"You know, Mac," says the padre to me, "one of the nicest things that Christ ever did was to make up his mind to use just ordinary human beings to help carry out His work of Salvation down through the ages."

I don't catch, says I. After all, padre, what else could He have done?

"Well," says he, "you take for instance in the Old Testament. Whenever God had a big job to be done He would send an angel, no less, to do it...like the time He sent the angel Raphael in human form to guide Tobias; or another occasion He sent an angel to Daniel, and one to Jesus, and you recall how He sent an angel into the camp of the Assyrians to kill 185,000 of the Jews' enemies; and it was the Archangel Gabriel who was dispatched to Mary at the Annunciation, and then when Christ was born in Bethlehem a heavenly host of angels announced the grand tidings to the shepherds."

How about that, Stooge! I'm beginning to think the padre's gonna give me this angel business the rest of the night, so I say to him before he gets in too deep: how about that vacation deal, though? Ya said you was gonna polish it off tonight...remember?

"Right you are, Mac," says he. "That's coming to the point. You see, Mac, when Christ established His Divine Church He picked out a few fishermen, a couple of farmers, a rotated tax collector, and a couple of other nondescripts, and said to them: 'Come, follow Me'...not angels, Mac, by a long shot, but characters like Peter who three times denied His God when some dizzy dame put him on the spot; and there was Thomas, the 'man-from-Missouri' who had to be shown before he'd believe in the Resurrection; and the two heathens James and John who wanted Christ to call down fire from heaven to destroy His enemies...you see, Mac, they were all frail, human creatures, sometimes proud and haughty, sometimes vain and conceited, sometimes unbelieving and sceptical...very human, with human faults and foibles...You know, Mac, the intellectual snobs of today, like the Pharisees, would think that Christ made an awful mistake in the choice of His ambassadors---no! no Einsteins or intellectual geniuses---but being Divine, Christ couldn't have erred. And for the past 1970 years it has been ever thus...Christ still calls not angels but men to carry on His Kingdom on earth. All that He asks is that they have what it takes to strive for perfection: good will, common sense, courage, average intelligence, sound judgment...and His grace does the rest."

And do ya know, Stooge, the padre than tells me about the little girl in Sunday School. The Sister asks her what Christ did at the Last Supper, and the little tyke says: "He changed twelve men into priests." Well, sir, the kid went okay but she was all wrong, says the padre.

"Now only God can change human nature, Mac," says he. "There's a lot of folks who think like that little girl. Christ didn't take twelve men and give them extraordinary supernatural power to change bread and wine into His own body and blood; the power to turn the elements from the very brink of hell to the heights of heaven; the power to lose not one soul and not an whit even between good and evil matter. And when the Church was in the very infancy of its life, they didn't, with the exception of one, have to look for those who would be called 'Christlike.'"