

I took the beads from my pocket and slowly blessed myself, and felt much warmer. I stood up, took one last look at the happy group, and prepared to go. "You can't go out on a night like this, sir," said the father; "We have lots of room for you, and you are welcome to spend the night with us."

"I would appreciate that. Just throw a couple of old coats on the floor and I'll curl up here for the night, if you don't mind."

"Take him up to the little room, Jack," said the mother. I followed Jack up the narrow stairs and into the little room. There was the bed all made up, and white sheets, too. "I'm too grimy to get in there, Jack." "Go on," he replied, "and have a good sleep for yourself. I'll help the little woman with the wash, Monday."

I did not fall asleep easily, although I was very tired. My thoughts kept returning to the kindness of these people, to the Rosary, and to the happy days of my youth. Many thoughts labored through my mind that night. Why, and where had I taken the wrong turn? Did I have the strength and the courage to retrace my steps and find the right turn? I tossed and turned, but the answers did not come. I could sneak into the back of the Church tomorrow morning. How wonderful it would be to offer up Mass again!

I guess real tough men don't cry. Well, I wasn't so tough, but I was happy, and tomorrow was the Feast of the Resurrection!

—Emmett Roche '53

FINIS

The face was tired and kind and sweet,
And nails were driven through hands and feet.
He raised His eyes to God in Heaven,
And Prayed that they would be forgiven.

The day wore on—the pain increased,
And Mary's weeping never ceased.
She saw her Son so dear and good
Shed every drop of His precious blood.

She saw Him die by frenzied hand,
A Martyr for the sins of man.

—DAVID KENNEDY '52