

"...there shall be ONE fold and ONE shepherd"

Jim Brown read these words in the Gospel of St. John and was deeply disturbed.

Elsewhere in his Bible... in the Epistle to the Ephesians... he noted the exhortation of St. Paul that there be "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

"Where," he asked Father Crane, "is this unity of which the Bible speaks? How is anyone to know which is 'the one Fold... the one Faith... the one Baptism,' when Christ's followers are divided into many denominations, holding conflicting beliefs?"

The priest agreed that good and sincere people are indeed confused by the claims and counter-claims of a divided Christianity. Instead of traveling on a single highway clearly marked with the words: "Come—follow me," they find themselves wandering in a network of roads and signs pointing in all directions.

"But how," Jim persisted, "can the average person know what to do? When doctrinal claims contradict one another, how am I to know which is right and which is wrong?"

A study of Christian history, Father Crane replied, will provide a better answer for the troubled and confused than would a study of conflicting creeds.

"History will tell you, Jim," the priest went on, "that Christ proclaimed His intention to establish a Church, with Peter as its head and the other Apostles as its bishops. History further tells us that this is the Catholic Church, which was established during the time of the Apostles, with Peter as its first leader—the first Pope."

The Mass, Father Crane continued, was the central act of public worship in the early Church.



as it is today. There were seven Sacraments for the early Christians—seven for Catholics the world over today. Catholics of 1,900 years ago confessed to a priest, and they do so today. Catholics believed then, as now, that Baptism removes original sin... that matrimony is a Sacrament, not just a civil ceremony... that bishops and priests receive their powers through a Sacrament instituted by Christ.

"Many people," Father Crane concluded, "who are either uninformed or misinformed about the Catholic Faith, would want to be Catholics if they knew the truth. So all we ask is that you learn for yourself what the Catholic Church teaches and what Catholics, since the days of the Apostles, have sincerely believed."

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As You Were Saying...

Rose-Colored Commuters. Sometimes it takes only a little thing to make friends out of strangers.

One day I saw some good-looking rose bushes at a nursery near my office. I decided to buy a few even though I knew I'd have to take them home on the rush-hour commuter train to suburbia.



When I got on, the seats, as usual, were all taken. One middle-aged gentleman, however, seeing my armful, smiled and offered me his seat. A woman next to me eyed the bushes and suggested a way to treat the soil before planting them. A young man across the aisle gave me a clever idea for pruning them. By the time I reached my station, two townswomen had promised to stop by later and see how the bushes were doing, and another young man winked and said he'd come by and steal a rose for his buttonhole.

All this in one short train ride.—Mrs. Loretta Lee Young, Manhasset, N. Y.

Happy Talk. Charley was an extremely well-liked man, one of those rare individuals who seemed to have no enemies. So it was an unhappy day when he returned from the hospital minus his larynx (the voice box). Cancer had taken its toll.

In the ensuing weeks friends trickled in and out of his house, saddened by the fact that Charley could not communicate with them except by scribbling on a pad. Eventually this tired him.

His closest friends, however, seemed to understand him. Charley never knew that they had organized a class in lip-reading, hired a teacher, and spent many hours of practice learning how to read Charley's "spoken words."—M.D., Reno, Nev.

I Saw His Point. When hurrying across an intersection one day, my eyeglass case flipped from my pocket and, before I could retrieve it, the lights changed and an oncoming car crushed it and its contents. As I picked it up and shook the broken glass from the case, an old gentleman on the curb commented, "Lucky you weren't wearing them when it happened." I had to laugh, even while thinking of the \$30 loss.—Merrill R. Atkinson, Logan, W. Va.

One in Fifty Million. My father was one of those emotional Frenchmen who are much more fluent on paper than in person. He could write a telegram as though he were composing a letter, but was gruffly inarticulate face to face. Recently, while rummaging through some old papers, I came across one of his telegrams. A birthday greeting now yellowed with age, it summed up all his unspoken kindness to me:

"Thank goodness we can say that in all of your years combined you have not caused us near the worry you gave us in a short 12 hours exactly 30 years ago today. Many happy returns."—Mrs. J. D. Smollen, Dickinson, Tex.

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