

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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The Tommy You Didn't Know.

Twenty-two years ago, Tommy Own came down to Notre Dame from Chicago. That was in 1928 when the present Dining Hall was opened for the first time. He didn't plan to stay long. He did not know whether he would fit into this new work. His previous experience was in hotel dining rooms. The work at the University would surround him with 3000 young and very hungry students three times each day. Maybe this ~~change~~ change from the quiet hotel manner of work would be too much, though Tommy, But it was not.

Up to a few weeks ago, Tommy was on the job. A stomach ailment sent him to bed and finally to the hospital. His condition grew worse, and he died in five days, on Sunday January 23, while you were in the midst of your examinations.

Among the students, it was the waiters who came in contact with Tommy most. They perhaps remember him as their shouting, tongue-lashing supervisor who kept them hustling. It was his responsibility to see that everyone was served efficiently at all regular student meals, luncheons and special dinners. Sometimes his student-waiters would be late, or would not appear, or would be careless in handling dishes. It was on seeing this lack of a sense of responsibility that Tommy became a little ~~strong~~ strong in his language.

The exacting Tommy was the man the students knew. Very few knew his deep spiritual life. He himself was the first to know when he had really lost his temper with the waiters, and was not simply forceful of speech. The students never had the chance to see his quick repentance, but a priest-friend did, because Tommy used to come to him striking his breast and begging God to give him the grace to be more calm.

The Dillon Hall chapel saw Tommy nearly every day of the week, not for a few minutes of prayer, but for close to an hour. The recitation of the Rosary occupied his attention most of that time. His reflections on the Mysteries in the life of Our Blessed Lord were deep. The Crucifixion of Christ impressed him so much that he could not keep his thoughts to himself, and it was to a priest-friend he would visit on leaving the chapel to discuss the greatness of Christ's sufferings for men.

Tommy never went through his day alone, after he became a convert some ten years ago. The Faith taught him that Our Blessed Lord and His Mother accompanied him wherever he went. His Faith was so lively that he could see Christ and Mary at his side, and many moments of his day were spent talking to them.

The man you did not know went to confession monthly as a preparation for his First Friday Communion. He served an early Mass in one of the hall chapels before going to work on Sunday mornings. In recent years he suffered considerably, first from bad eyes, then from a bad heart and then from the fatal stomach condition. But he never quit, because, as he often said, Christ had to suffer a lot more.

The thing you could never see in Tommy Owen was his soul. The soul that reached out and touched God day in and day out. This is the stuff of which the saints are made. Pray for him. We like to think he is in Heaven continuing his chats with Our Lord and Our Lady, and waving to all the waiters as they gather from the outposts of Paradise to see this little fellow from Notre Dame

*First of Blaise*  
**THROATS BLESSED**  
**T-O-N-I-G-H-T**  
**DILLON & CAV. 7:30**

*Adoration all day*  
**FIRST FRIDAY**  
**T-O-M-O-R-R-O-W**  
**DON'T MISS COMMUNION**  
*in church*