

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Friday, October 2, 1959

Notre Dame, Ind.

● Rosary Devotions are conducted in each of the halls at a time announced by the Rector. In the Crypt of Sacred Heart Church, each evening at 5:30 there are also devotions, throughout the month of October.

● THE STUDENT CHAPLAINS are in their offices each evening from 7:00 until 9:30.

● TOMORROW IS SATURDAY, and you are reminded of the Fall tradition of turning out for Mass in order that a few injuries might be avoided in the course of the game in the afternoon.

● WHILE on the subject of the traditions here, it seems a few are forgetting the tradition that undergrads do not use the

steps in front of the Administration Building. There seems to be a lot of traffic there these days and most of it wearing brand new shirts and 'polished cottons'.

● PRAYERS. Deceased: Brother-in-law of Fr. Lubbers, C.S.C.; Fred Collins, '28; Gerald Mastrangelo, '35; father of Dean Richards, '57; friend of Frank Doherty, '59; Lucian R. Bloom, '31; grandmother of Rick Taranto, Off-Campus. Ill: Friend of Fr. Ladewski, C.S.C.;

mother of Mike Fitzgibbons of Badin. One Special Intention.

● There is no such thing in anyone's life as an unimportant day!

● It is never the pure who say purity is impossible, but only the impure. We judge others by ourselves, and attribute to others the vices from which we ourselves refuse to abstain.

The History of a Rosary . . .

"... I went to Notre Dame in 1887, in the preparatory school, and during 1888 and 1889, finished that and started on my studies in civil engineering. Financial matters kept me out for a year and I went back in November, 1891.

"I went to confession to Father Granger in the chapel in the basement of the church. He gave me as a penance, a decade or so, of the rosary. He asked me if I had a rosary and I told him I had lost mine in a fire which consumed our home two months before. He immediately reached in his pocket and handed, around the outside of the confessional, a rosary and told me to keep it with me always. Whether he handed me his own rosary or not, I do not know. I always obeyed his injunction to keep the rosary with me.

"I went through the Spanish War in Cuba, and World War I, in France, and many other tight situations, where an engineer must go. But by day, that rosary has been in the left front pocket of my trousers, and by night in the pocket of my pajamas or under my pillow when I slept in a bed.

"Once, in going across the 'Shoe Swamp' (Cienga Zapata) in Cuba, making an estimate to build a railroad, I passed three days and two nights in the swamp and at times I sunk so deep that the muzzle of the automatic I carried in a shoulder holster was in the mud. My pockets were filled with mud, and in cleaning them out, I took out my rosary and washed it in the water of the swamp. I had three colored Cuban boys to carry the hammocks, food, etc., and they were much surprised to see an American take a rosary from his pocket.

"The rosary has had only one broken link in all that time, and I repaired it myself. The beads have worn down, whether from rubbing together in my pocket, or from natural attrition, due to the fingers passing the beads along, God knows.

"Half a century is a long time to have one rosary. However, in remembering in my prayers each day those whom 'we have loved long since and lost awhile,' is included Father Granger . . ."

—C. C. Fitzgerald, C.E. '94.



We don't often think about how near at hand death may be. How many have ever asked themselves, "How will the angel of death find ME?" The presumption, of course, is that death is somewhere off in the distance, about 40 years off. Still....hardly a year passes that doesn't bring with it some tragedy. Some friend, maybe the fellow next door or just down the hall, meets death accidentally. For instance, take Tim Donohue. In July, he wrote: "I guess my long-cherished dream will finally become a reality... Never did I think that I would win a scholarship to Notre Dame.To tell the truth, I have my bags half-packed....September 18 is my birthday. Going to Notre Dame will be the best birthday present I've ever been given!"

Shortly after writing this, Tim was fatally injured. Tim's dad wrote to Fr. Moran to explain. "An overloaded car, a sharp curve, a car out of control, a plunge over a river bank, and our Tim was fatally injured. Two young men, studying for the priesthood, were following in another car....They had the presence of mind, not only to call an ambulance, but also St. Bernard's Rectory. There, Fr. Reilly took the call and informed us..... Mrs. Donohue and myself reached the hospital about 11:30 P.M. and we found Tim conscious, but in great pain....Tim received absolution, Extreme Unction, and had the prayers of several until his death shortly after midnight. Why the Hand of

God should reach out for him out of the twelve, no one knows. But everyone knows that Tim was always prepared to change from this earthly life to his eternal one. We have no worries about that; and we are thankful that He arranged things in such a way that two of Tim's friends should be in the car following; that they were seminarians; and that He inspired them to make the right moves in order that we could be with Tim; and that a priest could help him with the prayers that were his last on this earth."

Doubtless, Tim Donohue was anticipating a year of study, exciting Saturday afternoons, and his first Christmas 'home from college'. He won't experience these things now. God grant that he is experiencing far greater joys than these. And grant, too, that everyone here be just as well-prepared to exit from this life as was Tim Donohue. Be mindful that "we know not the day nor the hour". We should however know that it is just good sense to make like the Boy Scouts and be prepared.

Tomorrow is First Saturday. If you missed Mass today, go to confession today or tonight. The trouble with a lot of those who are looking forward to an eleventh hour conversion is that they sometimes die during the tenth hour.

John Boorman, C.S.C.
Student Chaplain