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GIVE THANKS BY GIVING

Each year at Thanksgiving time the bishops of the United States conduct a clothing drive for the needy overseas; and each year in the past the students of Notre Dame have cooperated generously in this drive.

"Give thanks by giving" is the slogan of this year's drive. The Thanksgiving season certainly is an appropriate time to give of our abundance since there is no better way to show gratitude than to share our benefits. All of us have something to spare. It is good to give of our superfluity, but it is better to make the sacrifice of something we might still use but can very well do without.

Here, in the United States, where relatively few suffer from cold, in spite of our sometimes severe winters, it is hard to realize that elsewhere in the world warm clothing is scarce. There are children without shoes and warm coats; fathers of families who would welcome your discarded trousers; mothers who would even be glad to wear your out-dated shirts, jackets, and warm socks.

The Catholic Bishops' Thanksgiving Clothing Collection is conducted here on the campus through the halls. If someone doesn't come to your door asking for your gift of clothing, ask your hall chaplain, the chairman of your hall committee, or your rector where the clothes may be deposited. There will be a big box somewhere in the hall. Be sure to give before you leave for your Thanksgiving holiday.

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IN YOUR CHARITY please pray for the following: Deceased-- mother of Pete Vinson of Howard; Fr. Theodosius, C.M.I., a doctoral candidate in English who died of cancer in Madras, India; William M. Galvin, '14; P. Avila McPhillips, '93; father of Donald P. Couch, '63. Ill -- fiancée and father of Jim Brocke of Fisher; Fr. Dan O'Neil, C.S.C., recovering from surgery. Special intention of J. Malcolm of Bristol, Pa.

HEROISM ON EARTH IN THOSE DAYS "The worst thing about our modern world," says Taylor Caldwell in Grandmother and the Priests,* "is that we have no dreams." Our grandparents had dreams, she says, or at least they had one, the one and only dream -- God and His love. Today, instead of having dreams, we set up goals, new goals. This is because we have forgotten that -----
we really have but one goal, and that is God. We had a vision once but we drove it off. As a substitute, we invent petty goals for ourselves, such as providing television for the natives in the Congo, or social engineers for Angola. These are silly visions, she says. We've become a world of children, with all the vices of children, such as a frequent indulgence in tantrums and in invectives against all authority.

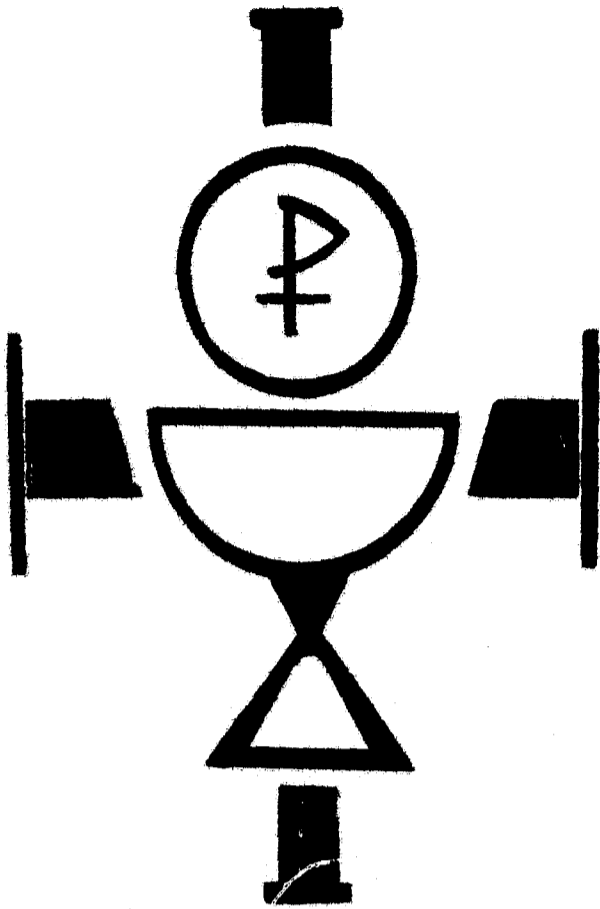
to protect a victim of a gang on a slum street. They did not rush for a policeman. They rescued the victims themselves and punched and kicked with fervor. Their garb did not protect them at a time when they themselves were objects of derision. Many a priest suffered a broken head on his missions of violent mercy. Many died of injuries in the slums of London and Liverpool and Manchester, when their attempts to save a helpless man, woman or child failed, or even when they succeeded.

"Modern man," she says, "will be forgotten because he has no heroism, either in his thoughts or in his life. He is a mediocrity who wants only one thing: safety." In the past generations, she thinks, there were real heroes, and the stories told in Grandmother and the Priests are meant to illustrate what she means by heroism.

These brawny men, at least, are the men who tell the stories in this collection, stories such as that of Fr. MacBurne whose first assignment after ordination was to Douglass MacDougall's isle in the outer Hebrides. This island, he says, was one which God used "as a proving ground for storms that He had in mind for the polar regions -- when He wanted to discover just how much wind, rain, snow, sleet, gales and general hell any bit of earth could stand without breaking up into chunks." Fr. MacBurne's story of his experiences on Douglass MacDougall's isle is one of the best in this volume, but all are worth reading. Taylor Caldwell is not the most avant-garde-ish of writers, but she is certainly a professional and can tell a story worth listening to.

These tales are those the narrator heard as a child, told by some aged priests who frequently visited her grandmother in Leeds, England. "The priests in those days were not Elegant English Gentlemen, but were men of vigor and strength and imagination. They led rigorous lives and needed all the humor, affection, sympathy, and kindness they could get from their people. It was no life for the faint-hearted, the timid, or the openly sensitive. Sons of a brawling people, these priests did not hesitate openly

THE SACRIFICE



All religions have sacrifice. Among many primitive peoples, the sacrifice was human life itself. For the Jews of the Old Testament the offering was not human life, but something which represented it; for example, a living animal, food, or drink. But the external rite was not an end in itself; it was only a sign of the internal sacrifice, the sacrifice of oneself. Without the internal, the external ritual was meaningless.

The Christian sacrifice is the Mass. It is the daily renewal of the one supreme and perfect sacrifice of the God-man on Calvary. But precisely where in the Mass is the element of sacrifice? It is not in the Communion of the Word for here in the Epistle and Gospel we listen to the message of Christ. Nor is it in the Offertory for here we prepare for the sacrifice the material goods which signify our internal commitment.

The sacrificial portion of the Mass, the most solemn and sacred moments of our worship, begin with the Preface. Many often get the impression that the Canon, shrouded in silence and mystery, is the private domain of the priest and God. Nothing could be less true. The priest alone consecrates, but with the priest all the faithful offer. "Therefore we ask you this, Father most merciful through Jesus Christ your Son our Lord, to take and bless these gifts, these offerings..." Throughout the Canon it is the Christian community, Christ the Head acting through the priest and in fellowship with the members present, who offers the sacrifice.

Each one of us must actuate his Christian dignity and privilege during this important moment of worship. The sacrifice of Christ is our sacrifice. The external rite performed on the altar without our internal commitment is meaningless. Fr. Eugene Boylan, the Cistercian, poses the question in this way:

"In the Mass, then, each of us can say: Christ is offering Himself as a perfect sacrifice to God; I too, am offering Him; He is offering me in Himself; am I also offering myself with Him?"

Only when we can answer this question affirmatively will the Mass as a sacrifice and act of worship have any real meaning for us.

--Father Saha

Fresh from the Pad

LOVE AND SEX (Part II): Courtship in a Positive Perspective

Courtship is an arena -- an arena where the intense battle of love is waged. It's difficult, it's dangerous, and it's a risk to go into the arena but the victory is lasting and fulfilling. It's so easy for a couple to focus their attention on problems outside the arena: in-laws, money, children, and where they will live. But the pressing actual problem is how to handle the daily growing desire for union. Unbeknownst to them the ability to meet future marital problems will depend on how successfully they meet their present difficulty because the arena of courtship is giving them the opportunity to learn and experience the lesson -- the lesson of loving unselfishly.

There is only one thing that wrecks a marriage, there is only one thing that breaks-up a home, there is only one thing that kills love -- it's selfishness. The great value of courtship is the chance to learn unselfishness together. When everything inside of you feels like exploding just at seeing her, when every fiber of her feminine nature longs for you there is only one question. How much do I love you?

Love is wanting what is best for the other. Is your love developed enough to want what is best for each other in every dimension -- including your friendship with God? Does she love you so much that she won't coax or tease you even though you might misinterpret her coolness? Do you love her so much that you will restrict your expression of affection even though she might misunderstand? Do you both love so much that you make the effort to get God's help in your love-struggle? Love can be a very empty word. Only sacrifice reveals the depths and genuineness of love.

Every couple in love faces the same challenge. The effort you make to put your struggle in perspective won't halt the temptations or shut-off love's dynamics, but it will make courtship worth-while. Courtship isn't a period of negative repression and fear, but an arena in which to learn the lasting lessons of selfless love -- a love which once tasted will never cease to deepen with each day of marriage.

--Father Baker, C.S.C.

P.S. "Hollow is the heart that is without a hurt."