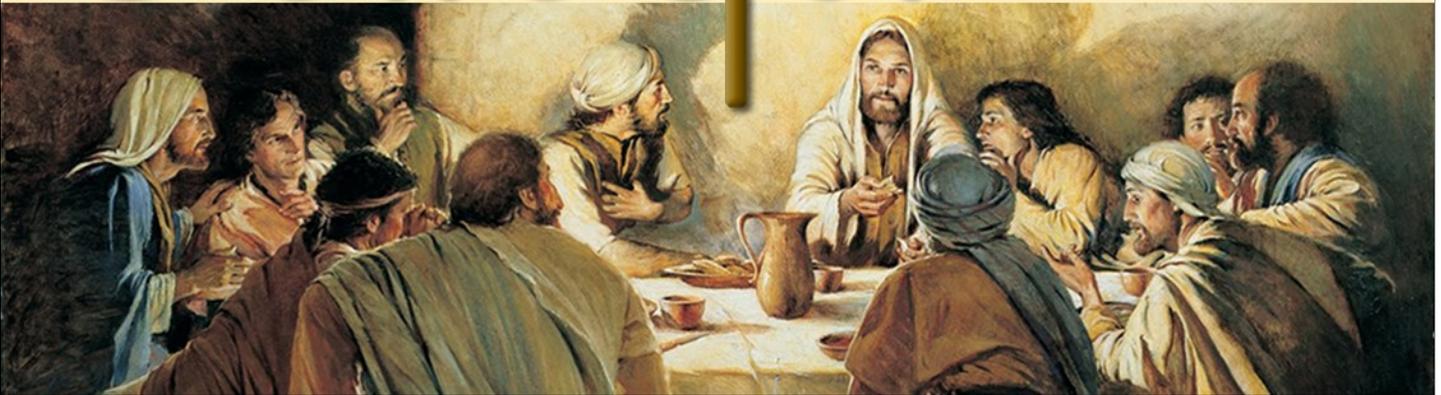


Colloquī

May 31, 2019
Volume 03, Number 42



A journal for restless minds

Bourgeois Bushwa

On the abuse of logos

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.

Bourgeois Bushwa

On the abuse of logos

The Greek philosopher, Plato, understood that *logos* (word, reason) is curative when used rightly, when administered by someone who knows how to speak and reason well.

In contrast, *logos* is poisonous when misused, and this by anyone careless in thought and speech, but most egregiously by the sophists, those ancient Greek charlatans who deliberately played with words to persuade crowds that down is up, ugly is beautiful, and evil is good. Even worse than misusing language, they presumed to be able to teach others to do the same. Worst of all, they were successful. Their misapplication of words has spread widely and deeply. Sophistry isn't an ancient relic; between purveyors of fake news, manipulative advertisers, political panderers, and postmodernist profes-

sors, sophists are alive and well paid, even if intellectually quite unwell.

Today's sophists have doubled-down on the age-old reversal of natural orders: not only are bad things good and ugly things beautiful, good is downright bad and beauty, if not ugly, is at least numbingly boring, which is as severe an aesthetic condemnation as any nowadays. To modify Ivan Kar-

mazov's thesis, if God is widely rejected, everything is permitted, except for one thing: faith in God.¹

**WAR IS
PEACE
FREEDOM IS
SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS
STRENGTH**

George Orwell foresaw well how the adherents of Marxism and the subsequent advocates of socialism, fascism and communism misused and

abused words to manipulate and distort truth to their own ends. On page 6 of the first chapter of his dystopian novel, *1984*, he wrote:

The Ministry of Truth—Minitrue, in Newspeak—was startlingly different from any other object in sight ... From

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:

*War is peace
Freedom is slavery
Ignorance is strength*

Weakening the strength and independence of the mind by producing a continuous state of propaganda-induced terror, the Party induced the people to accept anything without question, anything, no matter how illogical. Fiction carries an odd virtue, a gift of becoming fact should sufficient time elapse to make it so.

Seek a definition for *truth* and the Google dictionary will likely return this one: “*A fact or belief that is accepted as true.*” I trust anyone reading this will immediately discern the two obvious errors with this deplorable definition.

The first obvious error to note is that the *definition* fails completely to define *truth* or anything else at all. Any definition in which the word or any derivation of that word is used to define it is nothing more than pure bourgeois bushwa (nonsense), like defining *goodness* as something *good*. Pure poppycock and balderdash.

The second significant error with this bit of googly bushwa is the subjective idiot button embedded within such nonsense. Should mere acceptance determine a thing to be true, then *truth*, in truth, cannot possibly exist. Were I to convince—that is, accept—myself or all my friends and acquaintances or the country or the world that I am God, does that make it

true? If it, by the oddest of chance, does then what does truth truly mean? Nothing. If everyone agrees two plus two always and everywhere equals five does such agreement make it true, make it my *truth* or your truth or anyone’s truth? If so, then there can be no real truth.

This may seem like no big deal, but it is; the inevitable logical and subconscious conclusion of such madness is pure nihilism: the total meaninglessness and dark futility of life. If there were no such thing as objective good and evil, or if I were incapable of knowing anything for certain, then Hitler’s defined truth would be just as valid as that of Jesus Christ. It would mean that we have no right to say that the Holocaust was wrong. It would mean that human rights are a social construct which can be made up or taken away at the whim of the powerful. It would mean that I could never know who I am, value my being, or have a true friend; it would mean that there is nothing in which I could believe that would be worth suffering and fighting for, not even my own life. Do you see where this is going?

Now, before you grab that noose, please open the window and take a deep breath. Life is not meaningless. Truth exists. God exists, and he is Reality itself. The important answers to this fork-tongued serpent are as glorious as they are simple.

Though not of primary importance, the first definition of truth that we must keep in mind and teach to the young minds in our care is that taught by the greatest minds that the world has ever seen: the definition used by the likes of St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, and Bl. John Duns Scotus, for example, as they stood on the shoulders of the great Plato, Aristotle, and St. Augustine. *Quid est veritas?* The simple answer is this: *adaequatio rei et intel-*

lectus [the sameness of the real thing and the concept in the intellect]. Bananas exist and do so perfectly independently of your knowledge or opinion of them. The extent to which your idea of a banana matches the reality of a banana is the extent to which you know the truth about bananas. ... For the honest and the sane, it is as simple as that. Our minds presume this naturally whenever we ask a question or seek to know anything. It is what our intellect naturally does.

Even when we try to twist our intellects into self-destruction by denying the existence of truth, we still rely on the reality of truth in order to make those assertions. Just look at the Google definition: though trying to destroy objective truth by defining it in terms of pure subjectivity, it claims to give you a definition which is objectively true! God created us to seek and to know the truth, and this knowledge has been verified and facilitated by common sense for as long as humans have existed. To deny this is a blasphemy against our benevolent Creator by denying the gifts that he has given to us in his image and likeness, as well as his goodness in giving our lives a reason and purpose. Furthermore, to pretend—under the pretext of mercy or humility—that someone’s misinformed concept is an equally viable truth is a sin against our neighbor who has been created for truth, and against all of those effected by that misinformation. ... This is anything but true charity or humility! Now is not a time for cowardice in the guise of open-mindedness or mercy; the charitable path set before us is certainly to pray for our neighbor, but also to inform them of the truth, for charity is only in the truth, and the truth in charity (*caritas in veritate, et veritas in caritate*).²

Truth is implacably humble, for it

seeks neither honor nor praise but acknowledgement of its highest moral virtue: love. For as the Apostle wrote:

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging symbol. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing (1 Cor 13:1-2).

Truth, reality and love are indivisible and inseparable, a trine gift from God to man in order that we may come to know Truth, Reality and Love through Christ, who is "the way, and the truth, and the life" (John 14:6). Without truth, reality is but an ephemeral illusion, a phantasmagoric delusion; hatred, jealousy, arrogance, impatience, anger, lust, envy, greed, perversion, rudeness are each and all enemies of truth, the disaffirmation of reality and the antithesis of love. Truth is never unkind. Those who claim truth hurts are either misguided, mistaken or motivated to deceive themselves and others by placing feelings before truth, reality and love. Feelings cannot suborn truth; feelings can neither alter nor amend reality; feelings can never define love; feelings are subjective, relative and of human device, not divine.

Here, then, we arrive at the crux of the problem, or as Chesterton would ask (and he did,) *What's Wrong with the World?*

But social science is by no means always content with the normal human soul; it has all sorts of fancy souls for sale. Man as a social idealist will say "I am tired of being a

Puritan; I want to be a Pagan," or "Beyond this dark probation of Individualism I see the shining paradise of Collectivism." Now in bodily ills there is none of this difference about the ultimate ideal. The patient may or may not want quinine; but he certainly wants health. No one says "I am tired of this headache; I want some toothache," or "The only thing for this Russian influenza is a few German measles," or "Through this dark probation of catarrh I see the shining paradise of rheumatism." But exactly the whole difficulty in our public problems is that some men are aiming at cures which other men would regard as worse maladies; are offering ultimate conditions as states of health which others would uncompromisingly call states of disease. Mr. Belloc once said that he would no more part with the idea of property than with his teeth; yet to Mr. Bernard Shaw property is not a tooth, but a toothache. Lord Milner has sincerely attempted to introduce German efficiency; and many of us would as soon welcome German measles. Dr. Saleeby would honestly like to have Eugenics; but I would rather have rheumatics.

This is the arresting and dominant fact about modern social discussion; that the quarrel is not merely about the difficulties, but about the aim. We agree about the evil; it is about the good that we should tear each other's eyes out.

The only way to discuss the social evil is to get at once to the social ideal. We can all see the national madness; but what is national sanity? I have called this book "What Is Wrong with the World?" and the upshot of the title can be easily and clearly stated. What is wrong is that we do not ask what is right.³

Abraham Lincoln concluded his second inaugural address, a brief 700 words, with these immortal words, words

which have too seldom been recalled, such gratuity a casualty of unbridled animus toward reason and truth.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Such poetic equanimity has lost its power to elevate our baser nature. Perhaps it is the idiosyncratic school of thought which so deludes the mind to reason; what else to explain the cerebral atrophy exhibited by the multitudinous mob of mindless martyrs mewling for meaning in their morbid meaninglessness. Lacking anything to say they pretend faux erudition by angrily issuing semantically null *bourgeois bushwa*—that is, upper-middle-class meaningless nonsense—thus they bow to the dictates of a dogma that declares *ignorance is strength*.

Such mindless mewling surrounds us, embalming us with its stultifying meaninglessness and its insistence on nothing more than feelings. Words have lost that essential flavor to express the truth about reality; the mewling masters of mendacity have turned truth into a poisonous lye and declared reality hell on earth.

You are the salt of the earth, but if salt has lost its taste, how shall its saltiness be restored? It is no longer good for anything except to be thrown out and trodden under foot by men (Matthew 5:13).

What does it mean to be the salt of the earth? In this, Jesus is saying believers are the salt upon which the moral preservation of society depends. And as Paul writes, “Let your speech always be gracious, seasoned with salt, so that you may know how you ought to answer every one” (Col 4:6). Paul’s meaning is made clear in his letter to the Ephesian community.

Let no evil talk come out of your mouths, but only such as is good for edifying, as fits the occasion, that may impart grace to those who hear. Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and slander be put away from you, with all malice, and be kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, as God in Christ forgave you.

Therefore, be imitators of God, as beloved children. And walk in love, as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us, a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.

But immorality and all impurity or covetousness must not even be named among you, as is fitting among saints. Let there be no filthiness, nor silly talk, nor levity, which are not fitting; but instead let there be thanksgiving. Be sure of this, that no immoral or impure man, or one who is covetous (that is, an idolater), has any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God. Let no one deceive you with empty words, for it is because of these things that the wrath of God comes upon the sons of disobedience (Eph 4:29-32—5:1-6).

What, then, does Jesus mean when he says salt that has lost its flavor “is no longer good for anything except to be thrown out and trodden under foot by men”? Jesus is alluding to those disciples whose integrity has been lost,

the result of no longer following his teaching, the result of disintegration or moral decay, which, as Luke records, “is fit neither for the land nor for the dunghill; throw it away” (Luke 14:35).

The line between medicine and poison is a fine one. The same drug can cure when administered by an expert and harm, if not kill, when misapplied. Some drugs always cause harm, but are consumed for some apparent benefit; they, too, are pseudo-medicinal. This is true for souls as much as it is for bodies.

In his brief study of St. Thomas Aquinas, Chesterton writes: “The Saint is a medicine because he is an antidote. Indeed, that is why the saint is often a martyr; he is mistaken for a poison because he is an antidote. He will generally be found restoring the world to sanity by exaggerating whatever the world neglects, which is by no means always the same element in every age. Yet each generation seeks its saint by instinct; and he is not what the people want, but rather what the people need.”

He who administers medicine deserves praise, but for doing this he is not heroic, let alone saintly. The saint does not merely treat unhealthy patients; he administers an antidote, a cure for a poison ingested willingly, which is also why the saint is typically hated. To those who love their illness, the one who diagnoses and cures is noxious. To those who benefit from peddling the poison, he is an enemy to eliminate. Not all saints are martyrs, but, because they unavoidably offend dealers and users, they are always so potentially. Martyrdom lies at the limit of saintly courage.

Of course, we are not here considering a physical poison or one restricted to an individual soul; the problem is wider. Not only the body and soul but a whole culture can be poisoned, and with it most of

the human beings—bodies and souls together—who participate in it.

But if a culture can be poisoned, it can also be cured. Because each age has its own disorders, to which most cling and which many defend, even violently, each age will have its own saints. If Chesterton is right, every generation will also look for its saints, despite itself. We would do well to look for ours.

Chesterton continues: “As the nineteenth century clutched at the Franciscan romance, precisely because it had neglected romance, so the twentieth century is already clutching at the Thomist rational theology, because it has neglected reason. In a world that was too stolid, Christianity returned in the form of a vagabond; in a world that has grown a great deal too wild, Christianity has returned in the form of a teacher of logic.”

There is, evidently, much wrong with the world; thus, there is much need for saints. Our world is irrational and wild enough to still need St. Thomas, and, although we couldn’t call our culture stolid, the petulance and self-indulgence of our century would find in St. Francis’s impassioned adoration of all creation an edifying countermodel. For these ills Thomas and Francis are more than worthy guides. Nonetheless, let me suggest that neither the vagabond nor the teacher of logic gets to the heart of the contemporary matter. The twenty-first century neglects romance, logic, and much else, but it has abandoned something even simpler: words. Our age, as Josef Pieper put it decades ago, abuses words.

Words serve two related functions. First, they express something about reality. I can be wrong about how things are, but my words, when sincere, tell someone how I understand the world. This points to the

second function of words: they communicate. I don't just express something about the way things are; I express it to someone. I speak to share with another person my understanding of how things stand and, ultimately, to join with that person in a mutual understanding. We abuse language when we either sever the connection between words and reality or eschew genuine communication—or both. Because humans live in a real and knowable world with other humans, to abuse words is to reject our human condition; it is anti-human.

That words today don't always refer to real things should be evident enough. Instead of dwelling on the obvious cases, let me consider something subtler, and for that reason possibly more insidious. Take for instance the growing use of public consultation and of open governance structures to inform organizational decision-making. There is nothing in principle wrong with consultation or governance, but there is in how they are often-times used. Consider the case of the University of Tulsa, which recently eliminated many programs in the Arts and Sciences, several of which were thriving and highly regarded. According to University of Tulsa Professor Jacob Howland, who has been front and center in the resistance to these cuts, "faculty were repeatedly assured that this process would be transparent, inclusive, and data-driven. In fact, it was none of these things." Of course it wasn't. "Transparency," "inclusion," and "data-driven" don't mean what they ostensibly mean.

"Transparency" means that some putative consultation takes place that adheres to jargon-laden procedures that are understood by no one, not that deliberations are public and open to rational scrutiny, let alone that feedback is taken serious-

ly; "inclusion" means including those who already agree while excluding those who might make trouble; "data-driven" means that supposed facts and anecdotes are found to justify decisions, not that decisions follow a thorough consideration of all available evidence. In short, the transparent is opaque, the inclusive is exclusionary, and to be driven by data is to be driven by ideology, with pseudo-evidence compiled in support of it after the fact. This is all backwards. In such cases, words no longer refer to real things and, maybe more importantly, they try to manipulate an audience. This is not communication; this is propaganda. Bless Professor Howland for not being so easily manipulated.

Recently, I was sitting in a coffee shop with a copy of Edward Bernays' *Propaganda*, the classic defense of public manipulation. A young man walked past, pointed to the book, and announced it was one of his favorites. Although my face communicated something like "you've got to be kidding," I instead said, "I like it, too; it's a perfect example of what's wrong with the world." According to Bernays, propaganda is "the conscious and intelligent manipulation of the organized habits and opinions of the masses." Right, and that's why it's wrong. But he chillingly adds that propaganda "is an important element in democratic society. Those who manipulate this unseen mechanism of society constitute an invisible government which is the true ruling power of our country." The point is not merely that humans sometimes try to manipulate others, whether privately or publicly, but that manipulation is the properly democratic way to order civil society. Bad is good and down is up!

It gets worse: "It might be better to have, instead of propaganda and special pleading, committees of wise men who would choose our

rulers, dictate our conduct, private and public, and decide upon the best types of clothes for us to wear and the best kinds of food for us to eat. But we have chosen the opposite method, that of open competition. We must find a way to make free competition function with reasonable smoothness. To achieve this society has consented to permit free competition to be organized by leadership and propaganda."

Open and democratic competition certainly involves debate and persuasion by the best argument, which seems better to me than a micromanaging committee of "wise men." Public reasoning is not manipulation; it is the opposite of propaganda. One can only think otherwise if words have already been severed from reality and from genuine communication. Indeed, Bernays is here clearly using propaganda to defend propaganda, employing an obvious false dichotomy—a fallacy one learns to avoid in freshman logic (only to forget in sophomore literary theory). He gives us two, and only two, options: either a despotism of supposed wise rulers who control everything, even diet, or else democracy, which necessitates the widespread and unseen manipulation of the citizens' habits and opinions. These are clearly not the only options; indeed, they are among the worst ones imaginable.

Bernays concedes that "the instruments by which public opinion is organized and focused may be misused," but adds that "such organization and focusing are necessary to orderly life." What sort of propaganda is excessive and misused according to him, I can't tell. Whether propaganda can go too far or not, on this view, it is indispensable to a flourishing democracy; thus, it is good, not just permissible, to speak falsely. The upshot is obvious: truthful speech is bad, or at

least very stupid. Good is now bad!

To whom will we turn to find words used as they ought to be? Thankfully, there are many options. Indeed, most of the classical tradition of Western religion, philosophy, science, and literature can help. Unfortunately, this is the very tradition under threat in the institutions designed to promote and preserve it; propaganda has infiltrated the university. Nonetheless, if we are willing to read and listen, our condition might improve.⁴

Only the most depraved and perverse minds are blind to the rot and stench of the moral wretchedness of this age. This age may well be remembered as the “*Age of Fear*” for fear permeates the very fabric of our lives, whether good or evil, saint or sinner, rich or poor, Christian, atheist or somewhere in between, unreasoned fear dominates.

“They have called the people happy, that hath these things,” says the psalmist, thinking of tall sons and lovely daughters, great herds of sheep, fat oxen, and full granaries, “but happy is that people whose God is the Lord” [Ps 144:15].

We have inverted that wisdom, and placed a severe limit on the one item in that list of worldly blessings that bears intimations of eternity. We call those people happy who have the sheep, the oxen, the granaries, and sons and daughters, so long as there are not so many of the latter as to trouble your enjoyment of wealth; but miserable are those people whose God is the Lord.

And now we perceive the source of the fear. For people reveal their motives more clearly when their fears are unreasonable. If I am afraid of a charging bull, that says nothing about me; any man other

than a toreador would be so. If I am afraid of an old lady with a rosary, praying in front of an abortion clinic, as Pennsylvania State Representative Briand Sims recently showed himself to be, as he showered her with exaggerated and unmanly abuse, that reveals a great deal.

He could have said, “Madam, I understand your concern for innocent human life, but I believe that in this matter you are deeply mistaken, and this is why.” Sister Joan Chittister, who charges pro-life Catholics with hypocrisy when they do not agree with her about what to do to assist the poor, might, instead of inveighing against them and giving aid to their many and powerful opponents, say, “My fellow Catholics, you are right about this, and I congratulate you, and am grateful for your efforts, but there is more at stake, and you are missing it.” But they do not speak this way.

Thomas Jefferson, no theocrat, took out his scissors and excised from the gospels every miracle that Jesus performed. The excisions should not surprise us. That he kept the gospels at all—that is the main thing. For Jefferson, never quite reliable in his morality, saw that the words of Jesus raised the eyes of man toward a moral vision that was more demanding, more fulfilling, purer, more merciful, and more just than any vision that man has ever had. It was a vision beside which Plato seemed a trader in vagaries, Seneca a trimmer, and Epictetus cold-hearted and aloof.

That moral vision is what strikes terror to the heart. And well it should. Nobody comes out looking good.

We must acknowledge, as Jefferson in his odd way also did, that although *we* may insist all day long that no one may judge another, even while we exceed in censoriousness our most malignant carica-

ture of the Puritan, yet *God* judges us, and on our own we will be found wanting. That judgment does not come only after the trump of doom. It comes now; it is built into the human soul. Evil is its own first punisher.

But how to ignore that fact, or, if you will, the fear that such might be the case? You must exaggerate the *political* threat, in order to parry the existential and spiritual threat.

Somehow you know that you cannot *really* turn Jesus into a pom-pom girl for the empty promises of sexual liberation. You cannot *really* imagine Jesus picking apart the members of John the Baptist in his mother’s womb. That does not mean that everybody hears well when Jesus blesses the poor. We don’t hear well at all. The difference here is between people who are dull—that is, most of us who call ourselves Christian—and people who are shrieking, to drown out the voice of conscience.

“Ye shall be as gods,” said the serpent. That is the apex upon which the whole inverted pyramid stands, trembling.⁵

How and when did we become so imbued with fear? Why have we become so tranquilized, and yet, so self-adulating? Why is ignorance preferred rather than the rational independent mind; why mesmerize ourselves by the shadowy images on the wall rather than coming to know reality? Why is God hated and evil adored?

In *The Devil’s Pleasure Palace*, Michael Walsh described how the cult of Critical Theory released a horde of demons into the American psyche. When everything could be questioned, nothing could be real, and the muscular, confident empiricism that had just

won the war gave way, in less than a generation, to a central-European nihilism celebrated on college campuses across the United States. Seizing the high ground of academe and the arts, the New Nihilists set about dissolving the bedrock of the country, from patriotism to marriage to the family to military service. They have sown, as Cardinal Bergoglio—now Pope Francis—once wrote of the Devil, “destruction, division, hatred, and calumny,” and all disguised as the search for truth.

According to Walsh, the Cultural Marxists of the Frankfurt School believed Marxism could only ever be achieved by undermining the institutions, all of them. They began what they called the long march through the institutions. Who would have thought even a few years ago that the Boy Scouts would go gay? The Frankfurt School would have. Critical Theory is central to their plan. More than likely, whether you knew it or not, this is what you got in college and probably even in high school.

Critical Theory seeks societal transformation through the emancipation of mankind from all forms of slavery. The slavers happen to be the Church, the family, and the free market.

When you hear someone bad-mouthing American history that is Critical Theory. The incessant intonations against the Crusades? Critical Theory. The patriarchal family, rape culture, multiculturalism, political correctness, speech codes; all Critical Theory. The idea is to make you question everything, and in the questioning, institutions fall.

You may never have heard of some of them: Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, who were inspired by Antonio Gramsci. You may know a few of their names: Herbert Marcuse, and Eric Fromm. They were wicked men who hated Western Civilization. Most brought their poison to the United States during the Second World War, or shortly thereafter.

It is astonishing to think that this overtly Marxist institute founded to undermine Western Civilization was actually invited to move its operation to Columbia University in 1935. From this lofty perch, these men began the drip of poison into American culture.

Walsh understands that the U.S. may have defeated an empire, but we did not defeat the idea. Marxism is alive and well, hale and hearty, and practically everywhere; down at the community college, the town hall, even at the Elks’ Club. It is in the air we breathe.

All this serves to explain the current state of affairs in American politics. Those politicians who claim to be Catholic have quite often and vociferously publicly disagreed with Catholic teaching. For example, Kirsten Gillibrand, like others, “identifies” as a Catholic but attends non-Catholic services. She says she “disagrees” with Catholic teaching on “many things,” listing abortion, LGBT issues, and the all-male priesthood as points of dissent. “I think [the Church] is wrong on those three issues. And I don’t think they’re supported by the Gospel or the Bible in any way. I don’t see it, and I go to two Bible studies a week. I take my faith really seriously.”

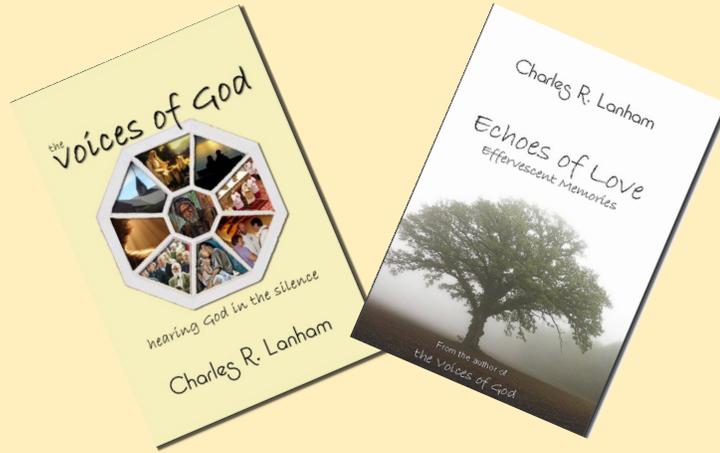
Well, bust my britches and shout “Yankee Doodle-doo,” the Senator from New York (where else) hath declared herself a theologian, canon lawyer, and Biblical scholar all wrapped up into one Grade-A, bonafide, ready to be ... Pope? Sorry, Senator, but your ignorance is showing, just as virtually every other politician who claims to be Catholic.

The Catechism of the Catholic Church, in line with unchanging Church teaching, declares abortion to be a grave moral evil and the taking of an innocent human life.

The catechism cites biblical references in illustration of its teachings on abortion, and on the institution of the priesthood and human sexuality, while stressing that all persons, regardless of sexuality, are made in the image and likeness of God and are to be treated with respect.⁷

Anyone arguing that they disagree with the teachings of the Catholic Church and in their dissent ignores what the Church asserts as truth is in essence and reality claiming their truth to be truer than Jesus Christ, the bridegroom of “his” Church. Is that ignorant, or what?

1. Edvard Lorkovic, “A Remedy for the Abuse of Language,” *Crisis Magazine*, May 28, 2019.
2. Stephen Snyder, “*Quid Est Veritas?*,” *Crisis Magazine*, May 27, 2019.
3. G. K. Chesterton, “*What is Wrong with the World?*,” (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1952; originally published: 1910), pp. 2-3.
4. Edvard Lorkovic, “A Remedy for the Abuse of Language,” Citations are from Chesterton’s book “*St. Thomas Aquinas / St. Francis of Assisi.*”
5. Anthony Esolen, “*Inverting the Wisdom of the Ages*,” *Intellectual Takeout*, May 28, 2019.
6. Michael Walsh, *The Devil’s Pleasure Palace: The Cult of Critical Theory and the Subversion of the West*, (New York, Encounter Books, 2015, 2017).
7. National Catholic Register, “*Democratic Presidential Hopeful Kirsten Gillibrand: ‘Church is Wrong on Abortion, Priests, LGB’*,” May 30, 2019.



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