

Benediction Saturday
at 11:00 A.M.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
February 27, 1947

Late daily Masses:
Dillon and Cavanaugh
at 7:20.

Let Your Feet Down.

On one of the war-canoe crews of a boat club in a coastal city, not many years ago, was a man named Gilmore, who could not swim. That there might be no misunderstanding at a critical moment, such as a capsize, for instance, it was planned that a member of the crew who paddled directly behind Gilmore was to look after him. This chap was a holder of life-saving medals, and the job was no imposition. Gilmore's inability to swim was more than compensated for by his extraordinarily skillful paddling. In any event he was an asset to the crew.

One day the emergency came. The men were paddling a half-mile race at a terrific clip across the mouth of a sandy bay. A long log-boom drawn across and anchored outside the course served only nominally to break the big rollers that a stiff wind was sending down. The race was being paddled across these long, yeasty swells. Mean paddling! The canoe rose broadside on the forward slope of one of the big seas, balanced on the crest, and instead of slithering down the other side, turned completely over! Fifteen husky, laughing men and innumerable paddles and kneepads were in a grand mixup. The great canoe played whale, rolling boisterously in the foam-capped sea. It was a bad situation.

Satisfied that Gilmore was clinging securely enough to the half-submerged boat, the life-saver companion went to the aid of a fellow whose foot had not come out of the toe clip quickly enough when the boat capsized.

Minutes lengthened out extraordinarily in this sort of situation. It seemed to Gilmore a long time before his companion came back. The water was cold -- he had gone in hot in the midst of tremendous muscular effort. The bobbing and shifting canoe was hard to hold unto.

"Are you all right?" finally called the life-saver.

"I can hold on, I think. That launch won't be very long now."

"I'm going under the boat to see if there's anybody --" The life-saver disappeared before he finished the sentence. But he was back in a minute, shaking the water out of his eyes, and grinning at Gilmore. "Let down your feet," he said.

Gilmore did. He found himself standing on a clean sand beach, the water just up to his neck. The canoe had drifted into the shallows. An occasional wave lifted Gilmore off his feet, over his depth, but he knew where the beach was now. He grinned too.
(As told in Reverse Your Field)

Have confidence! Our Blessed Lord and Our Lady will take care of you, no matter how dark the outlook on any situation. Let yourself down into their protecting arms.

Easter Duty.

The period in which a Catholic must make his Easter Communion opened last Sunday, the First Sunday of Lent. Holy Communion received on Ash Wednesday does not fulfill the law. Those who have been away from confession for a long while will find a confessor at night prayer in their hall chapel. The Prefects of Religion (Dillon and Cavanaugh) hear confessions from 7:30 until 10:00 nightly; press the buzzer at the chapel door to call them.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Isadore Dockweiler, father of Henry, '12 and Thomas, '12, Dockweiler. Two Special Intentions. Two Thanksgivings.