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Tonight's Sermon: Design For Living

We were not made for just the three score and ten years, which man account fulness of life. We live - or die eternally.

Since we are to live eternally, and to live as sons of God, God gives us a blueprint of life in His law. Far more than that, He gives us His Son to be our Model in living like sons of God.

Jesus is a model imitable for all. Thirty out of thirty-three years, He gave to the lesson of Nazareth, the greatness of little things. Even in the austere perfection of His Passion, He condescends to our weakness, so that we shall not be discouraged by our lack of heroic relish for suffering.

Jesus is a model that attracts to imitation. We can never love abstract honesty, purity, meekness in a way that can stand against the solicitations of flesh and blood; but we can so love the just Christ, the pure and meek Christ.

Jesus is a model that endows with strength to follow. He is not content with giving merely a good example by His own perfect acts. He merits for us the strength to live in like manner.

St. John 1:31: "These things are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, you may have life in His name."

Ellen Bucks

Act I (Last Wednesday afternoon)

Scene: Junior Class officials allotting profits from a fine from various charities.

A: Say, that House of Hospitality in town run by our own students, A and B, ought to get something. They give food and lodging to the poor of all classes; no religious, race or color lines drawn. Everything is contributed - some St. Mary's girls took down potatoes and stuff - or is collected by the students. You know, sometimes they haven't enough mattresses, then the students sleep on the springs. Their backs must look like cross-word puzzles. What do you say to 50 bucks for them?

Chorus: 50 bucks!

(X's motion is carried).

Act II (Following Saturday).

Scene: Campus. A priest hails A who has a worried look.

Priest: Say, I think I know where you can get a little help for your "guests". But first tell me, what saint you prayed to?

A: We said plenty to St. Joseph last Wednesday, his feast day. B just sent me out here to rustle something up. We're down to two potatoes for 30 "guests". I guess it's just potato soup for the "guests" and us over the week-end.

Priest: No St. Joseph? I thought so. Well, go over and get a check for the 50 bucks the Juniors voted for you.

(A's body is carried off.)