

HIGH-Performance 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 back at summer camp. No wonder the sacred liturgy often resembles a hootenanny!

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, pre-marital sex, pornography, consumerism, the indissolubility of marriage, Purgatory, or Hell. Pope John Paul II valiantly called for a New Evangelization, and we sit around hearing about how we need to get in touch with our inner child and feel good about ourselves.

Hey, it's time to slap a turbocharger on our Catholic Engine — and dump that sludgebox tranny

in favor of a 5-speed manual gearbox — and *get movin'*! Are you ready for a high-performance Catholicism? Well, we've got it at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. A robustly orthodox Catholic monthly maga-

zine, 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 push the pedal to the metal — for the Lord!

And when it comes to ecclesiastical outrages and betrayals, we don't pussyfoot around. We've got "attitude" (says Karl Keating) and "cheek" (says *Newsweek*).

So come along for a smokin', heart-thumpin', rollickin' ride. (No bozos or sissies, please.) All you need do is subscribe.



WARNING: Do Not Read This Magazine Before Going To Bed. It Causes Acute Insomnia. Do Not Read This Magazine During Sermonettes. It Causes Uncontrollable Fits Of Laughter.

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