

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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Brother Canute Is Dead.

Death came suddenly to Brother Canute. He was in Washington hall at the movie Saturday afternoon. God called him quietly during the course of the show. When the lights were turned on after the performance, it was discovered what had happened.

The news of the tragedy travelled rapidly. Three laymen, old friends of Brother, hurried to the hall to see if they could help. They knelt in prayer while the rosary was recited. Their first remark to the religious on watch was, "Brother Canute was an institution at Notre Dame." When old grads hear of his death, they will voice the same opinion. Brother came to Holy Cross in 1891. He was here for 55 years.

Brother Canute never lived on the campus proper. He always lodged in one of the houses of the community around St. Joseph's lake. But he visited the campus often. You will remember him by his shuffle brought on by lameness in one leg that became pronounced by repeated fractures. Brother loved a little "chew."; that accounts for the perpetual motion of his jaws which you must have noticed. If you were at the local basketball game last Tuesday night you would have seen Brother in his "reserved" seat. He was always there for the games, and he took the same spot, just off the main aisle as you enter, on the first tier of the west bleachers.

Brother Canute knew Rockne when "Roc" was a student on the campus. Former Coach Elmer Layden was a very special friend. A great affection sprang up between him and Marchy Schwartz, Notre Dame's famous All-American in the '30s. A few years ago, when Marchy brought his Stanford team for a home game, Brother sat on the players bench with Marty and his team.

What gave Brother a place in your heart was his rich sense of humor. He had a way of making you love even the stories about his pet doves. And if he happened by your office as he cruised about the campus on some errand, the sound of his approaching shuffle always made you feel like stopping in your work to refresh yourself by exchanging a few remarks with him as he sat down to get a second-wind. The angels and saints are going to enjoy having him around.'

How wrong you would be to think that Brother spent little time at work. He made the rounds of the campus only on his off-hours. For fifty-five years he was in the service of his community. There are hundreds of priests, brothers and old students who will always remember him with gratitude as the kind infirmarian. He was a nurse, without a diploma. Our Lord will be obliged to reward him richly for the times he stayed up nights tending the sick and the dying. Old students recall him with gladness for his frequent visits to their sick room to look after their wants and to inject a little cheerfulness. You have heard of saints who longed to take care of difficult cases. Well, Brother Canute had the same spirit. He bathed many running sores and bound up many open wounds and washed cancerous bodies. You came to see his true worth when he worked about the sickbed.

Brother Canute must be in Heaven. Because he possessed the key that opens the Heavenly Gates. He had about him the simplicity of a child, and that is the condition on which Christ rewards the soul: "Unless you become like little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven."

Brother Canute was a walking sermon on loyalty to friends, humility and devotion to duty. It's your obligation to carry on where he left off. And another thing, be ready to die at any moment.