SEAT OF WISDOM, PRAY FOR US!

PRAY
I'LL STOP
ANTICIPATING THE WORST.
WORRYING.
THINKING LIFE'S NOT WORTH LIVING.
TALKING ALWAYS ABOUT MYSELF
AND MY ACHIEVEMENTS.
SAYING UNKIND THINGS ABOUT THE
TEACHER WHO GIVES ME WHAT I DESERVE.
DAYDREAMING.
FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF.
MAGNIFYING MY ACHES AND PAINS.
DREAMING THAT THE GRASS IS GREENER
ELSEWHERE.
SPECULATING WHAT I'D DO IF I WERE
IN SOMEONE ELSE'S SHOES.
AND JUST DO THE BEST I CAN IN MY OWN,
NOW THAT EXAMS HAVE COME.

THE CHAIR OF UNITY OCTAVE, which ends
on Sunday, brought out about 600 for the
Eastern Rite Mass in Sacred Heart Church
on Wednesday evening. Every year we are
grateful to the Fathers at St. Procopius
Abbey, Lisle, Illinois, for coming here
to offer the Liturgy of St. John Chryso-
stom, and to help us come to a better un-
derstanding of the Church's grandeur and
the urgency of prayers for unity. But we
are especially grateful to them this year
for braving the ice and snow in order to
fulfill their promise to be here. We are
also grateful that the occasion was graced
by the presence of the Right Reverend Abbot
of St. Procopius, who reminded us that just
as the welding of two pieces of iron re-
quires that both pieces be "white hot", so
too must those of us who belong to the
Latin Rite ardently desire the return of
the dissident Eastern Church, if union is
ever to come. This Sunday, the preacher
at all the Masses in Sacred Heart Church
will be Fr. Titus Cranny, S.A., Director
of the Chair of Unity Octave. Fr. Cranny
will speak about "The Eastern Church and
Unity".

Farewell to Alleluia: Tomorrow,
the Saturday before Septuagesima Sunday,
we begin the period of remote preparation
for the celebration of the Easter mysteries.
The Christmas song, "Gloria in Excelsis",
is henceforth allowed only on feast days.
And that angelic exclamation of joy, the
"Alleluia", is silenced entirely. Giving
up the "Alleluia" is intended as the first
of our Lenten sacrifices. Begin now to
prepare for the earnestness of Lent by de-
termining what other sacrifices you will
make during the Holy Season. Many weeks
hence the "Alleluia" will be resurrected,
when in the Easter Vigil Mass the priest
will sing it in three different keys just
before the Gospel of the Mass. Your joy
on that occasion will be authentic only
if in the meantime you have shared in the
passion and cross of Christ.

ST. PAUL
GREATEST CONVYER MAKER

YOU HAVE TROUBLES, YOU
gay? Listen to this.
St. Paul, whose conver-
sion we celebrate Sun-
day, was scourged five
times, beaten with rods
three times, stoned on
one occasion, shipwrecked
three times, placed in
chains once, and finally
beheaded! By comparison,
what have you had to suffer? How much
have you put up with in order that you
might bring the faith to someone else?

PLEASE REMEMBER in your prayers the
following: Deceased: Grandfather of David
Adam of Dillon; Karl Neigand, '30; brother
of Fr. Matthew Walsh, C.S.C.; brother-in-
law of Tom O'Mara of B-P; uncle of James
Stone of Stanford; grandfather of Terry
Daly of Alumni. Ill: Niece of Fr. Richard
Murphy, C.S.C.; Mr. Britton I. Budd (mem-
er of Advisory Council for Engineering and
Science; Ted Sarphie of Lyons (appendectomy)
Bill Townsend of B-P (appendectomy).
I'LL LONG REMEMBER this frigid Friday and Bill Townsend. Bill was the cause of my phone ringing at three o'clock this A.M.

"THIS IS DR. CROWLEY," said a voice at the other end of the line. A few minutes later...we were leaving the Circle, the Doctors Crowley and Helmer, and myself, huddled together in a big pink Lincoln. The thermometer at the watchman's shelter registered six below zero. A Russian winter, I thought to myself, but this was certainly not Russian-style transportation.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, Bill Townsend was on the table in the emergency room. Dr. Crowley decided an operation was necessary. I talked with Bill, blessed him, then the orderly rolled him off to the elevator and surgery.

WHILE WE WAITED for Dr. Graf and the two nurses to prepare for the operation, we drank coffee and talked of many things. Among other things, we talked about the so-called "Searing Report on Hospitals" being featured in the current issue of a widely circulated magazine. I had read it less than four hours before my phone rang.

IN THE ARTICLE, the author suggests "A hospital is not a fit place in which to be sick." Also, it's said, "hospitals are run for the convenience of doctors and nurses—not for the benefit of the patient." Again, "the patient's symbols of personal identity are removed; his clothes are counted and taken away, so is his jewelry and often his small change". And "his sense of privacy is violated."

NONE OF THESE charges could be substantiated in this hospital, I thought to myself. And as it turned out, none of them could be. In fact, one gets the impression that the hospitals have been striving to avoid any such criticism as this.

FROM MY OBSERVATION POINT, I watched as the doctors scrubbed in preparation for their task. One gets the impression there is an ever-flowing supply of Pollnow's Septi-sol. They scrubbed and scrubbed. Next, they donned enough laundry to do the average household for a week. Gowns, caps, and masks. Then the gloves. All the while there was about the room the air of conviction that these doctors knew what they were doing. And they were in the habit of doing it cheerfully. Even at 4:00 o'clock in the morning.

THE OPERATION was sure, swift, and successful. I regretted that Bill, a pre-med student, couldn't appreciate at the moment the confidence and cooperative spirit with which these doctors and nurses went about their work.

ANYONE WATCHING, even from afar, could get the feeling these are good people to be entrusted to.

As we were leaving, the day shift was coming on, and Bill was entrusted now to the staff nurses, who pray:

Oh, my God: I am about to begin the day's work.

Teach me to receive the sick in Thy name.

Give to my efforts success, sweet Jesus, for the glory of Thy Holy Name.

It is Thy work: Without Thee I cannot succeed.

Grant that the sick Thou hast placed in my care may be abundantly blessed, and not one of them be lost because of anything that is lacking in me.

Help Thou me to overcome every temporal weakness and strengthen in me whatever may enable me to bring the sunshine of joy to the lives that are gathered round me day by day.

Prefect of Religion