



Boston Catholic Journal



NIHIL NISI IESUM

Dedicated to Mary, Mother of God

Salus Animarum Suprema Lex Esto (Canon Law 175)

The Salvation of Souls is the Supreme Law in the Church

NOT Listening...

No Longer Listening ... *Why Did it Take This Long?*

Since Francis fell into manifest heresy long ago, I no longer entertain anything that he says with the least bit of interest — simply because it has become, not merely stultifying and tiresome, but routinely an affront to reason itself. I am no longer listening.

Why did it take this long? I am without excuse.

Emancipation

Bergoglio's inability to present even his shallow theological novelties in terms rationally compelling (were that even *possible*) rather than relying on meaningless emotional pathos and fatuous appeals to artificial abstractions ... and failing that, (and most often) on brute and often uncouth force ... no longer perplex me, or trouble me. I have come to a point of blithe discourtesy concerning Bergoglio, because nothing less will compel me to be absolutely blunt ... and I feel that I *must*

be blunt to explain my sudden emancipation from my remotest concern for anything Bergoglio has to say or could possibly say. It is, in a word, drivel.

All of it.

I will come to the point: Jorge is a thug posing as a dilettante. Age is no excuse for the malice he has for Catholics who embrace a Faith that he has long lost or never had. In this sense, Jorge is an imposter. Whatever terms you apply to him, none of them are good. He is sanctimonious and utterly disingenuous: the vulgar and arrogant persona encountered by those unfortunate enough to be subjected to his presence behind closed doors in Sancta Martha could not be farther from the contrived and unctuous personality encountered by public — this is well known — and because his agenda coincides with that of the secular world, the media slavers and lavishes him with praise. They know he is one of them.

But he is *not* one of us.

The Monster and Momus ... or the Monster Momus?

Francis, in a word, is a monster. And as we all know from the movies, even the greatest monsters die in the end. Whether or not, like many a monster, he perishes in the *ignem aeternum* of St. Matthew 18.8, is not, of course, ours to know and in charity we must pray against it. But given his own contemptuous funeral arrangements calculated to mock every pope before him, perhaps Jorge's best cognomen would be "the Mocker" ... of everything good, true, beautiful, and holy. Within that pantheon of pagan gods that he daily recognizes and prays to, we must now find the demigod Momus, the Mocker, who has ever been a thorn in the heart of Rome and now sits as a travesty in the seat of Saint Peter.

Geoffrey K. Mondello
Editor
Boston Catholic Journal

(This article was revised on April 13, 2025 Palm Sunday)



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