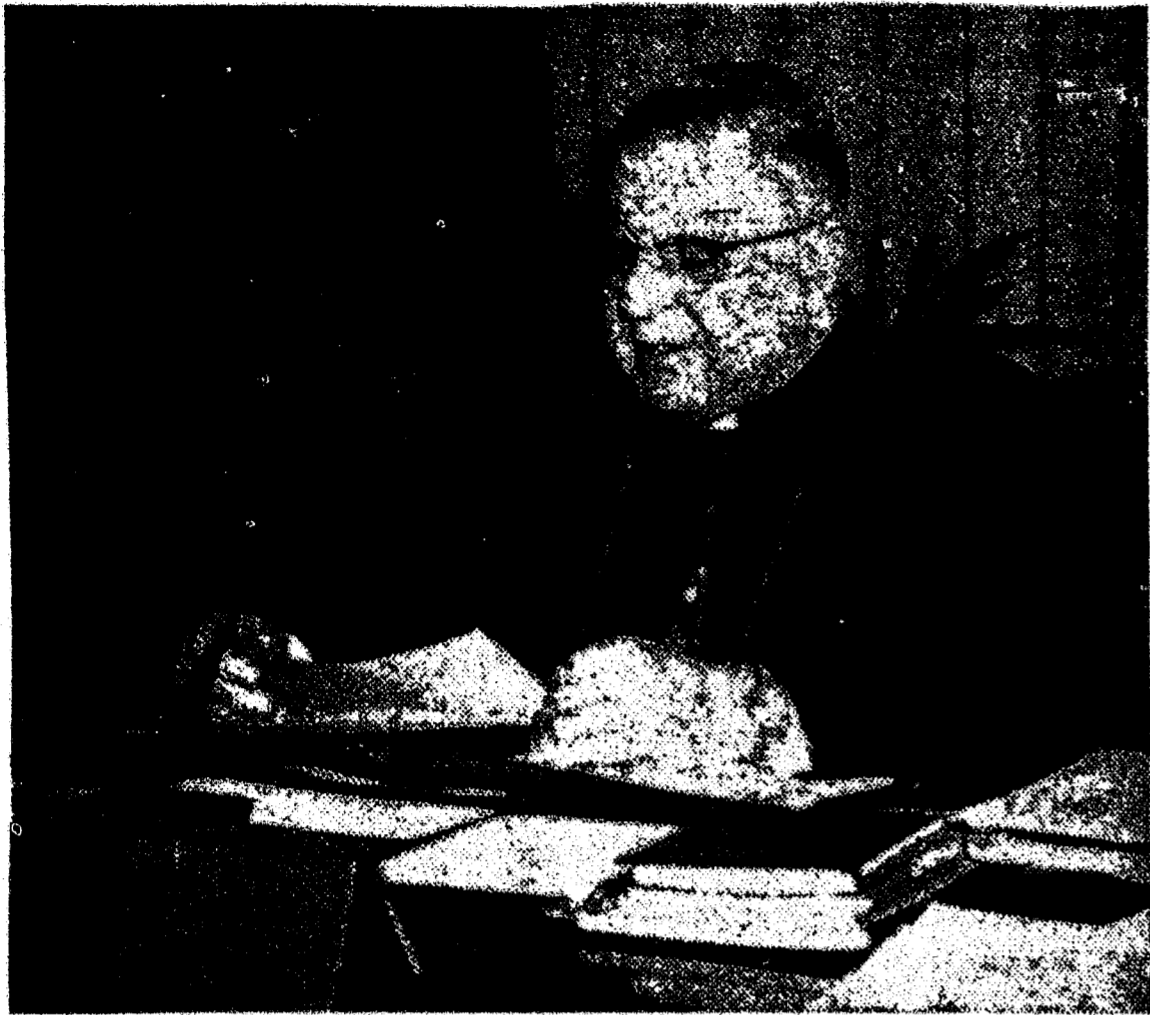


RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Wednesday, February 25, 1959

Notre Dame, Indiana



TOMORROW WILL BE THE 2ND ANNIVERSARY of the installation of the Most Reverend Leo A. Pursley, D.D., as Sixth Bishop of Fort Wayne. He was appointed Bishop of Fort Wayne, to succeed the late Archbishop John F. Noll, Dec. 29, 1956 and was installed February 26, 1957. Say a prayer for him tonight.

● TONIGHT AT 7:30 in Washington Hall, the fourth in the current series of lectures for seniors will be given as the Marriage Institute reconvenes to hear Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Dowd discuss "Love in Marriage".

● TOMMORROW, those living in Morrissey, Breen-Phillips, and St. Edward's will be privileged to keep watch before Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Lady Chapel of Sacred Heart Church from Noon until 4:45 P.M. Then, on Friday, Zahm, Cavanaugh, and Farley have their turn.

● YOUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN REQUESTED for the following: Deceased: Father of Bob Kuhns, Off-Campus; father of Ed Bukowskk of Dillon; uncle of Fr. Carl Hager, C.S.C.; cousin of John Dreska of Pangborn; Earl Mullins, '48; friend of Joe Galloway, '51. Ill: Friend of Terry Keating of Dillon; mother of Skip Johnson, '57.

● CHECK YOUR POCKETS! We're looking for a rosary that was in a Notre Dame jacket picked up by mistake in the Dining Hall last week. The rosary can be

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● YOU MAY HAVE gotten a touch of Spring fever this afternoon. Or, perhaps you got out the sneakers or spikes and began thinking about running cross-country. If it's just a question of getting yourself in shape, you might look into the Bengal Bouts. They're training over in the fieldhouse these days in preparation for the big Mission bouts scheduled for March 16, 18, and 20. And while on the subject, the Bengals are much safer and more sensible than some other means of acquiring a badge of honor. Sure, once in a while you'll hear someone shout, "Hit him with your purse!". But most of the bouts are excellent. Most put to shame some of the devices employed elsewhere and in other ages for establishing one's honor. (For instance, before dueling was out-lawed, once, two duelists squeezed triggers, but nothing happened. The seconds then examined the weapons and, in the process, one almost had his head blown off, the other got a lead ball through the shoulder. Satisfied that blood had been drawn, the duelists shook hands and went home. On another occasion, a big gun in the military challenged a feeble professor of bacteriology. The professor was given his choice of weapons. And at the appointed hour, he showed up with them--two juicy sausages. One of the sausages, he told his opponent, was saturated with lethal germs; the other was tasty and harmless. "Choose your sausage and eat together!" his opponent stalked off.)

● A CONTEMPORARY PAGAN speaks thus to a modern-day Christian: "I am on my own; you've got your God. It is up to you to proclaim gospel, to declare justice, to apply your love of man....meaningfully, each and every day, to the affairs and troubles of men....I hope your Christian conscience is neither at ease nor at attention, because if it is I must conclude that it is a curiously expedient and ineffective apparatus. I hope that you do not believe that in what you do and in how you live you are renouncing evil, because if you do, then I must infer that you know nothing of evil and so nothing of good."(!) SOMETHING TO REFLECT ON DURING THESE WEEKS OF LENT.



IN ANOTHER EIGHT WEEKS, the magnolia trees in front of the Main Building will be full of big pink blossoms, the snow will have long gone, and the monsoons too. You will have traded in your old bank account for a new suit from Gilberts. You will have forgotten about being downtown on Saturday night, no date, and only \$1.47 between you and your room-mate. You'll be through adding those postscripts to the letter home which all seemed to begin, "By the way,..."

HOWEVER, LET'S HOPE you don't have to admit that the hardships of life on the Bend weren't parlayed into something useful. A form of Lenten penance, for instance. Our seminary rector referred to this time of year as the "griping season". And he would warn us against letting this time of year become wasted time. I pass the advice along to you for what it's worth.

I CONSIDER IT especially worthwhile for the lad I heard complaining to his room-mate: "There's nothing to do! We never go anyplace! All we do is sit in this room-- why, we practically live here!"

SO....YOU LIVE HERE. Is that so bad? Look around you. Look up at the Lady on the Dome. Recall that she was the first to welcome you here. And listen as she seems to say:

I am a golden statue, the image of Our Blessed Lady, the patron of this school. The golden dome at my feet towers in majesty above the buildings of the campus.

I am the symbol of fighting men. I stand for all that is good and holy and noble in the traditions of the school.

I inspire athletes, fighting for my honor, to courageous deeds; and the student, weary at his books, to lift his head again and then delve to deeper knowledge.

I am a consolation to men in their trial and tribulations. I share their joys in happiness, their glory in success.

In the dead of the night, the nimble light from a sleepy moon reflects from the dome at my feet, a guiding signal to the airmen.

Generations of men have gone out into the world fighting, in my name, for their own success and the propagation of the Catholic Faith. Towering at a distance, I am the first to welcome them back at Home-coming. Outlined in the pale moonlight, I bring them pleasant memories of undergraduate days.

(E. J. Gira, C.R.)

WHAT YOU DO during these days between winter and spring will determine in great part the kind of memories it will be yours to recall. Take the bad days along with the good ones. And especially during Lent, look at the bad days as a penance you wouldn't otherwise get credit for.

ONE FINAL WORD OF CAUTION. Think twice before carrying through some neat scheme for getting "away from it all". Your disappointment might turn out to be just like mine was when, as a kid, I crawled under a big tent expecting to see a circus, only to discover that I was on the inside of a revival meeting.

Gene Boorman, C.R.
Prefect of Religion