TOMORROW EVENING AT 8:00 P.M., Fr. Philip Schaerf, C.S.C., director of the Confraternity of Lourdes, will deliver the first of two Mariology lectures on the subject, "The Happy Grotto of Happy Failures".

PRAYERS. Deceased: Uncle of Bob Erler, Off-Campus; uncle of John Bird of Morrissey; Paul Simcoe, '39; Lawrence Rebillot, '13; Vincent D. O'Neil, '32; George Maywalt, '32. Ill: Pat Galvin of Morrissey; Tony Cornwell; father of Joe Rodriguez, Off-Campus.

- EACH EVENING AT 6:30, follow the crowd to the Grotto for five minutes of devotions in honor of Our Lady.

- EXPOSITION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT continues each week-day in the Lady Chapel from Noon until 4:45 P.M. Tomorrow is the day for Sorin, Dillon, and Pangborn residents to provide adorers. And, on Wednesday, Badin, Howard, Lyons, and Keenan residents will take their turn.

- CUT OFF the lower part of this Bulletin and fold twice to make an "insert" for the Mother's Day card or letter you'll be sending home tomorrow. More than flowers, or candy, or your latest photo, that's what these prayers will mean to your Mother.

Novena for My Mother
What is a Mother

By N. CARROLL

A mother is a person who is old enough to be an authority on Indian war whoops and whether cowboys ever went barefoot, and yet young enough to remember the rules of the game May I? and the second verse of Sing a Song of Sixpence.

She must be smart enough to answer questions about thunder and locomotives and stars, but ignorant enough to laugh at the reason a chicken runs across the road.

She must be a detective and able to find the top to the cereal box which was thrown away last week, the treads to Greg's toy tank, and the other roller skate.

She must be a veterinarian and accomplished at taking ticks off the dog, feeding the kittens, and remembering to change the water in the goldfish bowl.

A mother must not just be a cook, proficient at cooking roasts, biscuits, chicken gravy, Mike's favorite sukiyaki and Greg's favorite spaghetti; but also must be able to decorate birthday cakes and place exactly sufficient at cooking roasts, biscuits, chicken gravy, Mike's favorite sukiyaki and Greg's favorite spaghetti; but also must be able to decorate birthday cakes and place exactly the right poppy seeds in Gingerbread men, but always remember to remove sand and dirt from Greg's toy tank, and the other roller skate.

She must be an expert laundress, but always remember to remove sand and pebbles and string from pockets; and she must be a seamstress and adept at sewing on buttons, letting down and taking up sleeves and pants legs and able to patch threadbare corduroy knees so the patches do not show.

She must be a doctor and able to remove splinters without hurting, stop bleeding noses, vaporize colds, read stories to measles-speckled boys, and always have on hand an endless supply of ready-cut bandages.

A mother must also be a naturalist and able to dissect caterpillars, remove taillights from fireflies, and touch squirmy worms.

A mother must be a financial wizard and always able to stretch a meager weekly budget to include new shoes for Brian and a birthday present for someone she did not know had invited her sons to a party.

She must be a magician and keep a bottomless cooky jar, a constant supply of apples in the refrigerator, and be able instantly to recognize a scribbled drawing as a beautiful picture of a man walking down a dirt road with a pan on his head.

She must be able to balance a baby under one arm, a small boy climbing up her back and another trying to tie her feet into knots, one arm, a small boy climbing up her back and another trying to tie her feet into knots, and another trying to tie her feet into knots, and another trying to tie her feet into knots, and still write a check for the dry cleaners.

Regardless of her shape or stature, when she sits down a mother must have a lap large and still write a check for the dry cleaners.

A mother is a queer sort of person. In a single instant her endless cooking and dishwashing and ironing and sock darning and knee bandaging can swell over into a heart-thrilling wave of pride on visitors' day at the kindergarten when Mike stands up in his new red sweater, replies "Yes, ma'am" to the teacher, and solemnly walks to the front of the room to direct the rhythm band.

A mother's payment is rich and full, but often comes in little ways: a wadded bouquet of dandelion puffs; seeing Greg, unnoticed, share his tricycle with the new little boy across the street; watching Brian reach to pluck a neighbor's prize tulip... hold his hand in mid-air a second... and then toddle off to chase a butterfly. Her payment comes in the cherished words of a small boy's prayers at night when Mike adds a P.S. to God to "also bless Billy even though he pushed me off the swing today."

Then a mother kisses three blond heads, turns off the light and hugs a smile to her heart as she walks downstairs. And after the dishes are done, before she gets out her mending box, she puts a batch of cookies in the oven for a surprise tomorrow.

Spiritual Bouquet

Holy Communions
Masses Heard
Rosaries

Your devoted son.