"There Lives At This Time In Judea ---"

"... a man of singular virtue whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but whose followers love and adore as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the grave, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word, or a touch.

"He is a tall man, well shaped, of an amiable and reverent aspect; and his hair is of a color that can hardly be matched, falling in graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of his head, running as a stream to the front, fashioned after the Nazarites.

"His forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, and beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork.

"His eyes bright blue, clear and serene, look innocent and dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body, most perfect and captivating, his hands and arms most delicate to behold.

"He rebukes with a majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in a word or deed, being eloquent and grave.

"No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has frequently wept in the presence of men.

"He is temperate, modest, and wise; a man for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection surpassing the children of men in every sense."

This word portrait of Our Lord is ascribed to one Publius Lentulus during the reign of Tiberius Caesar. It was first found in the writings of Saint Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, during the Eleventh Century. Since there is nothing to substantiate its authenticity, scholars have labeled it apocryphal.

But it's interesting -- even fascinating -- this pen-picture of Our Lord through the eyes of a pagan. Even if it were authentic; and if it were announced that this same Person, with these same characteristics, would arrive in South Bend tomorrow, you'd leave no stone un-turned to be there; up front, too. You'd skip the dining hall, and the Euddle, the game in the gym, the show in Washington hall, maybe even Rosie's. You'd side-step them all, so that you wouldn't miss a thing. Maybe you'd even come early and stand in line -- just to be sure you were on time!

Maybe we're not sure of this pen-picture. But there's one thing we have no doubt of at all -- the Real Presence of Our Lord at our Adoration in the Lady Chapel these days -- and at daily Mass -- and in all our hall chapels all day long. With Faith opening our useless eyes here, we need but change the title slightly to read:

"There lives at this time on our altars..." Now read the pen-picture with confidence. And make the most of it, and the reality it should be in our lives.