

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Notre Dame, Ind.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS fall membership drive is underway. If you have been considering joining, now is the time. Stop at the Council chambers in Walsh Hall between 3:30 and 5:00 any afternoon and discuss the requirements for becoming a member. Guest speaker at the meeting this evening will be Bishop-elect Mendez.

o ANYONE ELSE INTERESTED in making a closed retreat at St Joseph Hall this week-end? Still room for a few more. Make arrangements at 116 Dillon.

● THOUSANDS OF VOICES FILLED THE AIR with our National Anthem at the game last Saturday. This must have afforded spectators their greatest thrill. But surely, second only to that thrill was the thrill that resulted from the sustained support the student section gave the team.

● IN JUST ABOUT EVERY MAN'S WALLET there is apt to be a slip of paper that tells more about him than I.D.s, credit cards, and snapshots. Here are a couple of such bits of paper--volunteered by seniors. And on the back page today we offer a few that can be kept either on your desk or in your wallet. They are from the pen of Msgr. Escriva.

Look God, I have never spoken to you,
But now I want to say. "How do you do?"
You see, God, they told me you didn't exist,
And like a fool I believed all this.

Last night from a shell-hole I saw your sky,
And figured then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see the things you made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade
a spade.

I wonder God if you'd shake my hand,
Somehow I feel you will understand.
Funny how I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had time to see your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad God, that I met you today.
I guess that the zero hour will soon be here.
But I'm not afraid since I know you're near.

There's the signal — I've got to go,
I like you lots, I want you to know.
Look now, this will be a horrible fight,
Who knows? I may come to your house to-
night?

Though I wasn't friendly to you before,
I wonder, God, if you'd wait at your door?
Look, I'm crying . . . me . . . shedding tears,
I wish I had known you these many years.

Well I have to go now, God, good bye . . .
Strange since I met you, I'm not afraid to die.

(Found on the body of an American boy killed in action)

Dear God, the girl you intend
for me--I pray she won't come
along until I'll have render-
ed myself worthy of her. And I
trust she will have all the
necessary graces--so there'll
be no disillusion later.

I trust she will be resolute
because I am faint-hearted.
That she will be fervent, be-
cause I am lukewarm. That she
will drag me uphill, and not
downhill. But above all, let
her possess a lot of compassion
so that when I'm with her I'll
not feel too strongly my own
inferiority.

These are my desires, my hopes.

● PRAYERS. Deceased: Uncle of Ron Schelling of Walsh; Brother Julius, O.F.M.; Bill Gieske. Ill: Mother of John Goncher of Dillon; grandmother of Carl Adler of Fisher; John Giardino.



To be idle is something that cannot be understood in a man who has the soul of an apostle.

You'll never be a leader if you see others only as stepping-stones to get ahead. You'll be a leader if you are ambitious for the salvation of all souls.

When you judge others, why put into your criticism the bitterness of your own failures?

When are you going to apply your will to do something? Drop that craze for laying cornerstones, and finish at least one of your projects.

Why worry about the wrong things people may say of you? You would be a lot worse, if ever God left you. Keep on doing good, and shrug your shoulders.

Excuses.—You'll never lack them if you want to avoid your duties. What a lot of rationalizing without reason! Don't stop to think over the excuses. Get rid of them and do what you should do.