

Mass, Fri. of St. Timothy,
p. 717 & 1080. One collect,
as in day's mass.

University of Notre Dame
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Ill, Mrs. Sibley; K. C. Lat-
timer (O.C.); Poto Kern (How.);
John Sexton (Lyons).

Irresistible "It."

For more than half a century Sister Lourdes washed pots and pans in the old kitchen--
topless piles of pans, endless rows of coffee pots, three times a day. Her job kept
her shrunken hands everlastingly in sloppy water; her aching back stooped everlastingly
ly over the weary sink.

"A student at the turn for you," they told her. And Sister Lourdes straightened up
from the sink, dried her hands and cheerfully hobbled over to hear again that oft-re-
peated plea: "I got up a little late, Sister. Would you give me a cup of coffee and
anything else you have?"

"Sure, sure, poor dear." And "anything else" brought buns and butter and a chop.

The marvel to everyone was Sister Lourdes' friendly smile under all circumstances.
That didn't come naturally--not always. If it wasn't high sanctity, then it was high
sanctity's first fragrance.

One who revered Sister Lourdes as a saint, asked her for some little remembrance as
she lay on her death-bed. A yellow newspaper clipping she tore from her prayer book.
It had been there for years. Early in life she had practically memorized it, she con-
fided. She had tried to make its philosophy her daily offering to God. And here is
what the clipping said:

No matter how disagreeable your work, or how much trouble you may have, re-
solve that, whatever comes to you or does not come to you, you will keep
sweet, that you will not allow your disposition to sour, that you will face
the sunlight, no matter how deep the shadows.

The determination to be cheerful will discourage multitudes of little worries
that would otherwise harass you.

If you cannot get rid of a trouble, do as the oyster does with the grain of
sand that gets into the shell and irritates it. Cover it with a pearl. Do as
you would with an ugly rock or stump on your grounds. Cover it with ivy or
roses, or something else which will beautify it. You can make poetry out of
the prosiest life, and bring sunshine into the darkest home; you can develop
beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings. It is not circumstance so
much as attitude of mind that gives happiness.

"Nothing can disturb his good nature," said a man of one of his employees;
"that's why I like him. It does not matter how much I scold him or find fault
with him, he is always sunny. He never lays up anything against me, never re-
sents anything." Who can estimate the value of a nature so sunny that it at-
tracts everybody, repels nobody? Everybody wants to get near sunny people;
everybody likes to know them. They open, without effort, doors which morose
natures are obliged to pry open with great difficulty, or perhaps cannot open
at all.

We all love the one who believes the sun still shines when he cannot see it.
A potted rose in a window will turn its face away from the darkness toward the
light. Turn it as often as you will, it always turns away from the darkness
and lifts its face upward toward the sun.

So we, instinctively, shrink from cold, melancholy, inky natures, and turn our
faces toward the bright, the cheerful and the sunny. There is more virtue
in one sunbeam than in a whole atmosphere of cloud and gloom.

Your ability to carry your own sunshine with you, your own lubricant, your
own light, so that, no matter how heavy the load or dark the way, you will be
equal to the emergency, will measure your ability to continue and to achieve.

PRAYERS: (deceased) friends of Dan Donovan and of Joe Moore (Corby); Father Kent,
diocese of Brooklyn. Ill, Father Egan, friend of Wade Kelleher, '35; mother of a
friend of Norman Brassour (Off-campus); Mr. J. Lee Johnson, Fort Worth, Texas; mother
of Joe McDonald (Freshman); mother of Mr. John G. Burns '27.