

Servers are needed for  
6:00 and 6:30 Masses  
in Basement Chapel

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
November 20, 1944

Confession and Communion  
All morning in Sorin  
Chapel, Press buzzer.

### Thanksgiving Day Is For Thanksgiving.

Somewhere in France there is an 18 year old boy, a Catholic, fighting with the American Army. Observations made by him in a recent letter to his mother are worth pondering over as Thanksgiving Day approaches. After reading these paragraphs you should become keenly aware of the blessings which God has lavished upon you, notably good parents, a home, friends and sufficient food.

"My French isn't improving very much at all. I can understand and speak a little to a Free French soldier friend of mine I met here. He is twenty-three years old and has been fighting the Germans ever since they killed his folks, which he said was about three years ago or more. They fight with German stuff that they captured and trade some of it off for cigarettes and things, as they have a lot of captured German equipment.

"It really is something to realize what we are fighting for, Mom, after seeing these people, towns, homes and things demolished and I'm sure glad that I am an American. It seems we have everything a person could want, and these people have so little, and they look bewildered.

"I don't like it at all and hope and pray that this is the last of wars. You just get a big lump in your throat to see an old couple looking at what used to be their house, picking up a pan or part of a chair and just let off a big sigh. A sigh of grief and bitter hatred against the Germans. I sometimes wish that I could do something for them or help them, even a little. And when you go up to them and try to talk with them they'd give you an apple or pear even if they only had a few to eat themselves. The lump in your throat gets bigger and you can't say anything for a while but motion your head in thanks. You see an old lady carrying or pushing a cart full of personal belongings or wood and you feel helpless and full of shame that you can't push it for her or help her carry it.

"I am writing this to let you know how I feel. I don't ever want you or Grams to become like that old lady. I guess I am like you, Mom, softhearted, but when the tough part comes we pull ourselves through without begging someone to offer us a hand."

### A Catholic's Thanksgiving

We can say, "Thanks, God" and let our expression of gratitude go at that. This should be the practice of every person after a little favor has been received, like the recovery of a lost article, an escape from injury, success in some venture. History records the story of a saintly old man who was accustomed to express his thanks so frequently that people nicknamed him "Brother Deo Gratias" (Deo Gratias: Latin for "May God be thanked.")

Though our short, hurried words of gratitude please God, they are not perfect nor are they infinite. They leave something wanting. Perfect thanksgiving is given to God through the Sacrifice of the Mass, for in that sacred ceremony, at the solemn moment of Consecration, Our Blessed Savior offers His gratitude, which is perfect, and He gives it to us to offer as our own.

So there is where every truly grateful Catholic will begin his Thanksgiving Day-- with Christ at Mass.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Brother Just, C.S.C.; Kate Corbett, sister of Wm. J. Corbett (N.D. lay trustee); Allen Schafer (Wisconsin quarterback). (Ill) Bud Kralovec, U.S.N.R. (formerly of N.D. V-12), pneumonia; son of Maisie Ward; grandmother of Dot and Kay Abel, dying. 4 Special Intentions.