

"Dome" Christmas cards
at bookstore. Proceeds
for the Missions. (Ill)
Rev. L. Sullivan, C.S.C.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
December 17, 1938.

Last regular Bulletin
before the vacation.
Happy New Year! Back
on time for 1st Quiz.

One Star.

Firmly Napoleon believed in his star of destiny. "Don't you see it there?" he asked General Rapp one day. The good general saw nothing.

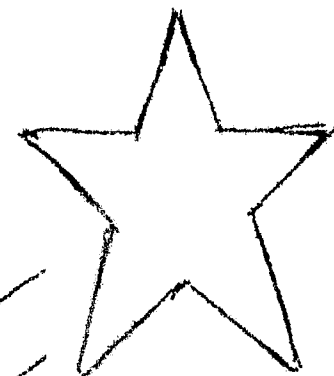
"What? You don't see it? It's my star. It's gleaming right before your eyes. It's never forsaken me. I see it on all the great occasions of my life.

Hallucination, if you will, but this star filled Napoleon with tremendous self-confidence. It made him almost invincible. In his presence soldiers laughed at death, vied one with another to prove their prowess before this man whom they loved.

Another Star.

The Star of Bethlehem is no hallucination, no sentimental figment. It's reality. Shepherds and kings followed it. They found the stable in which Christ was born.

Here before the cradle of divinity the ignorance of shepherds and the wisdom of kings met and kissed. In Mary's Infant laid on straw, the poverty of humanity and the wealth of divinity struck its common denominator. Such is the mystery of Christmas.



Each of you has a star of destiny. Not the fixed star about which astrologers rave, But a moving star, a star that leads both rich and poor to the humble cave at Bethlehem.

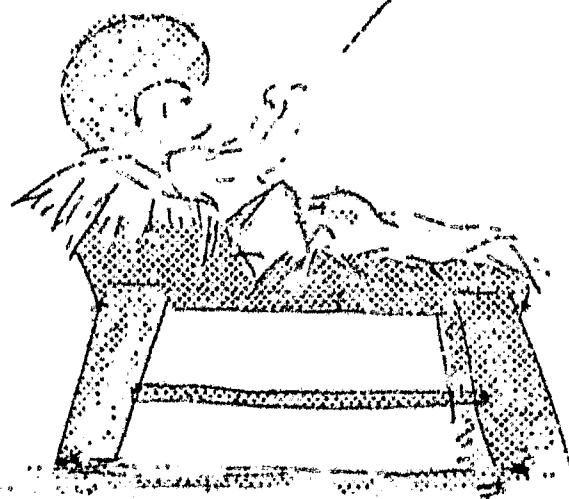
Street-corner philosophers teach you that world salvation consists only in economic and social security, in man's mastering his environment, in material wealth and good times. But you know better. Your salvation, the whole world's, is to be found not in a theory, not in a practice, nor in anything merely human. You find it in God-Made-Man, a Person-- the Person of Christ.

And on Christmas day this year you won't find Christ in the public inn, nor will stars of the night-club point Him out. Keep your eyes on Bethlehem's star. On Christmas adore. This means Christ and the Mass.

You are rich or poor. You may be king or shepherd. Either way you must look for the Infant God and give. Give Him your love.

Where do you look? How will you recognize Him? He may be walking past your home this very night, a hungry, thirsty, poorly clad stranger. He may be selling Sunday papers at State and Madison. He may be just a forgotten child of God, hidden away, sickly, in a lonely cell.

This is all clear after meditation and prayer. Look at the crib and Christ-child. Is not the Infant already saying:



You want to love me? Give food to the hungry; drink to the thirsty; shelter to the stranger; clothes to the naked....Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me.

You have a star of destiny. Let it lead you to Christ. Merry Christmas.

SPECIAL PRAYERS: (deceased) Mr. John Boylston, Chicago, benefactor of the University.
PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Gerard Naumann (Al.), Ill, mother of Geo. Greene (Bad.);
Fr. Geo. McCarthy (Chicago); aunt of John VonHarz (Dil.); mother of Don Hengel (Mor.)
(seriously) friend of Jack Joyce (Bad.); John Wolf. Two thanksgivings. Eight spec.ints.