

◆ Ad Veritatem ◆

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JUNE MEETING: Gary Davidson on “*CONVERSION*”



“For surely this sin of pride, as it is the first of all sins, begun among the angels in heaven, so it is the head and root of all other sins and of them all most pestilent.”

**A Book for
All Seasons**
Arranged by
E.E. Reynolds
(Pg 124)

Editor's Note:
“Ad Veritatem”
is Latin for
“toward the truth”.

Gary Davidson, currently the Chairman and CEO of Windstone Group and Assured Horizons, has an amazing background. A graduate of UCLA Law School, he has been in private practice including founding the predecessor firm to Drummy, King and White. His more interesting ventures included organizing the American Basketball Association, the World Hockey Association, the World Football League and World Team Tennis as well as serving as the President and Commissioner of each of these organizations. In 1994 Sports Illustrated celebrated its 40th anniversary and selected 40 people who had a major impact on sports and Gary Davidson was named as a part of this group which also included Mohammed Ali, Joe Namath, Michael Jordan, and Howard Cosell. Gary is married with 4 children, 2 step-children and 6 grandchildren. Gary is a recent convert to Catholicism and will speak on his conversion.

For more information, contact Dave Belz at (949) 347-0447 dbelz@kuhnbelz.com or Anne Lanphar at (714) 800-3225 alanphar@firstam.com. †

JUNE MEETING:

TOPIC: “*CONVERSION*”

SPEAKER: **Gary Davidson**

WHEN: **Lunch (\$10) Mtg
Noon Wed. June 20th**

PLACE: **First American Title
3 First American Way, Santa Ana**

Devotion to the Child Jesus

Fr. Hugh Barbour, O. Praem, Ph.D.
Our Chaplain



QUESTION: *Recently, I was in a Catholic bookstore that sells devotional articles. There were two friends with me, one a Catholic, and the other a Protestant. A woman in front of us in line was buying a statue of the Infant Jesus of Prague. Both my friends commented after we left the store about how they found devotion to the Child Jesus, especially in that form, kind of hard to take seriously. My Protestant friend's opinion didn't surprise me, but my Catholic friend's agreement with him did. How can we explain devotion to the Holy Child to those who say we should only worship an adult, risen Christ?*

The Child Jesus (Continued on page 2)

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(Continued from page 1) ***The Child Jesus***

ANSWER: If Christ had willed only to be worshipped as He is now in heaven, as a “risen adult,” as they say, then He would not have appeared on earth as a Child, or at least, His childhood would not have been included in the message of salvation contained in the Holy Gospels. As it is, however, Christ inspired the evangelists by His Holy Spirit to tell the story of His virginal conception and birth at Bethlehem. The Letter to the Hebrews presents the sentiments of Christ the God-Man “upon entering the world” at the moment of His incarnation, when He was the merest of children in the womb of His Blessed Mother. Our Lord was the Savior of the world at every moment of His earthly life, and because of the special gifts of knowledge and wisdom given to His Sacred Humanity, He merited our salvation continually, from His conception until He breathed forth His Spirit on the Cross. As the great Benedictine spiritual writer Abbot Marmion has said, “*The mysteries of Christ are our mysteries.*” The events of His life are all sources of grace and enlightenment for the Christian soul. Thus it is that the Holy Spirit has inspired the Church to celebrate each year all of the mysteries of the life of Christ, because each one has its own special grace for our souls, and its own special glory given to the Father.

The greatest of saints and mystics have found deep spiritual wisdom in devotion to the Holy Infancy of Jesus. This devotion goes back to the earliest days of the

Church. The Sayings of the Desert Fathers, which originated partly in the third century, contains an account of the miraculous appearance of the Holy Child at the celebration of the Eucharist. St. Alexander of Alexandria, the predecessor of St. Athanasius, had a vision of the Child Jesus persecuted by the Arians. St. Francis of Assisi, St. Cajetan, St. Dominic, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, St. Anthony of Padua, St. Anthony Mary Claret, and most recently, Blessed Faustina, all had a tender devotion to, and even experienced visions of, the Holy Child. This devotion is not only for the sentimental or the effeminate, it is for all the faithful, following the example of the great saints and mystics of the Church. In fact, it is really the devotion of God Himself, Who “*has hidden these things from the wise and clever and revealed them to the merest children.*” Think of the amazing revelation of wisdom contained in the Heart of the Child Jesus! A very fine book has recently been published by Ignatius Press on this very topic, called *Redeemer in the Womb*, by Thomas Saward. Devotion to the Infant Jesus can renew in our hearts a deep appreciation for the mystery of God made Man, and of His love for the little and the poor. Perhaps taking up devotion to the Child Jesus would be a fitting way to follow the Holy Father's call to meditation of the mystery of Jesus based on a sound theology, as a preparation for the Holy Year of A.D. 2000, the end of two millennia since the birth of the Holy Child. †

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SIMPLE TRUTHS



Fulton J. Sheen

“Joy never comes to those who seek it.

In the self-forgetting hour when we are touched

by another's need and sacrifice for it,

we suddenly find our soul aflame with glorious joy.” †

Knocked Off My (High) Horse

By: Anne Nelson Lanphar, Esq.

The events described in this story are true. They occurred approximately 12 years ago and changed my life. Because this story is intensely personal, it is very difficult for me to tell.

When my children were small, they attended St. Angela Merici parish school. To help support the school, a three-day school carnival had become a main fundraiser. I had been part of the executive committee that had designed the structure of the event. At that time, I was a partner in a major law firm and considered a leader in parish activities. I was also a Scout leader and held a number of important positions in both Scouting and other charitable organizations. All in all, I was an "important" person!

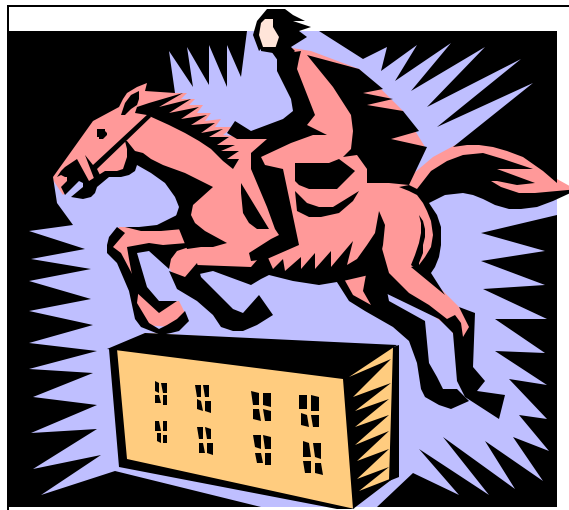
I believed that I had earned my success. I had worked very hard to succeed and I had. When people said that I was lucky, I always confidently smiled and responded, *"Yes, the harder I work, the luckier I get!"* I firmly believed in the saying *"God helps those who help themselves."* I was successful and important and I had earned it.

On Sunday, I was walking through the grounds listening to the CB transmissions of the security and other key personnel of the event. (I was important so obviously I had my own CB unit!) Suddenly I heard an urgent request for someone to call the paramedics. A man down by the bumper cars had had an apparent heart attack. I knew first aid and secretly had always wanted to be a heroine and save someone--after all, this would prove to the world and especially to my fellow Scouters how terrific and caring a person I was!

I ran toward the ride and was met by a friend of

mine, Rita, who was a nurse. Together we raced toward the bumper cars. There was a large circle of people there, approximately 100, surrounding the ride, just staring, not moving. The security men were looking around, talking on their radios, standing near the man who was face down in the entrance to the ride. No one was near the man, no one was helping him at all.

The victim was a carnie - a ride operator. He



was a big man—over 350 pounds. Because he was face down in the entrance to the ride, Rita and I could not turn him over. Together, we could barely budge him. We asked the security men to help us. They pulled him into an open area and turned him over.

His face was purple. I had never seen a human being that color. His face was huge - there seemed to be saliva dripping from his

mouth and he was making a funny sound. He was not breathing and there was no pulse - he was having a heart attack. Rita started the chest compressions. Of course, that meant that the rescue breathing - artificial respiration - was my job.

I looked down at the man. He was purple. He was fat and ugly. He was unshaven. He was a carnie! I did **NOT** want to do this. I started to give him breaths but they were ineffective because his mouth was so large and the air was escaping. He smelled foul. I looked down again and hesitated. This was absurd. What in the world was I doing? He could have diseases. He was disgusting. He was *only* a carnie. I was a partner in an important law

My High Horse (Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3) ***My High Horse***

firm. This was insane. I looked down at this man, this ugly, dirty man who was of the lowest classes in our society. No one would think less of me for not doing this. I hesitated.

During that hesitation as I looked at the man, as I thought all these thoughts, something happened. In a moment that seemed to stand still in time, I became totally aware of the words: "*But I love him too, Anne.*" They were not words that I heard - not a voice - but an *awareness* - throughout my very being - a stillness and peacefulness that was incredible, indescribable! I looked down again and without further hesitation, pinched his large lips at the corner and began breathing for him again. The paramedics arrived in a few minutes but we had to continue to do CPR for a few minutes while they set up their equipment.

Breathing for someone is difficult - to a certain extent it is somewhat like hyperventilating because you have to breathe so hard. When the paramedics took over, I sat back on the floor of the bumper card ride, and watched as they worked hard to bring him back. After a number of tries, they succeeded. I saw the little blimps on the screen. His heart was beating again. He was alive. Someone had called a priest who blessed him as he was taken away to the hospital.

I was stunned, overwhelmed. It was not just that this man had come back to life. That was truly incredible and a thrill to watch. I wanted to think about what had happened during the event, those words I had "*heard*" and I started to walk to the worker rest area. Everyone was congratulating me on a good job - I barely heard them. At last, I was a "*heroine*" but I didn't really care - it was not that big of a deal. The adulation was superfluous.

As I rested in the room and cleaned up, some of the people, one a police officer who was a friend from the parish who was working security, and told me I should not have done mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on "*that*" kind of person - he could have all sorts of diseases, including AIDS. I looked at him and smiled. My view of the world and the people in it had totally changed.

Gradually everyone went back to their jobs and I was alone. I wanted to go back over the events that had just occurred. What in the world had happened? What had I "*heard*"? Was it real?

As I sat there in silence, I relived what had happened and was again flooded with a feeling of overwhelming peace. It was amazing! I knew that some how, some way, God had let me know what I should do - in such a sweet loving way! I also am sure I did not imagine this because honestly I am not smart enough to have thought of the "*words*" used—these few words not only gently directed me to love this person but at the same time He told me He loved me! Amazing!

It was a long time before I had enough courage to tell anyone about this experience - I didn't want to sound strange or silly. But this event was so real, I knew I was changed forever. How could I ever again think I was better than anyone else? If God really loved this man who was the lowest in our society, how could I not do the same? How could I think I was more important to God than anyone else? Before all this happened, I used to rank everyone in order of importance - it was a vertical ranking system. After this event, I saw everyone in a horizontal plane - we are all on the same level with only God above.

But this story is not over.

My son, James was about 7 years old at the time of this event. A friend of mine brought James to me. He had been crying. He had been among the crowd around the man and had watched our rescue attempts. I hugged him and asked him what was wrong. As he buried his face in my neck, he confessed that he thought he had caused the man to be sick. Apparently he had just been on the ride and the man had yelled at him so he had thought some bad thoughts about the man who then promptly collapsed! He was really upset. Obviously I told him it was not his fault and that he should pray for him. I told him we would go and visit the man in the hospital. I also suggested that he might want to make a get well card and to get his class to do so also.

During the day, as I walked around the carnival, every single member of the carnival, the other carnies, came up to me, shy and respectful, and thanked me for helping their fellow worker.

Many of my friends came up and told me I should never have done it for a carnie.

Late that day, when the carnival was over and we were in the back room where the monies were being counted, the head of the carnival company came in to

(Continued from page 4) *My High Horse*

meet with the finance chairman to work out the final figures that were owed to his company. I was called to come in, apparently he had asked to meet Rita and me.

As I walked into the room, I saw the head of the carnival company. He was thin, old and crusty and smoking a cigarette. His face was grizzled and covered with stubble. His clothes were dirty. His hands were rough and worn from years of manual labor. He smiled at us, rose and removed his hat. With respect and thanks in his face, he shook our hands and told with great sincerity how much our help to his employee was appreciated. He sincerely meant to honor us for what we had done. I was humbled by such a show of respect and gratitude.

At this time, his main assistant, a woman who ran the food truck and the carnival games, came into the room. She also thanked us. As we stood and spoke for a few minutes, they told us that the man we had helped had joined their carnival only three weeks earlier. Remembering the thanks that all the carnival people had extended to me, I had thought they had known him for years. I learned the man's name and that he was at St. Jude's Hospital in Fullerton.

A few days later, James and I went to the hospital with a lot of get well cards made by the children at the school. We also brought some flowers and I brought him a St. Christopher medal.

As we walked into the room and introduced ourselves, the man was very pleased to see us! I told him what had happened and he was very touched. He comforted James and thanked him for all the cards. As he looked at the cards, so many, made by the children, he was deeply touched. He said that he had seen his mom and brothers for the first time in many years. I gave him a hug - and he was teary eyed. So was I.

The following year, we again had the school carnival. The same carnival company provided the rides and games. I ran into the lady assistant on Saturday - she recognized me. Again she thanked me for what I had done the prior year. She told me that when the fellow left the hospital, he had no place to go while he recuperated so the carnival owner had given him free use of a house trailer located where he parked his ride equipment. He had taken care of him out of his own pocket. About three months later, the

fellow had another heart attack in the middle of the night with no one around and had died. She said he had been really touched by the Christian example that had been shown to him by our parish and had kept the cards made by the children. He had been very happy to see his mom and brothers.

She then proceeded to give me free stuffed animals and food to give to my children who were home sick with the chicken pox. She refused to let me pay.

She did the same thing every year when she saw me.

What did this experience mean to me?

We are all the same before God—He loves us all. He doesn't love us more because we are successful in this world. He doesn't rank us in order of importance in accordance with the measuring stick used by the world. His love makes each of us important. The carnival people, these people who are scorned by our society, were like a family—they were caring and generous even though they had very little. They certainly acted like we are all suppose to do as Christians.

I used to occasionally really wonder if God really existed. Having experienced His presence in that brief moment, His intense love and peace, I never will doubt again because I **KNOW** from the depths of my being that He does exist. Even today, twelve years later, when I sit quietly and recall that moment, the feeling returns, not as intense but as real and I experience the peace and love again. Even this many years later, my eyes fill with tears. If heaven is anything like the little piece of joy and peace that I experienced in that brief moment in time, we are in for a real treat! ✚



Thought

For

The

Day



THE TROUBLE TREE

I hired a carpenter to help me restore an old farmhouse, and after he had just finished a rough first day on the job...a flat tire made him lose an hour of work, his electric saw quit...and now his ancient pickup truck refused to start.

While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching tips of the branches with his hands.

When opening the door, he underwent an amazing transformation. His tanned face was wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss.

Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier. *"Oh, that's my trouble tree,"* he replied. *"I know I can't help having troubles on the job and in my life, but one thing's for sure, troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home. Then in the morning I pick them up again."*

"Funny thing is," he smiled, *"when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up, there aren't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before."* †



The Writings of Thomas More

MORE ON SALVATION

One source of public agreement which came under particular attack was law, both ecclesiastical and civil. Luther was convinced that the Roman Church had set up its own laws in opposition to the spirit and teaching of the gospels. In his fervor, he made extravagant claims that he would later have to modify. He insisted, for example, that *"neither pope, nor bishop, nor any individual has the right to impose a single syllable on a Christian person, unless this is done by the latter's consent."* Any such imposition would constitute tyranny.

The lawyer in More was quick to draw out the absurdity of this position. *"Happy, therefore,"* he retorted, *"are thieves and murderers, who will never be so insane as to agree to law according to which they will pay penalties. Indeed, this farsighted father does not see that according to this reasoning, should everyone unanimously agree, yet the law can have force only until a new citizen is born or someone else is enrolled as a citizen."*

More went on to show the extreme political danger of Luther's position. Without the guidance of good law, he pointed out, a country *"would rush forth into every kind of crime."* Indeed, if Luther's teaching about law were to be widely accepted, it would result in *"the utter and inescapable destruction of all peoples."*

Closely associated with this complete disregard for law was Luther's position that the believing Christian *"cannot lose his salvation by any sins, however, great."* As More saw it, this teaching served to *"invite the whole world to security in sinning."* It would *"add spurs to those who rush toward all the worst actions"* by *"promising them impunity through faith alone...for the worst crimes."* It would also *"destroy the possibility of all human endeavor and all attempts at virtue."* By *"raging against good works,"* Luther would only *"lure people to vice and unteach virtue."*



Ad Risum Vertere Veritatem*



*Latin for "To turn truth into laughter"

THOSE BRAN MUFFINS!

This 85 year old couple, having been married almost 60 years, had died in a car crash. They had been in good health the last ten years mainly due to her interest in health food, and exercise. When they reached the pearly gates, St. Peter took them to their mansion which was decked out with a beautiful kitchen and master bath suite and Jacuzzi.

As they "oohed and aahed," the old man asked Peter how much all this was going to cost.

"It's free," Peter replied, "this is Heaven."

Next they went out back to survey the championship golf course that the home backed up to.

They would have golfing privileges everyday and each week the course changed to a new one representing the great golf courses on earth.

The old man asked, "what are the green fees?"

Peter's reply, "This is heaven, you play for free."

Next they went to the clubhouse and saw the

lavish buffet lunch with the cuisine's of the world laid out.

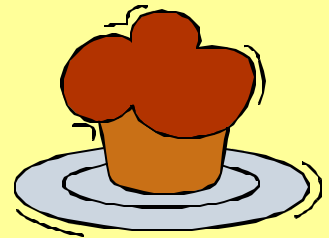
"How much to eat?" asked the old man.

"Don't you understand yet? This is heaven, it is free!" Peter replied with some exasperation.

"Well, where are the low fat and low cholesterol tables?" the old man asked timidly.

Peter lectured, "That's the best part...you can eat as much as you like of whatever you like and you never get fat and you never get sick. This is Heaven."

With that the old man went into a fit of anger, throwing down his hat and stomping on it, and shrieking wildly. Peter and his wife both tried to calm him down, asking him what was wrong. The old man looked at his wife and said, "This is all your fault. If it weren't for your bran muffins, I could have been here ten years ago!" †



THE HOLY FATHER

The Roman Pontiff, as the successor of Peter, is the perpetual and visible principle and foundation of unity of both the bishops and of the faithful.

LUMEN GENTIUM, 23



HOLY FATHER'S PRAYER INTENTIONS FOR JUNE

The Holy Father's general prayer intention for June is:

"That our every activity may have its beginning and its end in Christ present in the Eucharist."

His missionary intention is:

"That in Vietnam Catholic citizens may be granted to cooperate more towards the development of their country in cultural, educational and social welfare services." †



Scriptural Corner:

²⁴Another parable he put before them, saying, “The kingdom of heaven may be compared to a man who sowed good seed in his field; ²⁵but while men were sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and went away. ²⁶So when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared also. ²⁷And the servants of the householder came and said to him, ‘Sir, did you not sow good seed in your field? How then has it weeds?’ ²⁸He said to them, ‘An enemy has done this.’ ²⁹But he said, ‘No, lest in gathering the weeds you root up the wheat along with them. ³⁰Let both grow together until the harvest; and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, Gather the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.’ **Matthew 13:24-30**

Comment from the Navarre Bible:*

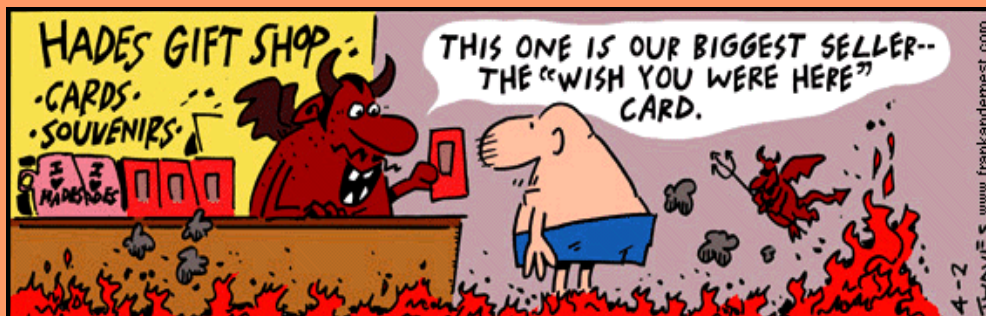
24-25. “The situation is clear: the field is fertile and the seed is good; the Lord of the field has scattered the seed at the right moment and with great skill. He even has watchmen to make sure that the field is protected. If, afterwards, there are weeds among the wheat, it is because men have failed to respond, because they—and Christians in particular—have fallen asleep and allowed the enemy to approach” (Bl. J. Escriva, *Christ is passing by*, 123).

25. This weed—cockle—looks very like wheat and can easily be mistaken for it until the ears appear. If it gets ground up with wheat it contaminates the flour and any bread made from that flour causes severe nausea when eaten. In the East personal vengeance sometimes took the form of sowing cockle among an enemy’s wheat. Roman prescribed penalties for this crime.

28. “When the careless servants ask the Lord why weeds have grown in his field, the explanation is obvious: *‘inimicus hom hoc fecit: an enemy has done this.’* We, Christians, should have been on guard to make sure that the good things placed in this world by the Creator were developed in the service of truth and good. But we have fallen asleep—a sad thing, that sluggishness of our heart! While the enemy and all those who serve him worked incessantly. You can see how the weeds have grown abundantly everywhere” (Bl. J. Escriva, *Chris is passing by*, 123).

29-30. The end of this parable gives a symbolic explanation of why God allows evil to have its way for a time—and for its ultimate extirpation. Evil is to run its course on earth until the end of time; therefore, we should not be scandalized by the presence of evil in the world. It will be obliterated not in this life, but after death; at the Judgment (the harvest) the good will go to heaven and the bad to hell.

* *The Navarre Bible, a renown edition of Sacred Scripture prepared by members of the Faculty of Theology of Navarre University, consists of the New Vulgate, the Revised Standard Version and commentaries.* †



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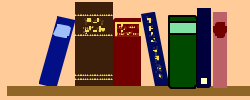
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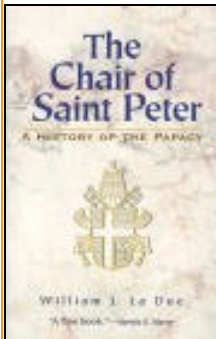
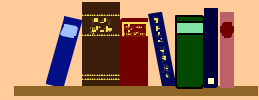
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By: **William J. La Due**

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Laguna Niguel, CA 92677

Attn: David Belz

dbelz@kuhnbelz.com

Our Next Meeting:

WHEN: Wednesday June 20th @ NOON (Lunch) \$10

TOPIC: "CONVERSION"

SPEAKER: GARY DAVIDSON, ESQ.

PLACE: First American Financial Headquarters

Lender's Advantage Bldg., 3 First American Way, Santa Ana

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