

Eve of Feast of  
St. Joseph.

Dear Saint Joseph,

You weren't an old man, gray, bent and wrinkled when you took the virgin Mary as your spouse. You were a young man about my age. I just heard today that the old artists give us a wrong impression of your age. I'm glad you were young. It's easier to imitate you when I know your life was more like my own.

Naturally, St. Joseph, I have been thinking about girls and a happy marriage during this Novena. I've been trying to get your idea of womanhood and motherhood. But gosh, at times it's hard, when some fellows around me make light of girls and motherhood. You must have had the same trouble. I recall now what St. Paul said about impurity in his day and I can gather that you too had to contend with men and girls with low ideals. I like to think that many times when you were doing carpentry in some shop in the business district of Nazareth and foul-mouthed young men exchanged suggestive stories within your hearing, you presented yourself, showed your strong arm, and put them to silence.

Someday I hope to be a father, St. Joseph. If I think of the joy and the love there is in fatherhood, I am not forgetting that it brings many hardships. Something got inside me during this Novena. When I saw you take up the Babe and His mother in the midst of the night - at the behest of the angel - and hurry into Egypt to escape the terrible Herod, I made up my mind that I would always watch over my wife and children in spite of suffering. It must have been a grace working. But I mean it, and I have confidence that I can do it.

You were a man's man, St. Joseph. That's why I'm attracted towards you. You were subject to temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil, just like I am. I have read that:

You had anxieties.  
Your chastity was tested,  
And so was your courage and loyalty.  
You had temptations - and conquered them.

Just like my life - that's why I delight in looking up to you, knowing you will understand my problems.

But about the girl. I hope she is thinking along the same lines I am, of ideals, a family, that there can be happiness in marriage. You have a good girl for me, I know. When are you going to let us meet? I'll be upset if you send her now. I'm leaving for the army next month. Better wait until after the war. Get our Blessed Mother to watch over her. Keep her pure. Let her make a few sacrifices now for practice sake.

And in the army when I am thrown in with men of every description, give me good sense, and your courage and loyalty to principle. You came through many a battle. With your help, so will I. I'll be at Mass tomorrow.

Gratefully,

John

PRAYERS: (Ill) son of Dr. Wm. Dinnen ('02); Bro. Jarlath, C.S.C.; Seven spec. int.  
(Deceased) Mr. James F. Kennedy.