Kelly, the Irish loud-mouth on your floor, will take himself and his ancestry into the corridor tonight and hold forth in all his glory. Whether you ask for it or not, you'll get the story of Ireland and the matchless wonders that go with it.

"What nation was converted without a single martyr?" He may lead off with that startling query; and before you can take a breath, he launches freely into his prepared speech: "None other than dear, old Ireland."

"And who, under God, was responsible for such extraordinary success?" he asks piously, and continues uninterruptedly: "The great St. Patrick who, within 33 years literally covered the green island with churches, monasteries and schools. Came to Ireland in the early part of the Fifth Century, first as a slave. He escaped and returned in the year 432 as a missionary. Preached through the length and breadth of the land, and did a thorough job of converting. Nothing else like it in the annals of Christendom. He died there in 464.

"And how they have held to the Faith since the days of St. Patrick! Why, through fifteen centuries of famine, and torture, and fire and sword, neither man nor beast nor the Devil Himself, could separate the Irish from the Faith planted in their head and heart by the great St. Patrick!

"And has St. Patrick's work influenced other nations?" Kelly continues to ask the questions and to answer them. His hand is now at your coat lapel and you can't escape. You stand quietly as he insists that, "out of that tiny island of saints and scholars poured the missionaries who brought Christianity and civilization to a large part of continental Europe. In fact, Irish scholarship kept learning alive throughout the Dark Ages. Indeed, Irish missionaries have lit the fires of Christian Faith and culture upon every continent in the world."

With a fine show of intelligence, Kelly moves into his peroration by declaring that it is a great honor for Notre Dame to be called the "Fighting Irish." He thinks it is eminently in order that everyone here wear green ties and shamrocks this Sunday morning.

Surprisingly enough, Kelly, for all his powerful lungs, has taken few liberties with the script. The best Irish were saints and scholars. All of which brings us to the logical conclusion that if Kelly and his fellow students want to emulate the true Irish virtues, they will need sanctity and scholarship in a generous measure. And these should be the burden of our prayers to St. Patrick on Sunday, his blessed feast. Kelly and his fellow Irish will thus really honor their patron.

These are the things that give substance to the Irish, and make them worthy of our admiration. Otherwise, Kelly and his fellow students are merely loud-mouth Irish, nothing more. And that wouldn't be very complimentary to either the saints or the scholars who were our ancestors, and who gave us such a good start on the road to Heaven. Kelly and his fellow Irish will really honor their patron saint insofar as they reflect in their own lives the sanctity that belongs to the best Irish traditions. Sanctity, remember, comes from daily striving to keep God's law in every detail. For instance, if Kelly comes late for Mass, this Sunday -- or any other Sunday -- he's a poor example of a genuine Irishman, regardless of his matchless oratory and splendid delineation of Irish history in the corridor tonight. Mere talk won't get the job done, nor get Kelly into heaven. Imitating the Irish virtues will. That and that alone will make Kelly a great Irishman -- a genuine Irishman!