

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Notre Dame, Ind.

GETHSEMANI

Of interest to seniors, especially, but to others as well, is the Retreat at Gethsemani's Trappist Abbey of Our Lady scheduled for May 29-June 1. You may sign up for this retreat either at the YCS Office in the Student Center Rathskellar or at 128 Zahm.

C.I.L.A.

The Committee for the International Lay Apostolate will meet tomorrow evening in 104 O'Shaughnessy at 8:00 P.M. One of the aims of the committee is to sharpen our appreciation of the need for laymen who will assist in the work of converting the world to Christ.

DISCOURTESY

Many are of the opinion that our age is in danger of being tagged "The Age of Discourtesy". It's something to think about. And a frequent reminder that there may be some truth to it is had in the Cheroot wrappers, Coke cups, and flip-top boxes that are dropped about the campus with apparently no consideration for the people who spend long hours caring for the lawns.

MOTHER'S DAY

The Novena for Mother's Day begins on Friday. Let every mother's son weigh carefully the excuses he may be using for not getting to the Sacraments now, and ask himself if his conscience is going to let him pass up this Novena. It runs from May 5th to May 13th and requires, in addition to the Rosary and daily visits to the Grotto,

MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION DAILY

IN YOUR CHARITY

Please pray for the following. Deceased: Francis McSweeney; mother of Bob Salinger, '60; father of Francis, '39, Rev. John, '40, Matthew, '41, and Frederick Payne, '42; uncle of Mike Brennan of Alumni; mother of Ralph Richard, '52; Frank R. Lockard, '19; Louis J. Tansey, '02; Paul V. Miles, '22. Ill: Wife of Larry Martin, '60; father-in-law of Joe Roehrig, Off-Campus; father of Jim of Lyons and Bob Grondin of Alumni. Special intention of Mr. Thomas H. Beacom, Trustee.

Friday Is First Friday



We may not know much about a woman, but a look at her hands can serve as a chronicle of her life. And, on Mother's day a mother's toil-worn hands tell a magnificent story of of courage, love, and faith--a story that in its greatness approaches any thing that might ever be told.

Once they were the hands of a small girl who did all the things girls do. They served tea to dolls, and even repaired a doll with a broken head. The years passed quickly, and soon the hands of the little girl were caring for children of her own. A busy time for her. Everyone said her son was the cutest, most handsome baby ever. Perhaps that was not exactly true. But she was very proud of him. Her hands changed his clothes every day, many more times than necessary. Each day her hands did a wash that was close to monumental. And when her son's hands were dirty or he needed to be washed her husband was usually going the other way on urgent business or to take care of something important. This was coincidence, no doubt, because he was a good man. She always did those things that were necessary. She was constituted that way. A page from her life would read something like this:

. . .

As the years passed, the babies grew up slowly. Sometimes the mother was able to leave home for a few brief moments. When she returned, the children did not say, "Hello, Mother!"

Instead, they always shouted, "What did you bring me, Mommy?" This did not offend the mother; she remembered her own girlhood well.

The youngsters were noisy, energetic, and frequently quarrelsome, as all children are. Often the house was a bedlam which would have crazed anybody but a mother. Strangely, she kept her mental balance without apparent effort thru this period. Her husband, who was home only late in the day when the children were not in their best noisemaking form, sometimes was impatient. Several times he declaimed in a loud voice about the antics of these small people. He explained quite reasonably that life at the office was trying, which made peace and quiet desirable when he came home. The mother agreed. Next day, as always, she impressed upon the children what a fine man their father was.

. . .

When the youngsters got into high school they became very smart about many things. They decided that Mother was a "square" who did not know much about some things. They smiled at her ideas about clothes and dates and the proper hour for getting to bed at night. They sneezed at their father, who grew pink in the face and pounded his fist on the table as he laid down the law. The mother had little to say. But she was quietly insistent on what she believed to be right.

