Upperclassmen know the story of Jim Aoki’s unfortunate accident during the Easter holidays last. For the benefit of all we have a recent letter from a friend named Beverly who has been to him what the Gospel calls the Good Samaritan.

"Jim has been transferred from St. Francis Hospital to Rocky Hill Veterans home, which is a rehabilitation center. He still has limited use of his hands but is almost totally incapacitated from the waist down. With considerable effort he writes a letter now and then.

"My appeal to you, Father, is to make known his new address should some students care to cheer him with a letter, no matter how brief. Although he is unable to answer all correspondents he delights in hearing about Notre Dame.

"Jim never complains and apparently has made a fine adjustment to his new way of life. His present address: HOSPITAL FOR CHRONICALLY ILL, ROCKY HILL, CONN."

There you have it, the unhappy news of a Notre Dame student who would be getting ready like you are now to spend Christmas at home if he were not hospitalized 1700 miles away from his home. North Dakota is a long way from Connecticut.

"He never complains," because he's not that kind. Would that that could be said of all of us! How many of us think "we can take it?" How many of us, with two sturdy legs under us, will get up for Mass during the Christmas Novena for our parents? How many of us, will get up for Mass during the Christmas Novena for our parents? How many of us will kneel till it hurts in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, exposed publicly in the Main Church during the novena for our mothers and fathers? How many of us have the generosity to spend as much on alms for the poor as we spend on cokes and smokes?

We’re well off and don’t realize just how well off we are. If we appreciate the trial Jim Aoki is going through, if we have the spirit of Simon who helped Our Lord carry His cross, if we have the spirit of Christmas, we will drop Jim a Christmas card, tell him we have offered a few Holy Communions, and a Rosary or two, for his welfare.

This Thing Called Love.

After all, real love, whether of God, parents, or sweetheart, involves sacrifice; otherwise it is mere sentimentality. Sons who love their mothers and fathers wish them well, but their love does not stop at the wishing, if it is really "this thing called love."

Love means a giving. There can be no giving without a renunciation of something we possess. Call this renunciation sacrifice. Real love can never be an inactive force. That's why the son who says he loves his parents and does nothing more about it is a pretender. If his love does not call forth sacrifice, his love is merely an affectation. The personal Sacrifice required to make a novena is effective love.

We know the world judges of our parentage by our actions. If we feel surging within us the loyalty that makes us willing to die for the defence of the honor of our mother and father, it is a strange inconsistency that permits us to do things that will bring discredit to their names or their memory—to say nothing of the inconsiderateness that brings grief to their hearts. We have often heard people say: "That boy must have a good mother;" and we have also heard them say: "What kind of a father can that boy have?" (Spiritual bouquet cards for the Christmas Novena at the pamphlet racks.)