

March 27, 1950

Into The Company Of The Angels

Just a month ago we had a funeral in Sacred Heart Church. Jack Donahoe of Walsh Hall was one of the hundreds who received Communion for Fay Espenan at that mournful requiem. A week later two Masses were said in Dillon and Cavanaugh Hall chapels---for the next one of us to die. Those requiems were said for Jack Donahoe, unbeknown to him at the time.

Who was Jack Donahoe? He was a third semester law student at Notre Dame. He was one of the founders of Notre Dame's radio station WND. He was active in Student Council affairs. He was a corrector for one of the History professors. He was chairman of Student Activities in the naval ROTC. He was one of the leaders in the annual Mardi Gras drive for needy students abroad...there wasn't much in the way of extra-curricular activity in which he did not have a hand.

But what counts now more than anything else for Jack Donahoe is that he was a daily Mass server, a daily communicant. Only last week he had written home to his brother Tom and told the latter that he ought to be a daily communicant back there in High School and all through life.

Jack was a staunch stumper for the Mother of Christ. One of the boys in Walsh Hall tells of Jack's nightly perambulations down the corridors of Walsh...he would gently knock on the doors, corraling Mary's devotees for the 11 P.M. Family Rosary....Jack also knew the Grotto well, and the Adoration Chapel during May and Lent and October.

Once Jack said to his roommate Phil Kelly: "Phil, anyone could settle down to two or three friends, but I want a million friends."

"You know, Father", said Phil to the writer yesterday, "we would walk over to the dining hall together and I could never get a word in edgewise. Jack was forever 'Hi-there-ing' someone---another student, a padre, a Brother, one of the maids, a maintenance man---everyone was on the receiving end of his cheery how-do-you-do. Last winter on the way over to chow one day a wizened old fellow in tattered coat and stocking cap shuffled by, looked up at Jack, smiled and said: 'Morning, Jack!' 'Who was that?' I inquired. 'Oh, he's my friend that cleans up in the mess-hall, a nice old guy. I always like to give him a blow,' was Jack's reply."

Jack Donahoe made a good start here at Notre Dame in making friends and he most certainly is in the company of millions of friends--his friends and our Lady's friends right now.

His mother and father and his brother Tom are grief-stricken. That is as it should be. We are not brutes, but human beings with emotions and affections for loved ones. But we are also Catholics, and we realize as the family realizes that Jack left home yesterday only to go HOME to God.

To his family we say God loaned you Jack as a trust to be trained and guided back to Him. You gave him the knowledge and love of God that overflowed to make others happy. Your task as parents was well done and God will give you the grace and courage to carry your heavy Cross. We thank God that you saw fit to give Jack back to Him by way of Notre Dame.

There are those who might say that God has no right to single out this young man--twenty-two years young, so full of ambition and promise and life a few days ago. Thank's to Jack's excellent family background he knew the answer to that one way back in his grammar school days: "God made me to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this life in order to be happy with him forever in the next life."

Jack Donahoe learned his lesson well.

Tomorrow the Prefect and Assitant Prefect of Religion offer their Masses for the next to die.