

Ill. mother of Bill  
Smyth (Car); friend  
of Tony Rinella (Dil)...

University of Notre Dame  
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...father of Dick  
Hogan (Z); mother of  
Jack Sprague (Morr).

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Behold Thy Mother.

Every year on the second Sunday in May our heart returns to its right place. On that day Christians, Jews and pagans forget all wedges of divergence and join in a common feast, the fitness of which appeals indiscriminately to all. It is Mothers' Day, a beautiful, brief season of white and red flowers. No woman is forgotten, save perhaps that Woman for whom the first Mothers' Day was inaugurated and proclaimed with infinite publicity from a Cross.

WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON - these words were almost sacramental, comparable in their solemn implication and consequence to the words Christ spoke the night He changed the supper bread and wine into Himself. That moment Mary was transformed into another, vaster, more cosmic personality. She was no longer only the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, but now the mother of all men. Once before she bore these when her Son came to her at Bethlehem. Ah, but that birth was too ecstatic - men aren't born with such angelic ease. Men come through the passages of death unto life. So now she would bear them again amid all the epic pangs of crucifixion.

BEHOLD THY MOTHER - lo, we too are consecrated. We lose our own selfish, isolated identities and become part of a huge, world-wide unity with Christ as our brother and our head. We become related to Him with a tie stronger than any of flesh and blood, more abiding than life and death. For now we are common sons of a common Mother.

Mothers' Day, beautiful as it is in sentiment, nevertheless, stands as a wistful reproof to our callousness. If we really loved, every day would be Mothers' Day. And yet, as if we ran love on a schedule, we need a reminder - one day in which we may try to make up for a year's neglect. And are we not just as apt to neglect the Mother God gave us? Because our days are so full of demanding interests we may easily forget Her in our minds. But if we really love Her, we shall never forget in the faculty of the will. After all, love is a thing of the will. If it remains on only in the mind it is a beautiful, but sterile, theory. The will puts the theory to work. Our love can find no better, more wilful expression than in the daily consecration of ourselves to Mary at Mass. For it is at Mass that we have all the mystic atmosphere, all the reality of that first Mothers' Day when Christ gave up His Mother for love of us and Mary gave up God!  
(By Rev. C.J.L.)

Pilgrimage to Grotto Sunday.

Catholics of South Bend and vicinity, in their observance of Mothers' Day, quite properly desire to honor Our Lady, model Mother, and Mother of us all.

Hundreds of them are going to make a pilgrimage to join your singing at the Grotto this Sunday, Mothers' Day, at 6:30. May every student be there to join with the visitors from South Bend, Mishawaka and St. Mary's in a common song of praise to Our Lady, followed by Benediction at the Grotto.

Jim Improves - But Keep Praying.

Jim McMichaels and his family thank you sincerely for your prayers and all those who volunteered to be blood donors. At the hospital, they say prayers are pulling Jim through. During the long vigil Wednesday night the priests, brothers, sisters and students at his bed-side could see the effect of your fervent prayers as Jim's temperature slowly descended from the top of 108.70.

Jim isn't entirely out of danger yet, so please keep praying and add a note of thanksgiving for his progress so far.