

Two Catholics on a Bus

Early one weekday morning, a Catholic man and a Catholic woman are on a bus heading for the local parish church. They are both daily communicants. The man looks 70 and the woman 50. They chat amicably.

The woman asks the man if he had a happy Easter. He replies that from Holy Thursday to Easter Monday he spent 30 hours in church. He mentions that some of this time was spent at Anglican services with his wife who is Anglican. The man says, "I like the Anglican church. They give you bread and wine. Not just bread, the way we do."

The woman shifts in her seat. She asks, "What do you mean?"

He replies, "At Catholic churches we only get bread. At Anglican churches you get bread and wine." Then he adds, "I heard this all started because at one time Catholic churches could not afford wine."

The woman whispers, "In Catholic churches, we receive the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ." The man looks alarmed, as if he has never heard anything so strange. "What are you talking about? I am talking about wine. Why do you call it Precious Blood?"

The woman says, "Anglicans receive wine at their services, but Catholics receive the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

The man panics. "Why do you keep going on about Precious Blood? Wine is wine. Besides," he adds sweepingly, "God is in charge." His panic takes a turn towards haughtiness as he continues, "Who says Catholics have Precious Blood and Anglicans don't? Who says? Have you ever been to an Anglican church?" He clenches his fists.

The woman answers, "It is the teaching of the Catholic Church."

At this point the man's eyes narrow. He can barely contain his indignation. He says, "We are all going to the same place. We use each other's churches, not like the past when Catholics would not even enter a protestant church. My father was Anglican. It is all the same thing. There is no difference."

They get off the bus at the same stop. The man keeps refuting what the woman has said. The woman explains that she has an errand to run and must go in a different direction. They say goodbye. The man continues to mutter to himself, his eyes blazing with rage.

AUTHOR'S COMMENT: I relate this personal encounter without embellishment. See how false ecumenism destroys the Catholic faith and the docility of the children of God.

- Lise Anglin

The Beauty of the Church

BLESSED ANNE CATHERINE EMMERICH

I saw all the feasts of Our Lord's life to the descent of the Holy Ghost. I learned that on this day when her cycle recommences, the Church receives the Holy Spirit in her pure and well-prepared members in proportion to each one's desire. ... I saw the effusion of the Holy Spirit over the works of the Apostles, disciples, martyrs and saints.

Suffering gladly for Jesus, they suffered in Jesus and in His Body, the Church, becoming thereby living channels of the grace flowing from His Passion — yes, they suffered in the good they rendered to the Church. I saw the multitudes converted by the martyrs. The martyrs were like canals dug out by *pains*; they bore to thousands of hearts the living blood of Redemption. The martyrs, teachers, intercessors and penitents appeared in the Church Triumphant as the substance of all graces profitable to the Church Militant, which are renewed or of which she takes possession on the feasts of her saints. I saw in these visions their sufferings of short duration; but their temporal effects, because they proceeded from the eternal mercy of God and the merits of Jesus Christ, I saw working on perpetually for good in the Church, kept alive by her feasts, lively faith, prayers, devotion and good works.

I saw the immense treasures of the Church and the little profit some of her members derive from them. The Church is like a luxuriant garden above a desert waste. The former sends down thousands and thousands of fertilizing influences which the latter rejects; it remains a waste, and the rich treasures are prodigally squandered. I saw the Church Militant, the faithful, the flock of Christ in its temporal state upon earth, dark, dark, and desolate; the rich distribution of graces from on high received carelessly, slothfully, impiously. I saw the feasts celebrated with such apathy and levity that the graces flowing from them fell to the ground; the Church's treasures were turned into sources of condemnation. I saw all this in a general way and in a variety of pictures. Such negligence must be expiated by suffering; otherwise, the Church Militant, unable to settle accounts with the Church Triumphant, would fall still lower. I saw the Blessed Virgin putting everything in order.