

Los Pequeños Pepper

Publication of Los Pequeños de Cristo

April Fools 2008



*Second Annual
Fools Edition*



Blessed Easter!



*Cover: Hieronymus Bosch ,
Ship of Fools (c. 1490–1500)*

Los Pequeños Pepper

Newsletter of Los Pequeños de Cristo










April 2008

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Newsletter of Los Pequeños de Cristo
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We are an Archdiocesan wide Catholic lay organization committed to a charitable defense of the Catholic Faith by means of education, communication, and prayer. We are devoted to the Roman Catholic Magisterium, the Holy Father, and to the bishops and clergy in union with him. Our members believe what the Church believes and we promote what the Church teaches. To this end, we believe that no individual, whether cleric or lay person, has the right to alter the substance of the gospel message or moral truths which have been inerrantly and infallibly held by the Catholic Church since Her founding.

| Example Liturgical Signals | |
|---|---|
|  | No Crucifix in sanctuary. |
|  | Liturgical dance detected. |
|  | Member of laity giving homily - to be evicted from lectern. |
|  | Incomplete or no consecration. Occurs when illicit matter is used, wrong formula used, only one of the two elements of bread or wine is not properly consecrated, or no validly ordained male priest/bishop is present. In case where only one element is consecrated, a replay is called for. |
|  | Illegal use of hands. Normally called when the celebrant has left the sanctuary to shake everybody's hands. |
|  | Questionable or just downright heretical theology used in homily. When detected the Liturgical Ref pulls on his lips in a downward direction. |
|  | The "What the heck am I hearing" signal is one of the most common signals and indicates syrupy banal liturgical music or the inappropriate use of secular music such as show tunes and popular music (especially from the seventies). |
|  | Disregarding the prescribed text of the Order of Mass. This is another common liturgical penalty despite the fact that no other person, even if he be a priest, may add, remove, or change anything in the liturgy on his own authority. (Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy) |
|  | Illicit Posture. Usually called when you are being asked to stand instead of kneel or any other poster adaptation not specified by the GIRM or set by your bishop's conference or licitly specified by your local ordinary. |

A Liturgical Referee









By The Curt Jester

Have you ever been a Sunday morning quarterback during Mass where you critique liturgical abuses or experimental oddities that you have observed? You just wish at times that somebody would step in and do something about what you are observing. Well, we have some good news for you! Francis Cardinal Arinze the Prefect of the Congregation for Divine Worship and the Discipline of the Sacraments has introduced a new program that will surely have an effect.

The recently created position of Liturgical Referee has been instituted to help to bring uniformity to the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Liturgical Referees will travel around the world randomly attending Masses. Liturgical Referees will stand, mostly quietly, to the side of the sanctuary during Mass and call out signals if he observes any liturgical penalties according to the GIRM and other liturgical documents. Only in the case of penalties that would make the Mass itself invalid will the Liturgical Referee blow his whistle and when necessary call for any replays to correct any mistake made. Penalty markers may be thrown during the Mass to alert the celebrant to any problems that might need immediate correction.

After Mass any penalties will be reviewed with the celebrant and more serious penalties will be taken to the local ordinary for determination for any fines or whether the celebrant just needs to get back to the liturgical playbook (GIRM) and/or to review films of properly celebrated Masses. In the case of penalty free liturgies the Liturgical Referee will thank the celebrant and be given the Congregation for Divine Worship and the Discipline of the Sacraments seal of approval.

The Liturgical Referee has responsibility in enforcing the liturgical rules and maintaining the order of the liturgy. During the liturgy, please do not yell out or insult the Liturgical Referee. We assure you he is not blind and is doing his job to the best of his abilities and whether you feel he has missed a liturgical abuse or that he is being too hard on your pastor we ask that you act charitably on his calls.

| | |
|---|--|
|  | <p>Illicit purification of sacred vessels. This is called when the purification of the sacred vessels is done by an Extraordinary Minister of Holy Communion despite the fact the the Pope revoked the indult in the U.S. for this permission.</p> |
|  | <p>Illicit Participation. Called when too many people are in the sanctuary. For example occurs when EMHC arrive before the fraction rite or when some members of the congregation are invited into the sanctuary to pray with the priest during the consecration.</p> |
|  | <p>Un-Christian Like Conduct. Can be called when elements of other religions contrary to Christianity are introduced such as new age beliefs. Un-Christian Like Conduct is also often called in the parking lot after Mass.</p> |
|  | <p>Illegal Pass. The celebrant is simply not allowed to make a pass at anybody.</p> |
|  | <p>Stole Infraction. Normally occurs when the celebrant wears his stole on top of the chasuble. Another penalty can be added if the celebrant does this and the stole is also horrendously ugly or has a seventies themes.</p> |
|  | <p>Illegal Receiver of Holy Communion. Those who are excommunicated or interdicted after the imposition or declaration of the penalty and others who obstinately persist in manifest grave sin are not to be admitted to Holy Communion.</p> |
|  | <p>Clowns in the sanctuary - run for your life.</p> |
|  | <p>Excessive use of inclusive language. Penalty is thrown when grammatical awkwardness is detected in avoiding male pronouns and every other sentence begins brothers and sisters.</p> |

Applicants for Liturgical Referee should be well versed in Canon Law as applies to the liturgy, the GIRM and other liturgical documents, and a familiarity with any indults and permissions as set by the local bishop's conference and the local ordinary. The applicant should also be physically fit so that he will be able to make all off the signals that might be required at a more experimental celebration of the liturgy. Applicants should be familiar with the following liturgical signals (see accompanying chart).

With the presence of the Liturgical Referee you can leave liturgical abuse spotting to the experts and spend your time instead trying to enter the Mass in prayer. \$

The Curt Jester is the *nom de plume* of blogger Jeff Miller, a former atheist who, after spending forty years in the wilderness, finds himself with both astonishment and joy, a member of the Catholic Church. His blog - www.splendoroftruth.com/curtjester - presents a humorous and sometimes serious take on things religious, political, and whatever else crosses his mind.

A Liturgical Referee in Action

Liberal Immigration a Growing Problem for Canada

MANITOBA HERALD, CANADA (UPA, Nov. 31, 2004) The flood of American liberals sneaking across the border into Canada has intensified in the past week, sparking calls for increased patrols to stop the illegal immigration.

The actions of President Bush are prompting the exodus among left-leaning citizens who fear they'll soon be required to hunt, pray, and agree with Bill O'Reilly.

Canadian border farmers say it's not uncommon to see dozens of sociology professors, animal-rights activists and Unitarians crossing their fields at night.

"I went out to milk the cows the other day, and there was a Hollywood producer huddled in the barn," said Manitoba farmer Red Greenfield, whose acreage borders North Dakota. The producer was cold, exhausted and hungry. "He asked me if I could spare a latte and some free-range chicken. When I said I didn't have any, he left. Didn't even get a chance to show him my screenplay, eh?"

In an effort to stop the illegal aliens, Greenfield erected higher fences, but the liberals scaled them. So he tried installing speakers that blare Rush Limbaugh across the fields. "Not real effective," he said. "The liberals still got through, and Rush annoyed the cows so much they wouldn't give milk."

Officials are particularly concerned about smugglers who meet liberals near the Canadian border, pack them into Volvo station wagons, drive them across the border and leave them to fend for themselves.

"A lot of these people are not prepared for rugged conditions," an Ontario border patrolman said. "I found one carload without a drop of drinking water. They did have a nice little Napa Valley cabernet, though."

When liberals are caught, they're sent back across the border, often wailing loudly that they fear retribution from conservatives. Rumors have been circulating about the Bush administration establishing re-education camps in which liberals will be forced to drink domestic beer and watch NASCAR races.

In recent days, liberals have turned to sometimes-ingenuous ways of crossing the border. Some have taken to posing as senior citizens on bus trips to buy cheap Canadian prescription drugs. After catching a half-dozen young vegans disguised in powdered wigs, Canadian immigration authorities began stopping buses and quizzing the supposed senior-citizen passengers on Perry Como and Rosemary Clooney hits to prove they were alive in the '50s.

"If they can't identify the accordion player on The Lawrence Welk Show, we get suspicious about their age," an official said. Canadian citizens have complained that the illegal immigrants are creating an organic-broccoli shortage and renting all the good Susan Sarandon movies.

"I feel sorry for American liberals, but the Canadian economy just can't support them," an Ottawa resident said. "How many art-history majors does one country need?" \$



Remembrance of Things Past

Apologies to Marcel Proust

By Marie P. Loehr

Whan that Aprille with her shoures soote, the droghte of Marche hath percéd to the route...than goon folke on pilgrimage... - Chaucer, Canterbury Tales

April is the cruellest month... - T. S. Eliot, The Waste Land

The TV in the bedroom was blaring. A perky reporter faced the camera, somewhere on Paseo del Norte, declaring:

“Breaking news, Diane!

A tour bus, owned and operated by PilgrimAgita Peregrinations, Ltd., was speeding down Paseo this afternoon, followed by several police cars trying to flag it down, when a sinkhole opened up between Jefferson and Second. The bus plunged in, going too fast to stop apparently. Police called for help immediately. The workmen are now twenty feet down, but there’s no sign of the bus. Police are baffled. Ambulances are standing by. Witnesses report that there appeared to be fistfights among the bus passengers as it sped to its doom. Police have found nothing but a black alligator pump, a size 14 Converse sneaker, and a wet beret by the side of the road, flung from the bus during what must have been an agitated discussion...”

I clicked off the TV, groaning. PilgrimAgita Peregrinations, the latest incarnation of the ill-fated, late lamented LimboTours! My latest *peripatesis* with Dante had begun in Old Town, Albuquerque on the plaza across from San Felipe de Neri. The trees were in leaf. Birds sang. People strolled. A familiar voice called. “Ciao, bella.” Dante caught up to me and slipped an arm through mine. I was wary. “What are you doing *here*?”

He shrugged. “Why not here? It’s a fine day for a pilgrimage.” I noted busses here and there around the plaza. I planted my feet, and yes, I was wearing my red Air Florentine boots. A bus directly in front of us had *PilgrimAgita Peregrinations, Ltd.*, painted on the side. Its marquee read *City of Holy Faith*.

“We’re going to Santa Fe?”

“I have a mind to see the Labyrinth and *La Conquistadora*,” smiled Dante, as if that were the most natural juxtaposition in the world. “Remember Chartres,” admonished Dante, reading my mind as usual.

“Chartres preferred to forget,” I retorted. He chuckled. We boarded the bus. The driver ignored us. At the back of the bus, we sat in front of a very beautiful young man. He leaned forward. “Well met, Lady Maria.”

“Maybe yes, maybe no, Ser Raphael. That remains to be seen.”

Dante leaned back. “Where’s Paolo?”

“Pah!” Raphael rolled his limpid heavenly blue eyes. “He’s trying to decide whether he should replace his lost Blackberry - Pixel got it during the Halloween fiasco - with a new Berry, or that latest ‘device of wonder,’ the iPhone. He’ll be here shortly.”

Passengers filed in. I sat up.

“Speaking of berries, isn’t that Nathaniel Berrygone, the dissident poet-priest-bombthrower?!” So it was, signature black beret over one eye, his last volume of poetry in hand. He looked grey and wizened. Sometimes it’s hard to tell these aging dissident priests apart. Current, Crosswinds, Reynaud, McBriar, Berrygone - they all look alike, shrivelled, shrunken, twitchy and grey, all over.

The poet was followed by his faithful female companion, the ever-vigilant Rogue Logan, alias “Lizzie Rogaine.” I knew her - before she ran off with Berrygone, and did time in federal prison for conspiracy. She was part of a plot to tunnel under the Senate office building in D.C. and blow it up. A quixotic, doomed cause. She was carrying a heavy gym bag, which she shoved under the seat.

Then came another familiar face, Soror Dolor, the scourge of the Canyonlands. Her tote was slung over her shoulder. She was in a severely austere modern habit, skirt above the knees, sleeveless tunic, and a chic little coif whose veil barely covered her ears. Never let it be said that she wasted money on fabric! Her New Balance running



Dante, in a pensive moment...

shoes were stark black. She was ready to roll. She passed out brochures as she came down the aisle. One promoted her personal ordination to the priesthood because, as she was saying to another familiar face, one Sr. Converse of the Dolorous Sneakers, who followed her down the aisle, spicurl, gold Rolex, and all:

“Anything men can do, WE can do infinitely better!” Converse nodded vigorous agreement. Dolor dropped a brochure in my lap. “The Bible is a primitive book for primitive people.” She’d never gotten over her years at Berkeley. She gave me a feminazi stare. “Don’t I know you? I never forget a face.”

“Gopher Gulch, Arizona,” I was tight-lipped. “You destroyed the faith of the president of Student Council at SS. Castor and Pollux. At the age of 13 he left the Church because ‘Ster said...’

She glared at me. “That shows how intelligent he was, and how interminably stupid you are...” Did she add “my pretty” sotto voce, with a cackle? No, I imagined that. It was the green shadow cast on her face by the budding trees outside. Dante cleared his throat and eyed her. His steel met her corrosion. She founced into the farthest seat behind us, Converse on her heels.

“Converse ramrodded the revolt at the Thomas More Corps’ Chaplains’ Convention in ‘66,” I whispered. “Not a single priest, not even the best of them, could figure out why nuns working in More Corps parishes shouldn’t be titled chaplain, like the priests. Duh! She returned to Prairie-Jacques...” Dante raised an eyebrow.

I sighed. “It was founded by a French trapper, one of the *coureurs des bois*, gone south for the winter! -ANYway, she returned, trumpeting glee.” Dante shook his head, and I heard what might have been a snort from Raphael behind us.

“Going south to PJ is hardly sun, surf and balmy weather.”

Raphael tapped his shoulder. “Consider the Canadian alternatives, *mon cher frère humain*.”

“N’importe,” sighed Dante. “As for the fempriest crowd, ‘*Roma locuta, causa finita*’, women will never be ordained. But those silly sorores, they thought it was a clever first stepping stone into Orders, *é verité!*” He laughed softly, as Paul leaped on board, iPhone in hand. What remained of his hair was grayer than it had been in October. He came down the aisle, playing with his new toy.

Behind him was another familiar face - Fr. Gorgonzola, of the roving eye and ubiquitous hands. Every student of all sexes at the More Corps in PJ learned quickly to keep their distance when they had to deal with him. The nun following him down the aisle apparently divined this from her own experience. She let him get seated by a window, whipped past him, black alligator purse a shield to wield, and scooted into a seat in front of Dolor and Converse. “Atomasita Nonaquino,” she offered. They shook hands warily. We all eyed her tweed suit, cashmere sweater, pearls, and the black gator shoes to match the purse. Her hair was styled à la Ferraro.

Light dawned in my head. Dante nodded. “She’s no fan of Aquinas - trendy was her middle name.”

More people boarded - all personally known to me at one time or another. There was Fr. Granola of Cypress Gardens FL, Sr. Caitlin on his arm in full tennis regalia. Her racquet was supercargo, but there was a lot of baggage in this crowd. An Irish Mafia of two, perhaps. They were discussing his Baptist homily book, and Jesus’ dog - hound dog or retriever, terrier or shepherd? Gran’s perennial seminarian intern, PetRoc, was haranguing a local notable, Fr. Snake Hips, over angels.

“They’re myth, Persian interpolations...” Snake Hips gave him the snake eye.

Raphael breathed in my ear. “Do I look like a Persian interpolation to you?”

“You’re always interpolating yourself” was my tart response. “But if you were Persian, I’d be out of here. I have a problem with Iranians.” Paul stopped text messaging. “What’s wrong with Persians?”

Dante’s lips twitched. “Don’t ask. She knew a little Iranian once...” Paul tsked. “I didn’t think you were that kind of girl.”

“Not biblically,” Dante clarified.

I set my jaw. “If you must know, a friend’s father set it up. He was a hotshot Washington lawyer, and Chowmeini was a client. He only came up to my chin and he couldn’t keep his hands to himself.”

Snake Hips wandered down the aisle, ears pricked at this disturbance. He noticed Raphael. He winked at Paul.

“Are you sure you want to sit here? I think this young man and I might have a lot to say to one another.” He flexed his muscle tee and smoothed his skin-tite jeans. Paul eyed his rainbow-tipped punk “do.” Paul had been in Rome, when it was unconverted. He did as Romans do.

“Buzz off. This seat is taken.” He leaned down to his own knapsack, and pulled out a needle for tentmaking. It was long, sharp and shiny. Snake Hips hurled himself with a pout into the empty seat by PetRoc. They could discuss angels ‘til the seraphs came home.

It was a full bus, and a disputatious crowd. Halfway to Fe, Snake Hips sashayed back once more,



A close-up of Dante’s itchy cap

giving Raphael the eye. Paul drew the needle thru his fingers. Raphael clamped a hand over Paul's wrist. But Snake Hips shrieked. The bus driver pulled over.

He strode back, hauled Paul out of his seat by the scruff of his neck, whacking the needle from the obstreperous saint's hand. "That's it. I've had my eye on you, and the father up there thinks you're a ringer, a spy. You're already causing trouble." He dragged Paul down the aisle. "Off you go." He tossed the Apostle unceremoniously to the asphalt, slammed the door. The bus roared away.

Raphael grimaced. "We can't take Paul anywhere. He's always getting thrown off the bus, the boat, the oxcart..."

In Faith, er, Fe, everyone piled out at the cathedral. Chairs had been set out in the cathedral plaza, alongside the Labyrinth. At one end, a group in various shades of green stood at attention, holding signs supporting Earth, Mother Nature, Gaia, and . . . Water.

"Guardians of the Earth," said Dante. I nodded. If they were here, Sr. Yanni wasn't far behind.

Tourists in the park across the street goggled at the aging religious. So did a SWAT team, discreetly posted behind trees and any stationary objects that might provide cover, in emergency.

Dante drew me to one side. "Let's watch from the side portico." Raphael had already taken stealth cover, and was invisible. Snake Hips craned his neck toward us, frowned, then scanned the crowd.

Berrygone adjusted his beret rakishly over one eye, eyeing the crowd charismatically. A wireless mic appeared in his hand. The harangue began. *Déjà vu* all over again!

We slipped through a side door into the cathedral. Raphael was kneeling before the tabernacle. We genuflected, then passed into the chapel of *La Conquistadora*. Dante examined the *santos* minutely. "Truly a Conquistadora!"

"They call her *La Paz* now. Conquering is out of fashion."

He shrugged. "A rose by any other name--but if they don't get their act together soon, bella, they'll find Islam has never lost its taste for conquest. They still enjoy seeing heads roll."

A small woman, bucket full of water in each hand, stopped behind us. "Why aren't you in the plaza for the Water Celebration?! We're doing a rain dance in the Labyrinth with a local shaman. You won't want to miss it."

"Sr. Yanni?"

She preened a bit. "I am."

I said, to be helpful, "The talk has started." Then Berrygone's stentorian tones pierced the silence of the cathedral.

"They've started without me. They can't do that!" She rushed down the center aisle, buckets sloshing. A roar of applause from the crowd. Indian drums pounding in the distance. Flute notes on the wind. Yanni hit the doors running - BOOM. Not the drum!

We rushed out the side door, and peeked around the corner.

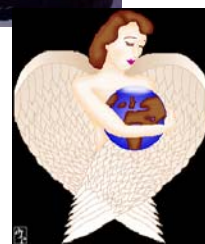
Berrygone sprawled on the cobbles, blood gushing from his nose, beret drenched with precious water. Yanni's buckets were flung among the rabble dissidents. The crowd froze, in shock. As Berrygone hauled himself to his feet, Yanni bent to help, fluttering. His head impacted her chin. Both gave galvanic leaps and croaks. His beret landed on her face, like a monsoon-sodden bat. She fell backwards, out cold. He rose, shaking himself and blood all over the first row of dissidents.

At that, the Guardians of Earth formed a flying wedge, roaring epithets, and rushed up to lift Yanni to their shoulders, waving her like a flag of triumph. Pandemonium followed.

Rogue flung open the gym bag. Not poetry volumes, but baggies bloated with chicken blood and guts! The peaceniks exploded, as if this were a signal to savage one another. Caitlin volleyed off with a racquet to Granola's face, embedding it firmly. Dolor bashed Gorgonzola with her tote. He slipped in the labyrinth, now churning into a muck of blood, stone, earth and water. Converse bashed Atomista with one large sneaker. Atomista whipped her gator purse from Converse's rapacious grasp, pummeling Converse with one Cuban-heeled gator pump.

Tourists scattered like chaff in the wind. The SWAT team massed. We beat it into the cathedral, and hid with the *Conquistadora*. Raphael slumped in the pew. "It never fails." He and Dante looked at me. "We can't take you or Paul anywhere. You got them all stirred up."

Sirens screamed. Raphael checked the parking lot. The rebel rabble was eventually jammed into the tour bus. The driver hit the gas. Noxious attitudes trailed behind the bus like diesel fumes. Raphael vanished. Dante told me to click my red boots together three times, and say, "There's no place like home. There's no place..." And home I was, just in time for the evening news! §



Tour bus to the Guardians of the Earth...



...and *La Conquistadora*

Excerpts from...

A Modern Seminarian's Dictionary

Published in "Fidelity", September 1987, pp. 23-25.

Brother seminarians! Are you troubled by the non-judgmental expectations of the seminary? Are you confused by their concerns? Fear not. Before your eyes you have the key to ordination in this person's seminary. Add these terms to your theological lexicon and believe me, you could well be ordained one or two years early!

AUTHORITY: Cannot exist or be invoked unless vested in a sensitive, flexible, non-judgmental and compassionate person.

CATHOLIC FUNDAMENTALIST: A simplistic person who tries to live the Faith in a docile and pious way; also a Catholic who frequently prays the Rosary.

CELIBACY: Refraining from heterosexual genital activity.

CHALLENGE: To recognize that my views are better than your views.

CHURCH: Me.

CLOWN MASS: Liturgical innovation comparable to the innovation of Gregorian chant

COLLEGIALITY: The doctrine defined by the Spirit of Vatican II stating that bishops have exactly the same authority as the Bishop of Rome.

COMPLEX TECHNOLOGICAL WORLD: The reason for resisting one's conscience when opposing the teaching of the Catholic Church; also, the standard response a flexible person uses when a rigid person seems to be winning an argument.

CONCERN: The response that sensitive, flexible, non-judgmental and compassionate people in authority have when someone doesn't agree with them.

CONSCIENCE: The final arbiter of the correctness of one's action always to be guided by the latest in Church dissent.

CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING: The method of argumentation used by radical feminists moving adult males to action: "Better to live in a corner of the house top than have a nagging wife and a brawling household" (Prov.21:9).

ECUMENISM: The process of transforming the liturgical rites of the mainline Christian denominations into a single rite of coffee, donuts and dialogue.

EXPECTATIONS: Flexible guidelines which change as frequently as the feelings of the Rector; not to be confused with **RULES** or **LEGALISM**.

FEELING: The highest faculty of the human person left fully untouched by original sin.

FEMININITY: A word created by a sexist, male-dominated society to subjugate women in the maternal role; the presence of femininity in women religious is a cause to recommend psychological counseling.

FLEXIBLE: You agree with me; a flexible person is open and dialogues on any issue, smiles knowingly and does precisely what he started out to do.

FORMATION: Kindergarten.

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH ONE'S FEMININE SIDE: An essential requirement for ordination to the priesthood.

GROWTH: For you to assimilate my way of thinking into your life.

HOMOPHOBIC: The psychological condition of those who witness and report acts of homosexuality to seminary authorities.

HUMANAE VITAE: The biggest mistake the Church has made since the Council of Trent.

IN TOUCH WITH FEELINGS: Using the intellect to explicitly identify what one is feeling so that speech patterns can be altered to communicate one's sensitivity and compassion; not to be confused with "intellectualizing your feelings".

LAITY: The future of the Church; cannot be ignored unless associated with ultra-conservative groups.

LEGALISM: Accepting at face value and obediently implementing what a document, law, or guideline mandates.



CHURCH: Me.

LIBERATION: The replacement of existing structures of constraint with new and improved structures of constraint.

LITURGICAL DANCE: Liturgical innovation comparable to the innovation of Gregorian chant:

LITURGISTS: “A society of men among us, bred from their youth in the art of proving by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid” (Swift, Gulliver's Travels).

MACROCHURCH: The male-dominated, sexist, oppressive, authoritarian hierarchical Church.

MALE DOMINATION: The irritating interest men have in sports, cigars, and male bonding, especially in the hierarchy of the Church; the only mortal personal sin.

MICROCHURCH: The pastoral, flexible, open and honest, compassionate, open-to-change, local Christian community.

MISSION STATEMENT: A written objective or goal of a pastoral program upon which the success of the Gospel of Jesus Christ depends.

OBEDIENCE: No longer in usage. Obsolete.

OFFICIAL CHURCH TEACHING: “I don't expect it to change anybody's mind one way or another. Catholics today have learned what it means to be selectively obedient to the Church's teaching” (Father Richard McBrien, *Washington Post*, December 16, 1981).

OPEN AND HONEST: Telling religious superiors what they want to hear.

ORIGINAL SIN: See **SEXISM**.

PASTORAL: Effeminate; an attribute lacking in a man who demonstrates overt masculine attributes of clarity, decisiveness, and orthodoxy: G.K. Chesterton was not pastoral.

PLURALISM: *The acceptance of all points of view except those with a point of view which doesn't accept all points of view.*

PREFERENTIAL OPTION FOR THE POOR: Socialism.

PRE VATICAN II: A person who accepts at face value the teaching of the Church and who reads the documents of the Second Vatican Council without reference to a commentary.

PROCESS: The spontaneous movement in the dialogue of group therapy sessions never to be disrupted by thinking.

PROGRESSIVE: Pouring the wine of old heresies into new wineskins.

PSYCHOLOGIST: Infallible teaching authority in the Church.

RELEVANT: Anything to do with dissent from Church teaching.

RIGID: a simplistic view of Catholic doctrine

SAFE SEX: Taking appropriate precautions during high risk sexual activity

SENSITIVITY: The ability to identify and agree with the conventional wisdom of left wing political issues such as feminism, gay rights, dissent, etc.

SEXISM: The sin associated with being male.

SEXUAL PREFERENCE: Feeling good about some or all objects of desire whether animal, vegetable or mineral.

SHARE: The practice of discussing the deepest intimacies of one's life in front of complete strangers.

SPEAK OUT: The activity springing from the virtue of Social Justice whereby sensitive and compassionate persons, with great emotion, promote the platform of the Democratic Party.

SPIRIT OF VATICAN II: Church activities and programs which have absolutely no relationship to the letter of the documents of Vatican II.

THINKING: The most dangerous activity in a seminary; cause for psychological counseling; those who think “disrupt the process”; see **PROCESS**.

TOTAL COMMITMENT: The intensity of involvement in charitable works until one finds that one “doesn't feel good” about oneself; total commitments usually last six months to a year.

VALUING YOUR SEXUALITY: Obsession with the usual adolescent preoccupations.

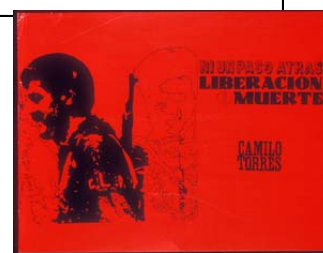
VOCATIONS CRISIS: Refers to the Church's failure to relax the rules on celibacy and failure to ordain women.

WORKSHOP: A church-sponsored meeting to ensure that the issues of optional celibacy, women's ordination, the Sandinistas and leisure suits are still being addressed.

YOU'RE NOT LISTENING: The way a flexible, non judgmental person expresses disappointment that a rigid, dogmatic person doesn't agree with him; example: the Pope is “not listening” to the American Church. §



MACROCHURCH: The male-dominated, sexist, oppressive, authoritarian hierarchical Church



MICROCHURCH: The pastoral, flexible, open and honest, compassionate, open-to-change, local Christian community.

Columbian Father Camilo Torres Restrepo was a member of the National Liberation Army (ELN) guerrilla group and a fine example of the micro-church.

"My most recent analysis ... reveals a striking trend: A generation of conservative young priests is on the rise in the U.S. Church." - Fr. Andrew Greeley, "Young Fogey", *The Atlantic Magazine*, Jan. 2004.

Confessions of a Young Fogey

By Fr. Jay Toborowsky

O.K., I admit it. I'm a "Young Fogey". It's not something I was born with, a nucleotide in my DNA, that I can claim I have no choice about. It's not something resulting from the way my parents raised me, nor can I blame it on the school I went to or the neighborhood in which I grew up. I spent time thinking about this, I knew what was out there and what my options were, and, yes, I deliberately chose to be a "YF". I have to say that I've been amazed by the love and support I've received from my friends and family. Even if they don't understand it at times, they've given me nothing but unconditional love and I am forever grateful. Even more amazing to me are the words of admiration I've received from total strangers. In my life the voices of those who have supported me have far outnumbered the voices of those who have condemned me, and to steal from Robert Frost, 'that has made all the difference'.

Now I've got you hooked, don't I? "What is a 'Young Fogey'?" you ask yourself. "Young Fogey" is a label, a stereotype, given by Fr. Andrew Greeley in an article that appeared in the January/February, 2004 issue of *The Atlantic* magazine. In Fr. Greeley's world, a "YF" is the 'catch-all' phrase for Roman Catholic Priests who have been ordained in the last twenty-five years or so. In Fr. Greeley's world (and using his own words), these are "conservative young priests" who are "counter-revolutionaries", "intent on restoring the pre-Vatican II Church". They "tend to want to restore the power that the clergy held not only before Vatican II but also before a large educated Catholic laity emerged as a powerful force in the Church after World War II." To back this up (and give his argument gravitas), he cites the criticism of older priests who see us as "arrogant, pompous, and rigid", with the compulsion of "lov[ing] to parade around in clerical dress." Whether these quotes came about after polling hundreds of Priests or around one rectory living room full of Priests, we don't know. But this should hardly be a surprise: my generation has almost always known it was different from the generation of Priests we grew up with in the 1960s and 70s. At first we knew it as the butt of jokes, as older Priests lamented the fact that the rules and regulations of our seminary years compared to theirs was like comparing a country club to a concentration camp. Later we knew something was up when, while home from the seminary, we were asked what we were learning in the seminary. When we responded about *Humanae Vitae*, *Veritatis Splendor*, and the *Theology of the Body*, the looks on their faces told us, in the words of the movie *Apollo 13*, "Houston, we have a problem." The final confirmation of this came in, of all places, cathedral basements and sacristies (anyplace large groups of Priests vest for Mass), as stares and snickers and unspoken thoughts accompanied our vesting with such things as an amice and a cincture. Yes, we're Young Fogey, and exactly why some Priests resent us, we don't know. What we do know is this: Fr. Greeley sees the YFs as a danger to the Church. We must be stopped like Lee at Gettysburg or Napoleon at Waterloo (even Alfred Hitchcock's "birds" come to mind). Quick! Board up the windows! Tie down the lawn furniture! Head to the storm cellar! Here comes THAT generation of Priests!

The inaccuracy in Fr. Greeley's stereotype revolves around timing; he's overshot his target. Young Fogey, do not want to go back to the time before the Second Vatican Council. We know that things were not perfect in the years before Vatican II. Not every pastor behaved like Barry Fitzgerald, not every priest sang like Bing Crosby, not every nun looked like Ingrid Bergman, and not every Tridentine Mass was flawless and devout. We've never said they were. But in their years of studies for the Priesthood, YFs have come to realize that in many ways the teachings of Vatican II were misinterpreted, misrepresented, and sadly in some cases lied about, to a naïve and uninformed laity who had no access to the Council documents, but always assumed the best; their Priests would do what the Church taught. For years the lay faithful watched as the things they knew as distinctly "Catholic" were changed or removed, always with the reason, "It's what Vatican II has called for", when in reality a truer sentence would have been, "It's what I, Father X and/or Sister Y, have called for." But we're a generation that learned wiffleball and football in schoolyards



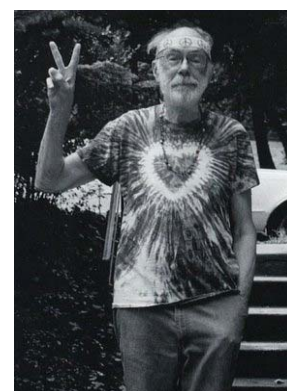
Young Fogey priest - and proud of it...

and backyards with the magic rule of “Do-over”. That’s what we want. This “Young Fogey” generation of Roman Catholic Priests wants to take their best collective shot at learning the rich teachings of Vatican II, and then making these documents known, understood, and appreciated by the laity that has lived under their shadow for more than forty years without knowing what the Council actually said.

“Why do we need to re-implement Vatican II?” you ask? “It’s all been done before”, you opine? Well, yes and no. Young Fogeys who grew up in the 60s and 70s have lived through every “gimmick” Mass imaginable. As children they attended the “clown Mass” and the “folk Mass”. They sang the songs from “Godspell” at Mass, along with more versions of “Kumbaya” and “Michael, Row the Boat Ashore” than they care to remember. Even today when they hear such overused Catholic music as “*Here I am, Lord*” (published in 1981) they realize it sounds remarkably like the 1969 theme from TV’s *The Brady Bunch*, while 1982’s “*Gather Us In*” resembles 1976’s “*The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald*”. They remember the self-styled “cool” Priests who wore blue jeans instead of the usual black pants, the ones who let their hair and beards grow in an effort to look like Jesus, and even the few who got to wear sandals at Mass when parents made kids wear shoes and socks. The YF’s experiences with religious education were mostly benign. It may have taken an hour out of playtime, but it usually involved arts and crafts and music, and at least they didn’t have to sit with a book and memorize questions and answers like their parents and aunts and uncles (another thing we grew up hearing about as family gathered for holidays). The generation before us may not have understood as children what they memorized, but when they grew up the facts were there in their head to tap into like a safe deposit box; our generation left CCD with lots of pictures for the refrigerator door and ornaments for the Christmas tree, but not a whole lot in our heads. Just because it was done before doesn’t mean it was done well.

In the midst of all of that (and some would say “in spite of all that”), some of them found their vocation. In the best case, Young Fogeys had contact with a Priest who gave them the sense that being a Priest was not just a career choice (“Dear God, should I be a Priest or a CEO?”), but a call from God, something indescribable, and a little bit scary (something Pope John Paul captured in the title for his reflections after fifty years of priesthood: *Gift and Mystery*). These Priests, who told the truth when it was not so popular, who came to the hospital or the nursing home when called at 4am, and who showed by their demeanor that this was something bigger than themselves, inspired many to give their lives to God, and for that I pray God abundantly rewards them. They did what every Priest used to be charged to do: they “replaced” themselves in the next generation. In the worst case, YFs remember parish Priests who left the Priesthood and became therapists and counselors in the same towns in which they used to be assigned (“Dad, doesn’t his girlfriend look a lot like that nun that used to be assigned to our parish?”). They remember getting ready to serve Mass while overhearing Father X complain to a sacristy filled with Lectors, Cantors, and Eucharistic Ministers about how saying Mass or hearing confessions on his “day off” was driving him crazy, and about how, if he were to “quit this job” and get another one, he could be making a lot more money. I firmly believe that amongst all the questions that every Priest will face from Jesus Christ when it comes to whether we merit heaven, the one that could help us the most or hurt us the worst will be something like, “Did your example of priestly identity inspire others to follow you into the priesthood?” I think what has Fr. Greeley so upset is that his research shows him plenty of (to use his term) conservative young priests and a scarcity of any liberal young priests.

Herein lies what’s at the core of the resentment of “Young Fogeys”. For all of the changes and gimmicks and watering down of the Faith that was done while we were kids, YFs didn’t buy into it. The crowd that resents us now faces their retirement realizing they have not replaced themselves with Priests “in their image and likeness”, but rather with men who say, “Been there. Done that. Don’t want the T-shirt.” (Religious sisters have fared even worse, but that’s another story). The faction of Catholic Priests who didn’t accept *Humanae Vitae*’s teaching on contraception and told couples to “use their consciences” actually ended up “contracepting” themselves out of existence, by not being open to new Priestly life and through their own lack of desire to promote priestly vocations and intentionally blocking the seeds of vocations from growing. Don’t you just love the irony? YFs were told as kids to “let their consciences be their guide”, and now that their consciences have told them that what they were told as kids was wrong, they’re resented and despised by the gang that taught it to them! Some of today’s Young Fogey Priests learned “what to do” from the previous generation; other YFs saw some of the previous generation and determined that they would never become like that. That, in a nutshell, is where I’m coming from. \$



...vs. a groovy, older generation.

Fr. Jay Toborowsky is a parish priest in Alpha, New Jersey. His blog can be read at: youngfogeys.blogspot.com

Coming in 2008 from ICONOCLAST Pictures, Inc.
The Copper Dredil

What Hollywood Will NEVER Produce

By Rev. Fr. John Trigilio, Jr

Long ago, in a place far away from political correctness, there was a land, a prophecy, a villain and a hero. Critics rave about the upcoming film for its bold, daring and provocative attempt to insult two of the three major monotheistic religions. Since Christianity, and Catholicism in particular, have already been dissed, trashed and ridiculed by Hollywood seventy times seventy times, the tables have now been turned. Ron Boward produces and directs this innovative cinematic masterpiece intended to even the score once and for all.

Synopsis – an ancient prophecy predicts that the thousand-year reign of evil tyranny will end only when the magic Copper Dredil is returned to its proper place. Before that can happen, however, it must be rescued from the clutches of the malevolent Synagogue of Zeon, a super-secret society of fanatical fundamentalists who claim the only true magic comes from the Book of Spells. They are always at war, however, with a competing faction, the Mosque of Mira whose adherents reject anything and everything in the Book of Spells. They maintain the only true and valid incantations are the ones not written down but are spontaneously created by the individual wizard. The Mosque of Mira has declared a Jihad on the Synagogue of Zeon. There can be no victory until one side is no more.

Meanwhile, while the forces of darkness battle each other for control of the world, a small group of rebels known as the Sacerdotes, led by the wise and aged Pontifex Maximus, seek to fulfill the prophecy given millennia ago. Visitors from another world came in peace to share their knowledge: scientific, philosophic and theological. They only wore scarlet red clothing and were called by the natives, “Cardinals.” The Cardinals had no agenda and no ulterior motives. That was not the case with their enemies, however.

Cardinals insisted on worshipping their deity facing East and in an old, archaic language only spoken in their temples. They also wear elaborate costumes when they worship.

The biggest obstacle, however is that the Cardinals refuse to dilute their teaching which is as much moral as it is religious. An alliance between the Cantors (local authorities from the Synagogue) and the Imams (secret police from the Mosque) occurs when it is learned that the Cardinals have something which promises eternal life.

Before the mysterious element is discovered, however, war breaks out and all the Cardinals are killed, save one. Catzinger lives long enough to prophesize that a hero will find the Copper Dredil which has the power to render enemies powerless and thus enable the quest for the Missal, the special book that allows the Priest to make present the source of eternal life.

Until that day arrives, the mysterious artifact lays hidden and protected in a Basilica by an order of Knights called the Krewsaydurs. Hildebrand, our hero, leaves the safety of the monastery to seek the Copper Dredil and free his people from slavery once and for all. He is accompanied by Zozimus, the sacristan; Jerome, the lector; Edmund, the extern; and Sylvester, the Acolyte. Together, they form a brotherhood sworn to return proper worship back to their temple. Forbidden for centuries, the ancient language of their forefathers is still secretly used by our champions. VERITAS VINCIT (truth conquers) is the motto of this coalition for victory.

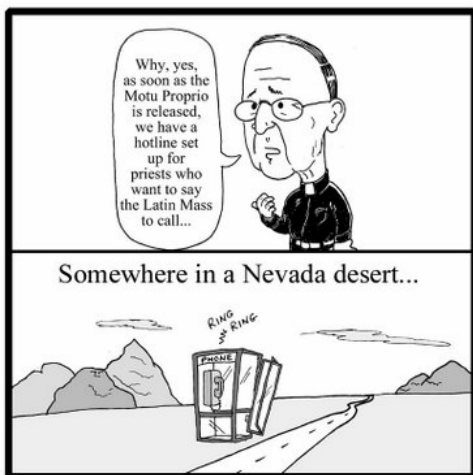
But it is only fiction, so why should anyone be offended??? Hear that before?

Of course, you'll NEVER see such a film EVER attacking or even making satire of Judaism or Islam. Yet, Christianity is perpetually being parodied and in fact persecuted by mainstream Hollywood. Catholic Christianity is the usual target, as evi-

Fr. John Trigilio giving Pope Benedict XVI a copy of his book, *John Paul II For Dummies*. Father has also written *The Catholicism Answer Book*, and *Catholicism for Dummies*

denced in THE GOLDEN COMPASS where the enemy is the Magisterium (a term unique to Catholicism) and punctuated with villains who are 'priests.' Why not renegade rabbis or imams? Because that would rightly offend Jews and Muslims who would not tolerate it. They resist blasphemy while our people ignore it. Hollywood should either attack ALL religions (not a good choice) or NO religions (best option). ¢

Taken from Rev. Fr. John Trigilio, Jr blogspot: *The Black Biretta*, opines of a cleric. blackbiretta.blogspot.com



www.catholiccartoonblog.blogspot.com

Among other things, the Young Fogey's are showing a decided interest in reclaiming their roots.



Apologies to Father Shea

The February 2008 *Pepper* carried a short piece about Prince of Peace Catholic Church, stating that worshippers received general absolution during a penance service this past Advent. The parish in question, however, was **John XXIII**, not Prince of Peace.

April Calendar

Los Pequeños Monthly Meeting

April 18, 2008
Call (505) 293-8006 for information.

Pro-life Prayer:

Planned Parenthood Abortuary
701 San Mateo Blvd.
Holy Innocents Chapel:
(505) 266-4100
Times: Daily 8 AM – 3 PM

Tuesdays at Noon

Mass at the Holy Innocents Chapel

Fr. Stephen Imbarrato

&

Thursdays at 9:30 AM

Fr. Millan Garcia

Holy Sacrifice of the Mass (1962 Missal)

G

For more information, call
(505) 266-4100

Helpers of God's Precious Infants

1. Planned Parenthood Abortuary
701 San Mateo Blvd.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays: 8 AM – 11:30 AM
Wednesdays: 12 Noon – 3:00 PM

&

2. Medical Arts (801 Encino Place)
Saturdays: 8AM-11:30AM

For more information, call Phil Leahy:
(505) 440-3040

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