CLOSING OF MAY DEVOTIONS
University of Notre Dame
Sunday night—Father Irving
Religious Bulletin
to preach at 7 and 7:30.
May 29, 1937.

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Evening Preparation For Memorial Day.

Phooey to patriotism. Patriotism is the wild force with which wars are waged, for militarists and munition-makers. Phooey to religion. It is the opium of the people. It makes men cringing slaves to idle fears and taboos.

With such hopeful sentiments echoing in my ears I shall betake myself to the church tomorrow morning, and there at the 9-o'clock Mass remember the Notre Dame dead who yesterday staked their lives that I might today find liberty which is sometimes better than life.

As I enter the church by the memorial door tomorrow morning I shall read carved in the stone lintel above my head: God, Country, Notre Dame.

Nobody has yet talked me out of my love for Notre Dame. Nobody has tried, because, I suppose, it means very much only to Notre Dame and to me.

But my loyalty to God and to country! That's different. That is something sinister to hostile countries, to radical philosophies, to inimical parties that are operating against this country's welfare.

I walk inside the church, and instinctively go to my knees for God and country. It is so much in the tradition here. Is it right?

I acknowledge the God Who alone explains the coming in and going out of life, without Whom I know not the reason for the ground I walk on or for the starry heavens that I look up to every night.

I pray to that God for Whom my mind unconsciously searches in its every movement after truth, to Whom my heart turns in every frustration of its love.

I seem right in praying to God, my creator, my sustainer, my last end. But why should I link Him up with patriotism?

God and country, what would patriotism mean without Him Whose paternity saves authority from being might, law from being tyranny, obedience from being slavery,

PRAYERS: (Ill) sister of Bud Roach (Carroll); uncle of John Webster (Fr.).