

Mass for recovery of  
Father Farley, Thurs.,  
7:20 a.m. Dillon Chapel.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Up In The Air.

Commercial aviators ride what is called the radio beam, a straight line of sound between airports, an infallible guiding line. Should the pilots deviate from either side of this objective radio line, a check automatically sounds in his ears and he can swiftly correct his course. The company pilot also enjoys two-way communication with the airports beneath him, so that he can keep in constant touch with weather reports. At any moment, in trouble, he can seek advice.

Is The Radio Beam Important?

One day, four years ago, the United States Government cancelled its airmail contracts with private commercial companies and, by an extraordinary executive order, the President transferred the charge of flying the mail to the Army Air Corps. In a single week of the new arrangement, seven army pilots dropped to their death -- more fatalities than the commercial pilots had suffered in over a year.

The army flier had no radio beam to fly, no two-way wireless apparatus by which to summon help in case of emergency. So, when distress came, he had to face it alone. And often the pitiless storms slapped his plane to the prairie or marshland or into a lake.

You Also Fly.

No, you are not angels yet. But by no stretch of fancy, your journey towards God, the quest of your soul's salvation, is not altogether unlike the ride of the airmail. The way, most of the time, is stormy, Christ's Way of the Holy Cross.

Perhaps the flying today has been smooth through a serene, blue sky. It is not so for long. Soon your plane pushes into the cloud of disgust or into the black night of discouragement. Or some ill wind of passion blows, an unsavory thought flashes across your mind, seeks admission, or Satan himself stirs up an irregular motion in your body or soul. God knows, maybe a squall of delusion or scruples is lurking ahead. Or, as your soul hovers,

PRAYERS: (deceased) Art Lydon '17. Ill, Brother Willibrord C. S. C.; father of Geo. O'Neil (Dillon); grandmother of John R. Gordon (Mor). Five spec.ints., one most spec.int.

in its perilous journey, over the canyon of sin, the thunder and lightning of almost ungovernable temptation are liable to hurl you spinning and crashing to the gulley below, unless you are riding the radio beam of spiritual direction and are making use of your chance for a two-way talk with the priest.

Frankness with him, an honest avowal of your inclinations, struggles, victories and falls; an account of your prayer and your use of the sacraments, frankness in these things is a positive guarantee against every peril that stands between you and your eternal possession of God.

But a sullen secretiveness about your temptations, a silent brooding over your sins, distrust of the priest hold you back from any true spiritual progress.

Your Radio Beam,

on the journey of life, is consultation. Go to the priest. He knows the route well. He knows the map of life, its ports, fogs, storms. And he is no quack psychoanalyst. Aided by the grace of his office and the power of Christ in the sacraments he administers, he will set you on the right path to virtue and God. With patience and kindness, in imitation of Christ, he will strive always to keep you going ahead.

Don't say you don't need him. You needed your parents to teach you how to walk and talk. You need your teachers to instruct you in metaphysics and math. "If anyone undertakes," said St. Bernard, "to be his own guide, he makes himself scholar to a fool." And the fundamental reason of this is that you are too close to yourself to judge correctly. You lose perspective. The molehill does look like a mountain. Besides when you're blue, you can't cheer yourself.

"We may be safe," wrote Father Faber, "without a director, but only if we choose to sit down in the dust and ashes of low attainment."

To make real progress, consult, some night, your Prefect of Religion, or any other priest you prefer. They want to help you.