

Christ the King Abbey

(Traditional Benedictines)

(Formerly St Francis of Assisi Chapel)

www.ChristTheKingAbbey.org

Cullman, Alabama

Every Sunday: 6:00 AM and 10:00 AM

Daily: 6:00 AM

Holy Days of Obligation:

6:00 AM - 8:00 AM - 7:00 PM

Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel

Montgomery, Alabama

10:45 AM

Only on first Sunday

of each month

St Pius V Chapel

Birmingham, Alabama

9:30 AM

Every Sunday except
first Sunday of each month

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

Weekly Bulletin #1003

August 26, 2007 – Green

Mass of Sunday; Gl; Cr; Pref. Holy Trinity

LOVE'S FOLLY

Our life here below on this earth is given to us – moment by moment – to forge with God's help, link by link, a bond of love which is stronger than death! Whatever else we may accomplish in the here and now, whatever may come into our possession here below, will either rot together with us in the grave or else will be burned away in the crucible of Purgatory. THE ONLY THING THAT LASTS – THE ONLY THING THAT IS OF ANY ACCOUNT WHATSOEVER – IS LOVE! NOTHING ELSE MATTERS! Like it or not, believe it or not, God commands love. He seeks love. He seeks after love even unto folly. Does not His death and burial prove this one point? His love for us, His creatures, is as immense as He is, and every day He continuously works to prove that love.

But we, what is our estimation of this we here speak of? Do we not on our part look upon it as medieval ignorance? What evidence is there showing a favorable response to the Divine pleading on our part? “Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.” There are times, perhaps, when we show some feeble indication of a willingness to love Him, but it is always with certain reserves. We hold back, always afraid to turn loose altogether. God seems not to be quite enough for us. Somehow we want more, something that we can have and hold in our hands, for the feeling of having and holding seems rather fulfilling. The love of God, it is good, but it is so abstract, and even “illusive,” and therefore seems not quite so fulfilling. We understand that God pursues us and that He wants our love, but there is a fear in us that when we have God as He wishes we can have nothing else. The poet Francis Thompson has written:

“Yet was I sore adread,
Lest, having Him,
I must have naught besides!”

We are afraid to let go of what we think we own or of what we think we are going to own in the future, or of what we think we are in the scheme of things. But God speaks of LOVE – love for Him. What, we ask, does an abstraction such as “love of God” – love of an unknown God – have to do with the owning of this or that which we can see and feel and hoard and accumulate and put in a box and store for safe-keeping? So we turn away from such words as, “with thy whole heart and thy whole mind ...” and let the sound of these terrible words be drowned out by the intoxications and compulsions of pleasure and recreation and wealth and anything else that is available to those who bond to all such with a bond that at times is indeed stronger than death, even stronger than hell itself. We hurry from one thing to another in a frenzy of activity and determination; we search unceasingly, we exhaust our ingenuity in devising new ways to build “larger barns” in which to store our things; we search the world over to discover new and better amusements to capture our jaded fancies; we tell ourselves that it is not wrong, that it is only making use of commonsense to live out the life of reality found in our real world. We employ every device imaginable to prove the justification of a life of make-believe, a life that seeks to lose itself in the wrong kind of “pleasures” and books and movies and ideas and companions.

Sad to say, as we plunge deeper and deeper into the mire of seeking after self-satisfaction and self-fulfillment we find ourselves getting father and farther away from even the slightest bit of peace and serenity of mind. Our hearts were made for God, and they cannot rest until they rest in Him. Nothing other than God Himself can extend rest to us. Furthermore we are never alone when we seek out the companionship of God. We are never more desperately alone than when we seek out a way of life that has been constructed out of the flimsy tinsel of make-believe! We have to come to a clear and reasonable definition of make-believe. There is a difference between good and innocent make-believe and the false but thoroughly mind-forming make-believe that builds castles, and even life itself, on sand. Too many people do not know exactly where to draw the line between these two persuasions. Rather, they do not draw a line at all between them and they soon find themselves out of touch with anything that resembles reality. To the worldly minded, the only reality is the world itself and everything that belongs to the world. To the worldly minded, the existence of a Divine Being, a Divine Creator to Whom every creature owes responsibility, is unthinkable. *(Continued on page two)*