

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
December 20, 1937.

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You Have It Coming.

Stop your growling. It's credit, not abuse, that you're going to get in this the last Bulletin of 1937. Your Christmas Novena for Parents was tops. You began with a bang and held up. Skads of people, you know, can start well, but the common thing is to fade out. Seventeen hundred of you got away together on the 10th and kept going. Kept going, morning after morning, in the cold.

Christmas Adoration was an inspiration to yourselves and to everyone who witnessed it. New highs you reached in attendance. You came on time for your periods and often stayed longer than required. You had your hearts in what you were doing. Anyone could tell that.

What you did for your parents was invaluable, worth all you put into the Novena, and, of course, far more. But what you did for yourselves was even as much. That's the beauty of spiritual gifts: one gets out of them at least as much as he gives. Always.

A moment more before you pick up the Gladstone to go. This month you have given the priests many a pre-Christmas thrill. Funny men, they get a kick out of seeing old Sorin turn out almost unanimously on a cold morning for Father Farley; out of the unusually large attendances at special Masses for the mother of Professor Rich, of Matthew, John, and Francis Payne, of Gene Gormley.

This sort of thing they especially like: Paul Nowak, of the Monogram Club, insisting that, in spite of inclement weather, the Mass for Gene Gormley's mother should be at 6:25 in the main church "so that all the boys can receive Holy Communion for her."

Thanks for such consolabilia.

One must be careful, however. You go too easily for this patting on the back. Watch your step when you're home. Quagmire culture is endeavoring to change the consciences of all college men and women.

But you know that assignment is too large even for Quagmire. College men and women have their own way of getting at truth, and reason informs one that what's right and wrong doesn't change.

Knowing that, don't stand as wobbly as a stalk of lukewarm asparagus in the face of what "others say and do."

Give the folks a blow. The family, after all these months, wants to know whether you're growing snooty, girl-crazy, indolent, literary, or fat. Put in some long evenings when they're all together with you so that they can check up. Your mother expects a few private sessions, no doubt, when she has you all to herself. Dad too in these days of recession likely has some confidential matters to go over. Give the folks a break.

And remember: next Friday, Christmas eve, is a day of fast and abstinence, of spiritual preparation for Christ's coming. Imagine how St. Joseph spent the eve. Try to approach his reverent spirit. The day after Christmas is Sunday, don't forget. The following Saturday is New Year's, a holyday of obligation, requiring attendance at Mass. And celebrate the night before in a manner befitting an intelligent Catholic. Au revoir. May you and all the family enjoy the happiest and most blessed Christmas. CORRECTION for Friday's Bulletin: Eddie Mahon should be listed as ill instead of as deceased.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Rev. Romanus F. Butia, S.M. (Catholic Univ.); Sister M. Felix C.S.C.; grandfather of Geo. Fenn (Dil.); friend of John Ellis (Bro.) cousin of Tim King (off-camp.). Ill, John McCasley (Bro.) and Joe Reynolds (Dil.), operations; mother of Fr. Wm. Carey; friend of Gene Ryan; grandmother of Roy Partik; Mrs. Thompson.