

University of Notre Dame

Religious Bulletin

January 18, 1932

You Are In Debt To Brother Lawrence.

Brother Lawrence, one of the pioneers of the community, was buried this morning. He was a familiar figure on the campus. He was especially in evidence during these past months, making two or three trips a day inspecting the new buildings - and thanking God meanwhile for the blessings He had bestowed on the University. He used to drop into the Sorin chapel now and then during the morning, to make a visit of an hour of adoration, and watch the boys at their devotions.

You are in debt to him because every day he said the beads at least once that you would be good boys. He was intensely interested in the development of daily Communion at Notre Dame, and much of the growth of the devotion is probably, in God's eyes, laid at the feet of this good man of prayer. Pay off a bit of that debt by your prayers now for the repose of his soul. - And say a prayer now and then for some more of the venerable members of the community who pray for you just as Brother Lawrence did.

The Frenzied Correspondent.

An unsigned letter from an innocent lad takes Cardinal O'Connell to task for his condemnation of what they call "crooning." He winds up his tirade with this: "I'll simply say that I think Cardinal O'Connell was out of his realm, and what he says is false." -- Poor lad! As Father John Talbot Smith once said, he has all the assurance of the profoundly ignorant. Cardinal O'Connell is an accomplished musician, and one of this nation's greatest authorities on real music; he knows the difference between music and African moaning. The mash notes in a crooner's fan mail show that silly women the country over fall for the lure of a Congo swain. And you can remember this about cardinals: they are not wise because they are cardinals, but they are cardinals because they are wise. Rome isn't easily fooled; freshmen are.

Another correspondent, who signs himself "Alumni Hall," wants a definition of "blurb." If he had kept the Bulletin on the back of which he scribbled his note, and read it again with a little more attention, he would have found a descriptive definition - in the first line of the third paragraph.

\$101.41 for Bengal.

The collection at the Masses yesterday amounted to \$90.41 and two street car checks; to this amount was added \$10 which had come in since Christmas (five of it in one lump from "Only a Sophomore"); and \$1 which came in last night from a freshman whose pocket was empty when he went to church. The missionaries will be very grateful - and will pray for your intentions.

The Pledge.

Both pamphlet racks have a new supply of cards for those who wish to sign the pledge. It is suggested that it be signed only for a period of time short enough to insure fidelity to it. The limited pledge has this great advantage: when the temptation comes to break it, you can say to yourself, "I'd be an awful chump to break my word now, when by waiting a week or two I can take a drink and still be a man of my word." -- Some very good letters have come in on the proposition of an open campaign for the pledge; perhaps before the end of the week the Bulletin will start something on that line. More letters are in order.

PRAYERS: Al and Ted Hiegel, and Mr. Felix Duffy, C.S.C., ask prayers for deceased relatives. R. Jassoy's grandmother suffered a stroke recently. Leo Fagan's mother died yesterday morning. Relatives of Bill Fromm and Sam Ferrari are ill. Wm. J. Fox was called home last night by the death of his father. A brother of Bro. Cyprian is reported dying. The father of Jay Masenich, an alumnus, died last night. Several hundred names have been handed in for your Octave prayers. Nine special intentions.