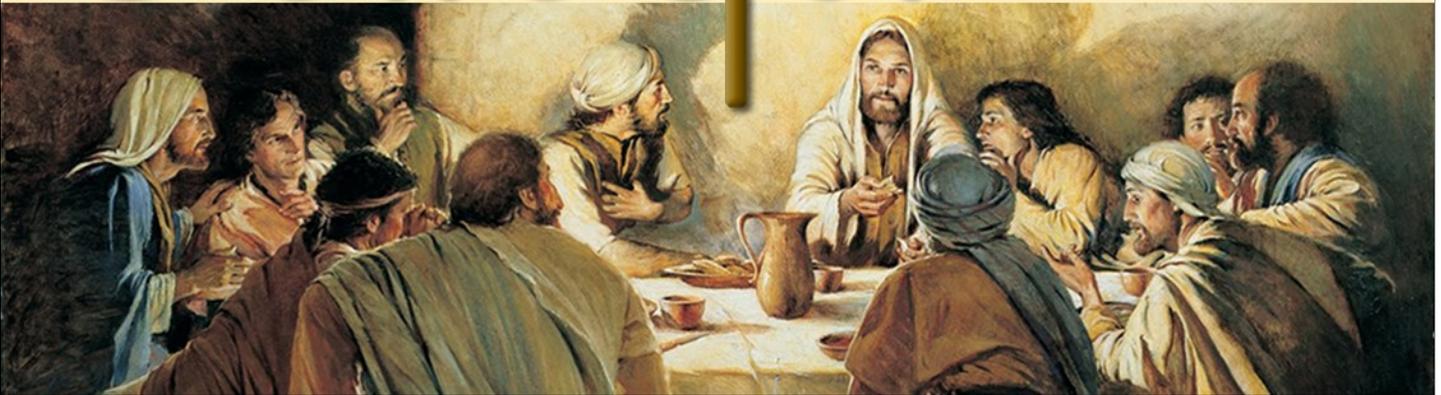


Colloquī

May 24, 2019
Volume 03, Number 41



A journal for restless minds

Fallacy And Myth

But then, face to face

Deacon's Diner

Food for a restless mind

Colloquī is a Deacon's Corner weekly journal. Its mission and purpose: to encourage serious discussion, to promote reasoned debate, and to provide serious content for those who hope to find their own pathway to God.

Each week Colloquī will contain articles on theology, philosophy, faith, religion, Catholicism, and much more.

Be forewarned! Articles may and often will contain fuel for controversy, but always with the express intent to seek the Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us God.

Fallacy And Myth

But then, face to face

Whenever, and if ever anyone should feel an urgent urge to go tilting after windmills—whether fighting imaginary enemies or righting nonexistent wrongs as did Don Quixote—what first comes to mind is the question of the windmill tilter's sanity. Chesterton would no doubt have labeled it madness enjoyed by a madman not yet committed to a madhouse, and yet, in these times of idiocracy, any suggestion of such madness must quite vociferously be dismissed as the bonkered blather of a blithering blatherskite.

It is indeed, an absurd exaggeration to say that we are all mad, just as it is true that we are none of us perfectly healthy. If there were to appear in the world a perfectly sane man, he would

certainly be locked up. The terrible simplicity with which he would walk over our minor morbidities, or sulky vanities and malicious self-righteousness; the elephantine innocence with which he would ignore our fictions or civilization—these would make him a thing more desolating and inscrutable than a thunderbolt or a beast of prey. It may be that the great prophets who appeared to mankind as mad were in reality raving with an impotent sanity.¹



Some time ago—fifty years or so—the world wobbled, tilted by the sinister fantasies of freedom and tolerance, utopian dreams dreamt by a generation on a quixotic quest to right every wrong and to fight for a cause, because.

If truth be told, of course, I knew nothing, at least nothing worth knowing. I knew how to posture, but not how to stand. I knew how to protest, but not how to protect. I knew how to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

work up an impressive case of moral outrage, but I didn't know morality. I knew about peace, but I didn't know enough to fight for it. I knew about self-indulgence, self-preservation, self-esteem, and self-expression, but I didn't know about self-sacrifice and self-control.

Worse still, I didn't even know myself. I didn't know what Socrates knew about me—that I entered this world in a state of total and seamless ignorance, and that my ignorance could never be breached as long I remained blissfully unaware of it. I didn't know what St. Augustine knew about me—that the well of my soul was poisoned, and that whatever was down in the well would come up in the bucket. St. Augustine also knew this about my soul: No matter how hard it tried, no matter where it looked, it could never find its rest anywhere but in God. I didn't know what Edmund Burke knew about me—that no government could fix what ailed me, either by the things it did or by the things it did not. The most any state could do was to help protect me from myself and others. Most importantly, however, I didn't know that I was Everyman. When I learned that, I stopped being a liberal.

Like almost all dissidents of my generation, I was a protestor without a plan and a visionary without a vision. I had not yet learned that you see only what you are able to see, and I was able to see only the egalitarian, relativistic, self-gratifying, superstitions of the secular, wayward, left. Please do not think that this was simply a case of prelapsarian innocence. It was not. It was ignorance and it was evil, although I would have denied it at the time.

Only slowly did I come to understand that my fellow dissidents and I had taken for ourselves the easiest and least productive of all tasks,

that of denigrator. And only slowly did I come to understand that to destroy is easy, that to build is hard, and that to preserve is hardest of all.

But it was worse even than that, because my fellow dissidents and I were blind to the most obvious truths, especially to what Russell Kirk and others have called the tragic vision of life—the profound realization that evil is not something “out there,” it is something “in here.” The tragic vision of life arises from the fact that we are flawed—deeply, desperately, tragically flawed—and we cannot be trusted. We are broken at the heart; our defect is life wide and soul deep. Though we are capable of reason, because of our selfish passions and our moral weaknesses we are rarely reasonable. We ourselves are what is chiefly wrong with the world. We are this planet's most malignant and enduring ailment. We have our dignity, to be sure, but we have our horror as well. I can tell you this: I did not wake up until I met the enemy face to face. I met him in the mirror. We all do.

I had to learn to stare squarely into that face in the mirror, into the face of hard, fallen reality, and not to flinch. I did not, in fact I could not, comprehend the tragic vision of life until I learned that the problem of the human heart is at the heart of the human problem. Once I examined with care and honesty the habits of my own heart and those of my dissident friends, I learned that C.S. Lewis was right: to be one of the sons of Adam or the daughters of Eve is both glory enough to raise the head of the lowest beggar and shame enough to lower the head of the highest king. I am a human being. That is my wealth; that is my poverty.²

Bauman, currently a Professor of Theology and Culture and the Director of Christian Stud-

ies at Hillsdale College, acknowledges that, as did other cultural and political liberals, he had fallen prey to the fallacy of misplaced malleability and the myth of solution.

According to Bauman, the two most common errors of governance to which the left and progressives, in particular, fully subscribe are the fallacy of misplaced malleability and the myth of solution. Both here and elsewhere³ Bauman further examines and explains the fallacy and the myth.

The fallacy of misplaced malleability

seeks to impose the vision or the ideal inside one's head upon the external world, trying to force reality into the shape of one's thought rather than conforming one's thoughts to the parameters of reality. It cannot be done. The enterprise is perfectly futile because it presumes that human institutions can be changed at will to fit patterns inside our heads. They cannot. Human institutions arise from human action; human action arises from human nature; and human nature is notoriously intractable.

Apart from the grace of God, human nature cannot be fixed, no matter how badly it needs fixing. Trying to do what can never be done, and continuing to try for ages upon ages to make the impossible possible, is a fool's errand. I finally learned that my deepest need was not more freedom. I needed the grace and guidance of God. Until I understood that, I remained shamelessly superficial.

The myth of solution is the arrogant notion that if we apply ourselves hard enough or acutely enough then we can solve the world's problems, or, if not the world's, then at least our own.

While misplaced malleability is more the provincial sin of the ideologue, it is the myth of solution that makes the heart of any politician fibrillate. The founders of our Constitutional Republic well understood the innate human desire to fix what appears to be broken, no matter whether it was within our power or not to repair. They conceived a nation led by statesmen guided by the moral standards of the natural law, of nature and of nature's God, not by politicians guided by opinion, votes, money and power.

I had to put my insipid and airy romanticism where it belonged, on the burgeoning junk pile of the fatally flawed and conclusively overthrown fantasies to which the human mind seems continually to give rise. Not romanticism but religion, not Byron but the Bible, not poetry but Paul, not Voltaire but virtue, not trends but tradition, not idealism but ideas, not genius but grace, not freedom but faith could cure me. I had to exchange Wordsworth for the Word and revolution for repentance. Thus, while some of the things I valued were useful and good, they were not properly fundamental. I had to put first things first.

The tragic vision of life humbled me. From it I learned that it was not my prerogative to invent wisdom and virtue. That had already been done. My responsibility was to listen to the One who invented them and to those whom He taught. Wisdom and virtue, I had to learn, were not born with my generation, or with Rousseau's, or Matthew Arnold's, or even Eugene McCarthy's. I had to learn in the last half of the twentieth century what was already old news even in the days of Jere-

miah, the ancient prophet, who wrote,

*Stand at the crossroads, and look,
and ask for the ancient paths,
where the good way lies;
and walk in it, and find rest
for your souls (Jer. 6:16).*

Wisdom is found by walking the "ancient paths." Those "ancient paths" led through the wilderness, through the sea, even through the valley of the shadow of death, and not through Berkeley, not Columbia, not the Village, not Watts, not Haight-Ashbury, not Altamont, and not Woodstock.

Should one bother to read beyond the solitary verse cited above, what follows concerns us; it is as though what the prophet wrote was a reminder of our obstinate rejection of His Truth and our willful and deliberate sinfulness.

*But they said, 'We will not walk in it.
I set watchmen over you, saying,
'Give heed to the sound of the trumpet!'
But they said, 'We will not give heed.'
Therefore hear, O nations,
and know, O congregation,
what will happen to them.
Hear, O earth; behold,
I am bringing evil upon this people,
the fruit of their devices,
because they have not given heed
to my words; and as for my law,
they have rejected it (Jer 6:17-19).*

As Bauman notes, "The tragic vision of life taught me that you cannot reject authority—whether civil, familial, cultural or divine—and yet live in an orderly world."

Because human nature is what it is, without great volumes of enforceable law, freedom is impossible. As Dean Clarence Manion observed in the very last line he wrote before his death in 1979, "a society that is not

held together by its teaching and observance of the laws of Almighty God is unfit for human habitation and doomed to destroy itself."

When is freedom not enough? Every time truth and righteousness are at stake. In a fallen world, that is almost always. Freedom must be exercised according to the dictates of truth and virtue, never the other way round. Freedom must be limited by the demands of justice, love and revelation. The most important consideration regarding any action is not "Is it free?" but "Is it good?" When I learned that, I stopped being a libertarian. Freedom, furthermore, is an incomplete concept. Whenever someone insists upon freedom, you must ask "Freedom to do what?" You must ask that question because freedom, like tyranny, has its unintended and unforeseen consequences, some of which are colossally vile. In passing, I name but one—abortion.

From the tragic vision of life I learned that you have to do what is right whether it suits you or not. In the sixties, we hardly did anything that did not suit us. I also learned that the enemy is not the CIA, not the FBI, and not the GOP; it's the NEA, NOW, NBC, ABC, CBS, CNN, DNC, WCC and NPR, indeed the entire grab bag of alphabetized, leftist, subverters of culture, of tradition, and of revelation. I learned that those who deprive themselves of the wisdom of western tradition are no more free than a baby left alone by its parents to do as it pleases. I learned that politics is not about equality, but justice; that personal action is not about freedom, but righteousness; and that sex is not about pleasure, but love and privilege and posterity.

It is important to note that Bauman wrote this essay almost six-and-a-half years ago near the beginning of

the previous administration's second term. A child of the sixty's, a baby-boomer, he imagines a student in 2013 reading his remarks and wondering, "This all might be well and good, but what does it have to do with me? I wasn't even alive in the sixties."

My answer is simply this: While the sixties are over, they are not dead, not by a long shot. They live, indeed they thrive, not only in the White House juvenocracy (which is tragic enough), but in the faculty lounges and endowed chairs of nearly every college and university in the United States. Tenured faculty members everywhere have traded their tie-dyed T-shirts and their bell bottom jeans for a cap and gown, if not a cap and bells. Those faculty members are the entrenched purveyors of an unexamined and indefensible hand-me-down Marxism, and of what Allan Bloom called nihilism with a happy ending. They have become paid agents of the very colleges and universities they once tried to burn to the ground, and not because they gave up on the dreams of the sixties. What they failed to do as protesters they have succeeded in doing as professors. Quite possibly they have done it to you, because the entire teaching profession, from the pre-kindergarten level to the post-graduate, has become a political captive of the cultural left. Like roving street gangs prowling the halls of academe, power hungry bands of leftist professors everywhere have instigated countless institutional turf wars, most of which they won. They succeeded in burying the accumulated wisdom of the ages in the name of learning; in overthrowing academic freedom in the name of tolerance; in stifling debate in the name of openness; in exalting egalitarianism above all other ideas in the name of equality; and in segregating and tribalizing

the university, the nation, and the culture by gender, by age, by religion, by race, and by sexual preference, all in the name of unity. The schools and colleges that hire and then tenure them commit academic treason. I simply remind you that any intellectual community that is unwilling or unable to identify its enemies cannot defend itself. David Horowitz was exactly right: Those who cherish free institutions, and the culture of wisdom and virtue that sustains them, must stand up boldly against the barbarians already inside the gates.

Because the sixties live, this decade has become irrational, ignorant, and morally illiterate. If the sixties were majestically self-indulgent, this decade is perhaps the most self-congratulatory decade our nation has ever seen, and not because we have succeeded where all other generations have failed, but in spite of the fact that we have failed where all other American generations have succeeded—in learning to learn, in learning to work, in learning to listen, and in learning to worship. This is a decade determined to ignore, if not belittle and malign, beauty, truth and goodness, three things most moderns foolishly believe are in the eye of the beholder. Our decade is the sworn enemy of revelation and of righteousness. If the threefold mantra of the sixties was "tune in, turn on and drop out," that of today is comprised of that earlier mantra's four silly children, four sentences that no thinking man ever permits himself or herself to utter in the face of a moral challenge, sentences like: "Everything is relative," "There is no right or wrong," "There are no absolutes," and "Who's to say?"

If you cannot now figure out why belief in those four sentences is the death of learning and of virtue, then perhaps for that very reason you can understand why I spend nearly all my time and energy as a profes-

sor and as a writer defending the ancient liturgy of the enlightened mind—that right and wrong are matters of fact, not matters of feeling; that without God there is no good; that justice is not equality; that new is not necessarily better; and that relativism, secularism, and pragmatism are not the friends of truth and goodness. The denizens of modernity probably do not realize and probably do not care that they are the befuddled and bedeviled lackeys of designer truth, of made-to-order reality, and of ad hoc morals making. If you follow them, you walk into the night without a light and into the woods without a compass. I want to tell you as plainly as I can that their vision of academic tolerance lacks intellectual virtue. It dilutes the high cultural inheritance of the past with the petty and insupportable leftisms of the present.

Here's my point: If you believe in the sixties, or if you believe in today, you believe a lie. As I did, you need an undeception. In order to get it, you need to go back well beyond the sixties, back to a wisdom that is older than time. You need to go back to God and to the wisdom that spoke this universe into existence. You need to go back to the God who made you and redeemed you. Real answers are found nowhere else.

It should not surprise you when I tell you that, if you do what I suggest, you shall meet energetic and determined opposition, sometimes even from those who call themselves the friends of God and of tradition. As Socrates observed long centuries ago, most men do not take kindly to the preacher of moral reform, to the pursuer of the good. There is no telling, he said in the *Gorgias*, what might happen to such a man. But do not let that stop you. Do it anyway. Do it because you need it; do it because it is right;

and do it because it ought to be done. Your task will be difficult. It's always easy to be a modernist; it's always easy to go with the spirit of the age. But in the face of the world's downward slide you must be vigilant, strong, perceptive, and courageous. The world needs people like that, people unafraid to turn around and walk back into the light. Our world needs people like that more now than perhaps it ever has because everywhere you look the adversary culture of the sixties has become the dominant culture of today.

If you think of yourself as a Christian, or as a conservative, or as both, the view from here is haunting: We don't own the public square; we don't own the media; we don't own the arts; we don't own the sciences; we don't own the arena; we don't own the marketplace; we don't own the academy; we don't own anything. We don't even own the Church. It's all owned by the sixties.

Therefore, if, as I did, you find yourself an unwilling or unwitting child of the sixties, I invite you, I exhort you, to turn with an open mind and an open heart to the prophets and apostles in Scripture and to the great poets and sages outside Scripture. They are your only liberation from modernist thrall and from slavery to your own fallen desires. (Did you know that you can be a slave to your own will?) Put yourself on a quest for eternal truth, and never give up until you find Him.

While you are on this quest, you must always remember that most of the powers that be are of no help to you. Those who loved the sixties own today. The left still hates America, and it still hates what made America possible: faith in God, the sacredness and inviolability of the family and of life, individual responsibility, local and limited

government, and traditional morality. The leftists of today are the enemies of heartland values. They want you to keep quiet. They want you to sit meekly in the corner of the room, hands folded and mouth shut. They want you to be nice. They want the friends of beauty, truth, and goodness to speak only when spoken to and, when they do speak, to speak only those things that offend no one. That they have offended you seems not to matter. They want you to stick to the script. They want you to keep your views to yourself and to act as if your views were not true, indeed as if there were no truth. That's what political correctness—Or should I say political cleansing?—is all about.

Consider it for just a moment: What kind of man or woman would you be if you let yourself be controlled by the empty criticisms of the rootless left, and what kind of world would you be creating for those who came after you if you neglected to restore realism to human thought and turned your back on the only thing that can make you content even in dungeons, even in slums, even in the face of death?

My desire for you is that you throw off the vestiges of leftist cultural subversion, that you make yourself a devotee and guardian of the wisdom of the ages, that you become the sworn enemy of nonsense in all its forms, and, most importantly, that you become the faithful and ardent friend of God. Then, and only then, can you be free.

What has been given you as a heritage you must now accept as your quest. If you wish to be wise, you must learn to learn from your ancestors. You must learn to make peace with the wisdom of the ages and with those who gave it, regardless of their sex, their race, or their ethnic background. You must do so because wisdom and truth are not gender based, race based, or nation based. They are thought based, and

thinking is very hard work. Knowledge is not parochial. It is not the private property of any race, any gender, any era, or any ethnic group. It belongs to those determined to get it, to those who seek it resolutely and who will not be denied, no matter how difficult the circumstances arrayed against them.

In that light, I invite you today to make one of the most important choices of your entire life: Which will you have, truth or rest?

You cannot have both.

Just as Qoheleth observed that there is nothing new under the sun, nothing changed under the mind of man. While "the times they are a'changin'" holds true for time and the weather, man, it seems, stridently clings to fallacy and myth, believing what they know of so little by doing so because of the little that they know. Education has become a bad joke, not worth the learning, let alone paying for it.

Time was when parents took it for granted that their offspring would acquire at Podunk Ecumenical College considerable ethical understanding—together, perhaps, with a touch of the unbought grace of life. Strange to say, some parents still labor under the illusion that the typical American campus will improve the morals and the manners of the rising generation. Yet actually a well-appointed bordello would be a residence more decorous and less costly, for four years, than are the co-ed dorms of Behemoth University. Doubtless one would learn more of the art of worldly wisdom in a bordello than an undergraduate learns in the various "counter-culture" programs which have been accepted on many a campus as a

sop to ineducable pseudo-students. And the company of an Athenian courtesan or a Japanese geisha might be positively elevating, by the side of discourse in one of our campus teenage ghettos, which suffer from the cruel tyranny of the peer-group.

My general thesis is this: a principal achievement of liberal education in America has been the imparting of a sense of moral worth among the more intelligent of the rising generation. This apprehension of moral worth, as taught by the liberal and the scientific disciplines, has been losing ground, throughout the present century, to what John Henry Newman called the "Knowledge School"—that is, to utilitarian and pragmatic theories and practices, which tend to regard moral worth—so far as they regard it at all—as merely the product of private rationality and social utility. Success, increasingly, was substituted for virtue in our curricula; facts, for wisdom; social adjustment, for strength of character. In more recent years, mere sociability and counter-culture boondoggles have driven out of the college catalogues, too often, what little remained of the ethical disciplines and approaches.

Even the students, or a good many of them, have grown aware of this deficiency. Not a few undergraduates complain that their college offers them no first principles of morality, no ethical direction, no aspiration toward enduring truth. This complaint may seem strange enough, coming as it does from students who rejoice in their defiance of bourgeois conformity, and whose private lives distinctly are not modeled upon the precepts of Jeremy Taylor. Nevertheless, what such students say usually is too true: The hungry sheep—or goats, perhaps—have looked up on occasion, and have not been fed.

At best, what the typical college has offered its students, in recent decades, has been defecated rationality. By that term, a favorite with me, I mean a narrow rationalism or logicalism, purged of theology, moral philosophy, symbol and allegory, tradition, reverence, and the wisdom of our ancestors. This defecated rationality is the exalting of private judgment and hedonism at the expense of the inner order of the soul and the outer order of the republic. On many a campus, this defecated and desiccated logicalism is the best which is offered the more intelligent students; as alternatives, they can embrace a program of fun and games, or a program of "social commitment" of a baneful or a silly character, wondrously unintellectual.

The consequence of this altered view of the ends of American education, it seems to me, if it is carried to its logical culmination, will be the effacing of that principle which for three centuries has breathed life into the unwieldy bulk of our educational apparatus. I do not perceive any practicable substitute for this old sustaining principle. Therefore, I recommend that we do whatever we can to restore a consciousness that the aim of American higher education is this: the imparting of a sense of moral worth, ascertained through right reason. Without a proper understanding of moral worth, there is no point in talking about human dignity, or education for democracy, or adjustment to society, or training for leadership, or preparation for personal success. For what gives the person dignity, and what makes possible a democracy of elevation, and what makes any society tolerable, and what keeps the modern world from becoming *Brave New World*, and what constitutes real success in any walk of life, is moral worth.

Our colleges did incalculable good, in the past, by providing a counter-

poise to the besetting vice of democracies – gluttony, against which Alexis de Tocqueville warned us:

Materialism, among all nations, is a dangerous disease of the human mind; but it is more especially to be dreaded among a democratic people because it readily amalgamates with that vice which is most familiar to the heart under such circumstances. Democracy encourages a taste for physical gratification; this taste, if it becomes excessive, soon disposes men to believe that all is matter only; and materialism, in its turn, hurries them on with mad impatience to these same delights; such is the fatal circle within which democratic nations are driven round. It were well that they should see the danger and hold back.

So Tocqueville wrote in the second part of *Democracy in America*. Our colleges, together with our churches, often have striven to hold us back from this fatal circle. They have modified our natural egoism by reaffirming our religious and moral patrimony, and have helped us to escape from the consequences of presumption by remembering that we are only part of a great continuity and essence. As a body, they still resist the claims of defecated rationality. They have clung, however feebly, to Newman's conviction that literature and science, unaided, cannot give answers to the grand questions of modern life. In short, our independent colleges have been conservators of moral worth. I trust that they will continue to be.

Santayana writes:

What irony there would be in having learned to control matter, if we thereby forgot the purposes of the soul in controlling it, and disowned the natural furniture of the mind, our senses, fancy, and pictorial knowledge!

Imagination rules the world, Napoleon said. One may add that moral

imagination, in the long run, will rule the realm of intellect. No longer can the independent college guarantee to its students, or to their parents, even a temporary immunity from the demands of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Yet the independent college, if it retains the courage of affirmation, still can offer us that manner of intellectual discipline which teaches us what it is to be fully human. Those of the rising generation who obtain some understanding of moral worth may be trusted to resist the follies of the time.⁴

All this leads to one ineluctable conclusion, neither new nor original, but vitally important nonetheless: that there is a divine order of being of which we *must* necessarily be a part; that to reject this order and our part therein is to choose madness and make any decent life impossible.⁵ This requires a form of thought and conduct informed by an understanding of the difference between good and evil, by acceptance of the inherent structure of reality, and by recognition of the duty to preserve and live within the that structure.

We live in disagreeable times within a disagreeable mishmash of cultures trying to be as disagreeable as humanly possible. This, in retrospect, is nothing new, human nature by in large tends toward the disagreeable.

We need to be reminded of this from time to time, else we should tear at the fabric of one another's soul. This is perhaps best illustrated by a story, a parable of a traveler in the desert who comes across a group of tribesmen who surround and threaten him. Fortunately for the traveler, there is with

these tribesmen a seer—an old, wise, and holy man. The seer tells his people that they must treat the stranger with respect. Obviously relieved, the traveler asks the seer how he managed to convince his people of their duty to treat strangers well. The seer responds to the effect that they already knew their duty; they had only to be reminded of it.

Mere ratiocination cannot distinguish good from evil for us; we cannot merely cook up a philosophical construct to define them. To distinguish good from evil we must begin from proper premises. We must understand our place in the order of existence. We must develop a sensibility—an imagination—such that we will know, almost from instinct, what choice to make when the material meets the transcendent in our lives.

Although one may logically deduce the emphasis of this essay to be on the ever-growing encroachment of government on our lives, much the same could be applied to the institutional church. Let us forestall further discussion for another time. In the meantime, reflect on this essay and then ask yourself whether you agree or disagree. Whether you agree or disagree ask yourself why and explain your reasoning while looking at yourself in the mirror. Hopefully, your reflection will be of the same mind.

1. G. K Chesterton, *Lunacy and Letters*, (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1958).
2. Michael Bauman, Ph.D., "The Chronicle of an Undeception: Freedom and Order," *The Imaginative Conservative*, February 27, 2013.
3. Michael Bauman, Ph.D., "Statesmanship vs. Fallacy and Myth," *The Right Word*, October 28, 2012.
4. Russell Kirk, "Liberal Learning, Moral Worth, and Defecated Rationality," essay, December 2, 1973.
5. Bruce Frohnen, "George Panichas, the Moral Imagination, & the Conservative Mind," *The Imaginative Conservative*, September 1, 2017.

Deacon's Diner

Food for a restless mind

For those restless minds that hunger and thirst for more. Each week this space will offer a menu of interesting and provocative titles, written by Catholic authors, in addition to those referenced in the articles, for you to feed your restless mind.

BOOKS

Thoughtful Theism

Fr. Andrew Younan

Emmaus Road Publishing
2017, 200 pages.

Introduction to Christianity 2nd Ed

Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger

Ignatius Press
2004, 380 pages.

Mere Christianity

C. S. Lewis

C. S. Lewis Pte. Ltd.
1952, 228 pages.

PERIODICALS

First Things

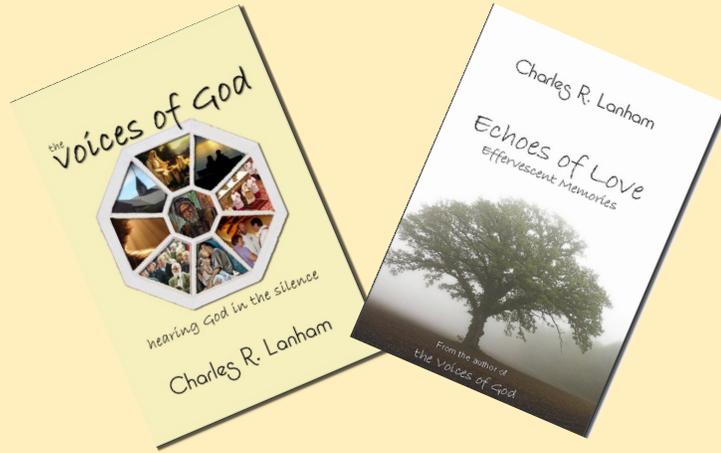
Institute on Religion and Public Life
Editor: R. R. Reno
Ten Issues per year.
www.firstthings.com

Touchstone

A Journal of Mere Christianity
Editor: James M. Kushiner
Bi-Monthly.
www.touchstonemag.com

Catholic Answers Magazine

Share the Faith, Defend the Faith
Editor: Tim Ryland
Bi-Monthly.
www.catholic.com



Books are available on **Amazon.com** or from the author's web site at:

deaconscorner.org

Deacon Chuck Lanham is an author, columnist, speaker, and a servant of God.

He is the author of **The Voices of God: Hearing God in the Silence**, **Echoes of Love: Effervescent Memories** and is currently writing his third book **Without God: Finding God in a Godless World**.

Each issue of **Colloquī** can be viewed or downloaded from

<http://deaconscorner.org>.

Deacon Chuck can be contacted thru email at

deacon.chuck@deaconscorner.org

Colloquī is a weekly publication of **Deacon's Corner Publishing**.

Copyright © 2016 by **Deacon's Corner Publishing**. All rights reserved.

Deacon's Corner Publishing

4742 Cougar Creek Trail

Reno, Nevada 89519