

University of Notre Dame
RELIGIOUS BULLETIN
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And Now, Dick Sullivan!

Last Thursday night, after four days of hopeless suffering, Dick Sullivan sensed that his death was very near.

He called first for his father and mother, then for a priest. He asked the priest to stay a while with him and say the beads. His breath was too short, but he could listen.

After the first decade he interrupted: "Tell the boy that I collided with, Father, not to worry. He was not at all responsible. It was just one of those things. Tell him that I have often prayed for him and that I'll remember him specially at Holy Communion tomorrow morning."

During the recitation of the beads that Thursday night, and in his last Holy Communion the next morning, he took pains to thank God for the five days of complete consciousness given him to prepare for death.

He remembered to offer his sufferings for his parents and for you.

Before the fourth decade, the Presentation—and Thursday, you remember, was the Feast of the Presentation—he recommended himself to the particular care of Our Blessed Lady.

These intentions he mentioned verbally to the priest who attended him late Thursday night and again before Communion early Friday morning. They were on his mind.

No one ever made a more edifying preparation to face his God. The entire five days and nights, before his actual death Friday evening at 8:20, were an uninterrupted retreat—a period of prayer and willing penance, of union with God and of complete resignation to His holy will.

Fully conscious from the moment that he was injured, knowing that he hardly had an outside chance to live, he never once complained, never once asked, "Why did this have to happen to me?"

Only once did he mention his obviously great suffering. Then he said, after he had heard you were making a novena: "Encourage them, Father, because I need prayer badly. I'm suffering plenty."

Was he fearful? A nurse asked him a little before the end: "Are you afraid?" "Not at all," he replied. "I'm ready to go when God wants me."

"I'm proud of you, Dick, you're a real Notre Dame man," the priest told him. Without opening his eyes, Dick smiled. He wanted to hear that. "O. K., Father," he answered.

Edifying deaths like that of Dick Sullivan do not come without reason. "As you live, so you shall die."

Intimate friends could say of Dick that he was clean, good-natured, jolly, and genuine. There was no pretense about Dick. He would go out of his way to help the other fellow and then mumble if anyone took notice.

Father Reynolds, his rector, appreciated his sterling worth. "Dick was a frequent visitor to the chapel. If any boy in St. Edward's Hall had to die we'd rather it were Dick. Nobody was better prepared from the point of view of a good and regular life."

And Notre Dame gives up to God another of her really great boys. May his rich eternal reward come soon to him! May Our Lady take a mother's care of the splendid parents whose Catholic Faith shows them the wisdom of his going!

In addition to the general student mass offered this morning in the main church for Dick, there will be masses for him tomorrow morning in three halls—Alumni, Corby, and St. Edward's. These three masses will be offered at the request of the Junior class. Juniors in each hall are specially urged to attend.

PRAYERS: (deceased) uncle of A. Jarrett. Ill, uncle of Bob Ervin; father of Dr. Harry McNeill, Fordham University.