgence, he had the assistance of three priests to say the prayers of the dying, the nuns were praying for him, one of his pals was at his bedside praying, -- and his mother was there. He beckoned to her with his finger. He put his arm around her neck and showered her cheek with kisses, and then turned his cheek to have them returned. He whispered something into her ear, and then prayed with her.

He knew his prayers, the prayers she had taught him. You can pray when you know prayers. They were more than the prayers you are taught at school, and they were beautiful, though unconscious tribute to his mother. And he HELD on to his crucifix; and he kissed it over and over again, repeating, "My Jesus, mercy!" But most of all he smiled, a big, generous smile that went straight from his heart into yours. His smile was worth a kingdom to his mother, for it showed that all was right in his heart

How did he get the grace of such a happy death? He was always big-hearted, always ready to do more than his share of the work, and God loves the cheerfulness that accompanies such a disposition. He always thought of others. Last Friday morning he cried. "I was praying for the team to have a dry field," he said, "and when I looked out the window it was raining. I just had to cry; then all at once I remembered that it was Friday instead of Saturday, and I snapped out of it." Sunday he blamed himself for sleeping during the game Saturday. "I should have stayed awake and prayed for the team," he said; "I meant to, but I guess I didn't take enough interest or I wouldn't have slipped up on it."

In addition to what he earned for himself, the prayers of his friends and the intercession of the Little Flower must have had much to do with his happy death. There were just nine days from the operation till his death, and on each of those days he was blessed with the relic of the Little Flower. The football team made a triduum to this same Saint for him, and he was remembered in thousands of Holy Communions and prayers.

Tomorrow morning we will have a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul. Plan now to attend this Mass and offer Holy Communion for him. Check below for the consolation of his mother and family what else you will do for him:

Holy Communions

Masses heard

Rosaries

Visits - Blessed Sacrament

Grotto