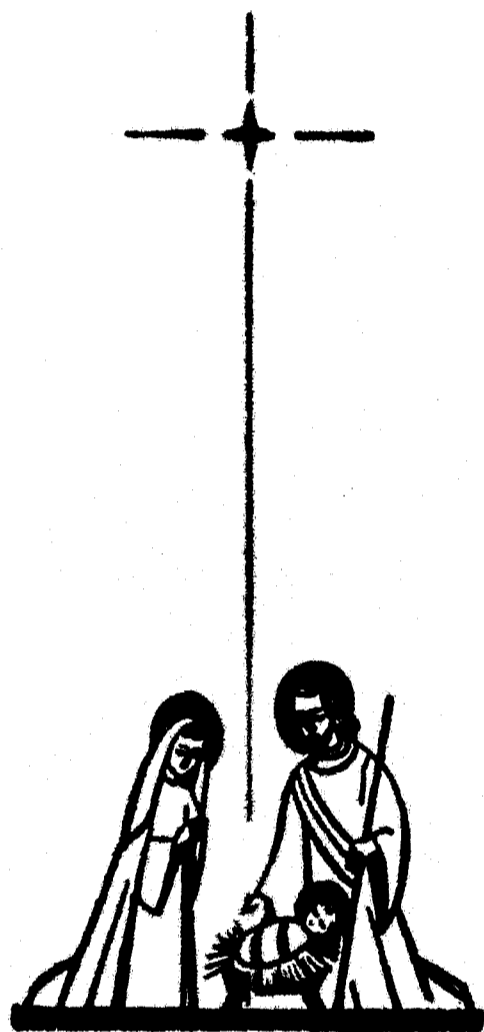


a christmas gift suggestion...

As you do your Christmas shopping, remember...

...that the gift is a symbol of you;
 ...that your giving the gift is an expression of love;
 ...that the true measure of love is sacrifice;
 ...and that thus the true value of the gift is measured in terms of the amount of sacrifice that went into its making or into its purchase.

So a handkerchief or a cardigan sweater may be an expression of deeper love than a platinum mink stole. That's why a parent appreciates the school-made gift of a first-grader or the bauble a youngster buys with saved pennies more perhaps than the more expensive gift of a teen-ager who begged the money from the other parent.



But in any case, it is the sacrifice that counts, not the price. Give in proportion to your love. And on that basis Mom, Dad, brothers and sisters shouldn't come off second best to the girl you haven't learned to love but are only trying to impress.

And on that basis, the source of love -- the One Whose infinite love for you gave us Christmas -- ought not be forgotten. He doesn't want a gift which is merely a symbol. He wants, and deserves, the love which you express in the grace-rooted prayers, works, joys, and sufferings of each day.

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NOVENA CHRISTMAS CARDS may be obtained in your halls. If you can't find them, ask your hall chaplain. You may also pick them up in the Pamphlet Room next to the office of the University Chaplain, 117 Dillon.

IN YOUR CHARITY please pray for the following: Ill -- Fr. James Moran, C.S.C., Director of Admissions; Fr. Fred Gassensmith; grandmother of Mike Weidner of Walsh and Tim Thilman, Off-Campus. (continued on page two)

A MODERN TEMPEST One of the dangers a person faces who recommends a good modern novel is that the book he takes a fancy to will probably be read by others for all the wrong reasons. That this danger confronts the person who recommends John Fowles' The Collector* is obvious from a mere summary of the novel. For this is the story of a lower middle-class clerk in London who wins a fortune in a football pool, and with this money prepares a hide-away in which to imprison a girl that he later kidnaps. The time-span of the novel is the two months of the girls imprisonment.

This story is told first of all in the words of the kidnapper, and then in a record which the girl herself keeps secretly. The story is intended to be suspenseful, but the outcome could hardly be other than a tragic one if this is going to be a serious work of fiction.

The Collector, like many another modern novel, provides for readings at various levels of interpretation. The girl, whose name is Miranda, half way through the story hits upon the idea of dubbing her kidnapper Caliban, and from there on a parallelism with The Tempest is much in evidence. Caliban, not Prospero, however, in very unShakespearean fashion, proves the master in this story, and the reader's conclusion is that the transition from Shakespeare's time to our own makes the difference.

Modern Caliban-ity, as opposed to Shakespeare's poetic justice, possibly is meant to be the main theme of this story. The modern Caliban has become the master of our present civilization. The gross, the vulgar, the inhuman,

Little, Brown & Co., 1963, \$4.95.

the bestial, dominate all that the Ariels and Mirandas symbolize. Fr. John Courtney Murray puts this into non-fiction terms when he tells us that we have been invaded from within, rather than from without, by the Barbarian today. The Barbarian today does not appear in bearskins with a club in hand, but wears a Brooks Brothers suit and carries a ball-point pen. This Barbarian is untutored in any of the traditions of Christian society. He undermines all standards, corrupts all the inherited intuitive wisdom by which people have ever lived.

As a result of this barbarism, or Caliban-ity, the world today lives more or less close to the brink of complete moral corruption, and can be rescued only by those who understand the disciplines of Christian culture. It is the latter alone who hold in check the forces of barbarism that are threatening our civilization today.

--Claude L. Boehm

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IN YOUR CHARITY please pray for the following persons deceased: father of Jack Messina of Howard; grandmother of Paul Stepan of Badin and mother-in-law of Alfred C. Stepan, '31, of the Board of Lay Trustees; mother of Fr. James Schultz, C.S.C.; father of Fr. Dan Boland, C.S.C.; father of Brother Beatus, C.S.C.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE -- Thursday, December 12, is the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe whom Pope Pius XII designated "Empress of America" when he placed under her patronage the entire American continent.

Our Lady of Guadalupe is truly America's Lady. On December 12, 1531 -- centuries before Lourdes, Fatima, LaSalette -- the Virgin Mother of God appeared to the Indian, Juan Diego near Mexico City and left on his serape the imprint of herself. This self-portrait hangs today above the altar in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. After four centuries it is still fresh and vivid in color to the wonderment of artists and scientists alike. It is truly miraculous evidence of Our Lady's appearance on our own continent.



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FRESH FROM THE PAD (continued from the back page)

wound spells one thing -- personal selfishness. So no matter if a sin be mortal or venial it is cause for genuine sorrow and a stimulus to sincere unselfish giving.

Confession is the means of personal reconciliation for the Christian who has refused God's friendship. It is in this sacrament that he deliberately rejects his own selfishness. Confession is no impersonal instrument. We are sadly deluded Christians if we think, for one moment, we can passively enter into the grace-laden stream of redemption. Confession is a renewed baptismal commitment. But this re-commitment must be personal, sincere, concrete and practical -- I must determine in a practical way how I am going to cherish and pursue my friendship with God in the coming days.

The Sacrament of Penance is most certainly an objective means of redemption but this in no way implies I haven't a vital part to play in it. We must cooperate in our own personal redemption. By merely placing ourselves in a tub and allowing ourselves to be scrubbed with a powerful soap (the Blood of Christ) we are not automatically redeemed. A broken love can't be patched-up without the effort of the two people involved. In every rift in divine love God outdoes Himself in offering us the means for reconciliation. Are we sincerely cooperating?

--Father Baker, C.S.C.

P.S. "God who created you without your help will not save you without your help!"

THE GREAT ABUSE

Confession is the most abused channel of redemption. This abuse is not a conscious sort of thing. It results from misunderstanding and an exaggerated emphasis. In their all-out effort to help us appreciate God's boundless mercy and to alleviate the almost physical fear that grips us when we think of exposing our deepest shame, preachers and teachers have repeatedly stressed the inherent power of the Sacrament of Penance. Such an emphasis has led many of us to consider confession as some kind of automatic holiness machine.

We feel if we but submit to this very impersonal and objective means of grace it can do any and every kind of spiritual job. And this mentality isn't restricted to any particular group. It is shared alike by the devout and by the weakest habitual sinner. So confession has come to be the cure-all for every type of moral and psychic need. Actually, we want the Sacrament of Penance to do things it was never intended to do.

1. The worrier desperately wants the sacramental absolution to sweep clean the hidden pockets of guilt buried in the subconscious.
2. The habitual sinner wants the sacrament to act as a magical spiritual bleach-detergent.
3. The Christian-in-name-only looks on the sacrament as the big Bath. When he is so dirty that he can't stand himself anymore he grits his teeth and jumps into the confessional bath. Then he hops out and is okay until the dirt builds-up again. He goes from one bath to another. The sacrament is as conveniently serviceable as a three-minute car wash.
4. The devout soul can't see any profit in frequent confession. After all he has no big sins--only envy, detraction, cowardice and uncharitableness.

What is confession for anyway? Certainly, the emotional guilt which clings to the walls of the subconscious is not within the scope of confession. Sin is the conscious and deliberate refusal of God's love overtures and the wilful pursuit of our selfish desires. The Sacrament of Penance has been instituted to mend a deliberately broken friendship and to heal a friendship that has been wilfully bruised. Just as there are degrees of falling out of love in human friendship so in Divine friendship. No matter how shallow or deep the wound inflicted, each

(continued on page three)