



# Daily Reflections

**July 4, 2017**

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## Scripture

### **Matthew 8: 23-27**

As Jesus got into a boat, his disciples followed him. Suddenly a violent storm came up on the sea, so that the boat was being swamped by waves; but he was asleep.

They came and woke him, saying, "Lord, save us! We are perishing!"

He said to them, "Why are you terrified, O you of little faith?"

Then he got up, rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was great calm.

The men were amazed and said, "What sort of man is this, whom even the winds and the sea obey?"

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## Our Scripture Reflection

I am sure the disciples wondered how their Lord could possibly have been asleep with all the turbulence and noise from a violent storm. He slept because He trusted in His Father's care and because, while Lord of His disciples, He was also Lord of all, including the forces of nature. The disciples were afraid because they lacked faith in Him. More often than not in the Bible, fear is pictured as the opposite of faith.

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## Food for your Journey

Can one find peace in the midst of a "cancer" storm? Dr. Thomas A. Dooley, Dr. America, was a student at Notre Dame in 1944 and then again in 1946. In 1945, he had enlisted in the Navy's Corpsman Program; he was stationed at a naval hospital in New York for the year. Dooley enrolled at the Saint Louis University School of Medicine and then rejoined the Navy. While with the Navy, he served in Vietnam and Laos at medical hospitals. After leaving the Navy in 1956, he returned to Southeast Asia to continue his work.

While laying ill with cancer in a hospital bed in Hong Kong, Dr. Dooley wrote a letter to Father Hesburgh. In his letter, Dr. Dooley reflects back to the Grotto at Notre Dame. Following Dooley's death in January of 1961, many copies were distributed by the press. In gratitude for Dr. Dooley's work in Southeast Asia, he was posthumously awarded the Congressional Gold Medal. President Kennedy also referenced Dooley's work when forming the Peace Corps. Father Hesburgh had a copy of the letter engraved in steel. It currently resides in a box near the Grotto. The Alumni Association gives out an award in Dr. Dooley's name. Here is an excerpt from the letter:

Dear Father Hesburgh,

They've got me down. Flat on the back ... with plaster, sand bags and hot water bottles. I've contrived a way of pumping the bed up a bit so that, with a long reach, I can get to my typewriter. Two things prompt this note to you, sir. The first is that whenever my cancer acts up ... and it is certainly "acting up" now, I turn inward a bit. Less do I think of my hospitals around the world, or of 94 doctors, fund raising and the like. More do I think of one divine Doctor, and my own personal fund of grace. Is it enough? ...

But just now ... and just so many times, how I long for the Grotto. Away from the Grotto, Dooley just prays. But at the Grotto, especially now when there must be snow everywhere and the lake is ice glass and that triangular fountain on the left is frozen solid and all the priests are bundled in their too-large, too-long, old black coats and the students wear snow boots ... if I could go to the Grotto now, then I think I could sing inside. I could be full of faith and poetry and loveliness and know more beauty, tenderness and compassion. This is soggy sentimentalism, I know. Cold prayers from a

hospital bed are just as pleasing to God as more youthful prayers from a Grotto on the lid of night. ...

So, Father Hesburgh, Notre Dame is twice on my mind ... and always in my heart. That Grotto is the rock to which my life is anchored. Do the students ever appreciate what they have, while they have it? I know I never did. Spent most of my time being angry at the clergy at school ... 10 P.M. bed check, absurd for a 19 year old veteran, etc., etc., etc.

Won't take any more of your time, did just want to communicate for a moment, and again offer my thanks to my beloved Notre Dame. Though I lack a certain buoyancy in my bones just now, I lack none in my spirit. I must return to the States very soon, and I hope to sneak into that Grotto ... before the snow has melted.

My best wishes to the students, regards to the faculty and respects to you.

Very Sincerely, Tom Dooley

--[todayinndhistory.com/pages/events/?id=407](http://todayinndhistory.com/pages/events/?id=407). Retrieved January 12, 2015.

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## **A Prayer from the Heart**

Dear Jesus, Strengthen my faith so that I may learn to trust You, especially in the midst of the storms in my life. Amen.