

Pray for storm victims
in the East.....

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
September 23, 1938

Sat. Mission Mass for
intentions of all the
students.

Cheating At Solitaire.

Life is like solitaire: it's a game you have to play alone. For when you get down to cold facts, you alone are responsible for your destiny. Bad example may lead you into sins against temperance or purity. But ultimately only you have the power to deliver your soul in Heaven or Hell. It all depends on how you play the game.

Day before yesterday one of the rectors threw a morning check. It surprised him to find twenty-seven "Missionites" sleeping in. At the same time in the Main Church other hungry souls were clamoring for the Bread of Life.

In the Caf last night two groups of "Missionites" were laughing and talking, having a good old confab. Meantime their religious-minded companions were sitting in the silence of a sermon on Judgment.

The walk around St. Joseph's Lake is never so beautiful as at night. So thought two Freshmen who couldn't find seats behind the Main Altar the night the sermon on death was preached.

In the street car yesterday afternoon one Freshman boasted that he and his new acquaintance from Kibosh Center had missed every sermon. "It's easy," he bragged. "Just stick to your room and keep the transom closed."

Now you may pass through four years here at Notre Dame just like these men and never be called on the carpet. Graduate with high honors if you will; pooh-pooh the constant stress on right Catholic living, on assistance at Mass and the reception of daily Communion. But if you haven't acquired the habit of living in the state of grace, haven't tried to overcome your evil inclinations; if instead you've continually nursed the same weaknesses and defects of character, you're a cheat. Your education is a failure.

Countless aids all around you may help save your soul. But even here at Notre Dame these are just helps and no more. God is willing and waiting-- always. Do you meet Him half way?

If you're one of the absentee "Missionites" hiding under tables in the Caf, climbing trees on the lake shore, well--aren't you presuming on God's mercy? Give yourself a break. Play square. Join the next Mission. Dig into your conscience. Sometimes opportunity knocks but once. Howl with the wolves if you want to. Race through life and gamble on its outcome.

But suppose your day of reckoning dawned this morning? What of tonight? Will Eternity look upon you as a fool who cheated and gambled and lost his immortal soul?

Faithful "Missionites" have played the game right. They're not Notre Dame's worry. They are the stuff of which real men, saints, are made. When they put away the cards, they'll win the glorious crown Christ promised for those who love and serve Him.

PRAYERS: Ill, Jack Coughlin '39; Sr. M. Naomi (Accident). Five special intentions.

