

HARDBALL Catholicism

Why is so much of Catholicism gutless, anemic, and wimpy these days? Is it because there are so many touchie-feelie types in the priesthood? You know, "Let's all hold hands now and sing 'All Shall Be Well,' and then let's give one another a big hug." It's like being at some summer-camp softball game where it's forbidden to keep score. And we get camp-fire sermonettes with all the substance and nutrition of a marshmallow.

Where's the beef? We don't hear much, if anything, about the Church's teachings on abortion, contraception, euthanasia, homosexuality, premarital sex, pornography, consumerism, the indissolubility of marriage, Purgatory, or Hell.

Pope John Paul II valiantly called for a New Evangelization, and too often we sit around hearing from underhanded fey priests about tolerance and diversity, and how all religions are equally true. Hey, it's time to get rid of those duplicitous pansies in the field and replace them with real men.

Are you ready for big-league Catholicism? We've got it at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. A robustly orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, we don't shy away from the "hard" teachings of Christ and His Church. We know why we're Catholic, and we're not ashamed to tell the world about it. We step up to the plate and rip the cover off the ball.

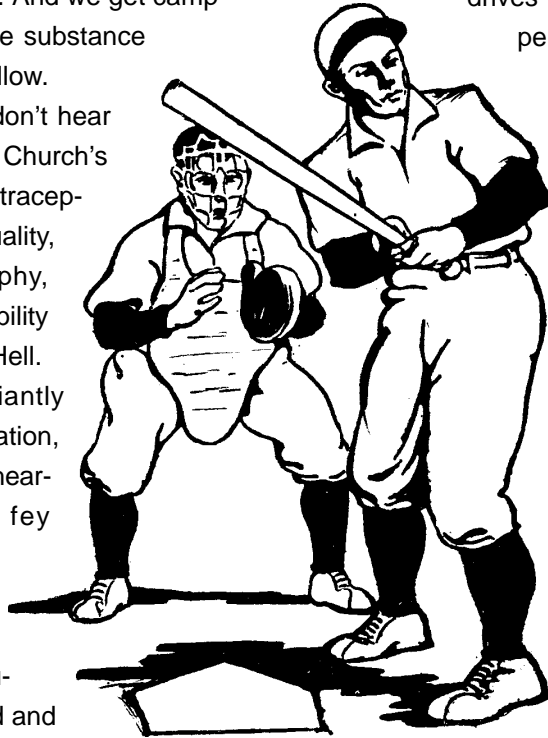
Our degenerate culture has seduced much of the Church. Many of our Catholic leaders continue to play lovey-dovey with the culture, content to tap weak dribblers back to the mound, and not keep score (of course! because they're losing badly!).

Not us. We pepper the field with screaming line drives — and you should see our slugging percentage. We keep score, and we play to win.

And when it comes to the Lavender Mafia in the priesthood and episcopate — and other atrocities — we don't pussyfoot around. We've got "attitude" (says Karl Keating) and "cheek" (says *Newsweek*).

Among those who've written for us are Walker Percy, James Hitchcock, Alice von Hildebrand, Fr. Stanley L. Jaki, Thomas Storck, and Michael S. Rose (whose book *Goodbye, Good Men* was a grand slam).

So get out of the bleachers and into the action. All you need do is subscribe.



WARNING: Do Not Read This Magazine During Softball Sermonettes, As It Causes Uncontrollable Fits Of Laughter. This Magazine Is Unsuitable For Bozos Or Sissies, As It May Cause Them Heart Attacks.

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