Religious Bulletin
January 14, 1929.

Why Didn't You Sign Your Name?

"710 Peterboro, #202,
Detroit, Michigan.

"Dear Father O'Hara:

My trip to Notre Dame is still the big thing; I haven't gotten
over it yet.

"Christmas brought me a flock of spiritual bouquets and Christmas cards from fellows
at school; but, while I'd like to write each fellow who sent me one, and thank him for
his prayers, so many of them didn't sign their names that I'm at a loss how to do it.
Could you thank them for me through the Bulletin? I don't know of any other way that
I could let them know of my appreciation. I intend to write the others and tell them
myself, as soon as I can manage it in this slow, punch-by-punch manner.

"I braved the flu, frozen ears and what-not Saturday to have my eyes tested. I hope
soon to be able to devour books again at a normal rate. To make sure that I'm really
kept busy, tho, I've become a business man -- not tired, however -- a sort of mail-or-
der insurance salesman. The idea is working out in pretty good shape, too. I'll be
selling enough to buy myself a small-size circulating library. Then I wont have to
pay fines any more. Perfect freedom, eh? Wish me luck, will you? -- Van Wallace."

"Dear Father:

I have been wanting to tell you for some time how that trip to Notre Dame
put new life and hope into our boy. There has been a very marked improvement in Van's
condition since his visit to Notre Dame. He sleeps less, is always planning and fig-
uring something that he might do to help himself; moves his shoulders about from side
to side, hoping to stir up some of his deadened nerves, and he has taken a great inter-
est in what he calls his mail-order insurance. He spends hours studying it. The
fact alone that he has the ambition to start speaks volumes, don't you think?

"It is no easy matter for him to write and prepare the letters necessary in this line
of work, and yet he never tires -- just punches away incessantly. He smiles for hours
when the mail man brings him an application, the result of his efforts. It occupies
his time, and so he has less time to think of his helplessness and his dependence on
others for his every need.

"Again I must say that prayer, and prayer alone, has brought this strength to him; it
is his only medicine, and slowly but surely it is bringing him to health and strength.
I still feel, as I always have, that in God's own good time, the many, many prayers
offered for our boy's recovery will be answered; and I feel deeply grateful to the
man at Notre Dame for their prayers and supplications in Van's behalf. -- Mrs. Wallace."

And that's not bad news to get during the Novena for Health. It's too bad you didn't
sign your names, so that Van could have the pleasure of thanking you personally; on the
other hand, however, it will give him more time for his insurance business -- and you
should know that typing is not the easiest thing in the world for him to do. He does
it with his right hand (his fingers are still paralyzed) by means of a wire contraption
he invented, which fits over the hand and has a rubber tip on the free end. -- Get bu
with a few more prayers in his behalf; he is teaching you cheerfulness and faith.

Prayers.

Chas. Kennedy's mother and Ray Doherty's grandmother have been injured in falls. Jo:
Golden's mother was anointed a few days ago. A deceased person. A student's mother
is undergoing a dangerous operation today; another student's grandmother is reported
dying. (The Novena for examinations begins Wednesday; get to confession early.)