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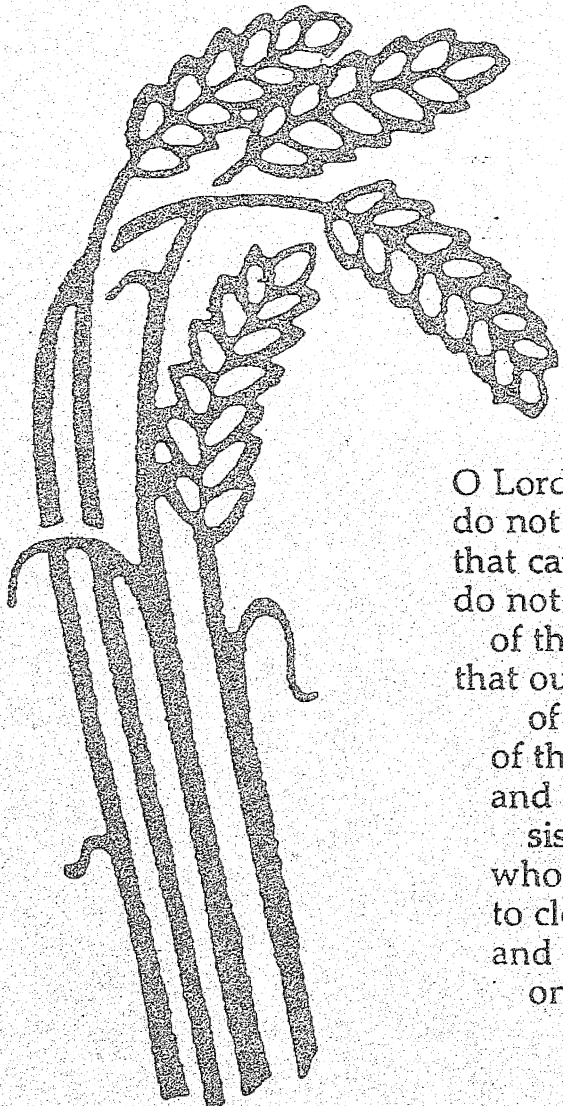
BULLETIN

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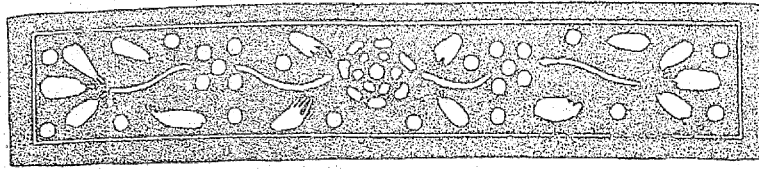
Office of University Ministry
University of Notre Dame

Let Us Not Be Blinded

A detailed black and white illustration of several wheat stalks with full, textured heads, positioned on the left side of the page.

O Lord,
do not let us turn into "broken cisterns"
that can hold no water...
do not let us be so blinded by the enjoyment
of the good things of earth
that our hearts become insensible to the cry
of the poor,
of the sick, of orphaned children
and of those innumerable brothers and
sisters of ours
who lack the necessary minimum to eat,
to clothe their nakedness,
and to gather their family together under
one roof.

Pope John XXIII (1881-1963)



The Shadows of Experience

...by Barbara Grant

The everyday happenings of this world are secret doors with sliding catches and hidden hooks that, if inadvertently sprung, could send one hurtling down unknown passageways. The effects of this passage are unpredictable—altering one's vision, changing one's direction. Often, that which appeared to be an unnecessary frustration can be the source of some small or great insight—about the situation itself, or about one's own character or goals. My summer was such: an endless flight through the shadows of experiences. I became a part of the Summer Service Project Program, and through my project, many people, places and experiences became a part of my life. Engulfed by many claims on my time and skills, I began to appreciate more keenly the endless gift of possibilities inherent in each person's need, in every problem encountered, in each personal challenge.

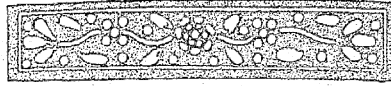
Starting off for Austin, Texas, I recorded my plans, and attempted to discern my expectations for the coming two months. On the whole, I expected rather small things, of which none worked out

exactly as I had imagined. My SSP experience was not contained within the actual work of my project nor was it limited to those eight short weeks. Rather, the SSP was an "opening" for me; an opening to a vision of life beyond the Midwest and Notre Dame.



Mine was a dual project: I spent four weeks working with Rural Upward Bound, located on the campus of St. Edward's University, RUB provided seven weeks of academics and cultural experiences for about fifty rurally isolated Hispanics, ranging in age from 15 to 20 years old. During the second four weeks, I combined my involvement in RUB with a "learning camp" which took place at San Francisco Parish, a small Hispanic parish in the rural area south of Austin. In the San Francisco program I spent four weeks with ten junior high school students all boys, except one. My only introduction to this group, was the information that they were "rowdy" and none of the other teachers wanted them.





I decided from the very first day not to try to "control" these potential demons; instead I gave them the option to control themselves. We played a lot of basketball, and talked about sharing and working together. We picked wild flowers and discussed what it meant to be "rooted"—our families, our cultures, our country. We became friends, and talked about love.



The lessons which I attempted to share with "my kids", I also attempted to put into my every day life. I came to touch and be touched by a wide range of persons, of differing ages, and backgrounds, and visions. I shared in the lives of many of the Holy Cross Brothers in whose community home I spent four weeks. In patiently listening, I provided them a chance to tell their stories many of which shed light on the questions and frustrations with which I found myself dealing.

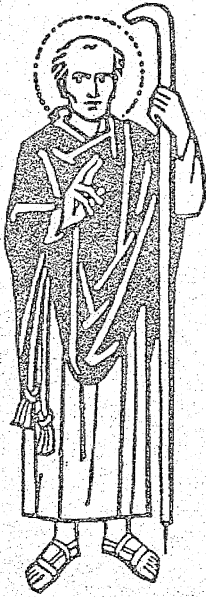
As I left the Texas hill country, and as I watch falling leaves here at Notre Dame, I know that the service which I rendered seems almost insignificant when compared with what I recieved.

My summer, which now seems so distant, was indeed an opening for me. I have recognized the importance of living one's life with an open heart—accepting to recieve but not to clutch or hoard or to cling. To love with an open heart—accepting God's gifts aand people in one's life without expecting them to live up to some ideal. All much easier said than done; all growing out of a choice which began earlier and extends beyond but was nurtured and challenged by a "summer of service."



Students wishing further information of the Summer Service Projects should inquire at the Center for Social Concerns.

In the whole world, Christ suffers dismemberment . . . His Mystical Body is drawn and quartered from age to age . . . As long as we are on earth the love that unites us will bring us suffering by our very contact with one another, because this love is the resetting of a Body of broken bones. □ THOMAS MERTON



ST. MARTIN OF TOURS

Feast of St. Martin of Tours

November 11

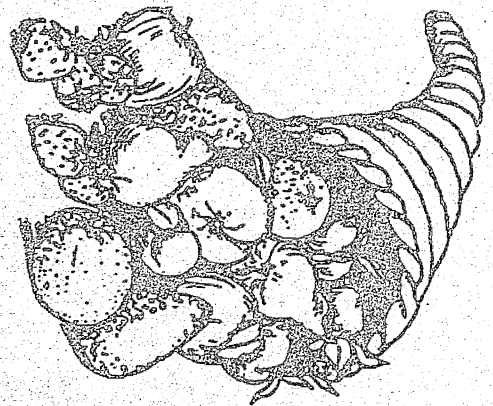
A conscientious objector who wanted to be a monk; a monk who was maneuvered into being a bishop; a bishop who fought paganism as well as pleaded for mercy to heretics; such was Martin of Tours.

"I have served you as a soldier; now let me serve Christ. Give the bounty to those who are going to fight. But I am a soldier of Christ, and it is not lawful for me to fight."

Thanksgiving Food Baskets

Thanksgiving is a great feast. The heart of our celebration is a deep gratitude for the many gifts bestowed by God. Another part of this feast is a prayerful and active response to those less fortunate than we.

In this spirit, the Notre Dame World Hunger Coalition is sponsoring a Thanksgiving Food Basket for poor of the South Bend area. A campus wide collection will be taken on November 17, at all hall masses. Please be generous.



Monies collected will be used to buy turkey and the trimmings for families. All collections should be brought to the University Ministry Offices at 103 Memorial Library or the Badin U.M. Office by November 20th.