

7:25 Cavanaugh Mass  
Wed. and Thurs. for  
Stan Adamonis' Mother.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
October 18, 1938

Class of Inquiry to-  
nite and Thurs. 6:45.  
How. Confessions 6:30.

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God Always Gives Us Real Heroes.

From the City Hospital in Cleveland, George Belting, propped up in bed, writes this stirring letter of thanks:

"In spite of the fact that it is very painful for me to write, I can no longer restrain myself from thanking you and the other Notre Dame men who made the recent Belting victory possible. The credit, Father, all belongs to the students. Their prayers and Holy Communions brought me through. Assure them they have merited my undying gratitude.

"Just a word about the operations. The first time, August 27th, they removed three ribs. A little later they removed four more. Naturally I have lost a great deal of weight, now 125 pounds. There is still quite a bit of pain, but I don't mind that, 'cause it gives me a chance to offer up something to Him who was so kind to me.

"Last Saturday I offered it up for the team and Elmer Layden. No one would give me any score on the game until it was over. Then, when one of the doctors came in and told me Notre Dame had won, I felt the boys had won it for me. I don't know why I felt that way, I just did. . . May God bless and keep you all in his loving care."

Keep coming along, George. And how about offering up a little of the pain for a few of your younger brothers here who still think it's vacation? If they had some of your stuff, Indian summer or no, they'd get down to work and study. But, George, suffer especially for those who, since returning to school, have not yet renewed their acquaintance, sacramentally, with Our Blessed Lord. If they would remember, like you, the kindness of "Him", they would not whimper about kneeling down and confessing their sins. They need only a little courage to make amends and start over. Deep down they all want to, but for some inconceivable reason, they seem afraid of the priest. Imagine that, George! Nary a shudder and you face the "Doc" who is armed with scalpels, wrenches and hacksaws. And these few unthinking fellows steer clear of a simple priest, unarmed. His only arms are like Christ's. They would embrace the sinner. His right arm, already raised, is waiting to bless. George, you pray for those birds.

The Last Five Days Of A Catholic Boy.

Mass was offered this morning at Notre Dame for a thirteen year old Pennsylvania lad who died just a year ago. He could not be called an ordinary boy, as you will agree. His great earthly love (beside love for his parents) was for Knute Rockne. "Bud" Keddie had always wanted to be schooled by "Rock" and when "Rock" died, "Bud" still pointed to Notre Dame and to Layden.

Last year on October 12th, while at play, young Keddie fell out of a tree, broke his arm in two places. Running home, he met his Mother. "Don't cry," he said to her, "I won't, if you won't." The boy kept his word. Friday, "Bud" lost his arm. Once as the nurse turned him over, he groaned, then quickly said: "I'm sorry." She told the father: "I don't see how a boy, so brave, can die." But God couldn't wait long for "Bud". After he died, his nurse, a kindly, Protestant girl, begged for one of his medals.

When Mr. and Mrs. Keddie visited Notre Dame, they were most impressed by the Grotto. On their return, they built one of their own in memory of "Bud". They pray (and we do) for courage to live and die as their son did. Mr. Keddie says he could write a whole book called The Last Five Days Of A Catholic Boy. . . . (Keep us in mind, "Bud.")

PRAYERS: (deceased) Bill Schrum (funeral this morning); mother of Joseph Hilbert (Al.); friend of Bill Geddes (Dillon); friend of Howard McIntosh (Cav.); friend of Wm. Miller (Mahn); friend of Joe Thesing (St. Eds.); grandmother of Bernard (Walsh) and Robert (Cav.) Gagen. Ill, aunt of Alfred Callan (Howard); (seriously) friend of Dick Korrigan (Lyons); father of Chas. Stine (Off-Campus); Mr. William Quirk. Seven special intentions.