

St. Vincent de Paul
benefit show
Washington Hall

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
December 11, 1933.

N. S. de Guadalupe
(Mass, Sorin, 6:25
tomorrow - La Raza)

"Ipsa Duce Non Fatigatur."

Twenty-five thousand confessions a year.... "ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis".... 25,000 time a year on the average.... and for forty-one years in the priesthood.... twenty-three of them as a Bishop who went into the confessional before 5:00 every morning and remained there until 9:00 (with time out only for his Mass).... what a record of zeal!

That was the life of the Most Reverend Bishop Chartrand, of Indianapolis - a full million confessions - and many millions of Communion, for he never let a penitent go without saying, "Never, never, never miss a Communion that you can possibly make."

When Pope Pius X designated Bishop Chartrand as Coadjutor Bishop of Indianapolis, in 1910, the zealous Apostle of Daily Communion looked into the Divine Office for a suitable motto for his coat-of-arms. In the Office of the Holy Name of Mary, three days before the day set for his consecration (the Feast of the Seven Dolors), he found in St. Bernard's praises of the Blessed Virgin a perfect description of what he asked of the Mother of God: "Ipse duce non fatigatur" - "Under her guidance you will not grow weary."

He never did grow weary! With his health seriously impaired for the past ten years, practically broken for the past three or four, he would not leave the confessional. It was his daily bread, his life! He always believed in the goodness of his people; he knew that they would be good, would be saints, if they would only use the means of grace - confession and daily Communion. He wanted to be there personally to encourage them on the path of perfection. So he stuck to his post.

He said his Mass as usual at five o'clock on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He heard confessions for a while, but could not continue. After a bit of rest he continued his other routine duties of the day, including adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which is always exposed on Fridays in the chapel of adoration he built alongside the cathedral. A few minutes before seven in the evening he suffered an attack of angina pectoris; there was a short struggle, lasting not more than fifteen minutes; then his soul was carried to God in the arms of the Blessed Mother, on the Feast of her Immaculate Conception, and while his faithful parishioners were adoring in the little chapel a few feet away.

He refused an archbishopric which, presumably, was to carry with it a Cardinal's hat. Appointed some years ago to the See of Cincinnati, he asked the Holy Father to reconsider the appointment, and allow him to remain as confessor to his people. For one month he was Archbishop-elect of Cincinnati, then the Holy Father reversed his decision and re-appointed him Bishop of Indianapolis.

Catholic education was with him as much a passion as daily Communion, and it was linked in his mind with charity. His million dollar high school was free; he sent at least a hundred through college at his own expense; he educated priests for poor dioceses. He fed the poor at his own door until meal tickets became a necessity; he kept hundreds going during the depression.

He loved Notre Dame. Thirty-seven boys from his high school are here now; many more have graduated. He used to ask for every one of them personally. He gave us his "purple prayer books" and was a mainstay of the pamphlet rack; he even suggested topics for the Religious Bulletin. And though he never saw a football game, he had an apostolic interest in Notre Dame's fortune on the gridiron. Encouragement - encouragement was his watchword. He, more than anyone else, encouraged Notre Dame to daily Communion. "Ipsa duce".... He did not tire under her guidance: he was a real Notre Dame man! I'm - the father of Dick Nash, '23, and John Clark (Carroll); Ray Morrissey's brother; K. Jackapelle's mother. -- Mass, Wed., 7:15, Dillon, for Joe Mason's mother (Villagers)