

SAINT PATRICK'S CHURCH  
1206 THROCKMORTON STREET  
Rt. Rev. Mons. Jos. G. O'Donohoe, LL. D., Pastor  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

March 12, 1943.

Mr. Amon Carter,  
Fort Worth Star-Telegram,  
Fort Worth, Texas.

My dear Friend:

Please let me express to you my heartfelt sympathy in the tragic news that has reached you from North Africa. I want you to know that my heart and prayers as well as those of my congregation are with you in this bitter hour.

Virgil's beautiful "Dulce et decorum est pro patria moriri" has echoed down the centuries, the courage and pride of those who have and do so generously give their best and dearest for the fatherland. "That human liberties might not perish from the face of this earth" is the watchword of our present day sacrifice.

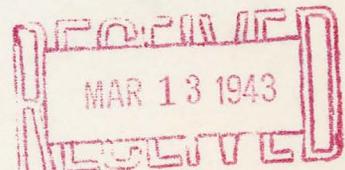
I know that through the awful heartbreak and the bitter realization of the end of all the hopes, dreams and ambitions of years that your generous heart still beats and will beat high with "my all was given for the triumph and the perpetuation of man's most precious heritage."

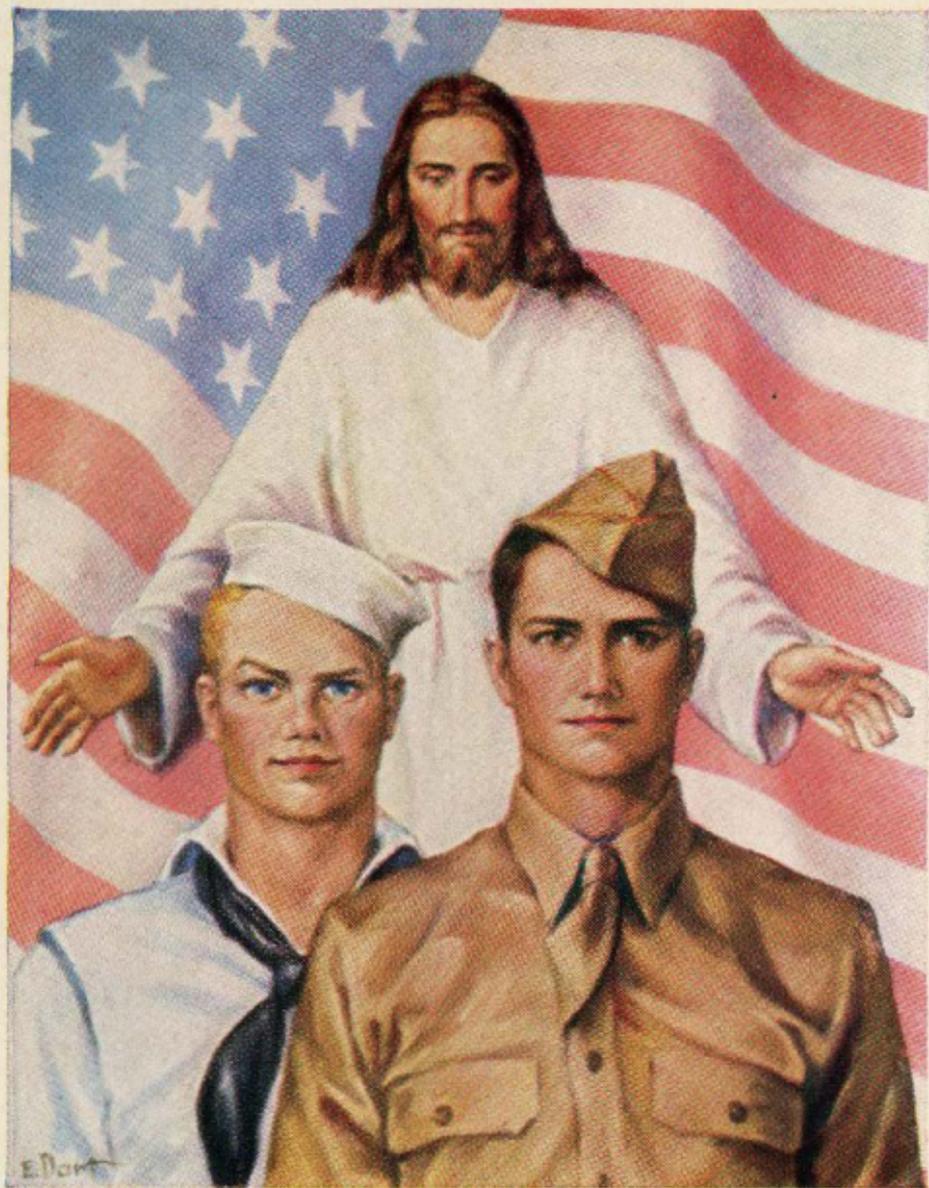
There is an old Mexican proverb - "God never shuts a door but He opens two windows" - may He, in His love and mercy, send you some lasting peace and comfort and may the one so dear and so vital to you know forevermore the warrior's glory, rest and peace in God's everlasting kingdom of love and light.

Praying God to bless you and keep you and comfort you and with every best wish, I beg to be

Sincerely yours,

*Jos. G. O'Donohoe*





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THE DIVINE PROTECTOR

O Jesus, Who art ever the loving Comforter of the distressed and afflicted, Who in Thine own life here upon earth didst weep at the tears of Mary and Martha bereaved of their beloved brother, Lazarus; give to all those stricken by the calamities of this war, Thy Peace, which only Thou canst give—that Peace which brings inspiration, resignation and consolation.

Give Thy Peace to the exile and the fugitive, to them that wander unknown and disconsolate, to the wounded and suffering, and to our Heroic Dead Thy everlasting Peace and Light.

Comfort the widows, wives, mothers and orphans, and all those who have no one to care for them. Wipe away their tears with the hem of Thy garment. They eat the bread of sorrow, enduring hunger, wretchedness and loneliness. They break their scanty loaf to the little ones. They lead them to Thine Altar in some lowly shrine there to pour out their hearts' woe, there to pray for a husband, father, son, brother, a dear one far away, dead, wounded or lost to them. Comfort them all, Sweet Jesus, with Thy heavenly grace and fill them with Thy consolation which is so rich in Thy mercy and love. For Thy Mother's Sake. Amen.