Being Catholic means living what we believe in, and our lives should be marked by a daily devotion to our faith. The power of the Eucharist is a constant reminder of our connection to God and the community of believers. It is a source of strength and guidance in our daily lives.

Miss the Novena yesterday? Then start tomorrow morning with Mass.

On Receiving Communion Daily

Some time ago, a story appeared regarding a Russian scientist who planted a willow wand weighing five pounds in a container with exactly 200 pounds of good soil. He did so as an experiment. And after five years he removed the small tree from the soil, shook loose the dirt from the roots, and then weighed the willow. There was a verdict -- 169 pounds. Yet, the original 200 pounds of soil had diminished by only three ounces. How was this difference in weight to be explained? By the soil? Hardly, because the soil had lost only three ounces of its original mass.

We are told that the difference was explained by invisible energy radiating from the sun. The leaves of the willow tree were the means which contacted this vast source of energy. Daily contact had enabled the willow to absorb tremendous amounts of this energy, transforming it into a sturdy sapling in five short years.

There is something akin to this same miracle which takes place in every one of us through the reception of daily Communion. We, too, have our roots planted firmly in the earth, yet we grow spiritually in strength and stature from a nourishment which only God Himself could have invented. As members of the Mystical Body, we reach out, like the leaves of the tree, for an energy that is the Son of God in His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity -- nothing less!

This tremendous truth is so startling that it deserves an occasional reminder -- even to that group of Catholics born into the Faith. It is good to recall the power of the Holy Eucharist -- that it can transform a Saul into a Paul, a sinner into a saint.

When we receive Communion, we receive not simply a figure, a symbol or sign of Our Lord, but Christ Himself. Our heart becomes a cradle for the Babe of Bethlehem -- we speak directly to the Child of Nazareth -- we listen to the words whispered by the Preacher of the Sermon on the Mount -- we sit at the table in the Upper Room in company with the Twelve Apostles, and watch Him break bread and distribute it to all present -- we look up at the sorrowful sight of the Saviour crucified on Calvary -- watch His triumphant progress of Easter... All this takes place when we go to the communion rail and receive the little white host from the hands of the priest.

Yet, even the Apostles had to exercise some faith in His divinity when they beheld Him breaking the bread and saying: "This is My Body."

Anyone with even a little faith in what happens when we receive Communion can hardly leave the chapel before making a show of wonder, and reverence in his thanksgiving -- a thanksgiving that looms important enough to claim ten minutes of our time even on our busiest days. This is the choicest privilege granted to all Notre Dame men every day of their lives on this campus dedicated to His Mother. And if He can "make snowflakes from drops of water, diamonds out of charcoal, saints out of Magdalen -- what can't He do for you!"