

Christmas Novena Spiritual
Bouquet Cards available at
racks; in Church; 117, 106, 107.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
December 14, 1939.

Five 7:20 Dillon Masses for
Jerry DuWan '32 and brothers.
Two thanksgivings to B.V.M.

Father Freddie Schmidt, Holy Cross Missionary Among The Mexicans,
Writes To The Prefect of Religion, His Classmate, For Assistance.

Dear Frank: Your letter saying you'd do whatever you can to help me sounds like an answer from heaven to the most fervent prayer I ever uttered. There are no two ways about it, my set-up down here among the destitute Mexicans flops if God's Providence and your Notre Dame students don't come through. I'll be out of a job I love.

I can't keep sponging on Father Tom's precious missions. Nor can I rely, as I used to, on "Mendy's" financial support for he has been changed to another section. If he were still here, I should have no worries about bread and butter and how to get around. Despite all, I'm really at peace, calmly practising the art of the lasso, so I can draw these poor people into the "ranch" of their fathers' grandfathers.

My stations are miles apart. Half my families are tucked away on ranches hard to get at. Some of my people scarcely know the word Catholic. They say they think they heard it sometime someplace, they're not sure. Half my grown-ups have never heard Mass. And all, none excepted, are dreadfully poor. Here at St. Helen's in Georgetown, my chief station, they live in tents, tin shacks and log-cabins. Their spiritual poverty can't be described. It all makes me "hot" -- ready at any cost or risk to myself to introduce Christ among them, to feed them bread and the Bread of Life.

Let me repeat part of my conversation last Monday with Father Bill Roach, pastor at Lampasus fifty miles northwest of my place. The things we spoke of are so close to our hearts, I remember our words verbatim: (I dropped in on him unexpectedly)

Fr. Fred: I hope I didn't disturb your siesta. How're the sinuses?

Fr. Bill: Step in. Welcome to Lampasus!

Fr. Fred: I thought I'd stop by. Yesterday I had the usual Masses at Burnet and Bertram, then went over to Marble Falls to lead rosary devotions in the cottage of Casimiro Castaneda. There are many marriages to be blessed. The children can't even make the sign of the Cross. Casimiro says that's nothing, the parents can't either.

Fr. Bill: How many families at Marble Falls?

Fr. Fred: I've counted twenty so far. There are more across the Colorado in San Antonio territory. Marble Falls is on the border line between the two dioceses. It's a most abandoned spot. Your's is the nearest Church, thirty-six miles; mine is fifty in another direction. I wish I had my own jalopy and could stay there a while. I'm sure God wants it. How're the Mexicans at Lampasus here?

Fr. Bill: Not so good, though for some unknown reason lots of them are coming

to the American Mass. But there's no Spanish sermon nor hymns and it's a good walk from the Mexican quarter.

Fr. Fred: Have you had a chance to look over your Spanish?

Fr. Bill: Take a look at my day and see if I have. The Americans keep me busy all the time. Yesterday, for example I had a baptism, a funeral, three sick calls and the regular Sunday Masses at Lampasus and Lometa--and bad sinuses!

Fr. Fred: Ever since the days of Padre Francisco, the "Gypsy Priest," whom I was privileged to help a bit, I have loved these people and wanted to help them. They are poor but fine souls. I'll give two Sunday afternoons a month to your Mexicans, Bill. And I can start December 31st, the Mexicans' Thanksgiving Day, hearing confessions in Spanish. We'll spread a belated Christmas party for them!

Fr. Bill: My hand on it. The parish house is always open, your room ever ready. Let's place all in Mary's hands.

Well, that was the gist of our chatter, Frank. Can't you help us? Can't you wiggle some cash out of the students? They'll be getting ready for Christmas, buying gifts. Tell them that down here Christ needs a jalopy to get around to His Mexicans!

PRAYERS: (Stroke) Sister Mary Louis, formerly head of the Student Infirmary; (ill) friend of Ralph Carbasi (Z); (appendectomy) Dick Postula (Detroit); Bernice Cesarz; father of Bob McLeod (Sor); Sr. Francis Craven; Mrs. Thos. Flood; Mrs. Joyaux; friend, F. Hopkins; (Deceased) brother of Fr. Broughal, CSC; grandmother of J.O'Dea (How); aunt, H. Gottren.