



The "Fringe" Saints of Notre Dame

They're always late; they think "11 O'Clock Mass" means leaving the hall at 11:00, or shortly thereafter -- "Let's not be hasty!"

Their Faith gets a severe test when they find themselves in Church with nothing less than half a dollar. A medal may suffice in this emergency!

In Church they feel so relieved when they see others in the pew with no prayer-books, or missals -- "Let's not be religious fanatics!"

If they arrive before Mass starts, they assume a 'hurt' feeling, check watches, and groan at the sight of six candles lit -- "A Solemn Mass is something like a triple-wingback formation, and lasts longer."

With empty hands cupped under their chins, they always notice the color of the hair of the girl in front of them before they'll notice the color of the vestments at the altar. Not knowing when to stand or kneel, they resort to the card-game-kibitzer routine: they sit and gawk. They're authorities only on the exits.

If the sermon hits them between the eyes, the preacher is a crank.

They don't know the prayers recited after Mass -- they haven't remained often enough to hear them. Rather, they belong to the "Three-Principal-Parts" school of thought-- "After all, we're not monks, you know!"

For them, "Mission" is an orange drink. "Retreats" are something from St. Mary's.

They're authorities on T-V programs and local movies for three weeks hence. But when someone says: "This is an Ember Day," their faces go blank-- "What's that?"

They allow their conscience to be their guide; but the guide always seems to get a hold of the wrong road map -- "If he doesn't go to Mass on Sunday, that's his own business. Let's not be narrow minded!"

In South Bend, they're always 21, possibly older. When the Lenten regulations on fasting are released, they suddenly return to an honest 19!

They see their dentist twice a year -- and their confessor at Christmas and Easter.

They face a new crisis this quiet week-end - The Hall Retreat!