

Prayer
(Boforo Examination)

Oh Lord, perched high on Heaven's lid
Look down on me, Your little kid,
And on this last and dreadful hour
Help me with Your Almighty Power.

I've lapsed a little, Lord I know
I've sometimes hiked down to a show
I've danced a bit and skated too,
But never more than others do.

Some mornings, Lord, I've lot things slip
Of course I didn't have to slip
But You who know all secrets deep
Can tell how much I craved the sloop.

Perhaps to You, O Lord, it seems
I waste too much time on foolish dreams
But if You ~~knew~~ this little dame
I'll bet a buck You'd do the same.

So perched up there on Heaven's lid
Look down on me, Your little kid
Forgot the times I've been an ass
And help me now to get a pass. (N. Sutor of O.S.V.)

Big Foot.

A number of students need a course in how to walk --quietly. Take in church or a hall chapel. You can hear them coming twenty yards away. They never lift their foot as they walk down a corridor. Those with metal plates and all-leather hools have an obligation to be doubly careful. We say an obligation and mean it, because charity demands that one be considerate of others -- and certainly scuffing and scraping when one is at prayer is unkindness.

Other violators of charity are those who never handle a door with gentleness. They slam everything on ecclesiastical hinges: church doors, confessional doors and the knoolers in their pow. Try to love peace and quiet now, because God won't let you kick up a disturbance in Heaven.

Prayers:

(Deceased) mother of Father Charles Callahan, CSC; Horbert Hesselgrave, friend of Joe Lauber (Morr); father of Eileen Schessler (St. Mary's).

(Ill) mother of Father Regis O'Neil, CSC; aunt of Dan Clarke (Cav), very serious; Joe Lovin (Sor), emergency appendectomy.

Tony Ray continues to improve. He walked up and down the hospital corridor the other day. His mind has not cleared though. And that is why he still needs your prayers.



help the poor!