

2) When I brought my "hippie friends" to Rev. Anderson's Church:
It is unconscionable that I be accused of infecting or seeking to harm a community of youth for whom I gave two years of my life. In fact my "hippie friends" were carefully chosen ex-heroin addicts and my coming had an ulterior motive which evidently I must now reveal, distasteful as it is to me that you did not presume that I had some good reason. When I left Braintree at the beginning of the Summer, there were no teenagers using heroin to the best of my knowledge. At the end of the Summer, there were to my knowledge nineteen teenagers using heroin in your town. As you may or may not know, only ex-heroin addicts are currently enjoying any appreciable success with heroin users. The Federal hospitals admit to 90% failure. It is my fervent hope that those who have undermined and now destroyed my efforts in behalf of the drug-abusing youth in your town are aware of who they are and aware of a grave responsibility and will now make efforts to counsel with them for to my knowledge not one of them has sought out the "authorities" to whom you are listening. All the knowledge in the world is useless if you cannot get through to those who need it.

3) When I asked Father Curley if he would like me to start a midnight Saturday Mass for college students in the Parish and in the area:

From my vantage as a Campus Minister, I would conservatively estimate that one half of the college students of your area no longer regularly attend Mass or the Sacraments. From my short experience, I know now that it is possible, in the right milieu, to restore many of them to Mass and the Sacraments. Believe me I thought I was doing you a favor - instead it seems that you thought I was asking you to do me a favor. At any rate in the interim we have decided to accept the invitation of others and so I withdraw my offer.

4) Regarding my "hippie friends" at your Peace Vigil:

Whatever your internicine problems, of which I was unaware, I was invited and I was asked to invite these people. I am ashamed and embarrassed that invited guests have been so disgracefully treated. If, as some of you seem to think, Braintree's youth is so weak from hothouse nurture that mere exposure to another life style can topple their convictions and values, then it certainly would be wise for me and "my type" to stay away. But I pity you because I feel that you are wrong and that you will soon see that many will leave Braintree prematurely in order to escape the stifling environment which the hothouse engenders. In any event, courtesy and hospitality to guests were salient virtues, even in the Old Testament.

5) Regarding my having been a magnet enticing young people in St. Francis to run away:

Thusfar I have dealt with no runaway from St. Francis on the streets of Boston and hereby serve notice that I never will. (except when specifically requested to by a parent)

6) Regarding the disparaging remarks that I "got few kids off drugs":

The truth is worse. I am aware of no youngster who stopped doing drugs as a direct result of my influence. In fact I know of no individual youth worker who has. That was never my goal. I did have notable success, first, in getting them to come to me and secondly, in getting them to distinguish the killer drugs and to eschew them. It is true that I did continue this activity sporadically

after leaving Braintree, simply because I could find no-one else willing to take over and acceptable to these youngsters, and because I mistakenly presumed any parent would want this. Since Council members speak for many and because no drug abuser allows me in the early stages to inform his parents, I will terminate this activity (except when specifically asked by parents). The difficulty is: parents are the last to know. It is a relief to me to unshoulder this burden. I urge you to get behind the valiant soul who picks it up.

(7) "Father Shanley is controversial:"

Indeed! Precisely for this did they crucify Christ. He was stirring up the crowds. It is still expedient, is it not, to get rid of such people? The shame is that we brag of it. "We got rid of Father Shanley." I have had young people call me in tears to ask if this is true; it isn't. And what was his crime - over what was he controversial?

He fought against the Catholic injustice that kept out and still keeps out Blacks.

He fought against the injustice that lavished huge sums on 1/4 of the children and gave a pittance to the Christian education of 3/4 of the children.

He fought against injustice to the people of St. Ann's.

He fought against the unjust head-in-the-sand neglect of drug education and drug rehabilitation which has resulted predictably in an epidemic.

He fought against the injustice that fails to implement the demands of Vatican II; and the advances of theological Science and results predictably in the massive exodus of youth from the Church.

He was controversial because of the outrageous predictions he made. Doesn't it mean anything to you that every last one of them came to pass? Doesn't that require a review of the original estimate of his "alarmist" predictions?

He fought against the Vietnam injustice that devastates a country and decimates a people, ostensibly to save them.

Am I to apologize for any of these? Good Lord it's about all I'll have to show at Heaven's gate. Write on my tombstone: "He was controversial" i.e. he fought. It is the sounds of silence from Catholic officials not the sounds of protest that scandalize our young.

"Do not think that I have come to send peace upon the earth, I have come to bring a sword. I am come to scatter fire on the earth, to set mother against daughter, father against son." I used to wonder at what seemed like bragging in the Epistles of St. Paul. It wasn't. He was merely trying to tell his people: "folks, this is Christianity. Don't knock it. Don't fear it, don't be ashamed of me." If controversiality should ever become a crime in the minds of your Parish Council, you will have to rename your Parish, throw away your Lives of the Saints and your Bible and begin anew.

Dear Friends, I am overwhelmed with sadness and as near to defeat as ever I have been. I plead with you, especially those of you (and I hope they are few) who mock my efforts and diminish my Apostolate, to pray for me and for these young people whom you do not understand and so readily consign to abandonment. What you will soon learn is that they are your own children, "And behold brother will hand over brother to death, and the father, his child. Mt 10/21

I have no desire to further "polarize" the Parish of St. Francis of Assisi. I will respect the wishes of those who want me to have no further dealings with the youth of St. Francis. I will not return in any priestly capacity to St. Francis, not because I am angry but because I have no time to be justifying my ministry, I am not always free to explain my actions but most of all because I am not strong enough to bear the weight of such gross misunderstanding. I hope my friends will understand and permit me this weakness, and do nothing to further escalate this sorry affair. Truly we are not yet out of the jungle, merely at the edge, and Christianity is in its infancy when the Corporal Works of Mercy have fallen into such desuetude. I was sick, (V.D., infectious hepatitis, mononucleosis, drug addiction, pregnancy) hundreds of miles from home (9 out of 10 of my "people" are from out of state), lonely and depressed (many "accidental" overdoses are in fact suicide - the third largest killer of teens) beset by solicitations from predatory adults (pimps, homosexuals, psychotics, prostitutes, dealers, hustlers) with no place to worship God (not one Catholic Church in Boston will allow me to have Mass for hippies), with no place to lay my head, young (15 is the average age) hungry (some of my kids eat cat food) without warm clothing (Florida's mass exodus didn't anticipate cold weather) in jail (from the unfair discrimination often meted out to undesirables and poor people) and not only did you not feed, clothe, visit and harbor me but you castigated those who tried. You said: "Do nothing and they'll go home" heedless of the statistics proving otherwise.

"And behold, all the town came out to meet Jesus; and on seeing Him they entreated Him to depart from their district" (Mt 8/34). Having identified Himself with the poor and needy, Jesus comes again in their person to St. Francis - and is again entreated to depart.

"Whoever does not receive you, or listen to your words, go forth outside that house or town, and shake the dust from your feet. Amen I say to you, it will be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of Judgment, than for that town." Mt. 10/15

God help us, the luxury we allowed ourselves of hatred of the Black man now becomes hatred for our own alienated children. When will we ever learn?

Sincerely
Fr. Paul

"He's a publicity hound". I have touched on this in the chapter on The Media. At one point I had two letters to the editor in print and my hate mail swelled, even though for months I had avoided all publicity. I wrote:

There has been no dearth of priests who labelled me a publicity seeker (which was true) and ascribed it to self aggrandizement rather than for the dispossessed and brutalized people for whom I sought it. Now with two letters appearing at once my detractors will have confirmation of their blackest suspicions.

For months I have avoided TV, Radio and news media so bone-weary have

I become of clerical gossip mongering. Hopefully and happily I can now lapse into blessed anonymity.

Some times I feel like the "gipper". "Say it ain't so gipper" goes the famous story. I averaged one call a week from former parishes, usually a young person. Tonight's? "A cop told me he had evidence that you were behind the riots in Malden Square. Later it turned out that the priest was Father Bernie Lane - but what's the difference. It is especially discouraging when the carriers are people you have helped, or "friends" who should know better e.g. violence.

The rumor that did me the most damage was from a priest. A kid had asked me to run interference for him in returning home. He lived too far for me to accompany him so I called the youngest priest in his parish and set it up. As the priest was finishing his reconciliation meeting in the kid's kitchen, he blurted out: "So you know Fr. Paul? He's doing a fine job for the Narcotics Squad getting all those pushers and dealers." Really said the kid. Two days later he ran away, returned to Boston and brought the message from Garcia. It was nip and tuck for a long time before I could dispell that rumor. How do you prove you aren't a narc? No way!

Sounds of silence? If only more of the priests who knew and sympathized would have said publicly what they wrote privately, e.g. "Paul, keep on. You give us in the parishes credibility with long-haired kids."

In a savage and emotional attack on rock festivals, it was ironic to hear the Commander of the DAV also suggest naively and simplistically:

"We have many organizations well equipped and fortified to fight this battle for human souls. The American Red Cross, The Salvation Army, Community Fund, Theological Schools. Clergymen of all faiths - Catholic Protestant and Jewish should fulfill the calling of their professions and pitch in to this battle, or are they afraid of real, humane involvement or perhaps they are effected with the diseases of the 'Silent Majority.'" Surely, they cannot leave this most important matter for God to straighten out. Perhaps He's watching to see how His disciples and followers discharge their responsibilities.

"What a great spectacle would be created, if the so-called Theologians who crave involvement would administer to the needs of these poor souls or even carry signs with good old fashioned Biblical admonitions imprinted upon them such as "The Wages of Sin is Death", etc. and wade right through a Rock Festival crowd. Let all the sign carrying clergymen of all denominations take up this project and "Get with it". Give the devil some decent competition before the nation falls.

"Harvard Square and the Cambridge Common are places badly in need of "combat clergymen" of all faiths. The impasse there will never end witho a soul-searching onslaught by the forces of good. Otherwise there will be the shedding of human blood.

"The times call for the Theological schools of Harvard, Boston Univ. Andover-Newton, St. John's Seminary, Gordon College, Eastern Nazarens, Rabbinical colleges and all others of religious purpose to "take on" Harvard Square as a prime project and experiment in human soul saving ecology and above all demonstrate to the world how religion can work. Africa no longer needs them - there are more problems here at home."

I never did get to saving signs but the Jesus Freaks have. Pope John

put it in his own pithy way: "The Church must go where the people are, not where it wishes they were." Pope John 23d.

St. Paul had this to say: "For, free though I was as to all, unto all I have made myself a slave that I might gain the more converts. And I have become to the Jews a Jew that I might gain the Jews. To those under the law, as one under the Law (though not myself under the Law, as one without the Law (though I am not without the law of God, but am under the law of Christ), that I might gain those without the Law. To the weak I became weak, that I might gain the weak. I became all things to all men, that I might save all. I do all things for the sake of the gospel, that I may be made partaker thereof.

Teilhard de Chardin said: "To the extent of my power because I AM A PRIEST. I wish from now on to become conscious of all that the world loves, pursues and suffers... I want to become more widely human than any of the world's servants."

Ghandi said: "I do not want to be reborn but if that should happen, I would like to find myself amongst the untouchables in order to share their affliction, their sufferings and the insults they are subject to. In this way perhaps I would have the chance to liberate them and myself from this miserable condition."

The mystic poet, Francis Thompson, who was to write Hound of Heaven was once on the street and addicted to laudanum. Read his tribute to the street girl who befriended him:

...but a flower
 fallen from the budded coronal of spring
 and through the city streets blown withering
 she passed - O brave, sad, lovingest, tender
 thing!
 and of her own scant pittance did she give
 that I might eat and live.

When Martin Luther King suddenly detoured from his non-violent attempts to diminish racism in America and started talking about the immorality of the war many of his sympathizers were aghast. Why doesn't he stay with what he has competency for. His detractors had a heyday. But Martin knew that it was all of a piece.

When I launched my campaign regarding the hundreds of American kids in foreign jails on drug charges, it was rumored that I had now really gone too far and was trying to become international. I expected and it came to pass that 800 kids were incarcerated in jails far worse (and that is possible) than our own. A man called me and said: "I had a kid working in my stockroom who went home on vacation to Caracas and was busted. I have spent 12 months ringing every doorbell in Washington and \$17,000. in bribes and fees and this kid is still in for six years and the government won't touch it even though he is a naturalized citizen." American diplomats told me they were spending all their time holding hands with kids, playing priest, confidant, drug counselor, parent and friend - because there was no one over there. They had little time left for statesmanship. I humbly suggested we might spare one priest. We couldn't. Or at least we didn't.

A constant source of bewilderment to me was the adult pique that became a slogan: "he's all for the kids and can't stand adults." Often it would be betrayed by the question: "what is it that makes these kids so

precious in their moral sensitivity, that makes them so knowledgable. How come we didn't get so upset - all these evils were around in our youth?" I would get bored with trying to explain that far from being failures with our kids, we should rejoice and take pride in the generation we had reared. We provided the climate, the education, the leisure, the security without which dissent cannot occur. It was much better put by Ted Bates & Co. 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. in a Time advertisement.

There is no Generation Gap:

You're over 40. You grew up during World War II and today your kids are so different and difficult, you feel as if every value you grew up with is turned around.

Guess what? You're right.

Because in 1943 most blacks were segregated in the U. S. Army. And if somebody got on the radio and spewed anti-Semitism; or went out for a lynching; or poured untreated sewage into a river; or died because he couldn't afford an operation - nobody much spoke up.

You know who changed most of that for the better? You did. Your generation. And you're still working on it. Because you've brought up your children to believe in human rights and peace and justice as no generation has before. But you forgot to tell them that while you believed in all these things, you weren't in all that much of a hurry to make them come true.

These kids aren't waiting. They have the kind of active concern for our country most of us didn't have until we were working, married and voting. In awareness, education, economic advantages, mobility and social experience, no generation has ever been so close to its elders. And that's where the problem is. Today's kids in their teens and twenties are political and social adults. There isn't a generation gap. There's a generation overlap.

The difference between us isn't in beliefs or goals. It's in methods and priorities. We've all come a long way in this country. It would be a shame to bog down now by condemning the majority for the unfocused actions of a protesting minority.

What the concerned young people of our country don't have enough of today is a way to channel their involvement constructively into the American system.

This generation is ready. We've already given our kids more than we ever got. Why not give them a way to use it?

If you think we can help today's younger generation become responsible members of the community by giving them responsibility in the community, let us know.

Suicides fill the cemeteries placed there by utter hopelessness, despondency and despair generated by their treatment at the hands of a righteous society. They are now what we said they were then. But then they were not what we said they were. And I will not say in print what the future holds for them.

"The counterculture began as an attitude, a radically new way of seeing life. Except on its political fringe, it was never translated into consciously conceived doctrine. It existed, in fact, mainly on the subconscious level, not so much a culture as a mass mental condition, a careless, peaceful state of arrested movement and introspection... that immaculate, peaceful energy with which it began has been transmuted into a vast, yawning sense of futility, and there seems no way out." Thus wrote
in Newsweek.

Because I have had to spend so much time denying myths about drugs e.g. that it is proven LSD causes deformed children, I never got to the real and valid reasons why LSD is dangerous.

Likewise because I had to spend so much time refuting libels against the counter culture, people have come to think I am an avid advocate of all that it entails. Except for people in the counter culture who know full well that I am and have been just as critical of them.

A man without a culture! Though I live in the alternate life style and have repudiated the establishment in no way gives me rest or surcease - for I am constantly torn by the errors, shallowness, and lack of foresight which are dragging the counter culture to certain death.

But when I did have time and the freedom to talk to freaks my words were much in the genre-The Men From Way Out-which I will quote to you at length. If the establishment had wasted less time criticising hair and dress and defending itself against indefensible faults and spent more time trying to help the freaks get their own heads together, pointing out what was lethal in their attitudes so much more could have been accomplished (not that nothing was. Incalculable deflections of the ways of society have been accomplished e.g. prisons, schools, welfare, race, women, war, poverty, etc.)

There's only one thing...
There is only one thing we're going to have to face. It's pretty heavy, but it might be worth rapping about before the whole thing's over.

What are we all going to do after the revolution is done?
I mean, have you ever thought about it? Or are we so wrapped up in exposing the phony power structure system that we've forgotten to make plans for reconstructing our new world when the Age of Aquarius finally arrives?

Are we going to be able to gaze into the ashes of destruction and know for sure that we've really wiped out the disease of war, hate, lust and hypocrisy forever?

If your head can take it in, survey the future situation for a second.

Let's say, hypothetically, that we do manage to crumble the establishment-oriented system and all the power men on their

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ego-trips. Let's say the revolution's over and the whole show is cur baby now. This time we're going to do it right.

So we've kissed off all the institutional noise that's been handed down to us from an up-tight, hung-up heritage. We have quite successfully ripped off the pseudo-pious clothing of the former social-religious culture and exposed its bare-nakedness for what it's worth. It too has been hiding behind a hypocritical facade which will never fit into our bag; that is, if we're going to be for real. We've shed the old values and morals syndrome like a worn-out change of threads.

So here we stand on the winning side of the revolution. We won, man! The future is ours. We can shape it any way we want.

But what are we going to do about the price of victory? I mean, let's get serious! Blowing grass might be groovy but are we going to be able to put our trust in it to create our "brave new world"? We do want it to work this time, don't we? Well then, is tripping out going to insure us of the things we strenuously protested for?

I mean, just because the moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars isn't going to turn us into vegetable love plants. You dig?

Have we taught ourselves to hate authority and absolutes so much that we no longer want even our own individual responsibility? If we end up sacrificing self-control to be controlled by stars and chemicals and gurus, then maybe we too have escaped into our own little paranoid establishment.

Sure man, we've got all our own unique emblems and trademarks. They're all original too; no carry-overs from the old system. But could it be that they are no less phony than the religious and cultural fig-leaves that the older cut-to-lunch-bunch use to hide behind in their squeaky-clean institutions?

Wouldn't it be a mind-blower if we could somehow transcend our subjective involvement for a second and zero in on the situation from an objective, omniscient, God-like perspective, and see what's really happening behind everybody's facade?

Wouldn't it be wild if in the process of ripping off each man's mask we would make the startling discovery that everyone, I mean like everybody, is on his own ego-trip: straights, radicals, liberals, conservatives, wealthy, poor, whites, blacks dopers, religious nuts, anti-religious nuts, educated, uneducated, etc. Get the picture? I mean like everybody doing his own thing and everybody blowing it bad! Wouldn't that be a riot?

Just think if we could flash above the confusion and noise of the conflict, any conflict, and see that both sides are dead wrong...that every individual or group is helplessly ego-bound in his own unique way, and that all of our sophisticated discussions and avant-garde solutions are just a bunch of empty vibrations...bad vibrations!

Maybe the hip scene is on a bad trip too. After all, do we really know what's going to happen when the party's over? Maybe we are correct in our evaluation of the present structure of society. Maybe we have been right in protesting against the impersonal machine, But do we know clearly what the solution is? I mean, don't you think it might be a good thing to know ?

What if behind our star-gazing, love-making, pot-smoking dream world, our own egos are on parade too, and we have to get high in order to evade the real issue? Maybe if we really knew what the solution was-if there is one-we wouldn't need all the artificial amplification and sensual gratification to convince ourselves.

It's easy for us to say we're not playing games. That sounds groovy and reassures us that we're for real. We dig the fact that we're genuine and honest. We're liberated from the hang-ups of the upper middle-class system because we've exposed all the phony inconsistencies. We've broken off from that and have asserted our independence by our own unique life-style. Our type of liberation is tangible because we can experience it NOW in the good smells, the good sounds, and the good sensations. It is immediate, and it's our very own expression of self-actualization.

But maybe all these good vibes have done a number on us. Maybe we got sucked into something too heavy for us to see through, but we dug it anyway because it felt good. Maybe we're on a camouflaged ego-trip too, but we're too involved in this thing to see through it.

What if the generation we give birth to would end up exposing our phony system like we have exposed the present order of things? That wouldn't be too cool, huh?

Maybe they won't dig the strobe lights and heavy sounds. Maybe they'll see through the artificial stimulation and call it phony and hypocritical. And maybe they'll be around to see our drive toward spiritual oneness and harmony evolve into a nightmare of exploitation, mind-raping, and personality disintegration.

Maybe we haven't thought up anything that hasn't been tried before. Maybe our groovy life-style isn't all that unique after all. What if we're on a bum trip also, But we're too stoned to see the issues clearly? That would be interesting.

Do our plastic gods of chemicals and stars and incense secretly mock us as we get sucked into a fabricated false euphoria?

Are we on a parallel ego-trip with those who worship their plastic gods of materialism, institutions, and power structures?

If so, is there any possible way we can expose all of

the counterfeits and break through to an authentic existence? I mean, really be genuine and quit playing games? Is it possible to be completely liberated?

If the establishment-oriented system is not where it's at, and if the anti-establishment routine is only a reaction without a solution, then quite clearly, that's not where it's at either. Got it? They just don't make it...not what we're looking for anyway.

There is only one alternative that is totally unique and original. Most of us were brainwashed into thinking it was a product of the institution and so we threw it out with everything else. That's where we blew it! This solution has NEVER been a product of man's creation. It has been copied and perverted and politically baptized; nevertheless, it has survived the worst of man's attempts to institutionalize it and make it his own thing. It has transcended man's ego-trips every time and that is why it is in fact the only solution...the only WAY OUT.

Isn't it interesting that man has tried to construct a million different solutions to the war, hate, ego dilemma. But every attempt has crashed.

Every new generation seems to convince itself that it's got it. It's got the solution. This time it'll work. It doesn't work. It never has. It won't now. If the whole thing could be figured out by man himself, somebody would have done it by now. We've all had our crack at it, and we've had plenty of time to do it.

The answer is not in formulas, religious creeds, education, legislation, social reforms, war, meditation or protest. These things may or may not have significant value, but they deal only with the symptoms of the problem itself.

The solution is in a love-trust relationship with someone who has transcended the whole situation and has the authority to evaluate it from the God-like perspective we were talking about. If he really does see the issues clearly, then we'd better listen to him, and he'd better be someone we can trust.

If such a person does exist, he would certainly have to be unique; one of a kind. It couldn't just be anybody, or just a vague mystical concept. We can't relate to that. It would have to be someone who has experienced life on a gut-level dimension and knows where it's at. I mean about love and peace and digging life and each other...about all those things we mean when we flash the peace sign.

There is only one man in history who really qualifies. He fits the need like a hand in a glove. He was never known to be on an ego-trip, and His life-style proved it. He never had any hang-ups about hate, fear, guilt

hypocrisy, or estrangement became. He never experienced any of these. He was on a genuine love-trip without the use of artificial stimulants or religious cover-ups. But what's more is that He never dumped on anybody for not measuring up to His unusual life-style. He just wanted to share it with anyone who wanted it. The liberation He gave to people was very unusual. It worked...permanently.

There is no other man quite like this Man. He is totally unique in the type of life He lived and the things He said. He claimed, without apology, to be God's only solution to man's dilemma. He is Jesus, the God-man.

Are you willing to consider Him? Or are you too hung-up on your own trip? Maybe you think your life is already too messed up to be salvaged. That is totally impossible. Jesus said, "IF ANYBODY comes to me and wants to share my life, I will never ever turn him away." (John 6:37) (Paraphrased).

There is a way out...that is, if you want it. But that all depends on whether or not you are up to becoming a true person.

The Man From Way Out.

There remains but one question to answer. "Are you bitter and sad? How could you be otherwise?" One woman friend writes:

"When I read the things you write, they make me feel sad. You must remember that most of us cannot help the way we are. Even the "church going, pure, family-centered, upright" you should be tolerant of. Their own lack of involvement stems from fear and insecurity. Perhaps as an ex-priest in my social work class in Louisiana quoted, "The only thing wrong with Christianity is that we haven't tried it yet". The world is better than when we burned witches even if communications indicate that civilization is going down the drain. I cannot feel that God has deserted us."

In my own halting way I often resorted to the dramatic, to hyperbole, to any legitimate means of stirring up the masses but truly I have no feelings of condemnation for those who persecuted me or mine. To some extent we are all victims and as a sinner I can hardly go around throwing stones. You may recall Dalton Trumbo, one of Mr. Nixon's earliest casualties in the search for commie sympathizers in the movie industry years ago. Now out of jail he said recently: "Is defeat necessarily an unhappy thing? Is failure necessarily unhappy? Failure can some times be noble. To lose for something you believe in can be a happy thing."

Aeschylus wrote: "In our sleep pain that cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart and in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom through the awful Grace of God."

May the wisdom of Christmas fill your hearts with hope.

Father Paul

Dec. 25, 1972