

"The Egg And I."



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We'd Much Sooner Feed The Chickens Than Try To Hatch The Eggs!

This cartoon is no yoke, even though it concerns yokels who never crack their hard shells to discover there is another, more beautiful life to be lived outside the cramped confines of their bleak, shell-like prisons. It is tragic never to be incubated by the warmth of God's graces, never to live beyond sheer potentialities. But the greatest tragedy of all is not so much what is suffered inside, it is rather what is missed outside. A bad egg suffers less in being bad than it does in not being good.

There is not one of us who is not dissatisfied with himself. Some came to Notre Dame with bright hopes and high ideals, but fell away. Others lament: "If only I had a chance to start all over again!" Still others slip away from virtue, gradually ease off into indolent spirituality, or yield their passions to slavish evil habits. If we are not better Catholics today than we were a year ago today, we are worse, because we ought to be better.

It is of utmost importance that as we face up to ourselves as we really are--sitting mournfully, Job-like on the scrap heap of broken resolutions, embarrassing defeats and failures--that there be no discouragement, for our white flag of surrender is the Devil's triumphant flag of victory.

But God can take hold of what is worst in us. By our willingness to work with Him He can uproot it. What had been the basis of our predominant weakness can be made the occasion of our outstanding triumph. First we must know what the evil in us is. Then we must fight this evil in cooperation with God's sacramental graces. . . "Without Me," Our Lord warns, "you can do nothing."

There is warmth in Christ's wonderful mercy. Enough warmth radiates through confessional grills to incubate all good "eggs" no matter how frigid, how tough, how thick their hard shells may be.

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(CALLING ALL PATRICKS: Irish Club banquet, faculty dining room, 6:30 p.m., Saturday.)