

These Favors, Saint Joseph!



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I doubt, St. Joseph, that there were as many glaring temptations in your day as there are in mine. You had no movies in Nazareth and no billboards and newspapers and magazines.

But the pagans of your day couldn't have been much different from modern pagans. They probably tried, somehow, to exchange filth for money, even in little towns like Nazareth.

I suppose there were lewd mouths on the streets, in shops, and even, sometimes, on rostrums, that talked pagan immorality to the young men of your day.

You were once young yourself, St. Joseph; you had your temptations. But you kept yourself so clean in all that environment that God chose you to be the spouse of His young and beautiful Mother. You must have been troubled and afraid when that announcement came to you. It was so strange—your fiancée a virgin, who, still as a virgin, would become a mother, mother of the Christ!

Divine Providence seems to have placed many burdens upon your shoulders. What of the embarrassing trip to Bethlehem with no accommodations at the inns! What of mad Herod scheming with power and violence, and the fugitive trip into Egypt! What of the three gloomy days when the Christ-child was lost to you and Mary in Jerusalem.

Oh I know that God could have saved you all those anxieties. But He didn't. He tested your prudence and your courage and loyalty, as your young chastity He had proved by trial. God has His reason in your life, as He has His reason in mine.

Tomorrow on your feast, St. Joseph, I ask you, not that I may be free from temptations, but rather, two other great graces: that I may be pure, and die happily in spite of temptation; and that, some day, I may head a family that you and Our Lady will be proud of and that God will abundantly bless.

And This, Mother of Sorrows!

Hours are bound to come, especially in married life, when I must know the lesson of self-sacrifice. Otherwise I shall be a faithless and cowardly husband and father. I must be able to bear mental and physical suffering like a man.

Suffering must be mysteriously fruitful, or Christ Himself would never have suffered; and certainly He would never have let you and His followers suffer.

Tomorrow is (besides the feast of St. Joseph) your feast of sorrows, your Good Friday. It commemorates your part in the Passion, your three agonizing hours on Calvary with your Son.

These days between your Good Friday and Christ's are sacred days. I would like to spend them in your spirit. Make your thoughts and your prayers mine. Show me, Good Mother, how these days before Calvary may make me stronger than an army against sin.



Masses Sunday: 6:00; 6:45; 7:30; 8:15. No sermons; be on time!

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Tim Galvin; father of Raymond F. Kohin, '24; father-in-law of Prof. R. A. Hoyer; friend of Brother Angelus, C.S.C. Ill, mother of Jim Quinn (Walsh); Russell Redgate (Dill.); cousin of Phil. Sheridan (off-campus); Professor Myers.