

# RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Wednesday, September 30, 1959

Notre Dame, Ind.

TONIGHT, the Juniors and Seniors take over Sacred Heart Church for their annual Mission. All will go to the Grotto just before 7:00 O' CLOCK, and then into the church. The same schedule will be in effect Thursday and Friday night. The Mission ends on Saturday morning, just before the exodus to Purdue. Let the Mission be a sensible preparation not only for the week-end, but for the schoolyear. All who make the Mission have a chance for a good confession and a plenary indulgence.

● WHILE THE JUNIORS AND SENIORS are attending the Mission, the Freshmen will find it worthwhile to look in on the first of three weekly meetings of the Young Christian Students designed to acquaint them with the basic ideology and methods of the student apostolate. The meeting gets under way at 6:45 in the Rathskeller of the Student Center, and will feature talks by Rev. Robert Brooks ("The Layman and the Church") and YCS President, Jerry Murphy. Meeting time: one hour.

● ROSARY DEVOTIONS will be conducted in the halls at a time announced by the Rector. However, there will also be conducted devotions in the Crypt of Sacred Heart Church at 5:30 every evening, Monday through Friday, during the month of October.

● FRIDAY is the First Friday of the month. What better time than this to begin making the nine First Fridays? There will be exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on Friday, from Noon until 4:45 in the Lady Chapel of Sacred Heart Church. Stop in, when you're near the church.

● THE PHOTOGRAPHER for the DOME will be around to take hall pictures next Sunday, so be sure you come right back after the game. And, in the event you go to the game, don't leave your manners at home. The folks at Purdue are friends from 'way back. Don't go and end a beautiful friendship because you don't know the rules of the road.

● EVERYONE can benefit from Cardinal Spellman's remarks to the cadets at West Point last Sunday:

"The grim fact of today's world is this: America is under spiritual siege and her defenses are crumbling. Your warfare is not yet against flesh and blood because the destruction of our spiritual heritage is not yet complete. The rugged uncompromising morality of our fathers has yielded to the simple question, 'What's in it for me?' Is this not the same question Benedict Arnold asked himself when he first considered his acts of treason? And is not his answer echoed in the hearts and actions of many Americans today? Is it too much to say that the swelling tide of loose living and personal immorality is also a form of treason? Although it is a treason of pleasure and selfishness committed by foolish and thoughtless men, still it weakens our national fiber and draws us closer to destruction. The treason of Arnold was a deliberate, malicious act calculated to destroy his Country. But we will be just as dead, and our Country will suffer, be our betrayal stupid or contrived.

"The litany of our transgressions of the moral law is a sordid tale—betrayal of the common good for personal gain, destruction of the home for personal pleasure, dishonesty in public office for personal profit and so on down the miserable categories of depravity. Slowly but surely the individual and his pleasures are becoming the norm of morality and the object of every judgment.

● PRAYERS: Deceased: Sister of Steve Saussy of Morrissey; Carl Barrett; uncle of Joe Crotty. Ill: Father of Mike Dalzell of Alumni; William Becker. One Special Intention.



## THE REAR GUARD

He strolls into Mass at the "Sanctus,"  
Or maybe a moment before.  
And, lest he should bother his neighbors  
He drops on one knee at the door.

Good seats near the altar are vacant,  
In fact there is room and to spare.  
But why should he push himself forward?  
He'd be so conspicuous there.

He doesn't look up at the altar,  
But keeps his gaze bent on the floor;  
We notice him yawning a little  
As though it were rather a bore.

He squats for the last benediction,  
And then, ere the service is through,  
We look for him there in the background,  
And find he has melted from view.

So strange! Now, we fancy we saw him  
Last night at the vaudeville show;  
It seems to us then he was fighting  
To get in the very front row.

He must have been there before seven—  
O! surely some minutes before—  
He headed the line that was waiting  
Outside the gallery door.

And when the door opened, good gracious!  
How active he was in the race  
Up stairs, and then over the benches  
And down to the very first place.

My! how he applauded the singing  
And laughed at the jokes that were cracked.  
His eyes never leaving the footlights—  
Transfixed to the very last act.

This can't be the same man this morning—  
This slowest and dullest of chaps.  
We must have seen some other fellow  
Last evening—his brother perhaps.

—T. A. DALY