

Ill, father of B. Boji;
father of Don Buseck, '50;
Mrs. Kewley; Mrs. Bowler.

University of Notre Dame
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Friday's Day of Atonement--
Mass, Communion, Adoration.
No exceptions--all together.

"Prayer Of A Soldier In France."

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land or sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

--Joyce Kilmer

A Poem To Remember.

Commit it to memory whether you're eligible for the draft or have flat feet. Kilmer sanctified his suffering by offering it in atonement and in union with the Blood of Christ. Redemption came to us from the Cross. It will probably come again in no other way. If the wisdom of God is condemning us, our worldly ambitions, our inordinate love of pleasure, we should have sense enough to plead guilty as charged.

It has been suggested that we set aside next Friday as a Day of Atonement to the Sacred Heart for our own offenses and sins. Let's get together and pray together ~~where getting together and praying together count most~~ . . . at the Altar. When Mary warned us at Fatima to pray and do penance--or else--she meant that warning to be taken to heart by us all without exception. Let's stop kidding ourselves that she was serving us notice about that "other fellow."

It is time for humility, not buck-passing. Our Lord didn't mince words when he told us: "And I say to you, I say to all, WATCH." That means. . . . PRAY!

If we have been asleep, it behooves us to keep our eyes wide open and not be like one who wakes up when the alarm rings, rolls over, and then goes back to sleep. We may lament world-wide moral chaos, but let us be perfectly sure our tearful lamentations are chanted for our personal neglects of divine calls and warnings. If there is to be a Wailing Wall, let it be the thick wall of indifference we have built around our own stoney hearts.

If we need a catechism lesson, let us go back to page one: "Why did God make me?" To know, love and serve Him in this life in order to be happy with Him forever in the next. If it takes a world catastrophe to re-teach us this lesson, then let us be humble enough to be taught and keen enough to learn our lesson well.

Prayers: (deceased) friend of Pat Henry (O-C); aunt of Dick Doe, '50; Father of Bro. Conan, C.S.C.; father of Dan Connell, '51; Grover J. Malone, '20; father of Tony Dominguez (B-P); Curtis Kiesling, '49; (killed in Korea); Mr. Connor. Killed in Korea--Emery Modos.