

Drama.

In the manifold relations of God and man since the days of Adam and Eve, no moment has been packed with such excitement, such heroism, such tremendous consequence as the moment Our Lord's face dropped lifeless upon His cold, white chest. For at that precise moment, and not before, was the Drama of Human Redemption accomplished. Not till that moment arrived could Our Saviour say, "It is finished."

Drama Again.

That same drama of human sin overcome by divine love is re-enacted every day in the modern world: in the Alps, in the icy wastes of the Arctic Circle, in these midwest plains, in pagan China, even in atheist U.S.S.R. The re-enactment of that last sigh, "It is finished;" the re-enactment of Infinite Love sacrificing Itself on the Cross out of love for men is the Mass. So the spectacle of the Mass is far worthier of your critical attention, more deserving of a "review" than the greatest stage-plays you could take in (had you the time, the money, the "cuts") on Broadway this winter.

Tragedy.

In view of this truth, it is something for the lovers of Christ to cry about, to think about, to act about and to pray about-- that the world is so disinterested in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It is something for the Prefect of Religion at Notre Dame to ponder-- that the young Catholic men in his spiritual charge should dwell, literally, in the House of the Lord (for Our Eucharistic Master occupies the first room in every one of Notre Dame's residence halls); that they should sleep but a few paces from the sacrificial altar of Mass and yet remain sleeping morning after morning during the Drama.

No Comedy.

There is nothing funny about Lyons' Pajama Parade: supposedly adult Catholics marching to the chapel door to register for a measly check, then making an about face from the Mass. Is not that an insult to Christ on the Cross-- or, worse still than cold insult, is it not lukewarm indifference?

The bell-rings and rings and rings in Alumni at 6:00, 6:15, 6:30. It gets under somebody's skin and you hear his voice reaching into the chapel: Shut the dangd thing off! That, from a man who is to take his place in the world affairs in six days or six months; that, from a man who professes to love Christ above all, who understands the necessity he is under of carrying his cross daily to be a Christian. Of course, the bell is a clatter-- but not an unholy one. \*\*\* If the Mass is the Drama of Calvary, let this senior think to himself how he might have responded, had he been alive and asleep in Jerusalem the day of Our Saviour's death, to the noise and tumult of the Palestinian throng tramping through the streets, marching the Way of the Cross. Here is one bet: that curiosity; that love of the dying Messiah; that respect for himself; that hate for indifference and contempt for selfish sleepiness would have moved him to share in the Sacrifice of the Cross.

Get Into The Drama Yourself.

Tomorrow night at 5:15 and every night at 5:15 till the eve of Palm Sunday, Father Mathis will explain the morrow's Mass. Place: the Bernini (Adoration) Chapel. Purpose: to help you to offer the Mass daily, intelligently, in union with the celebrant; to help you incorporate the theme of each day's Mass (intreit, epistle, gospel, etc.) into your life. Remember the time: 5:15. And: daily at 6:15 A.M. in the Chapel of the Main Building (fourth floor) Father Mathis and company will offer the Dialog Mass. The first forty of you are invited to share in the Dialog Mass; the rest of you should share in the handier Mass-- Mass in your own hall chapel daily at 6:00 and 6:25.

(DYING) Mother of Bob Centlivre (Wal); (DECEASED) sister of Jack Davis (Cnv); 3 SP. INT