

# RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Wednesday, April 27, 1960

Notre Dame, Ind.

● SOLEMN OPENING OF MAY DEVOTIONS on Sunday night at 8:00 P.M. Each of the hall presidents will be approached by a member of the Blue Circle who will outline the route of march. At 7:45, the hall bells will be rung and the procession to the Grotto will begin. The procession should recite the Rosary. Candles will be distributed to all as they leave their halls. On the east side of the campus, Cavanaugh ought to take the lead, followed by B-P. They should proceed past the front of the Main Bldg. circle the rear of the church and enter the Grotto by the wide steps between the Presbytery and the church. St. Edward's residents, followed by those from Zahm and Farley, should follow along the north side of the Main Building, straight to the north steps leading into the Grotto. The residents of Stanford and Keenan should proceed north along the lake road to the Grotto. On the south side of the campus, Sorinites ought to lead, taking the road past the front of Corby hall and into the Grotto. Walsh residents will follow Sorin's. Villagers and Off-campus students should join Alumni and Dillon residents who will proceed toward the Grotto by way of the road alongside the Post Office. On the west side of the campus, Morrissey and Lyons residents should proceed under the Lyons arch and take the lake road to the Grotto. Howard residents, followed by those from



Badin, Fisher, and Pangborn, ought to take the route north along the walk in front of the library and down to the Grotto. Upon arrival at the Grotto, move in close to the altar, and remain standing throughout the ceremony. And upon leaving the Grotto, place the remaining stubs of the candles in the receptacles at the exits.

● THE NOVENA FOR MOTHER'S DAY will begin TOMORROW. Remember, the Novena consists of Mass, Holy Communion and Rosary for the next nine days. Do this for your Mother's intentions and send her the card telling her that you've done this.

● THERE WILL BE EXPOSITION OF THE Blessed Sacrament every week-day during May, from noon until 4:45, in the Lady Chapel of Sacred Heart Church. Resume the practice you had during Lent of spending half an hour each week in prayer before Our Lord exposed in the Blessed Sacrament.

● THE NOTRE DAME BAND returns tomorrow from its Spring tour. Join in welcoming them back. They'll put on a "Pops" Concert in the Drill Hall at 8:15 tomorrow evening. Try to be there.

● PRAYERS. Deceased: Father of John Huber of Moreau and Pete Huber of Walsh; father of Gene Kilroy of Dillon; cousin of Mickey Crystal of Dillon; aunt of Declan O'Donnell of Alumni (1st Anniv.); father of Richard, '32, and Robert Lambert, '40; Rev. Stanislaus Kuszynski, C.S.C. Ill: Aunt of Joe Pietrus of Howard; Charles W. Call; uncle of Ed McCarron of Dillon; Frank Dugger.



IT IS RUMORED that Mr. K will outdo himself on May 1st, by making a startling announcement. The High-priest of the Marxian pseudo-religion will no doubt take a partial truth and seek to make it the whole. Our own observance of May Day must be more than a meaningless demonstration. It must be a celebration of the glories of Mary. And greatest of her glories is her Divine Motherhood.

EVERY MOTHER, in her own way, reflects something of the glory of Mary. That you might be a source of satisfaction to your own mother as well as the Mother of God, this is the purpose of our urging upon you the Novena that begins tomorrow. Many things have been said about Mothers. You each have your own recollections, but the following reminder may help you to recall some of the reasons why you should make the Novena.

A mother is a person who is old enough to be an authority on Indian war whoops and whether cowboys ever went barefoot, and yet young enough to remember the rules of the game May I? and the second verse of Sing a Song of Sixpence.

She must be smart enough to answer questions about thunder and locomotives and stars, but ignorant enough to laugh at the reason a chicken runs across the road.

She must be a veterinarian and accomplished at taking ticks off the dog, feeding the kittens, and remembering to change the water in the goldfish bowl.

She must be a judge and arbitrator when someone would not let someone ride his tricycle; must be a stern disciplinarian when it comes to too much chewing gum and getting three little boys to bed at night; and she must have a well-padded shoulder for tears and comfort when his best chum throws sand at Mike and goes off with a new friend.

She must not only be an expert laundress, but always remember to remove sand and pebbles and string from pockets; and she must be a seamstress and adept at sewing on buttons, letting down and taking up sleeves and pants legs and able to patch threadbare corduroy knees so the patches do not show.

She must be a doctor and able to remove splinters without hurting, stop bleeding noses, vaporize colds, read stories to measles-speckled boys, and always have on hand an endless supply of ready-cut bandages.

A mother must also be a naturalist and able to dissect caterpillars, remove taillights from fireflies, and touch squirmy worms.

A mother must be a financial wizard and always able to stretch a meager weekly budget to include new shoes for Brian and a birthday present for someone she did not know had invited her sons to a party.

She must be a magician and keep a bottomless cookie jar, a constant supply of apples in the refrigerator, and be able instantly to recognize a scribbled drawing as a beautiful picture of a man walking down a dirt road with a pan on his head.

She must be able to balance a baby under one arm, a small boy climbing up her back and another trying to tie her feet into knots, and still write a check for the dry cleaners.

Her sense of beauty must be able to stoop low enough to see the lovely ferny plant Greg found growing under a toadstool; and must be able to stretch on tallest tiptoes to hold Mike to see the heavenly blue of the robin's egg in the nest in the sycamore tree.

A mother is a queer sort of person. In a single instant her endless cooking and dish-washing and ironing and sock darning and knee bandaging can swell over into a heart-thrilling wave of pride on visitors' day at the kindergarten when Mike stands up in his new red sweater, replies "Yes, ma'am" to the teacher, and solemnly walks to the front of the room to direct the rhythm band.

A mother's payment is rich and full, but often comes in little ways: a wadded bouquet of dandelion puffs; seeing Greg, unnoticed, share his tricycle with the new little boy across the street; watching Brian reach to pluck a neighbor's prize tulip.

Then a mother kisses three blond heads, turns off the light and hugs a smile to her heart as she walks downstairs. And after the dishes are done, before she gets out her mending box, she puts a batch of cookies in the oven for a surprise tomorrow.