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RELIGIOUS



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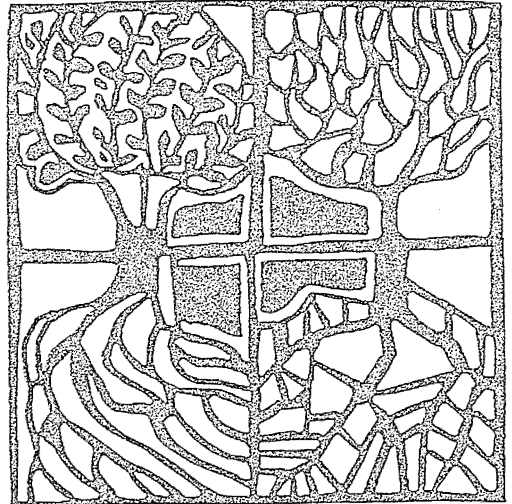
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The Parable of The Red Car

...by Sonia Gernes

It was March when this parable happened, and in Minnesota, despite a few urgent stirrings in the wind, March is still a winter month. The air was cold, and an ice storm a day or two before had left everything glazed and shimmering--and treacherous. I was young at the time, confused about life as the young often are, and anguished by many things. On the advice of my friend Linda that winter, I had taken to driving up into the hills and pouring out my young anguish to a priest at the Dominican priory. I can no longer remember just what problems I told him--problems fade with the years though emotions do not--but over the course of the winter he became a fixture in my life.

The Saturday the parable happened, Linda arrived at my door with a strange expression.



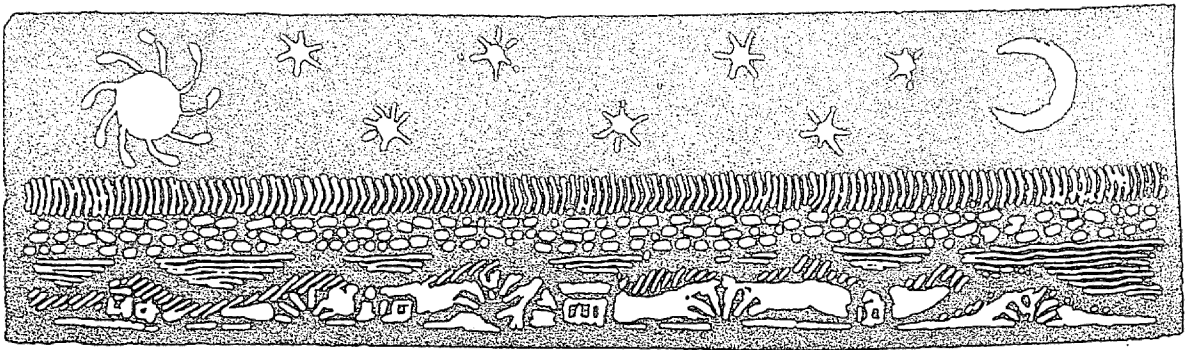
"Father John is gone," she said.

"Gone?" I said. "Gone where?"

"Just gone," she said.

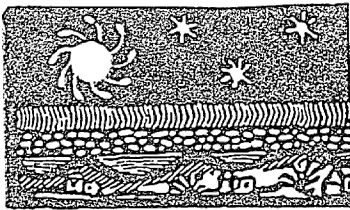
"He left the priesthood."

I stood in disbelief, trying to filter through the complex of emotions I was feeling until they began to merge into one: anger. I was furious. "How could he do



that?' I said. "How could he know that people are depending on him and just walk out? How could he go without saying goodbye?"

Linda had no answers, nor did I expect her to, and after a morose hour of recriminations and self pity, we fell back on an old female pasttime to cheer ourselves up: we went to a clearance sale.



When we emerged from the store, cars had parked closely--too closely--on either side of us in the spaces that angled in to the curb. There was snow on top of the ice, and I skidded sideways as I tried to back out. I could hear Linda sucking in her breath. "You are about an inch from that guy's door-handle," she said. "You better try to straighten it and back straight out..."

"I can't back straight out," I said. "There's a

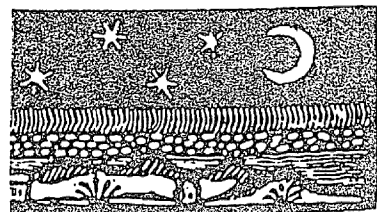
red car right in back of me, parallel-parked on the other side of the street."

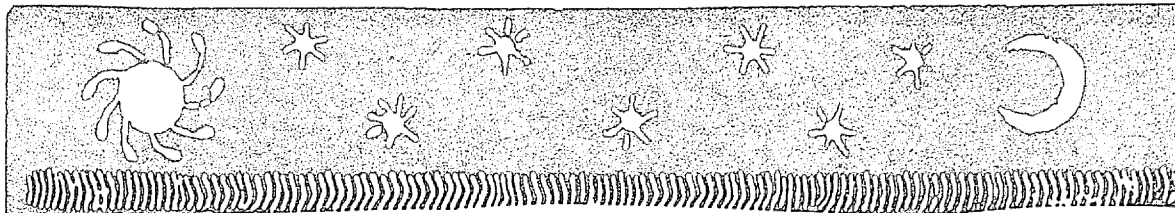
After fifteen minutes of twisting and inching over the ice, trying every possible angle, I was no better off. In the rear view mirror, I could see the man in the red car, his face turned in our direction, calmly smoking a cigarette.

"He really makes me mad," I said. "He can see the trouble we're having--we almost hit him twice... Why doesn't he just move the damn thing ahead a few feet? There's nobody in front of him!"

"He's not in the driver's seat," Linda said. "Maybe he doesn't have the keys."

"He has the keys, all right," I said. "The motor's running. Look at the exhaust."

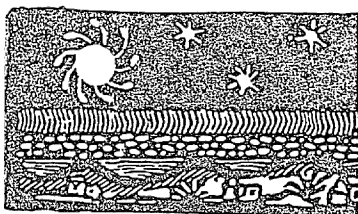




Twice in one day, I thought.
Twice in one day someone
has seen my needs and has
ignored them--has simply
and deliberately turned away.

"This is ridiculous,"
 I said. I got out of the car, slammed the door and stomped across the street. The man in the red car had the radio playing and was staring straight ahead. I knocked on the driver's window and then jerked open the door.

"Sir," I said, trying to keep some degree of civility in my voice. "I was wondering if you could pull your car ahead ten or fifteen feet. We're blocked in across the street..."



The man's face was gentle as he turned toward me, though his glasses hid the expression in his eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry!" he said. "I'm waiting for my wife. You could get in and move the car yourself if that would help you. I'm afraid I can't. I'm blind..."

I don't often think of that day at the fraying end of winter. Years have gone by, and I have loved and laughed, suffered and sinned. But now and then, when the sky closes down and the way is blocked with blindness, I think of that little town--of the priest and the ice and the red car with the motor running. I think of a man who did not act as I was sure he should...

Only he who learns to love men one by one reaches, in his relation to heaven, God as the God of all the world . . . For he learns to love the God of the universe, the God who loves His work, only in the measure in which he himself learns to love the world.

□ MARTIN BUBER

WORLD PEACE PRAYER

LEAD ME FROM DEATH
to LIFE, from FALSEHOOD to TRUTH

LEAD ME FROM DESPAIR
to HOPE, from FEAR to TRUST

LEAD ME FROM HATE
to LOVE, from WAR to PEACE

LET PEACE FIL OUR HEART,
OUR WORLD, OUR UNIVERSE.

Pray for Peace

On Tuesday, November 19, the summit meeting between President Reagan and Secretary Gorbachev convenes in Geneva. SANE (Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy) has called for a day of prayer for world peace on Sunday, November 17th. Hall chaplains are asked to incorporate this theme into hall masses, and students, faculty, and staff are asked to spend some extra time in prayer for the intention of global peace.

What Should Catholics Know About...

PRAYER FR. JOHN DUNNE

SACRAMENTS

FR. ANDRE' LEVEILLE'

SCRIPTURE and TRADITION

FR. DAN JENKY

MORALITY

FR. MONK MALLOY

CHURCH

FR. TOM O'HEARA

THE CATHOLIC FAITH PROGRAM will present these speakers and topics on SUNDAYS (January 19 - February 16 in Keenan - Stanford Chapel) and again on TUESDAYS (January 21 - February 18 in Keenan - Stanford and Walsh Hall Chapels) ...
7 - 8:30 P.M.

**Pre-registration Necessary
...deadline December 9th**



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