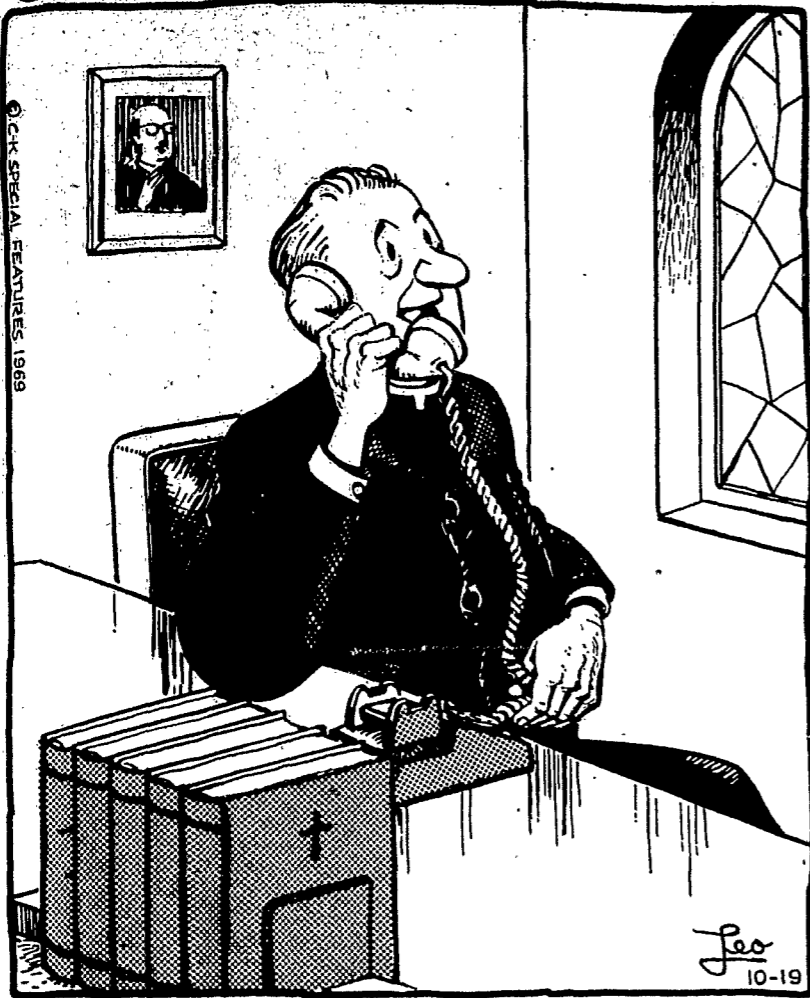


## CHURCH HUMOR



"I'm sorry, doctor, but I don't make house calls. Just say two prayers and call the rectory in the morning for an appointment."

### RACL Viewpoint

## New Rite for New Life

By Mrs. Paul Cressman  
RACL Liturgy Commission

There is a man. His name is Jesus. He came that we might have LIFE — real LIFE — in abundance. The preciousness of this LIFE is given the main emphasis in the new "Rite of Christian Initiation".

It really is something great — to be born again — and assured of never, never dying. But for too long, it seems that the sacrament of Baptism has been an obligation to insure "saving one's soul" — a ritual that perhaps had little impact upon those present or little meaning because it was rarely understood by those who witnessed, and claimed to live what it signified.

Recently I celebrated with a family as they initiated their child into the Christian family. The thing that was so beautiful, so special about that Baptism was the fact (not the feeling, but the fact) that the people gathered together had had a living experience of the Person of Jesus Christ in their lives and were anxious to introduce a new member into that LIFE.

And since the child is too young now to appreciate this new LIFE, the responsibility was very evidently placed on those present to insure that this fantastic gift not be denied but shared with the new member of the community of the People of God.

What it all means is that we cannot live an "unconscious Christianity" but rather a very enthusiastic Christianity, one that will bring, in time, the newly baptized to share the experience of Jesus-LIFE deeply.

From the beginning of the celebration, and throughout its flow, the celebrant explained each sign and symbol, each why and how to those assembled. The music and the readings, chosen by the parents, were so appropriate — from the Entrance Song: "Glory, glory, everybody; we have seen our Father's love" to the closing— Peter, Paul and Mary's "Take my Hand, My Son."

Before the Baptism of the child, all present renewed their own baptismal commitment and made a formal profession of faith in the Risen Lord. Following the Baptism, an anointing with chrism signified the priest-

ly role in the life of this and all Christians. Then a candle was lit for the child from the Paschal candle — another light in the world reflecting the Light of the World, that Person, Jesus Christ.

For the child, Baptism is a beginning. For the parents and friends, it is a renewal of an appreciation for the gift once given — new LIFE. In any case, one couldn't come away from that Baptism without sensing something great, something all present could be very glad to be a part of. Flexibility in the new rite gave the opportunity; it was taken, and new LIFE was experienced by a child and some of God's other grown-up "children".

### The Slot Man

## Earl Caldwell: A Special Breed

By Carmen Viglucci



Earl Caldwell, a New York Times reporter under indictment for contempt in refusing to reveal information he gleaned from covering Black Panther activities, hardly fits the image produced by the case and attendant publicity.

Caldwell used to "work" for the Democrat and Chronicle and I haven't seen him for three or four years but unless the strain of social conflict has withered his personality, he is a remarkably warm, fun-loving young man who also happens to be an excellent reporter.

No one would ever accuse the Caldwell I knew of being a glutton for work. Shucking off the mediocre, good reporters come in two varieties. There is the tough digger, the investigator; the one Walter Winchell described as the man who uncovers stories not merely covers them. He knows his way through public records and officious public servants, has a sense of libel, grammar and spelling and comes to work daily with a pick-ax and frown. He is the cynic and perhaps the backbone of a reportorial staff.

Caldwell typified the second type. He could manage to see a glimmer of humor and hope in the most dastardly situation. He could enter (usually late) a worry-worn city room and doing a little jig (much in the magnetic fashion of a Bishop Sheen dancing a "Hello Dolly" routine to spread some joy amidst his own trials) make everyone think things may be all right after all.

On the professional level Caldwell had the knack of seeing quickly the crux of a complex problem and presenting it with a deft, readable touch. This the New York Times well recognizes; it cannot be taught or learned.

He has come up with his share of important stories. When he came to the D&C, he

and Bill Vogler (last heard from in St. Louis) teamed for an excellent expose of land lords who refused living room to blacks.

And he was in court before. He and Bill Claiborne (now with the Washington Post) did a slumlord series here and escaped judicial censure in a law suit.

Norris (Red) Vagg the highly respected retired managing editor of the Democrat and Chronicle, said that it was Caldwell's "disarming grin and loving manner" in the court which helped win the day.

Previously under Vagg's direction, Caldwell took an undercover assignment as a migrant worker in the local fields. I remember Caldwell then, sneaking into town at night to shower and use the bathroom because "I just can't stand the conditions."

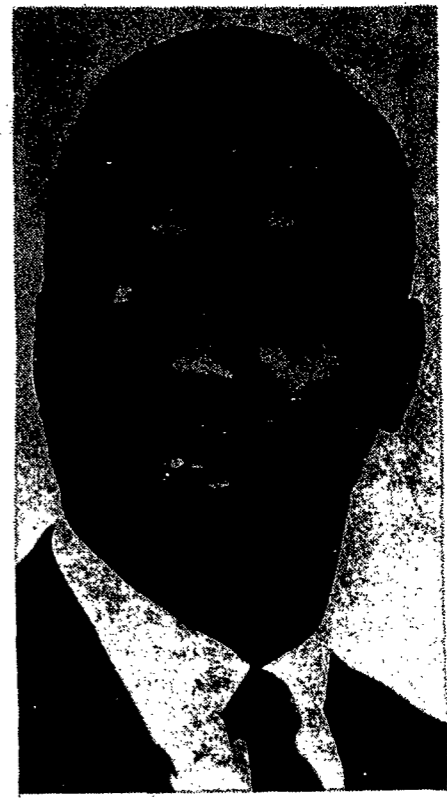
One of Earl's anecdotes came from that job. One Saturday he drove a fellow migrant into a neighboring town and his friend, too embarrassed to go into a liquor store, asked Caldwell to buy him a bottle of "Jack Daniels".

"Man," Caldwell remonstrated, "why buy such expensive stuff, you can get good liquor cheaper!"

"It's the only class I have in my life," came the indisputable answer.

Here I must get Caldwell back into focus. Like all imaginative writers he is a great storyteller. As a raconteur, he exercises the flights of fancy he disdains as a reporter. For instance, you may hear of his turning down a major league baseball career to work as a reporter:

"Those people want me," he will tell you. "Pittsburgh told me 'write your own ticket, baby, play where you want.' I turned them down for this."



EARL CALDWELL

... contempt? Him?

When a characteristically blunt newspaperman tells him that his success hinges on his color, Caldwell replies with his native modesty:

"That's got nothing to do with it, they know I'm the greatest."

Over at the Towpath Inn where certain members of the D&C late staff were wont to quaff their disillusionment in gentle suds, Caldwell and his pal George Murphy (a writer of the same cloth) one night interrupted their rendition of "I'll Take You Home, Kathleen" while Earl took on Vinnie Turiano's late specialty, fried chicken legs.

As Caldwell handled them with the nimbleness of a prospective major league player, Murphy shuddered.

"God love you, Earl, but for all the world you look like a cannibal devouring missionaries."

Fried chicken legs may still be ordered as "missionaries" at the Towpath.

That is symbolic of Caldwell, a kind of missionary in a world which takes itself too seriously and pompously. Without mixing into the legal and constitutional problems inherent in his current plight, we can only hope that Earl Caldwell comes through unimpaired.

# L A M B A K E

**Includes . . .**

- CLAM BROTH
- BAG OF CLAMS
- LOBSTER TAILS
- BROILED CHICKEN
- POTATO
- ROLLS & BUTTER

## 3 95

SPECIAL FEATURE

Served Tues. thru Sat.

# K E

LUNCHEON FEATURE

### PRIME RIB SANDWICH

Includes: Potato & Vegetable **\$2.00**

SERVED RARE/ MEDIUM/or WELL

The House of Good Food

# Rund's

2851 West Henrietta Rd.  
271-7200  
CLOSED MONDAY