

N.D. World War 11 Dead.
16. Edward Schreiber
Rosary tonight for him.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 18, 1942

Tonight at 7:00 Ben. &
Rosary in thanksgiving
for Our Lady.

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1842, III. From Vincennes to Notre Dame 1942

Nov. 18, 1842: We rose at an early hour, after having slept in our blankets around the fire-place. Brother Anselm had laid out the altar linens and the vestments on a table at the end of the room. As Father Sorin began to vest, the man who owns this farm--his name is Glannon, and he is from Limerick--touched Father Sorin on the arm and whispered something to him.

Father Sorin laid aside the amice and went into the next room. We could see Glannon's legs and feet as he knelt to make his confession. In a few moments, the priest returned to vest for Mass, and Glannon came back and knelt in a far corner. Glannon received Holy Communion, but we Brothers did not for we had received just the day before, and you must know, you modern fellows, that it was not the fashion a century ago to partake of the Sacred Species more than twice a week.

Seven o'clock: We started on the road north toward Terre Haute. We do not expect to reach it this day, for it is quite a distance. We who are with the ox-team have to go slowly. None of us rode, but walked beside our load. The road is very bad and full of holes. Now and then we strike a rut and the wagon tips. Brother Basil, a giant of a man, shouts a word of warning and puts his shoulder to the side of the rick until all is steady.

Nine o'clock: Father Sorin climbs down from the wagon which precedes us and walks back to us of the ox-team. As we started out today, we had all remarked that it was not so cold. But we had now changed our minds. There was less wind, perhaps, but it seemed very cold. I never felt anything like this in Ireland.

We watch Father Sorin as he comes toward us. He is a brave man. Among ourselves, we often talk of his courage and his daring. Not a single one of us would ever have the nerve to do what he is doing. It is only his confidence that gives us strength to follow him.

"Brothers", he says, "we are going along very well. We have made about eight miles already, and the road ahead of us seems more level. By noon, if all goes well, we will have come twenty miles on our journey."

Twenty miles! That will be only one tenth of the entire trip! Ten days like this! I feel almost like turning back!

But then, I glance at the priest. In his strong, firm face, framed in the long black hair that falls to his shoulders, I see something that makes me ashamed of my cowardice. His black eyes, crowned by great, bushy eyebrows, hold some fascinating fire, and I banish the thought of turning back. Does he sense my weakness? He walks beside me. He asks how I am feeling. Did I rest well during the night?

"Let us say the Salve Regina, Brother Peter. I will say it in French. You say it in English!"

We say it slowly. When we come to the end, he speaks in my tongue: "Our Life, Our Sweetness and Our Hope!" Three times he repeats it, and I with him. Then he turns his face to mine, and he smiles with great tenderness. There is a broad grin on my face, too.

Lightly, he touches my arm two or three times, and goes back to talk to Brother Patrick.

DILLON REPRESENTS STUDENTS OF 100 YEARS AT CENTENARY NOVENA TONIGHT.

TOMORROW: ZAHM.

PRAYERS: (deceased) E.B. Mahoney; Colonel Jim McKee; mother of Mr. James Martin, C.S.C.