Our times do not meet Church’s expectations

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that apart. It is still a world of blacks and whites and yellows and reds, Catholics and Protestants and Jews and Muslims, beautiful people and white collar and blue collar and homeless, musicians and meatpackers, red necks and wasps and japs, arties and blue collar and homeless, beautiful people and white collar and homeless, beautiful people and white collar and homeless. We have not degenerated into utopian look-alikes, but neither have we learned to accept the differences.

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Do I look at the age of Francis Church and Virginia O’Haran — at the year of 1897 — through rose-tinted glasses? Am I too naive? Perhaps. But if we can only say that world of 1897 was no better than the world of 1887, then can we truly say we have lived up to your hopes, Virginia? Where have the Edison’s, the Wrights, the Marconis, the Bells, and the Francis Churches gone?

Whatever happened to Santa Claus? Virginia, ask yourself when you go home for Christmas: “Will my children inherit a better, happier world than mine?”

No, Virginia, there is not a Santa Claus. This Christmas, presents will be a little bigger, fireplaces a little warmer: the world may be comfortable on the outside but its heart is still cold.

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