

Died, father of George
Ferguson (Ly). Ill,
friend of Bob Mahoney.

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If you broke your Lenten
resolution, piece it to-
gether tomorrow at Mass.

A Healthy Start.

There's no questioning the fact that God's grace has been working efficaciously these first three days of Lent. The upsurge in Mass attendance, the numbers receiving Holy Communion are healthy indications of good intentions and good hearts.

Keep in mind that this cross-country race into eternity is mainly over rough terrain and an uphill climb most of the way. Do not be surprised, therefore, if you start wheezing on the upgrade, if your tongue dangles around your shoelaces after two weeks of ambitious sprints. A good start, setting a steady pace, is half the race. You'll know before Palm Sunday whether you'll qualify for the dashes or make the cross-country squad.

You Won't Be There For The Stretch. . .

. . . if a ball and chain are clamped to your soul. That's what a worried conscience is like. But what a needless, useless thing! It hampers your pace and if it doesn't eliminate you altogether, it will cripple your spurts and strides.

So get rid of your ball and chain. Consult a priest. It's his business to know the answers to your problems--and that's one line of business that should flourish with the national build-up and war effort.

Take better care of your soul than you do of your body. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God. . ." A body in a run down condition will not send you to hell, but a soul in poor spiritual condition is in danger of damnation.

No doctor cures a chronic illness with one hasty diagnosis, or by prescribing one dosage of a cure-all patent medicine. If a dangerous illness brings you close to death, no doctor will rush your convalescence, urge vigorous push-ups. Rather he will take time and thought, proscribe what you can eat and what you cannot, just what medicine to take. And he'll expect a faithful report on your progress, and how well you fulfilled his instructions.

What disease is to the body, sin is to the soul. Mortal sin is the real killer. If you have been victimized by this deadly enemy, not once, but time and time again, you're going to need a helping hand. In the first place, you were born with the weakness of original sin. Your personal sins aggravated this weakness. Good habits once formed were weakened by sinful actions, and this weakness remains in your soul as a spiritual obstacle even after sins are forgiven.

In this supernatural business of saving your souls you need competent guides, physicians of the soul whose principal work is to act as agents of Christ dispensing His healing graces and keeping you spiritually in good condition. The clinic where he does his most effective work is the confessional.

Select a regular confessor. Place your utmost confidence in him. Inform him you are going to him weekly, or biweekly, whenever you want his help. Let him be for your soul what your family doctor is for your body.

Some Don't Worry At All -- But Should.

Anyone who has a mortal sin on his soul should be mighty uncomfortable until he gets rid of it. If he does not, there is something askew in his head. Victims of deadly cancer will experience no pain if they're doped with sedatives. To quiet the pain of conscience hapless victims of habitual mortal sins may dope themselves with pleasure until in their pleasure-madness they sing: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." But!

(Late Masses 7:20 & 8:00 in Dillon and Cavanaugh.)