

ASCENSION THURSDAY
DAY OF OBLIGATION
MASSES SAME AS SUN.
NO "ADCRATICN" BUT....

University of Notre Dame
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...BENEDICTION AT 7:00
AND 7:30. *** NOVENA
FOR EXAMS, PEACE AND
JOBS STARTS TOMORROW.

Why March Through
The Fields At Dawn?

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW When the Bulletin relates something that happened about five-thirty in the morning, it's tantamount to a revelation, because at that early hour you are warmly cuddled in the arms of Mesmer or Morpheus.

Nonetheless, as you tossed in your dreams these last three mornings, shortly after dawn a long procession of blackrobed brothers and surpliced seminarians and priests left Sacred Heart Church, chanting the Litany of the Saints. They moved past the Grotto, following Cross and candles, up the straight, black country-like road toward St. Mary's, through the tall blossoming trees to the Calvary knoll west of Moreau Seminary.

This march through the fields at dawn is an example of realism in liturgy. These days are called the "Rogation Days." Rog comes from "I pray" or "I ask." They are days of official asking, of public prayer.

WHAT IS ASKED FOR? What is the mind of the Church? For her children, for the whole human race, deliverance from evil. In springtime, especially, deliverance from grain blight, God's blessing asked for healthy crops. It is God, after all, "who giveth the increase." Paul plants and Apollo waters. Only God gives new life.

YOU ARE CITY-FOLK You are used to every modern convenience. More often you applaud the work of man's hands than God's. You admire the finishing touch on the latest skyscraper. (Yet what a low altitude that is for God!) You marvel at the latest novelty the radio has brought to your elbow. It is the speed of the newspaper "extra" you're thinking of. Or man's strides against thunder, lightning and rain are the wonders you praise.

You take the whole world and yourselves for granted. Days at a time you live without serious reflection on God's holy providence. You leave Him out of this busy progressive world. Or is it progressive?

With you it is simply a question whether the milkman was able to read, in the dark, that unusual note you left him, requesting an extra half-pint of heavy cream. Did the grocery boy leave your bacon and eggs? *** Yet how strange. You know nothing about feeding, much less milking a cow; fattening a hog; perhaps even where to look for fresh eggs. Your urban life is, so to speak, man-made and electric. When you turn to give thanks, or to ask you are always facing a man: the plumber, the laundry man, the chain-baker.

THE CITY IS FAR FROM GOD There is something sound, very basic and human, in "back-to-the-land" ideas, in consumer "co-ops," in natural, open-air, social and sociable life as against the cooped up, sophisticated, "must-live-in-the-city" idea. *** But what a radical thought! College men, wasting their education to live in the fresh air! Men spending four years at books, methods, accounting! then not going out to make codles of money. *** Our traditions of the twentieth century are so against it. But, then, the twentieth-century world hardly has room for God and the simple realities of field, stream and farm, except insofar as these afford a business man a bit of weekend recreation.

IT'S THE SAME WAY WITH WAR You take up the morning's paper. Has war set Europe ablaze yet? Perhaps you secretly hope for the extermination of Russia. That, you think, will end Communism. Or you prefer to see small nations rise up triumphant against Herr Hitler. You are thinking again in terms of men and of earthly might. You watch one nation's planes against another's dreadnoughts. You forget God's strong arm, His love of peace, His hatred of bloodshed.

THE CHURCH CONSERVATIVE & RADICAL There is something so sane and deep and lovable about the liturgical year. It is steeped in the best traditions of centuries. It seems to move so slowly. Yet it strikes at the roots of nature. And lifts man above nature to God!

PRAYERS:(deceased) grandmother of Tom McKenna (Dil.). Ill, (appendectomy) John Baltes (Morr-Sub); Vince Ryan (Howard); (serious operation) aunt of Bob Wille (How). 3 sp.ints.