Love, human or divine, is difficult to describe. As a matter of fact, it cannot be properly defined, only experienced. Its purity, its depth, its complete self-effacement is measurable only by death. Christ dies to prove His love for us, gives His all, every drop of His Blood. The soldier dies for His country to prove his love. A mother dies for her child. Death is love’s ultimate testimonial.

To love, therefore, is to give of one’s very own, to give without reserve. Love does not know the word "enough." Without sacrifice love is not true love but wistful sentimentality.

Love is inexhaustible. A mother loves her first child as much as she loves her second, her third, her fourth, and so on. She loves them all as she loves the one. For this same reason our Blessed Mother’s love for us cannot be exhausted, although her children are legion.

What is this mysterious, vital force? Coldly defined it is a conscious impulse of our rational soul, a movement of our will toward some good—a thing, an experience, a person. We are to love the things that are good for us, desire them when absent, enjoy them when possessed. We do not love someone we do not know. Love follows knowledge and is dependent upon it. This is why we must know Christ to love Him, why we must know Mary to love her.

Love also seeks union between the lover and the person loved. If we love our friends we want to be with them and enjoy their companionship. If we love our parents we want to be home with them and in their midst. If we love God we want to be where He is.

God so loved us that He became one with us. This love-union explains the Incarnation. God still loves us. So this love explains the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in our souls by sanctifying grace. Christ loves His Church and promised to be with her until the end of time. This unique love explains the Mystical Body.

Persons who love each other tend to become like one another. Love then is a becoming and has power to transform. Love watches the beloved closely and strives to do everything with the idea of pleasing the loved one. The two are disposed to become one—one in thought, one in word, one in affection. The more we love Christ, the more we love Mary, His Mother, the more our whole lives will be transformed.

Of all creatures God loves Mary. Is it unfitting that she be conceived immaculately? Although conceived naturally, like any one of us, she was not for one single moment under Satan’s control, but born as we would have been born, immaculately had Adam and Eve not sinned. This marvelous privilege we honor in the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Love is a dynamic force. Not static. Who ever heard of an inactive love? Love, when it really dominates the heart, must overflow into action. As love follows knowledge, service follows love. The service of love is obedience. Christ came to us through her. It is His will that we go to Him through her in return.

Mary, the purest of all God’s creatures, is the mother of this University, the mother of all Notre Dame men. As Mother of Christ she lived for Him alone. Every single duty she performed in His honor, the most insignificant household task was a love offering to God. That was her secret. It will be our secret too if we go to Mary, consecrate ourselves to her Immaculate Heart. As the world’s greatest mother, she is the world’s greatest teacher. Never was it known that anyone who fled to her protection was left unpard. Go to Mary. This is her Era.

Bishops: (deceased) father of Fr. Garland, csc. Ill, father of Dick Daley (Ly); (appendectomy) L. Stapanian (Alu).