

Religious Bulletin
November 18, 1929.

Wow! What a Narrow Escape!

A good many times last Saturday afternoon you must have had some qualms of conscience for laying down on the team last week. And you must have made some promise that you should be in haste to fulfill.

You didn't lay down on the team? Oh, yes, you did. You gathered wood when you might have been at confession; you slept over in the morning when you should have been in the chapel. You wanted to give the team inspiration -- and the team has told you more than once that its inspiration comes from the chapel. And if you don't believe it, look at the week's statistics on Holy Communion:

1483	1269	1668	1303	1332	1403	713	Total
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Compare that with the seven days before the Army Game last year:

1759	1489	1531	1484	1428	1406	2014	11110
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Tuesday of last week, Rockne Day, was the only fairly decent day all week; and your let-down on Friday morning was deplorable. Perhaps the S.A.C. didn't advertise the fact that it had requested a Mass for Friday morning for the team; whatever the cause, there were only 104 Holy Communions during that Mass in the church Friday morning.

Perhaps you'd rather trust to luck and leave religion out of it. Where faith isn't very strong it's likely to go glimmering when there is a reverse; if that's the case with you, it would be better not to put too much strain on it. But if you still have faith, and are willing to believe that the Notre Dame football team has a mission to perform in creating friendly feeling for the Mother of God and Catholic education, do your part to make that faith a bit more active. And Here's a proposition:

Mass Of Thanksgiving Tomorrow.

At 6:25 tomorrow morning there will be a Mass in the church for two intentions: thanksgiving for the honor that has come to Christ the King and Our Lady of Victory (Patrons of last Saturday's Game) through the success of the football team; and reparation to these two heavenly Patrons for anything that happened Saturday night or Sunday in derogation to their honor.

This is a chance to show your true feelings. Your pep all went up in smoke last week, and for the moment you were out of your heads -- religion passed out of your lives. You have had time to come back to earth -- let's see now if you know what it's all about.

Frankly Pagan.

To a thinking man there is nothing more pitiful than the contemplation of the fallen state of men who should be Catholics but are frankly pagan. We have quite a few of them here. Perhaps the blood of martyrs runs in their veins; their ancestors at least sweat and labored and starved for the faith or they would not have it, even as a weak and watery birthright. But their hearts are cold to it. They are perfectly at home in a night club; they are lost in a church. God pity them!

Owners And Others.

This is not a lost-and-found (there is one in the Main Building), but Ray Totten wants to find the owner of a coat he found after football practice in the lot behind Sorin last week, and Bernard Murphy wants to know who found his wallet.

PRAYERS: Robert Lind's father is very ill; Tom Coughlin's father died last week. Three deceased persons, four special intentions.