
Some Stories of Conversions.

IV.

We'll call them Mike and Ike. They were non-Catholic friends who came here with some Catholic boys from the home town. Mike was a solemn-visaged, lanky lad, innocent of manner but running deep with gladiatorial courage; Ike was a quieter type, but just as brave if not so bold. Both had prominent roles in the Klan riot of some years back.

Mike had been here about a month when he came and said: "I want to be a Catholic." "How come?" "Oh, I just thought it was a good thing to be." "It is, but how did you get that way? Who has been talking it up to you?" "Nobody." "Who is praying for you?" "No one so far as I know. Why should anyone pray for me?" "Somebody is. Faith is a grace, and it comes in answer to prayer."

He began instructions and was an apt pupil, asking intelligent questions. A week before his Baptism a friend from the home town came in for something, and in the course of his conversation remarked that he was glad to see Mike taking instructions, as he had offered his Holy Communion daily for the conversion of the two of them from the day they had entered Notre Dame. The secret was out. Mike was told about it, with his friend's permission, and he remarked: "That's funny. Every time I was alone in the room the idea came to me that I had to be a Catholic. I fought it. I tried to find reasons why I shouldn't be one, but they all convinced me that I should."

Mike then became an active missionary for the Faith. He started out to convert Ike, and his own mother and sister. He harangued them all the time about it. He was reminded that that was the wrong way to go about it, that his own case had given him sufficient demonstration of the power of prayer. Rebuffed constantly, he finally settled down to a campaign of supplication for them.

By the end of the sophomore year both of them had left Notre Dame, and they went to work in different parts of the country, seldom seeing each other. It was a year and a half later that a letter came from Ike -- a wildly enthusiastic letter which stated that he was taking instructions and expected to be received into the Church within a month. He said that lonely drives along country roads while going from town to town as a salesman had set him to thinking -- "and a man's bound to think of religion some time," he added, "if he has any brains at all. I saw that I was getting no place spiritually. My own religion meant nothing to me any more. Finally, one week-end I was tied up in a small town, and on Sunday night I went to church and heard the best sermon I had ever heard. Tuesday night I called on the priest who gave it, and stayed from seven till he put me out at eleven. It fills my thoughts all the time now."

A month later Mike's mother and sister dropped in by chance for a little visit at Notre Dame. The conversation drifted to Ike and his change of Faith, and Mike's mother interjected: "You know, my daughter and I are thinking of the same thing. We are just looking for a priest to give us instructions."

In Mike's own case it had taken just one month for the Grace of God to push him into Church; his own prayers for his family and friend had taken nearly three years and a half -- but the results all came within a month. Ike is now studying for the priesthood, and it wouldn't take so much of a shove to put Ike into the seminary with him.

Prayers.

Jos. Judge, of Freshman Hall, asks prayers for his father who was seriously injured in an explosion. Mr. Frank Major, of Mishawaka, benefactor of the University, died suddenly Wednesday. An aunt of Andrew Boyle died recently; she was the mother of Dan Carr, an alumnus. Two thanksgivings; three special intentions.