

University of Notre Dame
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Hey, A Little Zip!

Now just because you've started on a new semester, don't take things too easy. The only right time for vacation is after you finish your task. Summer's not far. And, besides, don't be soft: to save your soul is a pretty big job. In spiritual things you can never let down: you must faithfully run the course till you snip the finish tape of Life and Death. To store up resistance and fight against those unremitting temptations you face every day, you need every grace, every Mass and Communion that God will give you.

Wake Up and Live!

Not like Bernie and Winchell (You do that very well), our version of Wake Up and Live is a mite different. Wake up at 6:00 or 6:15 and live, really live, by getting down on time to Mass and Holy Communion. "As I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me." Breakfast first each day with the Lord, eat the Bread of Life. Then you'll live with life divine. And you'll be in a better fettle to crack that hard-boiled egg, to swiggle your coffee, to smile at the sour face of that griping young fellow just across from you, who rarely or never receives. He's not awake. He doesn't live.

Where Were the Other Nine

last Sunday? Any place but the Sacred Heart Church, so here's the announcements again, in part (the big one is coming tomorrow).

Wednesday's the Feast of the Purification not of obligation like Christmas and Easter, but impressive to every loyal Notre Dame Man who makes it a point to console and honor the best of Mothers by Holy Communion and preferably at Mass.

This Thursday is not Ash-Wednesday, but there'll be the regular Ash-Wednesday crowd rushing to get their throats blessed. Ask St. Blase to protect you against ills of the throat; even ask him, if need be, to cure a bad tongue. In the Basement, Dillon, Howard, and Cavanaugh chapels, during the same periods in which

PRAYERS: (deceased) Dr. J. J. Brownson, grandson of Orestes A. Brownson; Mrs. Langford (Chicago). Ill, (gravely) mother of Fr. J. O'Connell C.S.C.; Dick Ball (Cav.); friend of Bill Hawes (Bro); friend of Bob Mullen (Walsh); aunt of Kyron Hanlon.

Communion is distributed you may receive this sacramental. Rectors will arrange an appropriate time for the blessing in their respective chapels.

Just a Reminder. Don't break up that string of the Nine First Fridays. Perchance it's broken: then start anew. And, by the way, sign up for the Adoration; use the schedule that will soon be posted on your bulletin board. Try to fill the "weaker" periods, the midafternoon ones. No excuse, with 3,000 brethren around, to leave Him alone.

Toast For The Old Infirmary.

No, not breakfast in bed (Let's hope not). Welcome, newcomers. And, listen, follow the Brownsonites into the Basement Chapel. It's tough not to have a private chapel, of course, but God rewards the cheerful self-sacrifice of the generous giver. If you should accidentally sleep in, pick up the snow-tracks from good old St. Ed's to the Cavanaugh Chapel. Communion is distributed there until 9:00. For medals and chains knock gently at 107. (Gently)

Thoughts for Tomorrow.

Pray during the Mass each day for the graces your Missal suggests.

The most pure Mother of God submitted to the legal formality of the Purification because she respected exactly God's law. May she purify us, so needy of purification, and merit for us the strength to be ever more fussy about keeping God's law.

Because, at last, the eyes of the faithful Simeon beheld the Lord, his heart was at peace. Daily we see--even receive--that same Lord: if we're not at peace, the fault is not His. We must keep striving to match the patience and longing of Simeon.

This day is also called Candlemas Day. If the Church of God sees fit to bless pure wax, how she will bless a pure man....