

Prayers

(deceased) aunt of Joe Scheidler (Cav); Bob McLaughlin, relative of Craig Hewitt (How); Mrs. Nora Guihan; friend of Dick Kopf (Wal); Edward Alonzo, brother-in-law of Prof. Llorens (Hist. Dept); Joseph Ruzza (Anniv); Mr. McCracken, friend of Joe McDonald (Cav).

(Ill) Fons Conway (Shamokin, Pa.) in Howard Hall last semester, left school because of rheumatic fever which has now caused temporary paralysis - serious; cousin of Jim Richmond (BP); Dredra Deegan, young daughter of Matthew Deegan (Old Greenwich, Conn); uncle of Vincent Post (Z); Mrs. E. J. Devlin, grandmother of Frank Bergman (Dil). Eleven Special Intentions.

Father Schmidt Eats Again

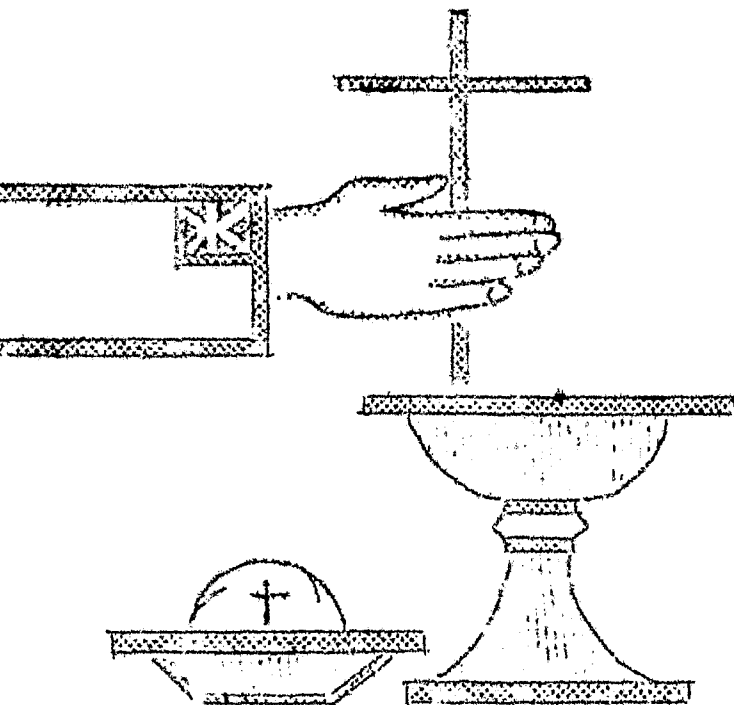
Here is a letter from Father Fred Schmidt telling you how the first installment of your offerings reached him when he was flat broke. One of his paragraphs gives a good example of the old truth that whatever one gives to charity will return in the form of some greater blessing. We are still taking offerings for Father Schmidt's Mexican mission needs. Leave your offerings with the Prefect of Religion, 117 Dillon Hall.

Dear Father: God love you and the students for that generous response to my letter. In a way it humbled me. I'll tell you why.

This bright Sunday afternoon I was rolling home from my tour of three counties. Two Mexicans in a steaming jalopy waved me down. They had been looking for me, and I wind up by following them. Their story touched not only my heart by me "buscuit-thin" pocket-book. One of them had a little eight year old girl whom they had just brought back from the cottonpicking in west Texas. Doctors had allowed them to take her out of the hospital there so that she could get to a hospital and specialist in Galveston, still 250 miles away on the coast. The child could take food only through the veins; consequently she had had no food for twenty-four hours.

Suffice it to say I said "Adios" to my seven dollar collection, but not without the thought that the good Lord would give it back in some way before the day was out. As I entered Lampasas again, I stopped at the Post Office for mail. There were no letters. I thought: Anyway, it was a good cause. I almost forgot: there is another mail, even on Sundays, at five o'clock. So on my way to chow, I hustled back to the mail box. It was then that I picked up your letter and most welcome checks.

I can now send a little more for Lupe-- the little girl I told you about--also, a few of those grocery bills coming in all too frequently of late. I shall also tell the blind girl of the ND boys' generosity. She is now in the Blind Institute in Austin for the winter class sessions. Tell the boys at Notre Dame to keep us Padres in their prayers. May God grant us more of that fighting spirit that those "fellas" showed last Saturday on the football field.



GIVING THANKS  
HE BLESSED IT