

Mass, 7, Sunday, for Al
Smith's father. Commerce
Forum members, attend!

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
April 9, 1937.

Chesterton Fund still grow-
ing. Added acknowledgments:
\$5, \$1.50, \$1.

Little Old Lady Of New York.

Young men especially like to think that they are excellent exemplars of moral and physical courage. But the life-story of one little old lady of 83 years will bring blushes to many a strong face. Through the kindness of Hugh A. O'Donnell, a prominent New York Alumnus, we obtain the facts:

Last week John V. Hinkel of the New York Times asked Notre Dame prayers for Mrs. Anne Kitson, a sick little lady of 83 years. She was the widow of the internationally-known sculptor, Samuel J. Kitson, who died more than thirty years ago. Since his death her residence has been at 27 West 67th Street. There for thirty years she endeared herself to all the artists on that strangest of streets where live the celebrities who "have arrived."

Mr. Kitson was a genuine artist, the first foreigner and Protestant to win the Pope's prize for sculpture. He has many statues in the National Cemetery at Arlington. In Washington, too, there are the Sheridan and Sherman busts by him, and in the Boston library, the Longfellow bust. For the public park in Hartford he it was who sculptured the arch. New York is filled with his creations, among them the bust of Tilden, famous governor of New York, and that of Orestes A. Brownson, who is buried under the church at Notre Dame. The models of her husband's works Mrs. Kitson gave to Gorhams, New York silversmiths, who were to fill orders and give her commissions. They are still there, excepting one, "Christ The King," which the glacier-priest, Father Hubbard, recently bought. It is to be placed at the farthest point in Alaska overlooking Siberia.

But to get back to the little lady herself. She became a convert to the Catholic Church and, before her husband's death, made a vow that if God would give him the same Faith she never in her life would complain about anything. That difficult vow she actually kept. She lived with a smile all the days, handing out charity right and left to the unemployed, to transients--even to cats and dogs--to everything that lived and breathed. (Once she entertained a Notre Dame Glee Club, and frequently N. D. graduates on the search for their first job in New York.)

For more than thirty years she went to Mass and Holy Communion daily at six o'clock in the morning; and, afternoons and evenings, she haunted the Blessed Sacrament church at Broadway and 71st Street. She was a living saint, the most perfect exponent of practical Christianity that I have ever known. Fittingly, she died on Holy Thursday, feast of the Holy Eucharist. The funeral service was on Saturday, the Requiem Mass on Monday. The clergy knew her great virtue and outdid themselves to show her every honor. The Blessed Sacrament choir, famous all over the United States, furnished wonderful music, and Monsignor Keegan, with his assistants, not only led the casket to the altar but followed it out when the service was over. This was their final tribute and affectionate farewell.

For ten days before her death she had been "indisposed," she termed it, "with influenza." The doctors at first agreed with her, but upon diagnosing her condition found an operation necessary. The x-ray at the hospital told plenty. The little old lady didn't have one chance in a thousand. But she would take whatever chance she had; even she could endure pain no longer. They found her packed with cancer. Its tendrils ran all over her body, excepting through her heart and lungs. A narcotic in the spine permitted her to be conscious. But she smiled all the way as she had lived; and she died without complaint. She had kept her vow to the last.

The Eucharistic Christ was her love and strength. Even at 83 years she could bear fruit for Him. That brought to her face the smile which radiated through pain, misfortune, and many thankless charities.

Prayer: (deceased) uncle of Gene Dolan (How.). Ill, grandmother of Jack Gillespie.