

I used to be somebody

Now I am somebody else.

Last summer I appropriated that line from *Crazy Heart*, the film that got Jeff Bridges his Oscar. I'd sing it whenever a brother who will go unnamed introduced me to new friends with "He used to write sports for *The Sun*" - as if life had stopped when God took me down another path after more than three decades with a front-row seat at the very best reality television that there is.

I've gone from being a Summer Olympic correspondent and authority on Michael Phelps, the most quantifiable human on the planet, to reporting on matters of faith that defy measurement. Sports took me to Australia, Greece and most of the 50 states, but the best assignment I've ever had came last April, when Deacon Rod Mortel took me to Haiti. There are no corporate sponsors in St. Marc.

As Managing Editor of *The Catholic Review*, I'm the oldest person in our newsroom. I began to learn about newspaper deadlines in 1967, when I was delivering *The News American* to 90 homes in our Brooklyn Park neighborhood. I went to St. Rose of Lima School in Brooklyn, where Bishop T. Austin Murphy was pastor and our secular heroes were John Unitas and Brooks Robinson, who made one Holy Name Society breakfast the year's must-get ticket. Their images grace the home page.

If you remember who broke the news that President Kennedy had been shot - Mrs. Frome, third grade - you'll better appreciate this blog's perspective.