

N.D. World War II Dead

3. Lt. Milton Connelly ex. '43  
Rosary Wed. 7:00 for him.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
November 3, 1942

Rosary and Benediction  
Tonight in Church: 7:00  
For Poor Souls.

-- --

SCENE: Entrance to Pearly Gates.  
CHARACTERS: A Sophomore and St. Peter.  
TIME: This morning.

"Hey there, Peter, you can't do this to me."

"Saint Peter to you, young man. And what can't I do to you?"

"You can't keep me out of heaven like this. I died in the state of grace. I have a right to heaven. Open up. Hurry, this fire is hot."

"Oh no, I don't see any word on the records from the Master saying you were to get immediate entrance. It might interest you to know that there is a note on the deficit side saying you are to spend a number of years and days in Purgatory working off a few debts."

"What debts? I didn't kill anybody. I'm in sanctifying grace. Catch up with the news. Satan was around me when I was dying. Caused me plenty trouble, too. But when my soul left my body, it passed right by him. Was I tickled when I heard him say: 'He got away'. He heard that I was saved. Why aren't you on the job paying attention to God's business?"

"You are wrong at your figures, young man. It's not enough to die in the state of grace. This gate opens only when you have made reparation for every offence committed against God. I don't see anything on the books to the effect that by prayer, good works, Mass or the Sacraments you repaired a number of old habits."

"What do you mean? I must suffer in that pit of suffering with those others until things are balanced."

"You are beginning to see the truth."

"Wait a minute! I have made some sacrifices. What about my pain when I was dying? A week of it. That should have covered plenty."

"You're right. There was plenty to cover. A lot was wiped off, but not all. There are some small but important matters that you seemed to forget completely. Let's see. There's coming late to Sunday Mass twice a month. Repeated complaints about the coffee where you ate - calling it Mishawaka water. Most unkind and unjust, lad! But I can't stand here all day and argue with you. Get going, Saint Michael, hurry this fellow down below."

"Can't do it, Saint Peter. You must open the gates and let this fellow in."

"How's that, Michael? Are you giving orders around here, too?"

"No, Saint Peter. It's this way. I just got word from Our Blessed Lady that her boys at Notre Dame are saying the Rosary every night for the Poor Souls. One senior applied his Monday Rosary to a needy college student and Our Blessed Lady, seeing the plight of this gentleman here, applied the plenary indulgence to him. His debts are paid in full. So you must let him in."

"Help me with this gate, Michael. Come in, son. Mighty glad to have you with us. Are you lucky to have that gang of real men at Notre Dame thinking about needy fellows like you. Now run up and thank the Good Mother who is guiding those students with the rosaries."