



Boston Catholic Journal

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The Empty Vestibule

Song of the Servant

PART II

DIVINE REPROACHES

"My child, my little one ... you ask, "*Who are the blind, and who are the seeing.*"

The blind walk as the blind.

It is the *seeing* who walk as those blind who are so much in need – no, do not be hasty, my child – not of your judgment, for judgment is mine alone, I see in truth for I behold the heart; you see much in error, for you grasp appearances only, and are so easily

deceived – no, little one, do not judge, pray!"

I will do as you ask, Lord ... but who are they of whom you speak; those whom you say *see*, yet walk as blind men?

"Will you stay with me one hour?"

You know all things, Lord. You know that I love you. You know I will stay.

"There is much blindness in the world, and not all are equally blind. Many, *so many*, have learned blindness, some have become blind because they are weary, some have lost faith. Those who have *learned* have been taught, and those who teach have taught through example. It is *they* who have taught the seeing to walk as the blind, and they are two: *parents* and, so very grievously ... *my priests*.

By their *example* have many been led astray; they are become blind even as they believe themselves to see. For all their words, and their Profession of Faith, it is by their *behavior* that they teach, it is from their behavior that blindness is learned. They are become a contradiction and do not realize how clearly this is observed, for in enacting this contradiction, they teach blindness to it. It is the blindness that denies on the one hand what it affirms on the other.

Their *faith* affirms my Real Presence, and so they teach with their tongue; but their *actions* deny what they affirm; professing the real, they are indifferent to it, or perfunctory before it. It is encroaching blindness; the darkness is not complete, but they are indifferent to the diminishing light. It is the twilight of disbelief."

My head is not very good at this, Lord. Be plainer with me still. But first, my God, may I tell you what troubles me most ... hurts me the most?

Is not My ear ever inclined unto you?



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