

Religious Bulletin

January 11, 1928

"This Modern Irish Idea."

On his questionnaire a couple of years ago a student who seemed fearful of losing his racial identity in this fighting Irish institution wrote, in answer to a request for his spiritual difficulties: "I don't understand this modern Irish idea of frequent Communion."

Perhaps he was right about the nationality of the idea. Piux X himself, whose decree gave impetus to the practice, was an Italian, but his Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, had an Irish mother, and the sinister influence of Ireland has cropped out here and there in the spread of this devotion. On the nationality of the recipients we have been able to restrain our curiosity as a rule, but yesterday at 8:45 a.m. our curiosity got the best of us and we checked on the paternal ancestry of those who approached the Holy Table in the Sorin chapel. They came in this order:

Irish, English, German, Italian, French, Italian, English, Syrian, German, German, French, French, Irish, French, German, German, German, Irish, German, German, Polish, German, Irish, English, Irish, German, German, German, Irish, Irish, German, Polish, Irish, English, Irish, Irish, Austrian.

And still perhaps he was right. Three possible theories will safeguard his surmise:

1. All the Irish women are contracting what Father John Guendling used to call mixed marriages;
2. The men of Ireland are adopting new names in the land of their adoption (and this theory, if true, offers perilous possibilities;
3. The idea is Irish, but its application is Catholic.

Whatever is the truth in the matter, there ought to be a law against it.

Since Sorin Hall Turned Sissy.

In the early days, before Sorin Hall turned sissy, the adoration list was filled every First Friday. In those primitive days, before people found out that you shouldn't advertise your religion, thousands upon thousands of men used to march down Fifth Avenue in Holy Name and St. Patrick's Day parades, and at Notre Dame all the over-grown priests had to be solicited for their cassocks to take care of such First Friday adorers as Tom Lieb, Buck Shaw, Eddie Anderson, Roge Kiley, and other ignorant backwoodsmen. But since Sorin Hall turned sissy we can use the October adoration list in November, and the November list in December, and the December list in January, and so on down to June, when we can lay it away in its unsoiled beauty and produce it again the following October. And the scramble is not for size 46 cassocks any more, but for size 6 pumps. Times change, and we grow up, and we learn to hide our light under a bushel. The world prefers that.

Fix a Confession Day.

The cure for spiritual laxity is a fixed confession day each week -- especially for off-campus students. A good day would be the day on which you write home to your mother. You want to feel sure that you are in the state of grace when you write to her; and she can feel it in your letters even though you don't start them, "I have just come from confession..." You can't go far wrong if you follow that practice.

Prayers.

Paul Meehan underwent an operation for appendicitis yesterday afternoon. Richard Park's mother, and Big Ed Walsh's mother are quite ill. Two special intentions.