

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 43

Friday, January 23, 1959

Notre Dame, Indiana



SEAT OF WISDOM, PRAY
FOR US!

PRAY
I'LL STOP
ANTICIPATING THE WORST.
WORRYING.
THINKING LIFE'S NOT WORTH LIVING.
TALKING ALWAYS ABOUT MYSELF
AND MY ACHIEVEMENTS.
SAYING UNKIND THINGS ABOUT THE
TEACHER WHO GIVES ME WHAT I DESERVE.
DAYDREAMING.
FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF.
MAGNIFYING MY ACHES AND PAINS.
DREAMING THAT THE GRASS IS GREENER
ELSEWHERE.
SPECULATING WHAT I'D DO IF I WERE
IN SOMEONE ELSE'S SHOES.
AND JUST DO THE BEST I CAN IN MY OWN,
NOW THAT EXAMS HAVE COME.

● THE CHAIR OF UNITY OCTAVE, which ends on Sunday, brought out about 600 for the Eastern Rite Mass in Sacred Heart Church on Wednesday evening. Every year we are grateful to the Fathers at St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois, for coming here to offer the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and to help us come to a better understanding of the Church's grandeur and the urgency of prayers for unity. But we are especially grateful to them this year for braving the ice and snow in order to fulfill their promise to be here. We are also grateful that the occasion was graced by the presence of the Right Reverend Abbot of St. Procopius, who reminded us that just as the welding of two pieces of iron requires that both pieces be "white hot", so too must those of us who belong to the Latin Rite ardently desire the return of the dissident Eastern Church, if union is


ever to come. This Sunday, the preacher at all the Masses in Sacred Heart Church will be Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A., Director of the Chair of Unity Octave. Fr. Cranny will speak about "The Eastern Church and Unity".

● **Farewell to Alleluia:** Tomorrow, the Saturday before Septuagesima Sunday, we begin the period of remote preparation for the celebration of the Easter mysteries. The Christmas song, "Gloria in Excelsis", is henceforth allowed only on feast days. And that angelic exclamation of joy, the "Alleluia", is silenced entirely. Giving up the "Alleluia" is intended as the first of our Lenten sacrifices. Begin now to prepare for the earnestness of Lent by determining what other sacrifices you will make during the Holy Season. Many weeks hence the "Alleluia" will be resurrected, when in the Easter Vigil Mass the priest will sing it in three different keys just before the Gospel of the Mass. Your joy on that occasion will be authentic only if in the meantime you have shared in the passion and cross of Christ.



YOU HAVE TROUBLES, YOU say? Listen to this. St. Paul, whose conversion we celebrate Sunday, was scourged five times, beaten with rods three times, stoned on one occasion, shipwrecked three times, placed in chains once, and finally beheaded! By comparison, what have you had to suffer? How much have you put up with in order that you might bring the faith to someone else?

● PLEASE REMEMBER in your prayers the following: Deceased: Grandfather of David Adam of Dillon; Karl Weigand, '30; brother of Fr. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C.; brother-in-law of Tom O'Mara of B-P; uncle of James Stone of Stanford; grandfather of Terry Daly of Alumni. Ill: Niece of Fr. Richard Murphy, C.S.C.; Mr. Britton I. Budd (member of Advisory Council for Engineering and Science; Ted Sarphie of Lyons (appendectomy) Bill Townsend of B-P (appendectomy).



I'LL LONG REMEMBER this frigid Friday and Bill Townsend. Bill was the cause of my phone ringing at three o'clock this A. M.

"THIS IS DR. CROWLEY," said a voice at the other end of the line. A few minutes later....we were leaving the Circle, the Doctors Crowley and Helmer, and myself, huddled together in a big pink Lincoln. The thermometer at the watchman's shelter registered six below zero. A Russian winter, I thought to myself, but this was certainly not Russian-style transportation.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, Bill Townsend was on the table in the emergency room. Dr. Crowley decided an operation was necessary. I talked with Bill, blessed him, then the orderly rolled him off to the elevator and surgery.

WHILE WE WAITED for Dr. Graf and the two nurses to prepare for the operation, we drank coffee and talked of many things. Among other things, we talked about the so-called "Searing Report on Hospitals" being featured in the current issue of a widely circulated magazine. I had read it less than four hours before my phone rang.

IN THE ARTICLE, the author suggests "A hospital is not a fit place in which to be sick." Also, it's said, "hospitals are run for the convenience of doctors and nurses--not for the benefit of the patient." Again, "the patient's symbols of personal identity are removed; his clothes are counted and taken away, so is his jewelry and often his small change". And "his sense of privacy is violated."

NONE OF THESE charges could be substantiated in this hospital, I thought to myself. And as it turned out, none of them could be. In

fact, one gets the impression that the hospitals have been striving to avoid any such criticism as this.

FROM MY OBSERVATION POINT, I watched as the doctors scrubbed in preparation for their task. One gets the impression there is an ever-flowing supply of Pollnow's Septi-sol. They scrubbed and scrubbed. Next, they donned enough laundry to do the average household for a week. Gowns, caps, and masks. Then the gloves. All the while there was about the room the air of conviction that these doctors knew what they were doing. And they were in the habit of doing it cheerfully. Even at 4:00 o'clock in the morning.

THE OPERATION was sure, swift, and successful. I regretted that Bill, a pre-med student, couldn't appreciate at the moment the confidence and cooperative spirit with which these doctors and nurses went about their work.

ANYONE WATCHING, even from afar, could get the feeling these are good people to be entrusted to.

As we were leaving, the day shift was coming on, and Bill was entrusted now to the staff nurses, who pray:

Oh, my God: I am about to begin the day's work.

Teach me to receive the sick in Thy name.

Give to my efforts success, sweet Jesus, for the glory of Thy Holy Name.

It is Thy work: Without Thee I cannot succeed.

Grant that the sick Thou hast placed in my care may be abundantly blessed, and not one of them be lost because of anything that is lacking in me.

Help Thou me to overcome every temporal weakness and strengthen in me whatever may enable me to bring the sunshine of joy to the lives that are gathered round me day by day.

Gene Boorman, C.C.
Prefect of Religion