
The Golfball Learns A Lesson.

"It's not my fault. He gashes me with his five iron, curses me with his tongue, then hooks me behind this big-backed bunker. As if I can help it! My lie, I'll admit, is none too desirable even for a good golfer....Here he comes, hotter than iron pouring...If he'd only keep his head down and swing through me easily we'd be o.k. on this next shot...But wait, someone's talking to him....Is it the Padre?"

"Ask pardon of God," the older voice is saying. "God hears you and that's what should worry you."

"Aw, on the level, Father," my boy friend puts in, "do you think God minds? My swearing is just a way of getting relief."

"Your 'swearing.' You've been cursing not swearing. Swearing is to ask God to witness the truth of what you say. Now you know you weren't doing that. Cursing is to wish God to damn something to hell. And if I understood you correctly, your expression made some such request.

"You curse for 'relief'! I submit to you, could you do a more stupid thing than that? The God to whom you will pray tonight at your bedside you, in a fit of temper, ask to damn a golfball...Preposterous..."

"Oh, Father, I don't mean anything like that. It's only a habit of mine.."

"Only a habit! Don't you know that you're responsible for the bad habits you form? One day you took care and effort to say what you have said so glibly now. Bad habits you have an obligation to correct. People who hear don't excuse you from guilt just because you curse through habit. They naturally wonder why you don't correct the habit. And I have a sneaking feeling that God expects the same thing."

"Yes, I know, Father, everyone must try to correct his bad habits. But this one of cursing I don't seem to have any control over."

"You certainly don't curse in the presence of your Mother or when you're with your girl friend, do you? Doesn't that show some control? You have the control all right, if you'll put yourself out enough to use it. If some big friend of yours swung from his heels and connected with the point of your chin every time he heard you curse, I dare say that your cursing would be soon corrected."

"I guess you've got something there, Father. What would you advise me to do to break the habit, besides having some husky punch me on the chin?"

"I'd advise you to single out that expression I just heard you use and wage a war against it. Watch yourself carefully. For every slip, give a nickel, or a dime, or a quarter to charity--the amount will be determined by the degree of your determination. Stick by that program no matter how much it cuts in. Then see if you don't correct yourself.... And now that you're yourself again, let's see you get out of this tall grass...Swell! It's your best shot of the day...Golf, you see, like everything else in life isn't improved by fits of temper."

"You're absolutely right, Father," chimed in the golfball. "And, take it from me, if everyone felt the same way, this job of being knocked around a golf course would be a whole lot more pleasant."

PRAYERS: (deceased) friends of Ben (Carroll) and Father John Stack; uncle of Charles Duke (Sorin). Ill, friend of John Webster (Lyons); Sister Mary Xavier O.P.; Prof. J. Klinohert (U. OF Mich.); friends of Bob Cronin ('37); father of Rev. R. J. Grimm C.S.C. and Al (Walsh) Grimm; Ed Simonich (Harvard). Three special intentions.