



October 2010 Newsletter

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THE COMING HOME NETWORK INTERNATIONAL



I Have Come Home *by Janice S. Lockwood, Ph.D.*

I was born into an ultra-Orthodox Jewish home in Wimbledon, a suburb of London, England, just after World War II. My parents shocked the Jewish community by conning an old priest into baptizing me one July Sunday into the Catholic Church. It happened when I was just 8 weeks old.

My dad had been interned in Auschwitz during the latter part of World War II. Should the Nazi menace raise its ugly head again, Mom and Dad could readily deny their Jewishness: After all, they'd had me baptized, hadn't they?

Following my baptism, no one in the family gave even a thought to attending church ever again. Our lives were always centered on the synagogue, where my maternal grandfather was the cantor rabbi.

Yet even though we virtually forgot all about that baptism, God still had his eye on me. In 1961 I was admitted to a local Catholic hospital as an emergency patient. In the bed next to mine was a 30-year-old Maltese nun. Sister Helen Curmi, like me, had appendicitis; we were sick in unison!

Now and again I could hear her speaking quietly, yet there seemed to be no one around. Maybe, I thought, she was some sort of a nut, talking to herself!

"I am praying," she told me, a smile across her face. "I am praying to Jesus Christ."

By 1962 I had discovered Him for myself.

My math teacher, a Protestant and an active member at London's Westminster Chapel, invited

me to attend a service one Sunday. Why she'd singled me out from the other students at my school, I had no idea. I was undecided about taking her up on the offer, so I thought I'd talk it over with my family.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" asked my mother. "Listen! You're a good Jewish girl. Don't get involved, Janice, with this teacher. Why does she want you to go there, anyway, huh?"

I shrugged.

"Well, your father and I don't want you to go to that church."

My dad looked surprised to be involved, for he hadn't uttered a word.

My mother continued as the spokesperson. "We don't want you to go. In fact, you're not going, and that's the end of the matter. Right? Now, we don't want to hear another word."

So I went.

When I arrived, I was filled with a momentary wave of dismay: I hadn't realized the invitation was to a full day's program! After the two-hour morning service and then lunch, I joined my host and some other women for a Bible study.

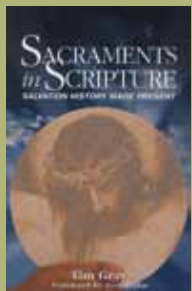
They all seemed so old to me, for they were definitely all over 30. Cups of tea and dainty little sandwiches followed. A prayer meeting led up to the evening service, which was as lengthy as the morning service. I was so glad to return to my Wimbledon home! ... continued on page 2

Journeys Home

FEATURED RESOURCES

Sacraments in Scripture: Salvation History Made Present

By Tim Gray

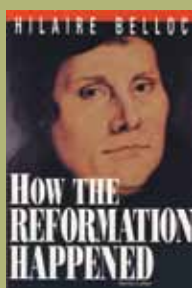


Sacraments in Scripture delves into the biblical foundations of the sacraments, the seven masterpieces of God's love. Tim Gray guides readers through the Gospels, showing Christ's deliberate acts to inaugurate these sacred signs of the New Covenant. With review questions at the end of each chapter, this study is ideal for both group and individual use and is perfect for learning how to answer contemporary objections to the Church's seven sacraments. (*Emmaus Road*, 2001)

Please return the envelope enclosed with your newsletter to receive either book with a donation of \$35 or more, or both books with a donation of \$50 or more.

How the Reformation Happened

By Hilaire Belloc



In this famous and surprising book, the great Catholic historian Hilaire Belloc gives the true and largely untold story that answers one of history's most important questions: "How did Christendom suffer

shipwreck?" *How the Reformation Happened* is perhaps the most cogent explanation ever penned of what was really going on in the titanic sixteenth-century upheaval of Catholic Europe. It is a book that cannot be ignored by anyone who would understand our Western Civilization — or who would understand where that civilization is now heading as a result of the Protestant Reformation. (*TAN Books*, 2009)

You may also order these and other resources by calling (740) 450-1175 or by going to www.chresources.com

...Journeys Home Continued...

When I came through the door, Dad peered at me over his *Sunday Times*. He was a man of temperate, even indifferent, belief himself. On the whole he enjoyed synagogue life, for he'd grown up in it.

"Well, Janice," he said, "I bet you hated the day, eh?"

Gathering myself into a puffed-up importance, I stood bolt upright. Not prepared to admit defeat, I declared: "No. It was great, and I'm going again next week!"

Becoming a Christian

I repeated the morning services, lunches, Bible studies, teas, and evening services Sunday after Sunday. My parents believed I was only going out of rebellion. But my math teacher was encouraged and purchased a Bible for me.

I delved into it, beginning in St. John's Gospel. I also began to read a book about the conversion of John Wesley, the eighteenth-century English founder of the Methodist movement.

Just as I had gone unwillingly to Westminster Chapel, so John Wesley went unwillingly to a society in London's Aldersgate Street, where someone was preaching from Martin Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter to nine in the morning, while the preacher was describing the change that God works in the heart through faith in Christ, Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed." John Wesley had trusted in Christ. Christ had taken away his sins, he believed, and saved him from the law of sin and death.

What happened to Wesley made me pray with all my might that Christ would come into my life, to "strangely warm" my heart. At 7:22 p.m. on August 22, 1962, he did just that, I believed, for me.

This event took place at Westminster Chapel, London, through the ministry of Dr. D. Martin Lloyd-Jones. He held strongly Calvinistic positions. Adopting his anti-Catholic doctrines, I was again baptized, this time by total immersion at South Wimbledon Baptist Church in the cold February of 1963.

My parents saw this form of baptism as an abandonment of my Jewish heritage. Following the ancient Jewish custom of families whose children leave the faith, they refused to allow me into the family home. They observed the traditional rituals surrounding the loss of a loved one: They rent their garments, with buttons popping and dropping to the floor, and a year later they erected a headstone for me in the Jewish cemetery.

In their eyes, I was dead.

Only 17, I was worried about where I would live. But various Christians opened their homes to me, allowing me to complete my education.

Having previously handed over my life to the Lord, I constantly delved into Scripture, seeking His will for my life. Looking back now, I can declare confidently that all the way my Savior led me.

Believing He was calling me into fulltime Christian service, I pursued the rocky path to become a medical missionary. After study at London University and London Bible College, I served in western and southern India, caring for the lepers and their babies. Furlough came after four years.

Once home again, I married. I'd met a Methodist minister who preached mostly in West Yorkshire, northern England. Two beautiful sons, Paul and Stephen, were born. Eleven years later, joy of joys, Matthew yelled his way into the world.

During Paul and Stephen's growing up-years, I returned to London University to complete my Ph.D. in theology. The only good school available for them was a

private one in Yorkshire run by Catholics. That worried me, for I certainly did not wish the boys to be influenced by their religious teachings.

I made it clear, abundantly clear, to the Catholic staff that neither my husband nor I wished the boys to attend the school assemblies when their parish priest led them. After all, we did not want Catholic teaching brought into our home and their hearts! Our vulnerable boys would get a good all-round education there, but any Christian teachings would be given to them at home and at our chapel. I was still very much the anti-Catholic Calvinist, and I was not slow in making it known.

Weariness and Illness

In the year 2000, however, my life took a whole new turn. I had been busy lecturing in theology in the U.K. and also in Ohio. In the midst of my busyness, I found myself perpetually tired, as if I were always walking through molasses.

I was running a large home as a minister's wife, raising the kids, public speaking, and much more. Even so, the intense weariness I was experiencing was more than something that could be shaken off by a few nights of good sleep. I was convinced I was sick, but the nature of the sickness was enigmatic.

My husband, usually the optimist, refused to believe I could be so unwell. He decided we should fly to Malta for a relaxing vacation in the sun.

"You've been working unbelievably hard, Janice," Eric said. "Get some Mediterranean sun, and I'm sure you'll feel heaps better. I'm convinced of it. You'll be fine."

"Okay," I said. "Remember the nun I told you about?"

Eric thought for a moment. "A nun?" he asked. "I don't think so." Then suddenly his memory was sparked, and he nodded. "Oh, yes. What about her?"

"Well, Sr. Helen lives in Malta now and ..."

"... and you'd like to look her up?" ... *continued on page 4*



Eric and Janice vacationing in Malta, 2000



MARCUS GRODI'S SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS

October 9-10, 2010

EWTN Family Celebration

Canton, OH

www.ewtn.com

(205) 271-2989

October 22-24, 2010

How Firm a Foundation

Columbus, OH

www.hfaf2010.com

(740) 450-1175

November 5-6, 2010

YB Catholic Conference

Saint Luke the Evangelist Parish

8 Atkinson Depot Road

Plaistow, NH 03865

(603) 382-8324

November 19, 2010

Parish Events

Saint Joseph Catholic Church

1029 Kundek Street

Jasper, IN 47546

<http://www.chnetwork.org/parishevents.html>

November 20, 2010

Parish Events

Saint Lawrence Catholic Church

1916 Meharry Street

Lafayette, IN 47904

<http://www.chnetwork.org/parishevents.html>

November 28, 2010

Annunciation Radio

Saints Peter & Paul Catholic Church

510 Columbus Avenue

Sandusky, OH 44870

pcbobbler@gmail.com

February 5, 2011

Saint Brigid Catholic Church

3400 Old Alabama Road

Johns Creek, GA 30022

(678) 393-0060



EWTN'S THE JOURNEY HOME

on television and radio, hosted by
Marcus Grodi, president of CHNI

TELEVISION

Mondays **LIVE** at 8:00 PM ET

Encores: Tuesdays 1:00 & 9:00 AM ET

Thursdays 2:00 PM ET

Saturdays 11:00 PM ET

RADIO

Mondays **LIVE** at 8:00 PM ET

Encore: Saturdays 7:00 AM ET

October 4

Dr. Paul Thigpen*

Former evangelical pastor

October 11

Doug Lessells*

Former non-denominational

October 18

*The Journey Home in Scandinavia**

October 25

Peggy Bowes*

Revert

**This schedule is subject to change*



...Journeys Home Continued...

I felt quite excited about meeting with her again after so long.

Eric wondered why I was so excited about seeing a Catholic nun. Yet he did not oppose me — nor did he encourage me to show any keen interest in her faith. He just shook his head, for we were then still very much against the Catholic faith, or what we thought it was.

During the vacation I discovered that my weariness became worse. By the end of the trip, I could no longer walk unaided. I also choked throughout the mealtimes, a development that I found more than a little embarrassing. Looking in the mirror, I noticed that my eyelids seemed heavy, and I could not physically lift them to stop them from drooping.

“I’m seeing double,” I told Eric, who was now quite worried for me. “Maybe I need my eyes to be tested again.”

Back home again, I contacted an eminent consultant neurologist at the Walton Hospital in Liverpool. He was convinced I had a disease known as Myasthenia Gravis. I began a 6-year course of aggressive treatments, which made me very sick.

When I did not improve, further tests were performed. A DNA test showed I had never had Myasthenia Gravis, but rather a degenerative condition that was even more rare, and for which there was no known treatment: Oculopharyngeal Muscular Dystrophy (OPMD). I was shocked, especially when I was told I’d soon become much worse.

With a low immune system now, too, I became virtually housebound. Too tired to do much more than sit around and listen to music or watch television, I became an avid viewer of EWTN.

Moving Toward the Catholic Church

I began to watch *The Journey Home* every Tuesday night. I found it fascinating to hear guests share their conversion stories, describing their personal obstacles, doctrinal objections, and attraction to the Catholic Church. I was lapping up every word, yet at the same time I was confused.

I needed to know how it was that Marcus Grodi and his guests, such as the Jewish convert Rosalind Moss and some former Pentecostals, had a personal relationship with Christ. How could this be if they were Catholic? One Tuesday, when the Pentecostals were testifying, I beckoned to my husband.

“Come and look at this program, Eric,” I called. “These people are Catholic and ...”

He shrugged. “Sure, there are born-again Catholics in the Catholic Church. But, as well you know, the Catholic Church itself, with all the worship of Mary and ...”

“I’m not so sure anymore,” I interrupted. “Maybe the Catholic Church, as they are saying, is the one true Church. I dunno.”

Eric tightened his lips and sighed. “You’ve been watching too much EWTN,” he stated, then walked back into the living room.

I think it was the next morning when my telephone rang. It was Sr. Helen phoning from Malta.

“Hello, darling,” she began. “I’ve just had a thought. Why don’t you contact a local priest and ask him to pray about your illness — ask him to anoint you?”

Protestant friends had already surrounded me. They strongly believed that our great and wonderful God, who “is able to do far more abundantly than all we ask or think” (Eph 3:20), could heal me. Quoting Isaiah 53:5, “With His stripes we



are healed,” they believed these words to be an unconditional promise to all those who believe.

Nevertheless, it appeared that the Lord wasn’t intervening in the way they would have liked. They blamed me for not having enough faith after they’d anointed me with some cooking oil. They also had the same attitude toward my husband, who had been diagnosed with prostate cancer and was growing worse. When they told him that he did not have a good enough faith, he replied with a quote from St. Paul: “Trophimus I left ill at Miletus” (2 Tim 4:20).

Sr. Helen told me not to allow myself to be judged in such a way. “Let God be God,” she told me. “Anyway, it can’t do any harm to contact a Catholic priest.”

I decided to put pen to paper to the priest, explaining to him from beginning to end about our circumstances, a little of my background, along with a preamble concerning my OPMD. It was difficult to scribe, not only because I was seeing double, but also because my hands were affected. I found it difficult to make a fist or hold a pen.

I folded the lengthy epistle and placed it in an envelope. Eric said he would mail it to Fr. Antony Jones, for he’d found the priest’s address.

Eric made for the door, but suddenly I had second thoughts. I shouted to him to bring it back, but he didn’t hear and made off to the mailbox.

In response to my correspondence, the very next day a tall, handsome, white-haired man in his sixties stood in the open doorway of our apartment, a broad smile across his friendly face.

“Hello,” he said. “I am Fr. Antony Jones. I got your letter. Sorry you’re so unwell with this unusual illness. You’d like me to anoint you?”

“Well, yes, please. I need to tell you, though, that I’m not Catholic. In fact, I’ve not been all that nice in the past about your church. You’d be shocked if I told you how nasty I’d been.”

He responded only with raised eyebrows. He stood over me, praying and quoting from James 5:14–15:

“Is any one among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith will save the sick man, and the Lord will raise him up; and if he has committed sins, he will be forgiven.”

He anointed me with an oil duly blessed by the bishop. Before he could say any more, I told him that I believed our heavenly Father could heal me in the blinking of an eye.

Fr. Jones smiled and nodded. “Of course!” he exclaimed, sitting back down on our couch, as if to wait for my reactions. To break the silence, it was then that I told him I had been baptized in the Catholic Church when I was a baby.

“Where was this?” he asked, a frown across his brow.

“Wimbledon. I was brought up near Wimbledon Common.” I told him the full story.

The priest leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his hands clasped. “Well, Janice, that baptism actually makes you a Catholic,” he stated. “You’re a Roman Catholic!”

Astounded, I found myself repeating: “Oh, wow! Oh, wow!” I babbled on. “Hey! That’s really something, huh?” He chuckled at my response. ... continued on page 6



SUPPORTING CHNI JUST GOT EASIER!

For your convenience, CHNI is able to automatically deduct monthly donations directly from your credit card, checking, or savings account. If you would like to set up an automatic monthly donation, please complete the form below and mail to:

CHNI

Attention: Ann Moore

PO Box 8290

Zanesville, OH 43702

Please contact Ann at 740-450-1175 or ann@chnetwork.org if you have any questions or concerns.

Yes! I wish to make a monthly donation of \$_____ on auto-payment from my:

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☐ AmericanExpress

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SHARE YOUR STORY!

The Coming Home Network International always welcomes those of our members who are converts or reverts to share their written conversion stories of how they were drawn (or drawn back) to the Catholic Church. If you feel called to share your story, please feel free to email a written conversion story of approximately either 1700 or 4000 words, along with your name and contact information, to:

Mary Clare Piecynski
maryp@chnetwork.org



UNSOLICITED MAIL

The Coming Home Network International would like to remind our members that we are unable to send unsolicited mail. Since our ministry exclusively responds to non-Catholic clergy and laity who initiate contact with us, we cannot add anyone to our mailing list or send materials unless they themselves first make a request. However, if you would like to have *CHNI* send materials with a gift card in your name, or if you have any questions about this policy, please contact our office at 740-450-1175.



...Journeys Home Continued...

I surprised myself, for I'd always been so very anti-Catholic, believing the Church of Rome to be the Antichrist. But here I was excited to be told such news.

"Now listen, Janice. If you really want to go ahead, give me a phone call. Think carefully, very carefully, for it's a big step, especially for someone like you."

Before I telephoned the priest to confirm my decision, I thought it wise to talk it over with Eric. I didn't want to upset him, for he had just been told his prostate cancer had spread to his bones. We thought his old cancer had been contained, yet it distressed us to know his poor prognosis.

Looking at him straight in the eye, I asked him, "Eric, what would you think if I became Catholic? How'd you react, huh?"

"Frankly, I thought something like this would happen," he replied. "I'm not surprised, not one bit, what with the Coming Home Network, the Maltese nun, and now the priest. So what's going to happen to my Calvinistic wife, she seeing the Roman Church as the Antichrist, eh?"

"I was watching *The Journey Home*, and Marcus Grodi stated that folk came to the Catholic Church only because of their great love for Christ. I have a great love for Him, too. I have to go ahead with it now."

I telephoned Fr. Jones. "Yes, please," I said, "I really want to go ahead to become a Catholic. When shall you confirm me?"

Mary's Assistance

During this time, Sr. Jennifer, a sister in my parish, told me that the Blessed Virgin Mary's intercession is very powerful. So I put this claim to the test. My husband was no longer eating because his prostate cancer had worsened. Always slender, Eric had now become really skinny.

That night I prayed to Our Blessed Lady. I pleaded with Mary to help Eric eat, even just for one day — to have a breakfast the following morning. Then I told Eric nothing of my prayer to the Mother of God.

When Eric woke up next day, he said: "I'm so hungry, Janice. Do we have any bacon?"

I stared at him like a cow at a new gate! Mary's power was something I had needed to discover for myself, not as second-hand knowledge.

I told Eric about my prayer. But like most Protestants of his background, even if our loving heavenly Father had come down and told him about Our Lady, he could only say: "Are you kidding?"

Meanwhile, an appointment had been sent to me from Dr. Ian Hart's secretary, based at the Walton Hospital in Liverpool. Although there's no treatment, only management, for OPMD, this senior neurologist planned on keeping a close eye on how I was coping with my condition.

Since I was unable now to walk by myself, one of the nursing staff helped me into Dr. Hart's consulting room. She sat me facing this soft-spoken Scot whose reading glasses were on the top of his head, hiding the shock of his dark brown hair.

"My, you look different!" he exclaimed. "What have you done to yourself?"

I shrugged. "What do you mean?"

"You've changed your hairstyle."

"Nope. Same as ever."

"I know what it is. You've different glasses. I might be a man, but I notice these things!"

I shook my head.

"You've had a nip 'n' tuck under your eyebrows without telling me. What did it cost you?"

A second time I shook my head.

"Okay, I give in. Tell me."

I didn't know what Dr. Hart was getting at until he tested my vision and discovered I was no longer seeing double. I still required my glasses, but with them I was seeing well.

"What exactly has happened to you? With this degenerative condition you should be worse, not better."

I gave a burst of rather weak laughter. "My eyelids are still drooped," I reminded him.

"Dr. Lockwood, I have been a consultant neurologist in this hospital for a number of years, and I'm no fool."

"A Roman Catholic priest anointed both my forehead and my hands," I said. I began explaining that, since then, I was no longer seeing double. "If I'm really tired — I mean, very weary indeed — I do occasionally see a little bit of blur. Yet not at all often."

Dr. Hart sighed and listened patiently. Although a confessed atheist, this scientist did not challenge my evangelical standpoint. When I showed him my hands, how my fingers, with the exception of the little finger on my left hand, were normal, how I could rapidly make a fist without pain, he only paused my explanation to say: "Well, I never!"

He asked me to explain about why I'd named my little finger my "Jacob's hip." I told him the biblical story of Jacob, and how, when he wrestled God, God touched his hip. Ever after, Jacob was left with a limp as a reminder of his encounter with the Lord (see Gen 32:24–32).

"So, you see, Dr. Hart, my crooked little finger is a constant reminder of what the other seven fingers and two thumbs were like before the priest anointed me with oil!"

The consultant neurologist replied that my beliefs could never see their way into his life. Even so, he was gracious enough to worm his way out of the situation by saying: "He must be a very special priest."

Since that time, my medical condition has remained remarkably good, considering the typical consequences of OPMD. Though I haven't been fully cured, I know that God has shown Himself gracious to me, and He holds me in His hands.

Home at Last

The day I'd waited for, longed for, since the very first afternoon I had encountered my priest, finally arrived. I was becoming a Catholic. For this Protestant, it was a miracle! I believed I had truly "come home" because of God's great love for me, because of mine for Him.

In 1961, I discovered just who Jesus is. A year later I asked Him to come into my life, to become my Savior and Lord, loving Him, loving His Word. No turning back! Then in 2007, I was confirmed a Catholic, deep in faith, deep in Scripture, deep in the Magisterium. And I loved it — every nanosecond. ... *continued on page 8*



DEEP IN SCRIPTURE

On EWTN radio with Marcus Grodi & Guests

Wednesdays **LIVE** at 2:00 PM ET

Encores: Wednesdays @ 9:00 PM ET

Sundays @ 7:00 AM ET

For more information and a link to watch the program LIVE online go to www.deepinscripture.com

Deep in Scripture Guests for October

October 6

Russ Rentler*

October 13

TBD*

October 20

Richard Lane*

October 27

TBD*

**This schedule is subject to change*

NEWSLETTER COPIES

CHNI encourages members to make copies of the newsletter and distribute to family, friends, and church groups. We do ask that copies of the newsletter not be sold. CHNI and the authors reserve all rights and permissions.

THE COMING HOME NETWORK INT'L

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...Journeys Home Continued...

Following my confirmation, I telephoned Jim Anderson at CHNI and declared: "Jim, I'm a Catholic!"

My husband bought me a surprise gift for the occasion. He purchased *The CTS New Catholic Bible*, wrapped it in pretty paper, and wrote inside:

"Presented to my beloved wife, Janice, by her loving husband, Eric. 'The God of all grace who called you to the eternal glory in Christ will see that all is well again; he will confirm, strengthen, and support you. His power lasts for ever and ever. Amen'" (1 Pt 5:10–11).

Eric, weighing only 84 pounds, struggled on for another 11 months, battling hard against his prostate cancer, which had spread to his boney chest wall, his pelvis, and his legs. Soon he was unable to swallow much more than liquids, and his pain was way out of control. We tried to care for him well at home, but he begged to be admitted to a nearby hospice.

Always declaring he had lived as a Protestant, he would die an evangelical Methodist. Yet he amazed me by asking: "Do you think Fr. Jones would visit me, Janice? I'd like him to anoint me." Fr. Jones made a number of visits, anointing him on more than one occasion.

In October, 2008, Fr. Jones sat with Eric, having anointed him again. "Would you hear my confession, Father?" Eric asked. "Bless me Father ..." he began, with tears streaming down his thin face.

My priest then sat with him for about an hour, helping this frail man to write a note to Matthew and me, telling us how much he loved us.

A few days later, Eric left behind a communication stating he truly wished he'd become a Catholic. Then he slipped away to be with his Lord — the Lord he had loved and served for over fifty years from Japan to the U.K., always as preacher and evangelist.

In the following days I was thrilled to be Catholic. In the past I'd rarely found it difficult to take a stand as a Christian, but now I was somewhat apprehensive about telling those truly hardened evangelical friends that I had come home to the Catholic Church. Was I to be in for a tough time? How would I cope?

Then one evening I turned on *The Journey Home*. Marcus's guest was Mrs. Leona Choy. Listening to her story, I realized that if this gracious person, with her evangelical Protestant background, could take a stand, then so could I. As a result, twelve of my Protestant friends also came home, and in turn, they witnessed to their friends and relatives, too. The effect has snowballed!

So thank you, Mrs. Choy, for unknowingly giving me courage to spread the word, to tell others of how, when I asked God for pure gold, He gave me the Catholic faith. ■



Janice Lockwood, Ph.D., was born into an ultra-Orthodox Jewish home in England and became a Christian as a teenager. She worked for four years as a medical missionary working with leprosy patients in India. After returning home, she married a Methodist pastor, earned a Ph.D. in theology and became a lecturer and speaker in the U.K. and the U.S. She entered the Catholic Church in 2007. Recently widowed, Janice lives in North Wales, where she attends the Catholic Church in Llandudno. She is the author of *Costly Roots* (under the pseudonym Sarah Cohen).

Prayer List



Clergy

■ For Jason, an Episcopal minister, that the Holy Spirit will guide him as he seeks to guide his parish into full communion with the See of Peter.

■ For Mark, a Southern Baptist minister in Kentucky, that God will reward his curiosity and questioning with the joy of the fullness of the Christian faith passed down to us from the Apostles.

■ For Rob, a Lutheran minister in New York, that his experiences in his new position in Eastern Europe will strengthen his desire to enter the Catholic Church and open the door for him to do so.

■ For Eric, an Anglican minister in Virginia, that he may soon be enriched by the true and complete repository of the faith given to us by Christ and the Apostles.

■ For David, a former Southern Baptist minister in Indiana, that the Father will answer his prayer that he be able to attend Mass despite the limitations caused by his current occupation.

■ For Jim, a Presbyterian pastor, that the witness of his Catholic friends will lead him to embrace the fullness of truth.

■ For an Anglo-Lutheran priest in Virginia, that the Holy Spirit will soon open a path for both him and his people to become fully and completely Catholic.

■ For a Presbyterian lay minister in Albania, that as he learns more about the true teaching of the Catholic faith, he will then become an instrument of God to enable many of his friends and neighbors to abide in Christ through the Holy Eucharist of the Catholic Church.

■ For Mary, a Lutheran minister in South Carolina, that she will be granted the grace to return to the Catholic faith of her youth.

■ For an Episcopal missionary in the Bahamas, that she will be able to find a Catholic parish on her island and become a Catholic missionary.

■ For Paul, a United Methodist minister in Georgia, that he will not only come into full communion with Christ's holy Catholic Church, but also find a vital role to fill in the Church, where his many gifts and talents can be used to spread the Good News.

■ For Howard, a Presbyterian chaplain in Pennsylvania, that by becoming a Catholic Christian his current position as chaplain will not be jeopardized, but rather enhanced.

■ For Alan, a Lutheran minister in the South, that his interest in the Catholic faith will deepen and that the Holy Spirit will open his heart to the fullness of truth.

■ For the repose of Fr. Joseph's soul; may he rest in peace.

■ For Reverend Thomas and his intentions, that God will grant them according to His will.

Lay

■ For Denise, that she will come back home to the Church of the Apostles and Prophets.

■ For Robert to discern God's will for his life.

■ For the repose of Delsie's soul; may she rest in peace.

■ For Melissa and Trevor to encounter God's love and truth in every aspect of their lives.

■ For Helen's family to return to the Catholic faith.

■ For Lee, as he tries to find a job in his chosen field, that he will not become discouraged or lose hope.

■ For Jacquelyn, a former Protestant discerning whether to become Catholic or Eastern Orthodox, that the Lord will help her come to understand the beautiful gift of the papacy so she can enter into communion with the Catholic Church.

■ For Bob and Beverly, that God will abundantly bless them and give them good health.

■ For Joseph's sons and their families, that they will return to the faith.

■ For Herman's family, that they will return to the sacraments and become active members of the Body of Christ.

■ For Gina's son-in-law to find gainful employment so that he may provide for his family.

■ For John's friend, who has been diagnosed with incurable cancer.

■ For Camille and her intentions.

■ For Tom to discover the richness of truth within the Catholic faith.

■ For Jody as she awaits a liver and kidney transplant.

In every issue we include timely prayer concerns from the membership. All members are encouraged to pray at least one hour each month before the Blessed Sacrament for the needs, both general and specific, of the CHNetwork and its members and supporters.

Please submit all prayer requests and answers to CHN Prayer List, P. O. Box 8290, Zanesville, OH 43702. Or email prayer requests to prayers@chnetwork.org.

We use only first names to preserve privacy.

Theology as if Heaven Matters

By Kenneth J. Howell, Ph.D.

We are all on our journey to heaven, whether cradle Catholics or adult converts to the Church. But one of the most important marks of all those seeking the Church from the outside is their engagement with theology.

Defined by St. Anselm as “faith seeking understanding” (*fides quaerens intellectum*), theology is important to Christians because they believe in truth. Their belief in particular truths taught in Sacred Scripture and in Christian history is rooted in a Person who is “the way, the truth, and the life” (Jn 14:6). The purpose of studying theology is ultimately to know the person of the Son of God and through him to be united to the Father of all.

The joys of theology can be many. It can lead to a deeper understanding of the mysteries of the faith that alone can satisfy. It can allow a person to see connections between different truths such as how the Incarnation was the necessary background for the Eucharist. And in a practical sense, it can afford a deeper penetration into the faith that aids us in getting a better perspective on the world in which we are living.

Yet theology also can be a precarious business. It can lead to the pride of clinging to pet theories, or the love of debate for its own sake rather than the pursuit of truth. It can lull its practitioners into the sleep of intellectual knowledge alone.

What Is Theology?

What exactly is theology? It is the probing of the sources of divine revelation with the intellectual powers that God has given us. It seeks to offer an intelligible account of truths that are beyond our ability to comprehend, such as God as a Triune Being.

In the Catholic Church, we distinguish between the official magisterial teaching of the Church and the work of theology done by professional theologians. The bishops are the official teachers of the Church, and it is the job of the theologian to serve the bishops, but especially the supreme bishop of the Church, the Pope. A faithful theologian is one who submits his work to the Magisterium of the Church because he knows that his position is that of service.

But in a wider sense we are all theologians who seek to understand and articulate the truths revealed by God. Theology, properly pursued, is always an outgrowth of prayer. The fourth-century monk Evagrius Ponticus said that “the one who prays is a theologian, and the theologian is the one who prays.” He knew that theology, as the intellectual component of our faith, must always be subservient to our ultimate end: to know and love God with all of our being.

The important but subservient role of theology is well illustrated by the life of St. Thomas Aquinas, probably one of the greatest theologians ever to grace the Church. St. Thomas had spent many years writing his “Summary of Theology” (*Summa Theologiae*) for beginners. Its purpose was to give beginners a solid overview of sacred doctrine so that they could read Sacred Scripture with a deeper understanding.

During the process of writing, Thomas became one of the most learned men of the thirteenth century. As he neared the end of his life, he was praying in the chapel of the Dominican monastery where he lived when, unexpectedly, Jesus appeared to him in a vision. Jesus said to him, “Thomas, you have written well of me. What do you want me to do for you?”

By this time in his life, Thomas realized that the only really important thing left was to know God in all His fullness. All that he had written was like so much straw to be thrown into the fire and consumed. And so his answer to Jesus was simple: “Lord, just give me more of yourself.”

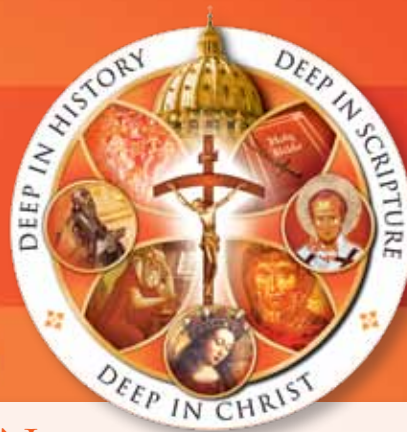
Thomas’s great theological summary has blessed the Church greatly since it was written. But it will perish in the light of heaven, where our knowledge of God will be perfected, bringing us consummate happiness for eternity. Once in heaven, we won’t need theology anymore. Our theology will pass into that immediate knowledge of God called “the Beatific Vision.”

While we remain here on earth, however, we must continue to pursue theology, a pursuit that will never be complete because it is an infinite task. Knowing that the goal of our theology is to know, love and enjoy God forever, we should pursue theology as if heaven matters. ■

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION

The 8th Annual Deep in History Conference

OCTOBER 22-24, 2010 — HILTON EASTON — COLUMBUS, OHIO



Marcus Grodi and *The Coming Home Network International* invite you to join us this fall in Columbus, Ohio, for our 8th annual *Deep in History* conference.

With the *Deep in History* conferences standing on the Pillar and Bulwark of truth, in October, 2010, we will turn the focus to the authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures as we look to the authority and history of the Sacred Writ.

Join us this fall as we bring together another exciting group of speakers to discuss the authority of the Scriptures. We will look at the Scriptures from the penning of its books to its binding into the Bible we hold today, so that as Catholics, we might better profess our faith through His inspired Word.

The Sacred Writ is inerrant; however, because of individual human interpretations of the inspired Word, the Christian world is divided. As we look to discern how firm is our foundation, we will respond to the errors of today and yesterday as we continue our journey into the teachings of the one, holy, Catholic and apostolic Church.

We invite you to come and be a part of another inspiring weekend, with an aim to end ignorance and enlighten the heart, mind and soul as we dive into the history of the Sacred Scriptures. The result, we trust, will be a new confidence in the firmness of our foundation.

Confirmed speakers include:

- Marcus Grodi
- Dr. Paul Thigpen
- Dr. Scott Hahn
- Richard Lane
- Patrick Madrid
- Kimberly Hahn
- Dr. Kenneth Howell
- Bruce Sullivan
- Fr. Mitch Pacwa
- Msgr. Frank Lane

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Complete this form and mail to:

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PO Box 8290

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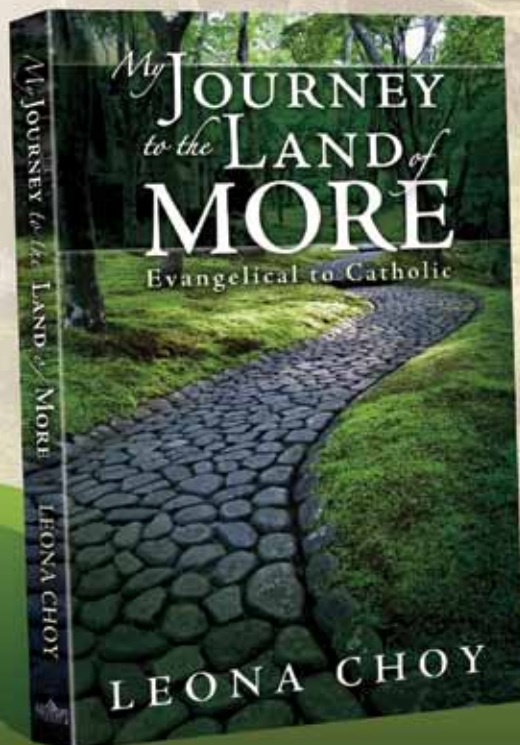
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INTRODUCING



“With great joy we publish this truly inspiring account of Leona Choy’s journey to the Church. She covers all the bases, presenting in a concise yet fully readable apologetic format all the major issues that discourage Jesus-loving, Bible-believing Christians from considering the Catholic Church. Please, read this book prayerfully. If you love Jesus Christ and are willing to follow Him anywhere, you may find yourself on a journey you never dreamed of.”

— *Marcus C. Grodi*