

ost of these pieces originally appeared in the Toronto *Star* between 1999 and pre-September 11, 2001.

I'm surprised I lasted as long as I did. The editor who hired me wasn't the one who eventually oversaw my columns, and he didn't share Editor #1's enthusiasm for me. So I was subjected to Death By a Thousand Picky, Joke-Removing Cuts; if copyeditors had had their way in 1927, Al Jolson would have been forced to mouth, "You have not seen a single thing yet" (no exclamation mark allowed.)

I'm used to this sort of thing by now, having endured it most recently at *Our Sunday Visitor*. ("Who the hell did *OSV* think they were hiring?" not one but two Catholic writers asked me rhetorically when they heard I'd qui 3 (a) who rcs T747.36 re W n /Cu 0 (h) 19 (i) -2 (r) -7 (i)(c) 3 (e) (m) -2 3

How I learned to stop worrying and left the Left

My new friends have accountants and agents and mentors. They say “thank you” and “sorry” and don't eat with their hands. My boyfriend is a WWII buff who plays Fighter Ace and is frequently

The Canonization of Pat Lowther

Don't trust anyone over fifty

rofessor J

Ah, how utterly, and aptly, Clintonian. You see, it all depends on what your definition of the

Imagine no John Lennon

aaaaa-

See, at his recent par

When Chapman was arrested, he was carrying a freshly autographed copy of John Lennon's new album.

Being an American trapped in a Canadian's body...

means always having to say, "You're stupid."

“I know.”

That passes for deep thought in these parts.

The night I stopped hating Ronald Reagan

was living in my old apartment on Dundas Street East, the one I still live in, for some reason,

One cover I chuckled at early this afternoon, before I'd heard the news of Reagan's death, showed a bunch of happy, clean cut teens enjoying a wholesome meal of burgers and shakes. Maggie had written to the right, in her tiny, childlike scrawl:

Thank God Michael Wiley of the Anatomy Department put that crazy rumour to rest.

I was surprised and touched when he described the University's reverent annual memorial

At the Self-

Here's the thing: I can walk, even paddle a canoe, for hours on end. In my own home, I lift ten-pound barbells. I do dozens of sit-

What Runs in the Family

cabbies, I hear it now more than ever, that refrain that made me squirm as a kid: “You and your

What would Jackie do?

In Charles Sheldon's 1896 novel *In His Steps*, characters ask themselves, in times of indecision, "What would Jesus do?"

A century later, that question has spark

In the “People’s Court”, being judgmental is a good thing

hy do so many would-

Perhaps civilization is a self

Crouch says Generation X and

sins were forgivable, and sometimes the biggest sinners (like Peter and Paul) went on to be great friends of Christ.

Or maybe, like Mozart's patron in *Amadeus* complaining of “too many notes,” Gregory felt there were “too many women named Mary” in the Gospels.

Joyce Myer Rocks My World

Gospel” stuff is profoundly un-

The Kiss of the Spidery-Eyelash Woman

n the new *Atlantic Monthly*, Michael Joseph Gross announces the demise of the diva. Male homosexuals, he writes in "The Queen is Dead," have outgrown their need to idolize tragic

“A renaissance of Paganism, with its worship of Goddesses and Gods occurred in the middle of this century with the re-emergence of Wicca (popularly called White Witchcraft.)”

This anti-Eastwick pamphlet blamed Christians f3.76.240000 1 Tf [v Tf [(hr) -y8 (t) -9 (hi) -ng7 () -f (m) - (hr

Ash Wednesday Diary

Like most plain women, I'm incurably vain. So this is my least favourite day of the year.

Ah, catering t

Bishop Spong Assumes ThePosition.com

ach generation thinks it invented sex. Jack “Ripper” Heidenry takes heavy breathing hubris to a new level.

The Exorcist

Celebrity biographer reveals the “hidden” Jesus

model of pious behaviour (...) was as astonishing as if, in a modern story, a Nazi brute or a child molester became the hero of the parable.”

And here is Spoto's take on a tale illustrating God's boundless love for every individual, even

Losing the Empress

oon we'll be seeing them again.

Christmas shopping wouldn't seem the same without the Salvation Army, standing shopping
mall sentry with their000 (n) -10 (w) 1 (i) 0 0 0 -2 e (r) [(m) -2 (a) (i) 0 0 0 -210 (s) 8 0 0 -2k() -110 (w) 10 (

