

Tomorrow: Adoration
for Dillon, Pangborn,
and Sorin halls.

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Every Notre Dame man
should see The Miracle of
Marcelino at the State,
this week.

About The Irish

Not long ago, at a swank hotel, amid the clutter of the "upper-crust" and much clinking of glasses, a beautiful, young Irish girl marched right out of the Faith and into the arms of a divorced man old enough to be her father. His two grown sons toasted their new mother's health and happiness. Now, someone writes in to ask why the Irish in recent years have become such poor Catholics. This is as good a day as any to hazard an answer. And it's an answer that calls for a little humility.

To begin with, the Faith has always been associated with the Irish. The few who go astray give a bad name to all of us. But what happened to those few?

Well, they're not peasants any more, for the most part. Chances are that too much of this world's goods have filled the hands that used to hold the Beads. Now they are soft because they don't have to fight any more, especially for their Faith. In Penal times, Mass was offered only in caves, and behind hedges by the "hedge-priests" under penalty of death. This was the sort of atmosphere the real Irish thrived on -- it added a little zest to professing the Faith -- just what they needed. And so, they went to Mass -- wouldn't miss it for the world -- and relished the feel of a war club in their hands.

Fifty years ago in Indiana (even less elsewhere) Irishmen had to walk ten miles to Mass -- AND THEY WALKED. That's why the Faith was preserved and handed down to us.

Today, you'll find some Irish names on police blotters, in divorce-court records, even in the society columns reporting late-afternoon weddings with no priest officiating. These are the few who have forgotten all about St. Patrick.

No doubt about it -- prosperity, ease, comfort, luxury have taken the fight out of too many Irishmen, and so killed their Faith.

Many a grandson of rugged, Irish pioneers now lies in bed on Sunday morning. It's easier than kneeling through Mass. They started by coming late; then later. Now they don't come at all.

Many a grandson of rugged Irish pioneers has gone country-club, and is embarrassed at the thought of the Friday abstinence -- especially when some "uncouth" relative adheres to the regulations of the Church and orders fish!

These Irish used to be great fighters. Now, they are mere "fakers." And a fake Irishman is just about the biggest fake in the world.

It makes you pause to consider that maybe the rugged peasantry had something that got away from the "lace-curtain" crowd. It could be that, with many Irish, the wolf of poverty was a blessing in disguise -- for the things that it kept away from the door!

This is a good day to take stock of your Faith. Genuine Notre Dame men of another era have earned for you the title, "Fighting Irish!" How much fight have you put into daily Catholic living? The day that you stop fighting the world, the flesh, and the Devil -- that's the day that Satan will sit back, fold his arms, smile and say: "The Irish are push-overs; there's no fight left in them!"

The Moral of the story of the "Push-Over Irish" -- No one retains the Faith without putting up a constant and lasting fight.