

A Senior Does Some Thinking.

Dear Father:

The wording of this letter might not please an English major, its reasoning might not stand up before an analytical A.B., and its religion might not even please you. But I'd like to let you in on a little serious thinking that I've been doing in order to get your opinion on the matter.

Just to get the setup straight, I'm a senior Engineer (a classification that is complementary or derogatory depending on which side of the fence one is on, or which way one's nose sticks up in the air). My morning-check average is lower than my scholastic record. In other words I'm not one of the halo-boys with a caf book. Rather, like my average hall-mate, as your records will show, I find it exceedingly difficult to get up in the morning. Though I usually manage to make enough checks to keep on the good side of the campus list, you would not be proud of the few times that I have received Communion and the fewer times that I have heard a week-day Mass from the "In nomine Patris..."

Now Lent is coming up, a time of penance, holiness and serious thought. This is the last Lent that I will spend here on the campus. After June - the army (under present conditions my deferment will carry me to July 1st), unless my technical education places me in an industrial position where I can be of greater service to the country while it is arming for defense. At this time even war does not seem unlikely. But whether it is to be life in an army camp, in an industrial position or at the front, there is one thing darned certain - I'll never again have the facilities or the conveniences that are provided here on the campus for daily Mass and Communion.

And so, during the naturally religious period of Lent in this home stretch of my college life, I am going to be down in our hall chapel every day for the whole Mass and Communion. The Lord and you know that I need all the prayers I can pile up. With the future so uncertain and threatening, the thing to do, as I see it, is to make a little spiritual hay while the sun is shining. It is hard to get out of a warm bed early in the morning and I may not be able to do it, but doggone it if I can't do it here at the University where the chapel is in the same building, where will I be able to do it?

On these cold, dark Lenten mornings when an alarm clock or my roomie or a friendly neighbor bellows, "Get out of bed," I hope - no, I am going to "get to Heaven out of bed."

Yours,

A Senior

Dear Senior: No one can find fault with your English, your logic or your theology. You've figured things out better than if you had used a slide-rule. May we suggest that you have these general intentions at every Mass: reparation for the sins of the world, a return to God by the world, and a just and lasting peace?

\*\*\*\*\*

The crowd at the Main Church on Ash Wednesday indicated that many, including other seniors, are doing a "little serious thinking". The "Missionaries" of St. Ed's were quite noticeably on hand with their flocks, too. Lent is like spring practice, and you know how important that is.

PRAYERS. Deceased: Mrs. Ann Skelton; Mrs. Margaret Walsh; Uncle of Bob Fushelberger, (How); Friend of Bill Amann (Car); Mrs. Fred Skeyhan; Paul Ferguson; Mother of Richard D. Daley. "17:11: Bill Cronin (2); operation; Rev. Paul Fork, C.S.C., critically ill; Mrs. McLeary, 5 Special Intentions.