THE REPULSIVENESS OF SIN AND THE BLIND MAN'S CRY

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[...] hat He would be scourged, that they would mock Him, spit on Him, kill Him, then despite the fact that we have so many times already in our lives experienced and meditated on these most holy mysteries of our faith, that so many Great Lents and Good Fridays are already behind us, that so many times we have walked after Christ the Lord on the Way of the Cross, so many times we have sung the Gorzkie Żale, meditating on His so brutal, bloody Passion, the Evangelist Luke could just as well write of us too: "And they understood none of these things." We Catholics, who have lived two thousand years since the moment when the Word became flesh, since the second Person of the Most Holy Trinity took on our human nature in order to save us.

Dear faithful, we must strive with all our strength to make this Lent, which we shall begin in just a moment, truly great in our lives. Let it not be another forty wasted days. Another Lent ticked off, which will change nothing in our lives, which will be great only in name; another Lent after which, just as before it and after it, we will be able to say with confidence that we understand nothing of all this.

Dear faithful, Christ the Lord became man, took on our human nature in order to offer Himself up as a sacrifice to the Eternal Father. He, the spotless Lamb, died not for His own sins but for my sins and yours. He shed His most precious Blood in order to pay off the debt which we have incurred toward God's justice. A debt which none of us human beings could ever have paid, because no man, not even the most devout, the most holy, would have been able to fill in the chasm that opened between Almighty God and us men as a result of original sin, committed by our first parents, Adam and Eve.

ADAM AND EVE

Original sin, actual sin. We often pass by these theological concepts with indifference, and behind them lies a real drama. The drama of man who spits on his Creator. The drama of man who tears down the very order written into his heart. And when we are about to begin this Lent, in just a moment, any moment now, we need to remind ourselves, to realize, what a repulsive thing sin is. Every sin. Whether it is the sin of our first parents, original sin, which passes to the whole offspring of Adam, or each of our own actual sins.

And note that we Catholics, those who do not understand why Christ the Lord suffered so cruel a Passion, we too trivialize the drama of Adam and Eve for ourselves. What took place at the dawn of the history of the human race in the garden of paradise. For that is how we have learned to ridicule or to make light of those events: some little tree, an apple tree, and here is Eve chatting with a serpent, picking, feeling like having a little apple, treating Adam to it.

My dear brethren, it is not that God was some jealous gardener who forbade Adam and Eve to eat the fruit of some exceptional variety of apple tree. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which stood in paradise, and from whose fruit God Himself forbade our first parents to eat, signifies, my dear brethren, God's prerogative, God's right to determine what is good and what is evil. Only the Creator can give His creature the moral law. And note, when Satan, hidden in the form of a serpent, tempts Eve, he says to her: "Taste the fruit of this tree, and you will be as gods." Man who usurps God's prerogatives. Man who dethrones God in order to take His place. Man who received everything from God, for Adam and Eve did not have to labor by the sweat of their brow to get bread, did not have to worry about anything, experienced no sicknesses or sufferings, lived in a state of natural happiness. They had, so to speak [?], everything served up on a platter. And despite this, despite this divine goodness, they decided to rebel against God. To dethrone Him. To rob Him of what was due to Him: the first and foremost place. Humanly speaking, we would say: what baseness and ingratitude.

And as soon as we realize this drama that played out in paradise, we will no longer take pleasure in jokes about the little apple. But, my dear brethren, what is more: we ourselves, I and you, so often become imitators of our rebellious first parents, and consequently imitators of Lucifer himself. For every sin of ours, smaller or greater, to a lesser, to the greatest degree [?], is a repetition of that demonic cry: *non serviam*. I will not serve you, God, for I know better. For what I desire is better than what you want for me. For I myself will decide what to do in my life, what is good and what is evil. And I have no need of you. Get out of my sight and stop interfering. And how many times has God heard just such words from human lips? Words full of contempt, hatred, disdain.

SPIRITUALLY MAIMED

And as soon as we realize, my dear brethren, what a repulsive thing sin is, that is, spitting in the face of our greatest benefactor, when we realize how great is the love of Christ the Lord, who decided to die for us on the cross, for my sins and yours, then there is nothing left for us to do but to fall on our knees and implore God's mercy, to cry out: "Jesus, have mercy on me," exactly like that wretched blind man described in today's Gospel.

And so often, my dear brethren, we think to ourselves what a misfortune it is to be blind. The thought of bodily disability terrifies us, and yet we maim ourselves spiritually. We become the torturers of our own soul, which we make blind to the light of God's grace. Whenever we commit a mortal sin and lose sanctifying grace, we put out the flame of God's life in our soul. We drive God Himself out of our heart, and in His place we invite the Prince of Darkness. Pardon me.

And, my dear brethren, note the passage of today's Gospel which we may so often fail to notice. Perhaps never in your life have you paid attention to these words. And perhaps it is time, high time, for us to notice these words now, in these strange circumstances in which we have been given to live. When that wretched blind man cries out, begs Christ the Lord passing by [?], then, as we read in the Gospel of Luke, "those who went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace." Who rebuked this blind man? Those who walked beside Christ the Lord. Those base, Jewish creatures, Pharisaical, false, perfidious, who on the one hand pretended to be friends of Christ the Lord, interested in His teaching, and on the other hand these base, perverse people did everything they could to deprive the unfortunate of God's grace.

And this should be a warning for us, my dear brethren. For if this happened two thousand years ago, why should it not happen in our times? If two thousand years ago those who were right beside Christ the Lord, who had God Himself within arm's reach, who pretended to be His friends, and were dyed foxes, wolves in sheep's clothing, then surely those same traitors, Judases, the spiritual sons of Judas, live in our times too. And just as they wanted then to rob the wretched of God's grace, so they try to do the same today. They rebuke, they admonish us to keep quiet. We experience this very often. Believers, supposedly, but as soon as they hear of sin, hell, conversion, they turn into wild beasts: "And what are you going to preach to me? Leave it be. God loves everyone. We should be more open, tolerant."

These are exactly, my dear brethren, the descendants of those who then accompanied Christ. The Judases of today. Today's hierarchs, priests, bishops who, instead of calling out, summoning people to repentance, to conversion, instead of leading these spiritual blind men to Christ the Lord, that they might see, want to silence them. They tell us that everything is in order, that nothing bad is happening. And so many, my dear brethren, Catholics, priests, bishops have today become mute, because they listened to precisely these Judases of today, of our time.

THE BLIND MAN'S CRY

Dear faithful, aware of our frailty, of how much we owe to God, how much good He has done us, despite the fact that we spat on the hand that fed us and kept us in existence, aware of how difficult are the times we have been given to live in, times full of traitors, false prophets, dyed foxes, we must fall on our knees and, after the example of this blind man, cry out: "Jesus, have mercy on us." And let us not, my dear brethren, let ourselves be drowned out by those various know-it-alls who want to instruct us that we

must be gentle, polite, quiet. Let us not let ourselves be drowned out, for we have no other rescue than to cry out on our knees and implore God's mercy, for the punishment that is approaching is already unavoidable. But we must beg that these days of confusion and suffering be shortened. We must beg for mercy for ourselves and for our nearest and dearest, that this most precious Blood which Christ the Lord shed for us on the cross not be in vain. That it not be trampled underfoot by us. By our loved ones. By those who call themselves Catholics, and who have joined today that satanic, demonic chorus which rebukes and admonishes us not to seek rescue from God, but offers some human pseudo-solutions.

And, my dear brethren, in just a moment, in these catacombs of ours, we will find ourselves in exactly the situation in which, two thousand years ago, that poor blind man found himself, sitting somewhere by the road leading to Jericho, by whom Christ the Lord was passing. For in just a moment Christ will be right beside us. When we behold our Lord, His most precious Body, that same Body which once was among us and walked the Holy Land, then let us turn to Him from the depths of our hearts with this cry: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." And Christ the Lord will surely not remain indifferent to the voice of our cry. The Judeo-Masonic media, the propaganda, will not drown Him out. The post-conciliar hierarchy will not drown Him out, nor the fairy tales about a Church straight out of Hollywood, in which everything is nice, warm, cuddly, pleasant, in which everyone pats everyone on the back and tells him how wonderful he is. This has nothing to do, my dear brethren, with the true love of which we heard today in the Epistle of Saint Paul the Apostle [?]. It is a false love. A love straight out of hell.

So let us cry out, my dear brethren, from the depths of our hearts for God's mercy. And Christ the Lord will surely, at the sight of this sincere, childlike cry of ours, turn to each of us with the question with which, two thousand years ago, He turned to the blind man at the gates of Jericho: "What do you want me to do for you?" "Lord, that I may see." "Receive your sight. Your faith has made you whole."

Amen.