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Tomorrow Is Her Feast Day.

We kneel with Bernadette and pray to you, our Mother; to you who have listened to so many of our worries; and, mother-like, you have given us comfort and strength.

Today we need your help and the help of your Divine Son so much. The world, our country, the future of us, your sons, seem to be in such a mess. So we come to you, our Mother and our Queen. We often think of you as suggesting only purity, tenderness, queenliness, sweetness and a hundred other lovely, gracious qualities; but your motherliness and strength shine out today -- a beacon in the fog and storm of our doubt and troubles.

We easily recall some of your words spoken at Lourdes, "I am the Immaculate Conception", but so seldom do we recall that you repeated most earnestly to Bernadette, "Penance, penance."; and that your face grew sad when you said that, with the memory of sin's hideousness and God's justice.

It all seems so clear when we stand here and talk things over with you. We and the world have deserted God, your Divine Son and you, and now we are reaping the wages of our sins and the world's sins.

We were just foolish when we tried to find happiness and peace in worldly standards and pleasures. We should have known. Look at the mess brought about by worldly standards and pleasures, by our drifting away from you and your Divine Son.

We were thoughtless, not malicious; and, mother-like, you'll understand us and forgive us and welcome us back.

Bring us back -- bring the whole world back -- to your feet and the feet of your Divine Son. Only then can we have the peace, security and strength which your Divine Son promised the night before He died, "My peace I leave you, My peace I give you. Not as the world giveth, do I give unto you."

We're through with sin. We're sick with discouragement and doubt. Purify us; strengthen us; give us the strength to face the future clear-eyed, bravely, confident that you will bring good out of any harm that faces us.

Guide our statesmen; protect our country, you who are its Patroness; protect each one of us, your sons, against injuries if war does come; cure our sick -- and don't forget Van.

We'll do penance; and we count on you, our Mother, to pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death.

PRAYERS. Dec.: Uncle of Dick (Car.) and Jack (Scr.) Boyle. Ill: Sister Mary Barbara (Chicago); Sister of Father John Gallagher (B-P); Friend of Louis Kurtz (Ly.); 4 Spec. Int.

Deceased: Sister of Coach Keegan

