

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Notre Dame, Ind.

SOPHOMORES

Some sophomores have asked for copies of the verses quoted by Fr. Broestl in his Mission talk last night, so we print 'em here.

I remember when I was only four,
Mother would bring me 'round to the store.
And just outside of the church she'd stand,
And "Come in", she'd say, reaching down
for my hand
"Just for a minute".

And then when I started going to school,
She'd bring me down every day as a rule,
But first the steps to the church we'd
climb,
And she'd say, "We'll go in—you've always
got time,
Just for a minute".

But sometimes I see the other fellow
Standing around and I just go yellow.
I pass by the door, but a Voice from
within
Seems to say, real sad, "So you wouldn't
come in
Just for a minute".

There are things inside of me, bad and good,
That nobody knows and nobody could.
Excepting Our Lord, and I like Him to
know,
And He helps, when in for a visit I go,
Just for a minute.

JRS. & SRS.

Juniors and Seniors will gather at the Grotto (weather permitting) at 6:45 this evening for the opening of their Mission.

Then I got real big, I mean seven years old,
And I went by myself, but was always told,
When you're passing the church don't
forget to call,
"And tell Our Lord about lessons and all,
Just for a minute".

And now it's sort of habit I've got,
In the evening coming from Casey's lot,
Though it takes me out of my way a bit,
To slip into church with my hat and mit,
Just for a minute.

He finds it lonesome when nobody comes
(There are hours upon hours when nobody
comes)
And He's pleased when anyone passing by
Stops in (though it's only a little guy)
Just for a minute.

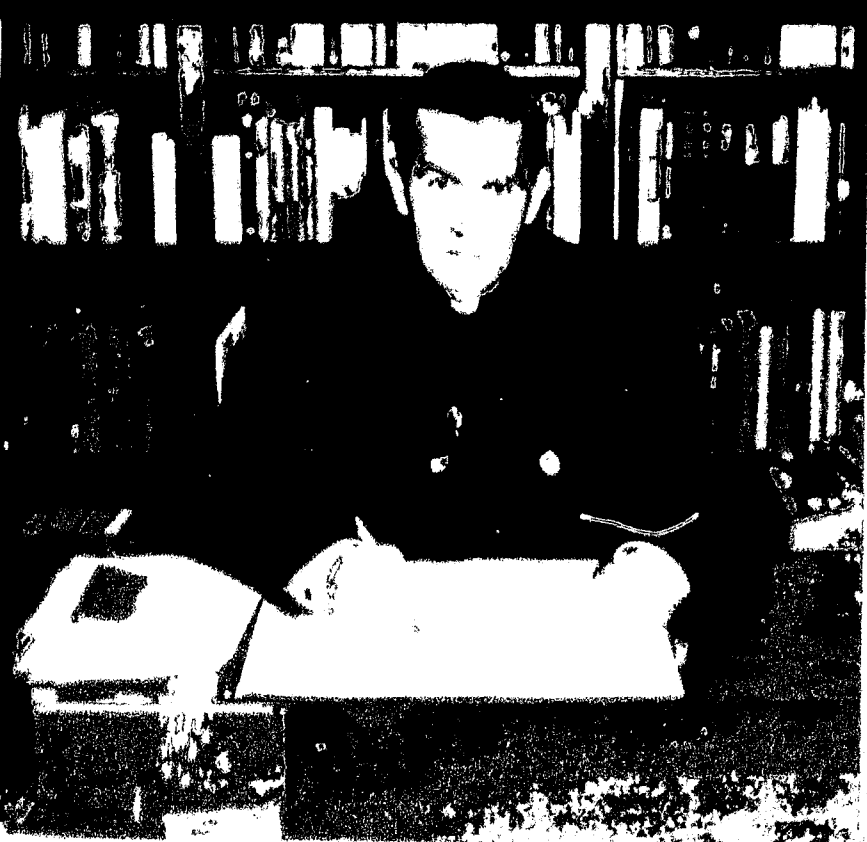
I know what happens when people die,
But I won't be scared, and I'll tell you why:
When Our Lord is judging my soul, I feel
He'll remember the times I went in to kneel
Just for a minute.

If, as is usual, the summer has taken its toll on these two classes, then, making the Mission is the best way of getting into better shape for the months ahead. The schoolyear will pass quickly, and with it possibly the last chance some will have to make a Mission. The Mission a year ago was the LAST for Michael Lee and Joseph Caputo. This calls to mind another quotation Fr. Broestl used last night in urging the Sophomores to conclude their Mission with new resolves:

"I shall pass through this world but
once—any good, therefore, that I can do
—any kindness that I can show to any
human being—let me do it now—let me
not defer nor neglect it, for I shall
not pass this way again..."

IN YOUR CHARITY

Please pray for the following. Deceased: Prof. Thomas Madden, formerly of the English Dept.; mother Robert Cahill, Ticket Manager; friend of Roger Driscoll, Off-Campus; father and three friends of Dick Tushla of Pangborn; friend of Bob Dolan of St. Eds; daughter of James C. Shaw, '22; father of Pat, ex-'64, and Dick Dooley, ex-'62; grandmother of Bob Manzo of Howard; Chester Rice, '28; father of W. Leo Keating, '43; wife of George H. Kelley, '28; brother of Joe Belfiore, '59; Edward C. Ryan, '43. Ill: Aunt of Jim Clarke, Off-Campus; mother of Scott Carroll of Dillon.



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If you're a golfer--and one of the worst putters in Christendom--when you miss a two-footer, you're apt to give forth with something other than, "Aw, shucks!" Or, if you're calling signals and its third down and twenty-five yards for a first down, I don't suppose you'd say, "Gee, fellows, this sure is a bad break." And after a summer working on a ship headed for the Phillipines, or handling cartons on a loading dock, the odds are even higher that the old phrases will come quickly to mind, whether the discussion turns about the Pittsburgh Pirates or the U.N. Historians claim that much of the vocabulary of swearing derives from the language of low women of the 16th century!

Anger, thoughtlessness, inadvertence usually accompany a habit of improper language. And where this is so, the sin is against charity. But when it happens consistently hereabouts it can also be a sin of injustice and a sin of scandal.

Oftentimes, the proper retort for improper speech is the sort attributed to Archbishop Ryan of Baltimore. The Archbishop, so the story goes, was once stopped in the street by a man who knew the Archbishop's face, but couldn't quite place it. "Now where in hell have I seen you?" "From where in hell do you come, sir?" replied the prelate.

Aside from the fact that improper speech is the misuse of a God-given faculty, aside from the fact that there is usually a sin of uncharitableness attached to it--to say nothing of injustice--there is the matter of scandal. During the morning hours, the ladies who take care of your rooms are never very far away. At other times, visitors are frequently in the halls or passing by. And in a place like Dillon, you never know who may be just around the corner or at the bottom of a stairwell!

The chill morning air should be a sufficient reminder that summer is over, and the time has come to put off bad habits of speech that might have been inadvertently picked up. Justice and charity demand it.

Glenn Boorman, Jr.
University Chaplain