

Los Pequeños Pepper

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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.

These are *Catholic* Politicians?

It's hard to be an honest politician and even harder, it would seem to square that profession with a profession of faith, as the following Catholic New Mexico legislators demonstrate. The list is hardly exhaustive but certainly indicative of a serious problem.

Oh, just in case you are confused by this, the Catholic Church teaches that abortion, euthanasia, embryonic stem cell research (research on cells that are harvested from aborted children), and homosexual activity are intrinsically evil.

<p>Bill Richardson, Governor of New Mexico</p>	<p>Raised Catholic, Richardson said (<i>USA Today</i>, 6/1/2007) that he attends St. Francis Cathedral Parish in Santa Fe “on a fairly regular basis, and attends services on the road when possible.”</p> <p>In an <i>Albuquerque Tribune</i> interview, Richardson said that his Catholic beliefs shape his work: “I care about social justice, I care about improving the lives of those who are destitute, those who are poor,” specifying raising the minimum wage in NM and universal healthcare.</p>	<p>NARAL-NM named Richardson “Champion of Choice” in 2007 for his consistent pro-abortion record. In his statement to <i>NARAL Pro-Choice America</i>, he stated, “I have always supported women's reproductive rights--and when I'm President I will continue to fight for a woman's right to choose.”</p> <p>Richardson: Co-sponsored NARAL-drafted, NM State <i>Freedom of Choice Act</i>. Supports embryonic stem cell research, attempting to obtain public funding Supports same sex marriage and “domestic partner arrangements” Voted to fund abortion on demand on military bases. Voted for abortion counseling by non-physicians at federally funded family planning clinics. Voted against the Mexico City Policy that withheld federal funding of abortion as “family planning.” Voted against defunding coercive foreign abortion policies. Voted against legislation to protect handicapped infants from infanticide. Voted against banning partial birth abortions.</p>
<p>State Senator Eric Griego</p>	<p>Griego's website says he attended Sacred Heart Catholic Church (in Albuquerque) as a child and remains an active member there today, serving as a Youth Choir Leader.</p>	<p>Supports:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Legal recognition of same-sex domestic partnerships (voting record) - Embryonic stem cell research (voting record) <p>Voted to table a bill requiring parental notification before performing an abortion on a minor. According to Albuquerque Mayor Chavez, Griego is influenced by the Alinskyian organization, <i>Albuquerque Interfaith</i>. (<i>Abq. Journal</i>, 5-20-02)</p>
<p>State Senator Mary Jane Garcia, Majority Whip</p>	<p>Self-identified Catholic; has been active as a Eucharistic minister in her parish</p>	<p>Supports:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Legal recognition of same-sex domestic partnerships (voting record) - Embryonic stem cell research (voting record) <p>Garcia has received endorsement from <i>Emily's List</i> (which supports “pro-choice Democrat women running for political office”). Has attended NARAL Pro-Choice New Mexico activities, including being the guest of honor for a 2007 NARAL dinner.</p>

State Senator Gerald Ortiz y Pino	Active at Albuquerque Catholic Newman Center (University of New Mexico campus) – Peace and Social Justice Ministry	<p>Supports:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Legal recognition of same-sex domestic partnerships and same-sex marriage spousal rights (voting record) - Embryonic stem cell research (voting record) - Believes abortion should always be legal (<i>Project Vote Smart</i>) - Sex education programs that include information on abstinence, contraceptives, and HIV/STD prevention methods, but not abstinence-only programs. (<i>Project Vote Smart</i>) <p>Ortiz y Pino and <i>Albuquerque Interfaith</i> have been supportive of one another. Ortiz y Pino is endorsed by <i>NARAL Pro-Choice NM</i></p>
State Senator Michael Sanchez	Self-identified Catholic	<p>Supports:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Legal recognition of same-sex domestic partnerships (voting record) <p><i>Project Vote Smart</i> records Sanchez saying:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Abortions should be legal during the first trimester of pregnancy. - Physician assisted suicide should be legalized in New Mexico. - He supports sex ed programs rather than abstinence-only programs <p>Opposed <i>Defense of Marriage Act</i> Sanchez is endorsed by <i>NARAL Pro-Choice NM</i></p>
State Senator Linda Lopez	Self-identified Catholic	<p>Supports legal recognition of same-sex domestic partnerships (voting record)</p> <p>Lopez has received financial support from <i>Emily’s List</i> (which supports “pro-choice Democrat women running for political office”). Lopez is endorsed by <i>NARAL Pro-Choice NM</i></p>
State Representative Joseph Cervantes	Self-identified Catholic	<p><i>Project Vote Smart</i> records Cervantes saying:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - There should be legal recognition of same-sex domestic partnerships and same-sex marriage spousal rights - He supports sex ed programs rather than abstinence-only programs - He supports state funding of embryonic stem cell research <p>Cervantes is endorsed by <i>NARAL Pro-Choice NM</i></p>
Representative Antonio “Moe” Maestes	Self-professed Catholic	<p><i>Project Vote Smart</i> records Maestes saying:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Abortions should be legal during the first trimester of pregnancy - Physician-assisted suicide should be legal - There should be legal recognition of same-sex domestic partnerships - He supports sex ed programs rather than abstinence-only programs - He supports state funding of embryonic stem cell research

Puppet Masters

By Jeff Miller

I hope that I don't come off as paranoid or as someone who relishes conspiracy theories. I have no tinfoil hat and I am afraid that even the thickest grade of tinfoil will not protect us from this threat. Now this intro may seem a little overblown, but let me give you some documentary evidence before I make the case about this looming threat. Please forgive me for these graphic images, but sometimes we must see the reality to be shocked into action.

These photographs were all taken during Catholic Masses or were from events such as a Eucharistic Conference. These puppets seem to come in all sizes from cute and cuddly, human size, to gigantic. Though there is a surprising consistency to all of them of a lack of joy and a very dour disposition. At first I thought it was just a coincidence to find all of these puppets used in liturgical contexts within a relatively short period of time. I soon started pondering if perhaps something more nefarious was behind all of this. I know I for one do not welcome our new puppet overlords.

As a SF [science fiction] fan I thought about Robert Heinlein's novel *The Puppet Masters*, where an alien slug-like creature took over the leadership. When I first started seeing these puppets I thought their introduction was totally alien to the liturgy. That is when it struck me: alien *to* the liturgy - what if it was actually aliens *in* the liturgy?

I started to think what if I were part of a liturgically minded alien race whose different forms often looked like puppets. What steps would I take to infiltrate and then slowly become accepted until it was *too late*? Well, if I were such an alien, obviously I would go to the *Religious Education Conference* in Los Angeles. This would be the perfect hub from which to take control since many dioceses send their people involved in liturgy there and they then pass on the latest liturgical fads to their own diocese. So I started to do some more investigating and it was not long till I found a picture of Rev. Joe Kempf during the Gospel reading for a young adult liturgy at the RECongress in 2008.

Now you might somehow barely fathom puppets at Mass for children, but to give the Sesame Street treatment to a group of teenagers and adults? Obviously these alien puppet-like creatures have hypnotic control or how else can you explain young adults being treated like this? I then wondered, if they infiltrated the Diocese of Los Angeles *Religious Education Conference*, what else might they have they taken over? I once again tried to tap myself into the mind of these liturgically minded aliens as a kind of alien profiler. If I were in their shoes (or, I guess, in some cases, their socks) what would I do to give myself a strategic position and at the same time a good defensive stronghold once our plans were fully discovered?

It then dawned on me that Our Lady of the Angels Cathedral was a horrible design for a Catholic Church, but a great design for a defensive bunker with all that concrete. But what alien artifacts might be already inside the Cathedral? Why in the world would anybody pay one million dollars for this alleged tabernacle in the Cathedral (see below)? The only sane interpretation is that the money was needed to create this alien artifact whose purpose I can not discern. It could be related to one of the liturgical puppet races since it has that same sad, dour look to it. If I gave a quiz with this picture and asked - alien artifact or tabernacle - which would you choose? If the L.A. Cathedral was actually designed as a bunker then this means this conspiracy goes all the way to the top!

No wonder Cardinal Mahony speaks so often about illegal aliens! He has been covering for the liturgical puppet aliens all along. First you slowly introduce all kinds of odd elements into the liturgy and pretty soon people won't bat an eye at puppets being involved.

The answer was in front of us all along. Obviously the Puppet Master aliens are deathly afraid of precious metals which is why their human lackeys can only use glass chalices. Long after *Redemptionis Sacramentum* was published, glass chalices and pitchers are still being used there. We must hunt down these alien puppet liturgists within. I suggest a crucifix made out of precious metal such as silver to test them. No wonder liturgists have done their best to get rid of silver and gold crucifixes.

Wake up people and act! Or else, instead of *Mariology*, we will be forced to learn *marionetteology*. 🙌

Jeff Miller writes the popular blog, *The Curt Jester*, www.splendoroftruth.com This article was reprinted with his permission.

Our annual "Ship of Fools" April Pepper was co-opted by local politics. Loehr found this situation to be remarkably fitting....

SHIP OF FOOLS: The Tale of Another Tub

By Marie P. Loehr

*Rub-a-dub dub, three men in a tub,
and who do you think they be?
A pelosian speaker, a nihilism seeker,
and a lesbian fempriest, all three!*
- Nursery doggerel, redacted

One minute I was sitting on my side *portale*, looking at the mountain sharp against the clear New Mexican sky. The next minute, I was sitting on the deck of a yacht, and a solid wall of Amazonian rain forest on all sides.

Dante, sharp in safari khaki, sat next to me, legs stretched full length, ankles crossed, eyes closed. He held a drink in his hand, gingerly.

"What, no latte?" I gibed.

He opened one eye. "It's gin and bitters. The only appropriate drink for this jaunt."

On the rec foredeck, some sort of skeet shoot was in progress. The machines spat targets, rifles cracked . . . I leaned forward. I gasped.

"Those aren't clay pigeons!"

"No, bella." He sipped his gin, and made a bitters face. "They are partially thawed, cryogenically preserved babies. It's the new sport..."

"Because there's such a glut of abandoned pre-borns, I suppose." Another flurry of dangling parts and flesh flashed into the fetid air. A gaggle of caimans slid from the near bank through the roiled water to join the piranhas feasting on this windfall. I gagged this time.

"What IS this?! Where are you taking me now?" I checked to make sure the *Air Florentines* were in place on my feet for a quick getaway.

He eyed me. "We are at the heart of the darkness of this age—ship of fools, feast of fools." He tossed off the final dregs of his glass. "We are here to record the prissy little maunderings of the perverse, perverted, and prevaricant."

"I realize this isn't a Princess Cruise, but..."

Dante rasped a laugh. "Oh, but it is, madonna! The princess is none other than Nana Pelosianna, who has gathered all together." He stood up and took my hand. I joined him in a stroll along the deck. Sure enough, shooting foetal skeet was the reigning queen of government perversity, none other than that Ardentine Catholic and author of the Pelosian Heresy herself. She stood easy in white linen, hair a polished bell, helmet around her head. Crack! Another offering to the river carnivores, another testimony to the culture of death snapped up by vicious teeth.

We fled into the refrigerated forward lounge.

A frowning man in a full-bottomed wig and 18th century clothing complete with the falling bands of ministry was sitting there, mopping sweat from his forehead. He looked up.

"Alighieri! You here? What sort of travel is this?" He waved a hand and his handkerchief in dismissal. "I know it's a ship, of some sort. A tale of a tub . . ."

Dante bowed. "Dean Swift! What brings you here?" A throaty female voice interrupted. An imperious woman swept into the lounge, caftan rustling. Her mop of hair was pepper and salt. Her eyes were piercing, as befits a hawk.

"I brought him here. I conjured him here, and the spell did not include you, sirrah!"

I raised an eyebrow, Stella Gabilan, the Wiccan witch of sterility.

Dante muttered *sotto voce*, "The chaplain for the cruise..."

She tossed her mane. "What a pleasure to meet you, Swift! We are so enamored of your prophetic stance, what courage, what perception!"

Jonathan Swift held up a hand. "Explain yourself, b--witch!"

"This is a conference cruise of adherents to universal life and its quality. We assemble here to celebrate the

advance of modern culture—and its hygienic stance against unwanted children, the deformed, the disabled, the dying—all who impede the march of progress to the gleaming utopia of ultimate life . . . “

Swift looked at Dante. “This is Wotyła’s culture of death in the flesh?” Dante bowed acknowledgement. Swift stepped into Gabilan’s space and glared into the void of her eyes.

“You’re a disgrace to the name of Stella. What do I have to do with you, you viper . . . ?”

She drew herself up. “How dare you?! We honor you, sir, as a prophet of advanced thinking on the proper use of infants and young children. You, along with the modern Red Chinese, pioneered the idea of using aborted infants for food and other saleable parts and, yes, experimentation. You are the prophet of this age, sir!”

Swift wheeled and stalked out of the lounge. Gabilan gasped, and retreated, gibbering. We followed Swift. He was at the rail.

He looked at us. “Satire is a lost art in this age, or perhaps any age. They think my *Modest Proposal for the Abolition of Children* is a manifesto for their cause? They take it seriously!”

Dante leaned against the rail next to him. “*E vero, Maestro...*”

“Whoresons, whoremongers, panderers . . . “

A flying wedge of lesbian fempriests strode towards us. The leader of the wedge was an aging Carter “Little Liver Pill” Hayforest, prima presbytera of radical Episcopalian heresy. They strode, arms linked, bristling, shouldering everyone out of their way.

As they closed on us, Raphael stepped into their way. He raised a fine headhunter’s blowpipe to his lips, popped a dart into its mouth, and blew. Hayforest clutched her heart, and collapsed, sending the wedge behind flying like tenpins.

Raphael smiled. “They’ll think it a nasty Amazonian insect,” he said to me. He fluttered his wings, made a doppler-shifting whine, and winked out.

“The heat’s getting to him, “ I sighed. We retreated again to the lounge. Another woman entered, looking around. Pelosianna!

“Here you are, Mr. Swift! So good of you to come. Although I’m an Ardent Catholic and you are Episcopalian of some sort, we share...”

He cut her off. “We share nothing, Madam. What is an Ardent Catholic? It cannot be anything to do with the Council of Trent. I’ve heard of Tridentine Catholics, but never Ardent Catholics.”

“Ooh,” she simpered prettily, if Iron Madams can simmer. “Ardent Catholicism is one of passion, emotion, empathy for the earth, and the economy, of course.” She narrowed her eyes. “Stella tells me you do not believe in your own writings, sir! What sort of hypocrite are you?”

Swift barked. “It takes one to know one, you whited sepulcher... I’ve known Low Church Cromwellians more Catholic than you are. Do you take me for the sort of liar you are?!”

Before he could cry “Repent!” we whisked him away, leaving the mistress of the good ship FOCA, open-mouthed with fury, behind us.

Seeking shelter in a smaller lounge, we found a fine flock of militant gays, in process of being married by the Episcopalian fempriests. There was much weeping and whispering and cooing and quaffing going on, not to mention other unmentionable practices in the corners of the room. An empty celebration of rampant suicidal sterility.

In the snack bar, we re-grouped. Pixel popped onto the table. “Smrrt!” I stroked him, despite the crackling of his fur. He was in combat fatigues aka ocelot rings and bars. His amber eyes were big as saucers. I expected him to vanish momentarily, leaving only a grin behind.

Or was it a grim?

“These people are as oblivious as any Laputan academic.” Swift shook his head, and wiped more sweat away. “Is the refrigeration failing?”

Raphael sat down next to us, furling his wings. “Yes.”

I scanned him. “That wouldn’t be your doing, would it?”

He shrugged. “Well, you know, strange things are done in the Amazon sun by the women who moil for gold...” Pixel leaped into his lap. Then they were gone. An archangel’s work is never done . . .

A small pale man with rimless glasses joined us. He held out his hand. “Pierre Cantori, bioethicist, Kingsville University . . . you know, that prestigious institution in New Jersey?! Of course you do!”

I couldn’t contain myself. “Do you really believe a squirrel with a fine store of acorns has better quality-of-life, and thus more right to life, than a newborn human person?!”

He blinked and looked more closely at us. “Isn’t this Mr. Swift, a true magus and forerunner of our age? What are you doing here, missy? I warrant your quality of life is not so good, or you wouldn’t be here with low-life ghosts!”

I gaped. We had just witnessed a series of some of the most serious low-lives now alive. We had just passed through a Dead Sea of men who wanted to be women, women who wanted to be men, and some of each who wanted to be both—and he thought Dante was a low-life?!

Swift spit at Cantori's feet. "You pissant nihilist! Your grandparents were brutalized and gassed in Hitler's ovens, and you worm, you turncoat, you stinking little Nazi informer, you sycophant with Stockholm Syndrome—hijacked by your very abusers, and brainwashed into groveling before them, and proclaiming NOTHING!" He spat again, and Cantori leaped back, jaw quivering. Swift leaned into him. "You filth—worse than Yahoo . . . truly Puta!"

Cantori scurried away, looking back like Lot's wife at the enraged ghost.

Then two things happened. The dinner chimes sounded. The yacht struck a snag of logs and unspeakables. A grinding noise drowned out the chimes. Pelosianna's voice sounded over the speaker system. "Please don't be alarmed. Assemble at your assigned lifeboats. Just a precaution. We won't let anything happen to you dear boys and girls!" We rushed to the deck.

Gabilan was tossing incense into the solidified air. A container of foetal skeet was overturned on the shuffleboard court. And, what was this? Pixel, now in jaguar mode, was creeping on little cat feet some ten feet behind an anxious Cantori as he hurried to his station. As he turned to see who else was with him, he saw Pixel. Pixel snarled, and his fur gave off sparks. Cantori squeaked and leaped headfirst into the lifeboat, a good jump for a small sedentary man. It was nothing to Pixel. He landed on top of Cantori. Shrieks and bloodcurdling screams sent the fem-priest contingent scurrying to the GLBT lifeboat—where they were driven away by oars and brass knuckles.

The great green anaconda came up the anchor chain, intent on "annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green shade." As the last song Cantori would sing gurgled away in blood. Pixel put his paws up on the side of the boat and peered around. He noted the anaconda, too. "Smrrrrrttssh!" He winked out. When next I spotted him, he was sidling up to Nana Pelosianna, and winding himself around her legs. She jumped and looked down, startled. Her fixed smile failed. She fled the ocelot, and he winked ahead of her, tripping her at the anaconda's flexible muscular 16 foot length. She shrieked. She fell, slithering right into the constrictor's embrace, a few hairs now out of place.

"An indigestible morsel, that!" nodded Swift.

"The punishment fits the crime—a spiritual reality made temporal flesh," noted Dante.

"Oh, aye, Alighieri. There is no doubt about that." He sighed. "Send me back to the Houyhnhnms, please."

"Click your heels three times," I said. Swift looked at me.

"But you're wearing the ruby slippers, madam!" Then he was gone.

The anaconda was slowly ingesting the Pelosian heretic, head hanging over the side of the yacht. Pixel was sitting next to him, cleaning his paws and whiskers. Gabilan shook her hair out of her eyes and spied the Uncertainty kitten. She hissed. As she wound up a lightning strike, Raphael and his blowgun struck again. She pitched into the swimming pool on the deck below, shrieking. Then she shriveled and melted and foamed away. Only a single dark star from her breast floated on the pool. It began spinning, a void opened in its center, and the pool waters rushed in. The sides of the pool were swallowed next.

The anaconda shuddered. It reared up and with an explosion of guttural air, the snake expelled Nana Pelosianna from its gut and its mouth. The mangled corpse, helmet of hair still mostly intact, was flung into the river. The piranhas and caimans swarmed. After a minute, even they fled.

"Nothing can stomach that woman, except her own kind," observed Dante.

"*E vero, signore*," agreed Raphael, staring down at the suddenly dead river. "The heart of darkness . . ."

"So, Mistress Pelosianna, she's dead?" I asked. "No better than lukewarm vomit?"

"Amen," agreed angel and writer.

As the ship was swept into the black hole of Stella Gabilan's vacated being, Dante and Raphael grabbed my elbows and leaped.

I came shakily awake on my own *portale*—and a crisp breeze brought me to my senses, pondering. Like Paul, we are all called to fight the good fight, to run the race, to keep the faith, in the face of whatever powers of darkness. Whether we are foot soldiers or generals in that ongoing fight against the wickedness of the modern Sodom and its ilk, the battle rages on. We are all called to what we can—in prayer and works—to fly the standard of truth, wherever we live and move and have our being on this earth and in God. And no matter what, we are all called to remember, as they say in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*: "Mistah Kurtz, he dead." But Mistah Christ, he risen . . . 🙌

The Red Envelope Project

The Story...

What follows is a letter that has been circulating with a great idea. The message began in silent prayer from a person who was spending quiet time with God.

Dear Friends and Intercessors:

This afternoon I was praying about a number of things, and my mind began to wander. I was deeply distressed at the symbolic actions that President Obama took as he began his presidency. Namely, that he signed executive orders releasing funds to pay for abortions, permission to fund human stem cell research, and federal funding for contraception. I have been involved in the pro-life movement for nearly 20 years, and it pained my heart to see a man and a political party committed to the shedding of innocent blood. This man, and this party lead our country, but they do not represent me or the Americans who believe that abortion is wrong and should no longer be legal.

As I was praying, I believe that God gave me an interesting idea. Out in the garage I have a box of red envelopes. Like the powerful image of the red LIFE tape, an empty red envelope will send a message to Barack Obama that there is moral outrage in this country over this issue. It will be quiet, but clear.

Here is what I would like you to do: Get a red envelope. You can buy them (singly) at Kinkos, or (in bulk, for distributing among friends) at party supply stores. On the front, address it to:

*President Barack Obama
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington , D.C. 20500*

Don't forget your return or address, or the envelop will be tossed. On the back, write the following message.

*This envelope represents one child who died in abortion.
It is empty because that life was unable to offer anything to the world.
Responsibility begins with conception.*

Put it in the mail and send it. I wish we could send 50 million red envelopes, one for every child who died before having a chance to live. Maybe it will change the heart of the president.

Warmly, Christ Otto

Let's Send 50 Million red envelopes (and counting) to the President!

Los Pequeños is a bit late recommending this project but we think it and the message are still timely.

Mary and the Congressman

By Stephanie Block

While the New Mexico State Legislature was in its last session, a friend and her congressman held a protracted email exchange that began with her letting him know that she wanted him to vote against a domestic partnership bill.

He's a nice enough fellow, new to the job (which explains his enthusiasm for engaging a constituent – even one he disagreed with), and let her know that the domestic partnership bill would likely pass in both houses and be signed by the governor. The ducks are in their rows and the rest is *pro forma*, so to speak.

Mary, undaunted, wrote back that a vote for the domestic partnership bill would pave the way for same-sex marriage through court action, as it has in California. Then she lost her temper a bit and promised to remind her (morally traditional) mega-church of his vote, come next election cycle.

The congressman tactfully repeated that the matter really was out of his hands and Mary heatedly countered, "It still matters on how YOU vote. You represent us. You have to do the right thing, no matter how it goes against the tide or even if you know it will lose." She closed the email with, "Don't you care about our families? What could be more important?"

This was too much for the novice congressman: "I care deeply about families, my own, and those in the community. I do not profess though to be God and it is not within my ability to sit in judgment and I thus do not want to take the responsibility for denying one segment of society the basic equal rights that our Constitution guarantees every American. That is what this great country was built on, liberty and justice for ALL."

There was more but that was the salient part. Mary railed, "Just wait and you will see what will result from this. Are you planning to go with polygamy or maybe incest? Why not, if you believe justice for ALL? You can take this anywhere you want, but the bottom line is that marriage between a man and a woman is the way God planned and must be defended."

Her congressman shot back, "I would never, ever support incest and I think you know that. I do feel compelled though to support any life style choice where no one is injured or hurt. Who are we to say our life style choice is the right way and other people's is the wrong? Are you God?"

Mary told him he had to represent his constituency – that polling data showed the district supported the bill. She wrote that the proposed legislation would introduce unacceptable educational materials into the schools and force private citizens – as in the case of New Mexico wedding photographers who were fined for refusing to photograph a same-sex ceremony - to accept openly homosexual situations. She wrote about the real threat against legitimate religious expression. "None of this is in the best interests of our society. We already have laws in place that protect the basic human dignity of all people and their personal rights. This legislation, however, goes beyond that to limit the personal rights of those who do not accept homosexual activity as a 'normal' behavior...and as such, is tyrannical and offensive."

To which, the congressman wrote back: "I personally do not understand the argument that it will somehow be 'tyrannical' and 'limit the personal rights' of those who oppose it, other than to say that you cannot discriminate against someone based on their personal values and life choices. I would fight just as hard to protect your own right to live the life you see fit, pious and married."

"So when my conscience forbids me to participate at a homosexual 'wedding'," Mary asked, "but my business is targeted...to perform some service for them during that 'wedding,' are you formally promising me, in writing - on the public record - that you will stick your neck out and defend my freedom of conscience to refuse?"

"No, Mary. I do not support anyone's right to discriminate based on gender, religious beliefs, age, sexual preference, skin color, etc.," the answer came back.

What's the value of reproducing this exchange? Well, for one thing, it vividly demonstrates the cross-purposes out of which opponents in today's culture wars operate. The congressman, having swallowed the notion that homosexuality is really no different than having red hair, feels perfectly justified in forcing people to play nicely together. A given redhead may be a temperamental cuss but redheads in general need to be able to go about their business.

Mary, however, a practicing Catholic, has read or absorbed the Church's position that while every human being – regardless of his sins or disorders – must be treated with compassion and dignity, his sins and disorders, *per se*,

are not protectable.

In other words, the Church agrees that society has an obligation to defend citizens from un-equal treatment because of human “conditions” that are moral neutrals or, in some cases, even natural goods – such as skin color or religious choice.

On the other hand, society also has an obligation to protect its citizens from victimization by human “conditions” that are moral negatives – the “acting out”, for example, of inappropriate anger, greed, or lust. While the law may sometimes turn a blind eye so long as “no one is injured or hurt”, that rather pragmatic concession to the darker side of human proclivities ends once an unwilling party is forced into complicity with it. Now someone has been injured and hurt.

Mary and her congressman, obviously, are not going to resolve this disagreement unless there is a radical reversal of worldview on the part of one or the other. But this brings me to the second and more important reason for introducing you to these two combatants: they represent positions that are going to demand somebody cry “uncle.”

If the domestic partnership and related pieces of legislation are defeated, society retains the tools for assuring (theoretically) that victimless behavior remains victimless.

If the domestic partnership and related pieces of legislation are passed, we move into a new era in which Church teaching is “anti-social” and must be suppressed.

It’s one or the other. The position that homosexuality is a normal variant of the human being and the position that homosexual behavior is a disorder cannot coexist. 🙅

PS The bill has failed, for now, but keep speaking to your legislators!

A Modern Lexicon

dominicanidaho.org

Liturgeist - What you get when the poltergeist of Vatican II possesses a "Liturgist"

Regurgical Dancing - A spectacle that makes you want to spew.

Stolecism - The practice, always and everywhere to be reprehended, of wearing a stole over a chasuble, instead of the other way around.

Hyperstolecism- The practice of not only wearing the stole over the chasuble, but wearing the wrong-colored stole in an attempt to be cute (e.g., a green stole over a purple chasuble for St. Patrick's Day).

NASDI - "New-Age Skank Dance Improv," see *Regurgical Dance* (better yet, don't)

Orienteophobia - Fear of facing the Lord.

Ad Oscillating - When a priest in fan-shaped church turns like a lawn sprinkler to make eye contact with everyone.

Crusurpation- When a lay extraordinary minister of Holy Communion attempts to bestow a priestly blessing upon a child or a non-Catholic during Communion.

Shambulation- The priestly practice of strutting around the sanctuary during the homily, instead of delivering the homily from the pulpit.

We always enjoy April—our “traditional” (in modern usage, “traditional” means “more than once”) Ship of Fools issue is such fun to prepare. Unfortunately, with so much serious business in the world, certain members of the Pepper team (you know who you are!) insisted this was no time for frivolity.

The Crescat blog (thecrescat.blogspot.com), however, had an Ugly Vestment Contest and the awards were so...um... edifying, that, in honor of a senseless season:

The Winners Are...

Unfortunately, the e-version of *The Pepper* is bereft of photos, which are really needed to appreciate these awards. For full enjoyment, visit The Crescat Blog.

In the Men’s Vestment Category: HIPPY CRACK VESTMENT (Submitted by *Thorn in the Pew* — athorninthepew.blogspot.com).

Honorable mentions to the Tie Dyed Toxic Waste vestment and Daymare Vestment. The Daymare received 5+ bonus votes for being an actual Catholic Vestment.

In the ladies vestment category: DAISY BEDSHEET VESTMENT Submitted by *Roman Sacristan* (romansacristan.blogspot.com). It’s a shame you can’t see this in color.

Honorable mentions to the **Technicolor Dream Cape** and the **Poncho Ladies**. *Crescat* had difficulty deciding whether or not to give the Poncho Ladies the 5+ bonus votes for being Catholic, but decided those women don’t deserve the distinction of being recognized as such.

Lastly, the winner in the Mitres, Stoles and More category goes to: THE LITURGICAL TERRORIST DANCE TROUPE, Submitted by *The Catholic Warrior* (catholicwarrior.blogspot.com).

Now, the fact that this contest was held in 2007 (and that, blessedly, there hasn’t been another) shouldn’t distress you: In 2008, *Crescat* held Cannonball Awards (could you identify the structure below as a church?) and 2009 will no doubt bring fresh amusements. Christ Is Risen!

April Calendar

Los Pequeños Monthly Meeting

April 24, 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

Mondays and Tuesdays at Noon

Mass at the Holy Innocents Chapel

&

Thursdays at 9:30 AM

Fr. Millan Garcia

Holy Sacrifice of the Mass

(1962 Missal)

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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Back issues of *The Pepper*

are archived at:

www.lospequeños.org

Check out *Project Defending Life’s* radio show, **Lifetalk**, which airs on 1050 am KTBL every Saturday at 2:00 pm till 3:00 pm.