

Prayers: Rene Lackyo (Ly)
operated appendectomy.

University of Notre Dame
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Pray for the Poor Souls; re-
member your dead.

Eventually You.

So this is the month of the Poor Souls. . . the month to remember those who have quit this life--quit it as all of us some day must. . . This is the month to remember our dead--our mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends. . . This is the month to remember our benefactors--the Sister who prepared us for Holy Communion, the old pastor who taught us how to serve Mass. . . This is the month to remember all Notre Dame students and alumni who lived in these same halls, who walked these same walks, who prayed in these same chapels, who visited the same Grotto we visit day after day. . . This is the month of unselfishness. . . the month of thoughtfulness. . . the month of the Novena for the Poor Souls.

Either One Or The Other.

We talk about the old and the young, the educated and the uneducated, the wise and the foolish, the frequent communicants and the infrequent, and on the last day Christ Who is the Judge of the living and the dead will divide all men: those on His left and those on His right. They will stand or fall on their Works of Mercy.

Bruce Barton has novel ways of classifying people in "There are Two Seas."

There are two seas in Palestine. . . One is fresh, and the fish are in it. Splashes of green adorn its banks. Trees spread their branches over it, and stretch out their thirsty roots to sip of its healing waters.

Along its shores the children play, as children played when He was there. He loved it. He could look across its silver surface when He spoke His parables. And on a rolling plain not far away He fed five thousand people.

The river Jordan makes this sea with sparkling water from the hills. Men build their houses near to it, and birds their nests; and every kind of life is happier because it is there.

The river Jordan flows on south into another sea. Here is no splash of fish, no fluttering leaf, no song of birds, no children's laughter. Travelers choose another route, unless on urgent business. The air hangs heavy above its water, and neither man nor beast nor fowl will drink.

What makes the mighty difference in these neighbor seas? . . . Not the river Jordan. It empties the same good water into both. Not the soil in which they lie, not the country round about.

This is the difference. The Sea of Galilee receives but does not keep the Jordan. For every drop that flows into it another drop flows out.

The other sea is shrewder, hoarding its income jealously. It will not be tempted into any generous impulse. Every drop it gets, it keeps.

The Sea of Galilee gives and lives. This other sea gives nothing. It is named the Dead.

There are two seas in Palestine. . . There are two kinds of people in the world.

There are two kinds of students at Notre Dame during November. . . Those who are remembering their dead and those who are not. Although there was a decided upswing in the number of communicants yesterday morning, only 135 lists of deceased here deposited.
Prayers: (deceased) Edward J. Arvey, an alumnus. Jack Haddox's condition is much improved. (Correction: it is the friend of Neil Macfarlan who is ill, not Neil.)