
A Mother Asks Prayers For Her Son.

The Masses at 7:00 and 8:00 yesterday in the church were offered for the repose of the soul of Gerald DuJan, who died at the close of school last year as a result of an auto accident. There will be other Masses this week for the same intention; they will be said in the Sorin, Corby, Walsh, and Dillon Hall chapels.

Gerald's mother requests these Masses and asks you to keep up your prayers for her son. Her cross has been a hard one to bear. She has lost three sons through hard deaths in the past few years, and the burden of her grief has been heavy. But she finds consolation in the beautiful record Gerald made at Notre Dame, and her heart turns to his old school when she thinks of him. She wants to thank the priests who offered Masses for him, and the brothers and students whose prayers and Holy Communions were such a comfort to her last summer, and she asks you all to continue to remember him in your prayers. And she asks specifically that now and then you offer for the repose of his soul the following Spiritual Communion in verse which she clipped from the Indiana Catholic many years ago:

O Sacred Host so pure and white,
Bathed in the taper's flick'ring light,
Come to the soul that yearns for Thee
And bide awhile, dear Lord, with me!
Beneath the sacramental veil,
Reposing in the holy grail,
Upon the Altar's golden throne,
My faith and love see Thee alone.

Thy wondrous promise, Lord, I heard,
I take Thee, Jesus, at Thy word,
The pledge that I shall rise with Thee,
The pledge of life eternally;
Within the Cenacle's dim light,
Upon that Sacramental night,
My very soul Thy accents thrilled,
The promise and the pledge fulfilled.

Thy Body and Thy Blood my food,
Thy Body broken on the rood,
The Blood for my redemption shed,
The mystic feast of wine and bread.
Come then, my God and Saviour come,
Make Thou with me Thy humble home.
Not much can my poor heart afford,
Yet all I have is Thine, dear Lord.

What joy to feel that Thou art near,
I know not then nor doubt nor fear,
Like John my head upon Thy breast
Or in Thy arms like Mary pressed.
O leave me not, my Jesus, when
Thou com'st to visit me again,
My soul, my love, my every breath
Shall be for Thee in life and death.

-- L.J. Harrington.

PRAYERS: Deceased - Richard Prozobol's father; the mother of the late Ericel Twining, '14; the mother of Bill Carter, '27; relatives of Frank C. Donoghue, Frank Honerkamp, Eugene Lounsberry, and Mark Shoil. Ill - Austin Barlow, '30; a friend. Five sp. ints