

## CHAPTER 3

Father Michael had been parish priest in the outskirts of Chicago ever since he was ordained. Years had passed and with the good grace of God, he was at forty years old, going to be elected bishop of the Catholic Church. By God's apparent will he was also going to remain in Chicago and serve on the Cardinal's staff, both plums as he saw it.

He readied himself in front of a full-length mirror. "Must be perfect for this day." he said to himself. Never know if it will ever happen again, he thought. There are only a few bishops, fewer archbishops, and even fewer cardinals.

A good man devoted to the scriptures, and an excellent player of internal politics, Father Michael had many friends in high and low places. His primary interest, however, was The Bible, God's true word, and he had made a good study of it. Few were as well versed in its passages and their various interpretations as he. Indeed, debates even among his own colleagues were often settled by a ruling from him.

It pleased him to realize that so many considered him an expert in this subject. As long as he was able, God's teachings and God's true ways would be defended by him from all imposters, and they would honor God in the time tested traditions of the Church.

He reflected upon his knowledge gained through years of study, and also reflected on the challenges to the Bible's teachings from reformists in his own Church. "They'll never win as long as I hold a breath. The Bible's teachings are God's words and not to be altered by any debate of man. It's plain to see their meaning and I as a true Christian and man of God will defend them, unaltered, until my death."