

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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News Section



*Immaculate
Conception*

● MARY IMMACULATE has been the patroness of our country for 113 years. Two weeks ago, on the occasion of the dedication of the new Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, we renewed our dedication to her. Today, as we observe the 18th anniversary of our entrance into WORLD WAR II, we should take this occasion for thanking Our Blessed Lady for the many blessings that have come upon us through her intercession in the years that have intervened. The renewal of our dedication to Mary tomorrow can only result in our living better Catholic lives.

grandmother of Denis Poleck of Dillon; eleven friends and relatives of Harold Bowler, '40; grandfather of Daryl Reindl of Dillon; friend of Joe Bette of Dillon. Ill: Aunt of Mike Corbett of Dillon; father of John McCann of Sorin (critical).

NOVENA PRAYER FOR PARENTS

O ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, WHO IN THE SECRET COUNSELS OF THINE INEFFABLE PROVIDENCE, HAST BEEN PLEASED TO CALL US INTO LIFE BY MEANS OF OUR PARENTS, WHO THUS PARTAKE OF THY DIVINE POWER IN OUR REGARD, HEAR THE PRAYER OF FILIAL AFFECTION WHICH WE OFFER TO THEE ON BEHALF OF THOSE TO WHOM THOU HAST GIVEN A SHARE OF THY FATHERLY MERCY, IN ORDER THAT THEY MIGHT LAVISH UPON US IN OUR JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE THE CONSOLING GIFT OF THY HOLY AND GENEROUS LOVE.

O LORD, FILL OUR PARENTS WITH THY CHOICEST BLESSINGS; ENRICH THEIR SOULS WITH THY HOLY GRACE; GRANT THAT THEY MAY FAITHFULLY AND CONSTANTLY GUARD THAT LIKENESS TO THY MARRIAGE WITH THE CHURCH. FILL THEM WITH THE SPIRIT OF HOLY FEAR, WHICH IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM, AND CONTINUALLY MOVE THEM TO IMPART THE SAME TO THEIR CHILDREN; MAY THEY EVER WALK IN THE WAY OF THY COMMANDMENTS, AND MAY THEIR CHILDREN BE THEIR JOY IN THIS EARTHLY EXILE AND THEIR CROWN OF GLORY IN THEIR HOME IN HEAVEN.

AMEN.

● TOMORROW, the schedule of Masses will be the same as on Sunday: 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, and 12:15 in Sacred Heart Church; 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, and 11:00 in Stanford-Keenan Chapel.

● PRAYERS. Deceased: Uncle of Jerry Albers of Dillon; uncle of Fr. Joseph Papin of the Religion Dept.;



WORTH NOTING, WHILE AWAITING THE RESULTS OF THE FLIGHT OF SAM THE MONKEY INTO SPACE, IS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN THE SEPTEMBER 5th ISSUE OF AMERICA.

—Man and the Moon—

WORDS of genius have more meaning than even genius gives them at the time. The power of such words is felt even through translation. Mysteriously, they shape themselves to the needs of every age, and through them shafts of truth come to warm, bright focus for a moment in the mind. The words of Scripture, above all other words, have such power; but the words of all spiritual men share it. In such words, the Spirit that inspired them visits man's earth from afar and leaves His living trace upon the small inner world of the soul. These are the truest vehicles of "interplanetary" communication. What worlds they span, transcending not only space but time!

There are words of this kind to give one pause as daily new reports come in of man's attempts to shoot the moon. One is of course impressed to learn that men have flung a thing the better part of 100,000 miles into space, or that a dog, nay more than one, has been made to orbit round and round the earth till he fell in flame, an ash to the ash from which he came. Now it is monkeys, next it will be man. Given the resources of earth and of brilliant minds that probe the earth, man is bound to reach the moon some day—and beyond—and may find himself still on earth. Where one lands is land of sorts, I suppose. New sorts of earth for the mind to be bound to.

Time was that man's upward gaze turned his thoughts within, and the vastnesses of a silent space spoke to him of the immensity of his inner spirit's worth: "When I behold your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars which you set in place—what is man that you should be mindful of him, or the son of man that you should care for him?" the Psalmist asks. Scripture is not unaware of the possibilities of space flight, but from them it draws an awed conclusion of which I think we are not much aware: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy face? If I

ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I descend into hell, thou art there. If I take my wings early in the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me. . . . Thou art fearfully magnified, wonderful are thy works, and my soul knoweth right well." Shall man "conquer" space, then? There is a Word who asks: "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

It is not the achievements of modern science (God forbid!) to which one objects. It is the value that is placed upon these to the neglect of the soul and its destiny. Augustine had none of the dramatic achievements of modern rocketry to contend with, but the astrologers of his day proved enticement enough to his flock to prompt the good bishop to set the heavens in reduced perspective before man's soul:

The human mind, as it sits in judgment on visible things, can recognize that it is itself better than all these. . . . Above itself it finds the unchangeable Truth, and in pressing after that Truth is it made blessed. It finds within itself the Creator and Lord of all visible things. Visible things outside itself it does not seek, not even things in the heavens. Such things it either discovers not, or it discovers them with great labor—and it discovers them in vain unless by their beauty it comes to recognize the great Artisan within, who first produces superior beauties in the soul and afterwards inferior beauties in physical nature. (*Against the Astrologers*, PL 40, 28D-29A)

Yet in our day poor Icarus once again molds and mounts his wings of wax. Perhaps he will learn only as he drowns in a sea of his own tears or, like Phaeton, has scorched the earth while scaling the sky. Would that he sought instead, Prometheus-like, to warm and cheer the earth with fire from heaven! High into the ether rises the new Babel. And the meaning of the old words—whether sacred words, words of the Fathers or words of the fables—words of genius all, is lost upon us.

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