

Everybody up tomorrow for
the last First Friday on
campus. Confessions till

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 5, 1938.

ten tonite in Dil-How-Cav
and tomorrow morning 6:30
to 7 in every hall chapel

A Senior At The Grotto.

Our Blessed Lady may never have set foot
among the pines of these clean, strong
rocks.

But if she were to come visibly to the
campus, this is the spot she would choose.

Even the song of the birds here is rever-
ent. Hallowed and peaceful seems the
air that one breathes.

Let me settle down, now, to real prayer.

I am, near June, close to a crossroad,
and very soon I must turn right or left.

One road seems wide and smooth. Along it
I see a large, white home which belongs
to me. In front stands a golden-haired
girl smiling as I come.

I greet her and, arm in arm, we enter.

Visitors come in costly cars....Voices
over the telephone ask advice....We are
influential, wealthy.

Years hurry on and I am gray, more im-
portant, more wealthy....

One day I feel weary, then sick. The
priest comes, I get ready, and die.

Important I still look there in the large
bronze casket. Headlines tell of my
charities.

A mass of rich gray hair, once golden,
shakes convulsively in grief over my
corpse.

Those young voices speaking comfort through
their own choking tears are familiar to
me indeed.

I have seen the beginning, the middle,
and the end of one road that will wel-
come me this June.

The other road? It looks barren and for-
bidding at the start.

But, hidden in the trees, after a stretch,
I see on green fruitful ground a large

building and, moving about it, black-robed
figures in prayer.

I am one of them.

That other building farther on is a church

Can it be I at the altar? There in the
confessional near the door? Up in that
pulpit?

In that poor home over the hill near the
tracks?

Only when I have grown feeble do I realize
how the years have rushed by.

One day comes, I die.

They put me in vestments in a cheap box
covered with black cloth.

Mourners take up a tiny pine twig, dip it
in holy water, sprinkle my corpse, then
kneel to pray.

Someone is saying above me, "Whosoever
loseth his life for My sake shall find it
unto life everlasting."

Which road, Wise Lady, does God want me
to choose?

You have a great work on earth to accom-
plish for your Son. Maybe you even feel
that your advice may be biased.

But I shall trust you.

Would you like me to help you in this
fertile apostolate with young men at Notre
Dame? In any other place?

In the foreign missions? In a parish or
place of contemplative prayer?

Or do you want me to be one of your loyal
ones in the world?

Let me bravely open my eyes to see. Let
me, having seen, courageously choose.

And, having chosen, let me take my way
generously and follow it nobly to the end.

PRAYERS: (deceased) wife of Mayor Wm. A. Dooley (Highland Park, Ill.); cousin of
Frank Donlon, Ill, father of Pete Pankey (Cav); mother of Ben Murdock. Four spec. ints.