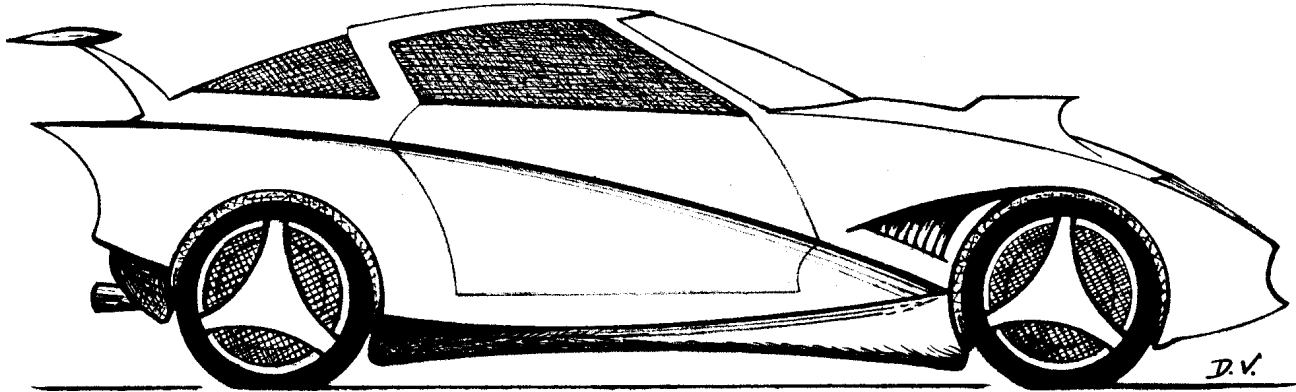


# Hot-Rod Catholicism



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, premarital 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 from fey priests about how we need to get in touch with our inner rainbow.

Hey, it's time to streamline our old clunker, beef up the suspension, soup up the engine and slap a supercharger on it, dump the sludgebox transmission in favor of a 6-speed manual gearbox, kick out

the duplicitous pansy priests, 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 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 push the pedal to the metal — for the Lord!

And when it comes to perverts in the priesthood and other atrocities, 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.

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