

SIXTH ANNUAL CROSSROADS ADVISORY BOARD MEETING  
SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 2012  
AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, NEW YORK, NY

*With an introduction by Angelo Sala, President*  
*Keynote Address by Msgr. Lorenzo Albacete, Chairman*

**Sala:** Good afternoon and welcome to the Sixth Annual Crossroads Advisory Board Meeting. My name is Angelo Sala and I am Crossroads' President. First of all I would like to give a heartfelt thanks to the Chairman of the Board, Msgr. Albacete, and to all our other distinguished members for having found the time in their very busy schedule to spend almost the entire day with us. Besides those from New York, some have come from Baltimore, Chicago, Washington and Houston. And thanks to all of you for having accepted the invitation to participate to this meeting. Finally, let me thank, very warmly, the American Bible Society and our great friend Mario Paredes for the generous hospitality they have provided for today's event, as well as Alicia de Frange whose help in organizing all of this has been invaluable.

As in the past years, in the last 12 months Crossroads activities have been as numerous in number as rich in variety. We have organized 29 public events which have taken place in 7 cities in the US: New York, Washington, Boston, Houston, Chicago, Denver, and Los Angeles. So things have gone well and yet... after 7 years since our first event we feel that we are at a crossroads.

Because of the prevalent relativism, our age is marked by a general confusion about what is valuable, coupled with an intensely polarized cultural environment. As a result, there is a widespread uncertainty and concern about the future, both at a personal level and as a nation. On one side a secular mentality, with its ideological and nihilistic reduction of reality to appearances, reason to a measure, and affectivity to instincts, is invading personal and social freedom and imposing its own values. On the other side, those who, although often vaguely, perceive these "secular values" as reduced proposals threatening to what is really human, seem unable to grasp the real issue at stake, and, therefore, to escape from the sense of being cornered and progressively losing ground. The only option is acting in defense of something that was true in the past but seems not to have too much of a future, always reacting and trying to counter-attack the initiatives of the "enemy" in order to at least slow down the invasion. And the "enemy" appears to be everywhere, except for in safe environments, which, unfortunately, have become fewer and fewer.

The result is that nobody, from the left to right, seems to experience reality, the whole of reality, as inexorably positive, and life, the entirety of life, as a fulfilling promise.

We too, as a cultural center, may fall prey to the temptation to take one part against the other, to become a tool to fight the enemy's ideas. Or, in a more subtle way, we may run the risk of reducing the purpose of our endeavor to an apologetic one, secretly complaining about the meanness of the times. But this would be a betrayal of the original motives of Crossroads.

We are not interested in defending what we think we already know to be true, good, right, and just. And not because this would be wrong, but because it is insufficient and, in the end, unsatisfying. Instead, we are interested in continuously rediscovering what is true, good, right and just as a Living Presence in reality. We need this discovery, because what is true, good, right and just is not an idea or a doctrine: it is a Person.

And so, facing new challenges, we do not want to take anything for granted (which always brings about, in everything, the beginning of the end). We need to have a deeper understanding of the original wellspring of Crossroads' activity, our goal, our method, what moves us, what determines our priorities, our style, and our choices as a cultural center. And why, and in what sense, can we be called a Catholic cultural center.

Therefore, today, we are asking our Board to do its job, that is, to advise us on these issues through the address of our chairman, Msgr. Albacete and the discussion that will follow.

We have no time to present our various board members. They are here; we invite you to get to know them at the end, around a cup of coffee. And you will find their bios on our website. On the technical side, at the end of Msgr. Albacete's address, our members will have the first round of questions and remarks and then we will open the discussion to all of you. And now, Msgr. Lorenzo Albacete.

**Albacete:** I see on my schedule here that I have 30-35 minutes. I only need around 4. First of all, in light of the dramatic description of our present cultural situation, out there and in here and within us, where there exists, (and people experience it to different degrees of intensity), a kind of virus that is hostile to Christianity. Let's be even more precise—it is hostile to the reality of an Incarnation; that is, hostile to the reality of a God that is present in history, within history, while remaining the God of history. This we all the time experience a clash, except those of us who are watching old *I Love Lucy* reruns, or something like that. No matter how strong it seems, or how weak and just getting there this situation seems to be, (and it varies), no matter how negative, how strong, the forces appear that threaten to crush this awareness in us of this Mysterious Presence, no matter what, that cultural battle has already been won. We cannot proceed from the perspective of a battle that has not already been won. All our cultural activities, whatever form, shape, topic they take, should have as a point of departure our own conviction, our own certainty that the cultural battle, if I may put it that way, has already been won by Christ.

If we just but remember that this meeting, for example, is being held just at the Octave of Easter, if Easter has any meaning, as the Pope keeps repeating again and again, and this year I recommend you read the Easter Vigil Mass Homily on the New Creation; it's online:

([http://www.vatican.va/holy\\_father/benedict\\_xvi/homilies/2012/documents/hf\\_ben-xvi\\_hom\\_20120407\\_veglia-pasquale\\_en.html](http://www.vatican.va/holy_father/benedict_xvi/homilies/2012/documents/hf_ben-xvi_hom_20120407_veglia-pasquale_en.html)),

or the message on Easter Sunday on Christ as the only source of hope—

(<http://www.catholicnewsagency.com/news/on-easter-morning-pope-proclaims-christ-as-source-of-hope-amid-suffering/>).

If this is in any way, shape or form, true, (and again we are in the midst of a season that proclaims its truth everywhere), then what are we afraid of? We are not engaged in any cultural battle because that battle has been won. All we have to do is give witness to that victory. But we cannot give convincing witness unless we experience the reality of that victory within our own lives and heart. Otherwise it is just words, and our cultural efforts will degenerate into a moral reform movement. That's all. Nothing more need be said.

The real struggle begins in the heart, and so we must ask ourselves the question: Am I prepared to say before the evidence of my own heart that this is true, that Christ has indeed conquered? That the new life that He has made possible, totally unimaginable and unforeseen, is a reality? That I can have certain access to it? That it doesn't depend on my moods and emotions, but that there are objective moments in space and time called the Sacraments in which I come into contact with this new way of life, new way of thinking, new way of making judgments, new experiences of what is real? That that is not left to my intellectual efforts or capacities, but that it is pointed out to me in a simple baptism by the Church? That every Mass and any Sacrament is like the sign at the house of Mary in Nazareth that has the well-known

proclamation of the Gospel, *Verbum caro factum est*, “the Word became flesh,” but in that place there’s one little word added to it that’s different—*hic*, namely “here.” “Here the Word became flesh.” “Here.”

I was once accused of heresy, which made me very happy because I thought my books would sell more. And the heresy that I apparently had given birth to, and I kept hoping, again, that it would be known by the name “Albacetism,” was that I was told to have said at a priest’s retreat, not here, someplace else, that I did not believe God was everywhere. Now, I don’t know very much about that. Never mind. I said to the inquisition, to the judges, “No, if you want I will sign any statement that affirms that I believe that God is everywhere.” I have no problem with that. My problem is that everybody that I know, everybody that I care about, I have found is always somewhere in some place at some time. I can say, “Here.” If they are everywhere, I don’t know how to handle it. If you know exactly where they are and at what time...I used to carry two watches; one was a time someplace else, one was the current time here in New York because there are times at which I don’t even know how to add or subtract, but it doesn’t matter. Whenever I wanted to know where so-and-so was at that moment, what they were doing, (I would sometimes think about Fr. Giussani himself), I didn’t have to calculate anything—not that this was a major calculation, okay? But I would just look, and my watch would have the same time as his watch. And that made me happy. Little things like that make you happy. When you’re in love with someone, the same thing. So these people have always been someplace, and that’s the way I like it. I don’t like people who are everywhere!

So if we are prepared to say of our own flesh and our own hearts, “HERE the Word has become flesh,” then we have nothing to worry or fear about. We just give witness to that. All we have to be, instead of the Crossroads Cultural Center, change names; don’t call it Crossroads; call it *Hic—Hic Cultural Center*. What do you stand for? We stand for *Hic*! You’ll also have the advantage of confusing people which will give you time to formulate a more serious response—a trick used by Our Lord Himself. When asked difficult questions, He would say, “The problem is that I am from above and you are from below. So shut up.” After that the apostles were afraid to ask Him any more questions.

So really the point I want to make is that the guiding light of all the activities we undertake in terms of subjects, frequency, invited guests—everything, the guiding light to make it really something contemporary and not a response to situations that are past or have not even arrived yet, the guiding reality I recommend is to make present the consequence, the reality of this *hic*, and its consequences. We can measure the usefulness or validity of what we are considering doing or not doing by what contribution it makes to making this *hic* a reality.

And in so doing, SECOND POINT, how do we know that it is really making this *hic*, giving authentic witness to it? I want to go further to say that the mission of the cultural center and all its activities is to give witness to the *hic* of Christ’s victory, of a new way of judging reality; to say that is exactly what we need to say, but is there a hint, is there some kind of evidence that will help me be a little bit more sure that I am giving witness to this *hic*, and that what I have experienced is, in fact, a taste of this *hic* of Christ’s victory? Is there anything that I can appeal to that can serve also, therefore, as a measure for the value of our activities as a cultural center? I would say in answer to that question, that there is, and that is when the *hic* is really experienced, for the first time or for the umpteenth time, its power to attract is stunning; you are shocked, in a pleasant way. We read again and again the manifestation of Jesus’ reality to his disciples even before His death and resurrection. What kind of effect did His Presence have? His look? His gestures? Amazement. Amazement that such a thing is possible. Profound curiosity begins to appear: “Tell me more”...or... “I don’t understand, but this is interesting.”

You see, part of the success of the dominant secularist culture is to try to succeed in hiding how interesting the Christian claim is, how beautiful, but above all, how interesting. And how does it do it? By killing anything that's interesting, by deciding itself what is interesting, by diminishing the reality of interesting, especially in our youth. In the end, nothing really interests you enough to change your life so that you can fix your attention at least to investigate further. The capacity to be interested in anything has to be weakened if it cannot be destroyed (and it cannot, thank God!), but it can be so weakened that nothing is interesting, and this is the way to block the infinite interest-ness associated with the Christian *hic*. So, for example, translated to things we do as a cultural center, we do interesting things, things that express what we have become interested in, and things that we hope or have reason to imagine will be interesting to people we invite.

I remember the first time I came across a cultural center; it was not in Milan where there is a tremendous one, but in Turin. I don't even know if it exists anymore, but it was called Solomon's Portico. You recall Solomon's Portico was where the Jews, apostles included, used to hang around, like in a public square; it was part of the temple. It was where a discussion would take place. You hang around. It was packed with beggars asking for money. We just ran into it this week if you were able to participate in Mass and listen to the reading. It's the cure of this crippled man by Peter (Acts 3). This crippled man was a beggar who used to hang around Solomon's Portico. Well that was the name of this cultural center in Turin, like a public square, although it didn't meet in the public square, but in a real fancy building. But I would be amazed, looking at the program. I remember one in particular in which the invited speaker and the responders were all people in air traffic control. And one of them, the main speaker, was a director of the ATC operations at Malpensa Airport. I am a big aviation freak; I have no problem becoming interested in that. But that Solomon's Portico Catholic cultural center was sponsoring an evening dedicated to air traffic control, I just couldn't imagine. And I asked, "Why are you doing this?" And I got the response quickly, "Because it's interesting." Most people who had come to these things fly around. It's interesting to figure out what your chances are of crashing or of running into another airplane! Because it's interesting. And why should a Catholic cultural center be promoting things just because they are interesting? Because this is our redemption, salvation. This is what Christ has come to do—to revive, to give life to our interest so that we can recognize His victory, and therefore our victory, over those forces that diminish us, that reduce the experience of our dignity, that reduce even the range of our reason and of our desires. The only thing that can break through that shell constructed around our inner selves, our heart, by this culture of death, the only way to break through is with the power of the interesting. That is why for Fr. Giussani, at this point, today, the most important thing to realize and somehow grasp with your own heart, is that Christianity is an event. It is something that happens. It is a *hic* that is fascinatingly interesting that can break through any shell that diminishes our heart. So we look for interesting things. I asked the guys about the air traffic control, yes, but how did they know that this somehow or other leads you to Christ? Why are they just not attending an interesting lecture on air traffic control, period? They said, "Well, we have desks everywhere with *Tracce* [Communion and Liberation's magazine] and we sell the material of our movement. They know who it is who is sponsoring. They know who's behind Solomon's Portico, and everyone will pick up a little thing here, a little thing there from Fr. Giussani." Not all are about air traffic control. There were ones that dealt directly with the cultural problem, with great issues of the day, etc... I remember attending a discussion right before the invasion of Iraq, and the whole dispute was going back and forth. The cultural center was there and had an evening that lasted forever because it was interesting. It was interesting because the life of many of the people there was going to be touched and I was the only American. Suddenly I had to bear the whole burden of explaining how the American feels about the invasion of Iraq. How the hell did I know? Watch CNN or something like that. I don't know. But it was a fascinating lesson. I may not have understood it; the people there may

not have seen right then the link, but it was clear that all this was possible because Christ had rescued my capacity to be interested, above all the capacity to be interested in myself. Because to say that our first interest is in our own destiny, and if that is not there, there is no way we can be interested in anything beyond that. To say that, the accusation, the fear will immediately grow in us that I am being selfish. I should first take care of the needs of other people; I should care first more about other people, and then about me. But you cannot care about anyone else unless you care about yourself. That's where the clash occurs, in the power of the dominant culture to weaken and try to extinguish our interest in ourselves. Christ presents Himself as our redeemer because he rescues, strengthens, safeguards this interest in our destiny. All we need to do is be faithful to that, to express as best we can with our own weaknesses the presence of this reality, and period! The rest is not for us to worry about. But that will be the biggest challenge that this dominant culture will have to face. And we know from the sequence of the Easter day Mass, we know that it has faced it. That it lost the battle. "Death and life were engaged in a fierce battle," says the sequence, "Life won." That's all we have to give witness to, that "life won."

There is this amazing comment by Fr. Giussani that Olivetta yesterday brought to my attention which was a good thing to do because this is what we have to discuss at the Meeting of the House [weekly meeting for the consecrated group of Communion and Liberation, *Memores Domini*], and sometimes it helps to have read in advance what we're discussing! The comment is from a speech given by Fr. Carrón to the Responsibles of Communion and Liberation in Verona, Italy on March 4, 2012. In it there is an extensive quote from Fr. Giussani which is what really interested me and I saw that it immediately applied to what I was going to tell you today. We're going to start with Psalm 46. We are at the American Bible Society, so you must cover yourself totally. You have no idea what Psalm 46 is all about. People in this building are probably people who know what Psalm 46 is. I only remember Psalm 8, "What is man...?" But anyway, why should you remember the numbers because they keep changing! Suddenly there'll be another universal convention of Scripture scholars which is fine in itself because it keeps them off the streets and employed. And you'll have 3 numbers—Psalm 50, 51 and 49. Forget it! Just know them by key words. Well, this Psalm is one of my favorites. Why? Because it is extremely depressing. For a long, long time, verse after verse after verse, it describes the situation of the Psalmist in the most dire, horrible conditions you can imagine—the flood waters reach here, I can't breathe, the earth is shaking out of control, fire is coming out of volcanoes, gigantic fish are appearing eating each other. You figure, what did this man have to drink? Since that is basically the mood in which I find myself most of the time, I love that Psalm. As a good Hispanic, the part I don't like is its happy ending! But anyway, look at Psalm 46 and you can see the condition of this man. Well, in front of his condition there is suddenly a change and he starts singing songs of victory and praising God "because you are my rock, my shelter." There's a whole list, the whole list of protective terms. There's such a dramatic switch between this anguished, almost disappearing into nothingness, and suddenly this strength of life. You wonder, what could have lead to this? What reality? What experience this Psalmist must have had to be able to end his Psalm in such a way!

Fr. Giussani begins his remarks this way: "When in fact the grip of a hostile society tightens around us to the point of threatening the vivacity of our expression and when a cultural and social hegemony tends to penetrate the heart, stirring up our already natural uncertainties...."

Okay, very few words, but very powerful, you must admit. But what I want you to do is compare those words, or what they are talking about, to the first part of Psalm 46. We are not for the moment under the threat of any huge ocean or invasion, not even the tornadoes that are threatening so many other parts of the country, and we can stand and say we're not afraid, but the threat comes from this culture. We're led

by a culture that is trying to kill our capacity to be interested in our destiny and act accordingly. That's a pretty serious threat. And Fr. Giussani, we have just heard, describes it in very few lines. The Psalmist is out of control. Fr. Giussani is very precise: "...when a cultural and social hegemony tends to penetrate the heart," increasing, adding, highlighting, raising the banners of what are "already our natural uncertainties," when that is taking place, when our own destiny, our own self is under attack, is under a deep threat, you know that there is a possibility that you might lose it, or if not lose it totally, lose it enough to not even recover from it, when you see your own children infected by this virus, who are really less and less interested in anything, when you run into the religious nihilism that we talked about last time, in which it was not a removal from God from society that American nihilism is all about, but adding more versions of God so that everything becomes religious, therefore, nothing is important; without any *hic* it's impossible. Anyway, when the situation is like that, suddenly, Fr. Carrón stops there and says, "Before continuing, I would like to know...in front of a similar situation, what would you answer?" Fill in the blanks. Given this description of the dominant culture that surrounds us, how would you fill in the...? When this is the case, what does Fr. Giussani recommend that we do? I want to know if it is like, "Run for your lives!" I mean because it's so negative. When we are in a situation like that Psalmist, where do we find the help that that Psalmist found? What would give consistency and meaning to our lives? When that is the case? What do we do? What does it mean? And then, once again Fr. Giussani stuns us with his answer. When this happens, when this situation is like the one just described, this means "*the time of the person has arrived*,"—the time for the emergence of the beauty, the dignity, the destiny, the reality of the human person. Where does this man get this kind of stuff? You would think it is time to run for you lives! You would think that it is the opposite. It means that what a human person is has been lost—the sense of it. If a situation is like that, no one even knows what a human person is anymore. But this is not what he says. No! He says it means *the time of the person has arrived*. And what is the person? Where does it find its consistency? Its meaning? That which makes it real, cohesive? And Carrón quotes Fr. Giussani again:

What pushes so that the person exists, so that the human subject has vigor in this situation in which everything is ripped from the trunk to make dry leaves of it, is *self-awareness*, a clear and loving perception of self, charged with awareness of one's destiny and thus capable of true affection for self, freed from the instinctive obtuseness of self love. If we lose this identity, nothing is of help to us.

I wish I could learn that by heart. This is the one point, "If we lose this identity, nothing is of help to us." So when Carrón goes back to quote Fr. Giussani, because Giussani says, "It means the time of the human person has arrived," that's how he reads and challenges what we are facing. We are facing a similar situation and we want to learn how Fr. Giussani faced it, and what he answers about it, and it is surprising because he answered instead of being a form of "Get out of there as soon as possible, get protection against yourself, put up walls and live inside..." his answer is a totally unexpected affirmation—this means the time of the human person, the human subject, the time of the "I" has arrived. And Fr. Carrón asks, "What does that mean? What is the human person? Where do we find its consistency? What makes a human person a human person? What makes a human subject a human subject? What are we talking about? And then he gives the answer. And how do we find that reality? Then he gives the continuing stunning and surprising answer: We learn to care about ourselves.

We are reflecting on what has moved us so far, what has been a real success in terms of numbers and of interests, a successful history of the cultural center, a cultural center which has even spread to other places beyond the New York City area, and, as Angelo said, we want to pause for a moment and look at what has moved us, what is moving us now, and should guide us in the future. I propose to you Fr.

Giussani's reply to that is that we be guided by the power of whatever it is that we are considering to do or not to do, that it be a witness to the triumph of Jesus present, alive and that that is the case, that it is Jesus present and alive, can be tested by the effect it has on how interested we are eventually in our own identity, in our own self, in our own destiny, and let that serve as the guiding light.

So I just want to finish it again. What is the person? Because when he says, "It means the time of the person has arrived," look, damn it! People should see this! People should see in what we do and what we say and how we comment on presentations of the people we invite, in whatever it is. At the very least people should be able to say, "These are people who are fascinated."—not in those words, in whatever words they find it, fascinated by the reality of human personhood, by the reality of human subjectivity, by being *someone* and not just *something*. The reality of freedom that makes us *someones* and not just *somethings*. These are people who love that, who get excited about that. This is what it means to raise the banner that says, "The time of the human person has come," and to say it joyfully because we are not afraid, because the battle has been won!

How do we know we are on the path? Not because we don't make mistakes. The problem is not going to be that we make mistakes, it's what guides us, what moves us. The title of this speech is precisely, *The Time of the Person Has Come*. And so Fr. Carrón asks what we would ask, but there's no one to ask upon such a stunning and surprising affirmation of Fr. Giussani's, an affirmation that was accompanied by his witnessing to it, not just his words on an iPad. Fr. Giussani, what is the person? Where is his or her substance? "What pushes so that the person exists, so that the human subject has vigor in this situation in which everything is ripped from the trunk to make dry leaves of it, is *self-awareness*, a clear and loving perception of self, charged with awareness of one's destiny and thus capable of true affection for [the] self, freed from the instinctive obtuseness of self love. If we lose this identity, [then run for your lives! then] nothing is of help to us...nothing is of help to us."



# CROSSROADS

## CULTURAL CENTER

Dominic A. Aquila

April 13, 2012

My good friends and colleagues:

Since the January 2012 New York Encounter, when my dear friend, Angelo Sala, honored me with an invitation to join the Crossroads Advisory Board, my enthusiasm for being with you today has been unbounded. I regret that urgent responsibilities at my University prevent me from being with you today in person. My inability to join the Crossroads gathering is a genuine mortification for me. May the following reflections serve as a meager substitute for my personal presence among you.

It has been my great honor and delight to work with the Houston Crossroads community during the past two years, especially under the guidance of Francesca Guerri and Christina Leyden. During this time I have come to a deep personal understanding of Crossroads' mission and purpose. Through our common experience in planning, presenting and participating in various cultural events, my life and the lives of so many others have been greatly enriched and ennobled.

For me, the primacy and experience of authentic friendship is the indispensable foundation and goal of the activities and programs of Crossroads. This grounding energizes and gives real substance to our mission to evangelize culture through the discovery, celebration, and understanding of beauty and our great desire and respect for the totality of human knowing.

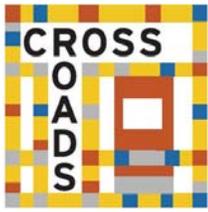
Culture, as Blessed Pope John Paul II taught us, is the arena of human activity and creativity in all its plenitude, ranging across law, the social sciences, the arts, commerce, and the natural sciences. Crossroads' appreciation of human culture in all its variety is a step toward the reintegration of human knowing, and particularly the reintegration of faith and reason. As all of us who see religion as the basis of culture recognize, faith, since the Enlightenment, has become an affair of sentiment and feeling, and devalued if not disparaged as a way of knowing worthy of contributing to public discourse and the common good. This devaluation of faith as a way of knowing (and not reducible to mere feeling) shrinks our humanity. The Crossroads project with its openness to the fullness of reality and eagerness to explore and critically "test everything" is a palpable corrective to prevailing sensibilities that want to limit public discourse to reason reduced to calculation or experiment. As good and important as these modes of reasoning are, they do not provide the means for the fullness of knowledge open to all men and women.

Finally, and by way of return, when I say "palpable corrective" I refer not only to the high quality of Crossroads programming, but I return again to the origin, strong foundation and end of that programming: *friendship*. Emphatically, I want to clear away all thickets of sentimentality and attempts to trivialize the art and practice of friendship. We become friends, as Aristotle taught, to the extent that we take part in an attractive and encompassing end or good. The Ancients

understood that the pursuit of knowledge in its totality, and the appreciation of the limits of what can be known by humans presuppose a community of friends bound together by love (another term that requires detrivialization). My good and beautiful friends in Crossroads have taught me and continue to teach me these ancient lessons while we together engage and try to understand more profoundly our current cultural realities.

In friendship and fraternity,

Dominic



## “THE ENTRYWAY”

Witness by Rachel Oberman

April 12, 2012

As a lifelong New Yorker, I had felt for many years a real lack of opportunity to engage in activities that connect the intellectual with the spiritual. In the midst of the city that has it all, this deficiency was all the more apparent to me through the abundance of every other type of pursuit: cultural and intellectual events galore, parish activities, as well as the programs sponsored by various ecclesial groups. Until I found Crossroads, however, there was little I had found that was truly open to the general public (i.e., that did not give you the awkward feeling that you had crashed a wedding, intruded on any one’s space, or entered into a contract you didn’t remember having signed). I had often listened with envy to the activities that I knew were happening outside of the city (in parishes and Catholic schools, youth ministries) and wondered if my family would find it easier to have an active and engaged faith somewhere outside of the city.

What a joy it has been to find Crossroads! To me, it feels like the answer to many prayers, to a deep yearning not to flee from the city I love, but to find within it a place where faith meets culture. Over the last three years, my husband and I have brought various friends to Crossroads events, some who are committed Catholics, others who are curious seekers of something beyond what they have yet encountered. This is what Crossroads provides for our city, an entry into that beyond for all seekers. I am very grateful to have found the entryway.

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