

Disaster Relief for Catholics

Stranded at Holy Diversity Parish

The Holy See thunders against abortion, homosexuality, priestesses, euthanasia, pre-marital sex, pornography, smutty sex education, screwy theology, and more. But you won't hear anything about that at Holy Diversity Parish.

Are you interested in a Mass with majesty and mystery? You won't find it at Holy Diversity Parish. The incense, sanctus bell, votive candles, and statues of the saints are long gone. The organ gathers cobwebs while Ms. Cantor bangs her conga drums. The crucifix has been taken down, replaced by a floating Jesus. The words of the readings and liturgy have been gender-bended. If you're looking for the Tabernacle, get ready to play Hide & Seek. And don't even think about praying before or after Mass, for the din insures that'll be impossible. Besides, there are no kneelers.

But who wants real meat when you can get crumbs? At Holy Diversity Parish you get balloons, clowns, liturgical dancers, dime-store decorations, butterflies hanging from the ceiling, and banners with greeting-card sentiments. And you always get vacuous feel-good homilies.

You won't hear about the Church's "controversial" teachings. Why not? Ask Fr. Flapdoodle. "Too mean and judgmental," says he.

At Holy Diversity Parish, last year's pop psychology is all the go. Shack-ups and homosexual partnerships are considered morally equivalent to Holy Matrimony. After all, Fr. Flapdoodle doesn't refer to husbands and wives as husbands and wives

anymore — now he calls them "partners," just like the people in immoral unions, lest those living in sin feel "marginalized" or, well, sinful. Indeed, sin and repentance are passé, prompting one to wonder why Christ bothered to get crucified.

Fr. Flapdoodle is keeping the full Catholic message from his parishioners. Holy Diversity Parish is robbing the laity of their history, doctrine, moral resources, and intellectual heritage.

How long are goofball clerics going to bow down before the strange gods of an alien culture? We at the *NEW OXFORD REVIEW*, a monthly magazine edited by orthodox lay Catholics, say to the double-dealing men (men?) of the cloth: "Stop enfeebling the laity! Shape up or ship out!"

We have an international audience, and we're published in infamous Berkeley, so we've seen fads and frauds galore. We aren't afraid to call Fr. Flapdoodle a wimp and a coward. No wonder *Newsweek* calls us "cheeky." No wonder Karl Keating says we have "attitude."

Orthodox Catholics in Berkeley?

Yes! Damn the torpedoes!

Among those who've written for us are Walker Percy, Michael S. Rose, James Hitchcock, Alice von Hildebrand, Fr. Peter Stravinskis, and Tom Bethell.

If you're sick and tired of Catholicism-Lite, disgusted when priests, nuns, and theologians curry favor with liberal secularists and the forces of neopaganism, we're for you. If you're stranded at Holy Diversity Parish, or even if you aren't, subscribe today and enrich your Catholic Faith!

(© 2004 New Oxford Review Inc.)

