

SULLA CHIESA ON CHURCH

The Church in time.
what does the Church mean in time?
of what time do we speak?

Man's time,
one man's time,
an individual's time,
humankind's time?

or do we speak of that time that is the echo, reflection,
projection of non-time?

the Church in the time of man:
this is the point that concerns us,
that interests us.

the Church
such a power-yoked institution,
so clinging to wealth,
to the economy, to the exhibition of opulence.

the Church that claims to be the only truth given,
the only truth illuminated and inspired,
and revealed to man by God,

the Church should know well
difficult moments
moments of doubt
moments of reunion
with its original state,
with its origins at the moment of its beginnings,
its beginning with the coming of Christ,
who had to leave a trace of himself for mankind,

a clear, precise, path of communion between men
of entreaty, not to powerful purple,
but of entreaty to progress of love, of friendship,
of solidarity, of support and mutual agreement.

the Church must go back and reflect,
voluntarily, involuntarily,
spontaneously or compelled,
on what was the peak of its origins on earth
as a movement of souls,
as a movement of hope,
as a movement of teaching,

as a movement of light.

the Church in time has greatly distanced itself
from that faith
from that will, from that hope
that moved bodies, feet,
souls, thoughts, hopes.

the Church in time has come to claim the right
as the holder of the only truth.

but of what single truth can we speak
if God manifests himself in multitudes?
the Church distanced itself from God
when it started to presume it held,
it possessed the single truth.

it confused the single with the absolute.
it brought the circumscribed absolute into its single one:
single thought,
single right,
single imposition,
single setting,
single mastery of body and soul,
of power and of people,

it confused the absolute with its single one.

absolute is absolute
in as much as it contains within all manifestations
imaginable and unimaginable,
containable and uncontainable
of the hearts and minds of man.

so how, then, can the Church
presume to possess the only truth
when only the single "one absolute" exists,
which contains within the being known
and unknown by man,
visible and invisible,
within and outside of time.

the Church must, the Church will
look at itself
and bring back life-giving sap to the people
only if it shakes off its sumptuous garments
and once again wears the garb of humility,

the Franciscan robes with that message of love
that needs no power,
needs no arms,
needs no power-politics diplomacy,
to enter people's hearts.

the Church
itself a single movement
branched into many forms
in many streams,

the Church
a united essence in its power
spread like a spider
spread like leprosy
spread like suffocating magma
that stifles the breath of life,

the Church
united in its power
towards the world,
but divided in its power
inside its very self,
it must and it will look at itself and mend its ways
only if it puts on humble clothes.

and man... and the individual...
and he who hopes and he who asks
and he who needs:
how, where, can he turn
his hopeful face,
his pain-wracked face,
his needful face?

where, how can he find support,
help, brotherhood if the pulpit,
the greatest pulpit,
where all humanity's needs and wants,
massed together
inside the Catholic Church,
point, watch, are placed in the vision,
in the observance of that powerhouse
that the Church loves to express itself as,
that the Church decides to express itself as:
centre of power, centre of potency,

how can this powerhouse,

in such splendid raiment,
stoop to hear and welcome
the humble citizen, the humble beggar,
the humble old man, the humble child,
the humble mother, the humble nun,
the humble priest who
within this gathering,
see, feel their own need of solidarity?
and who see and feel
the missing answer
to their own screaming needs of solidarity.

how can the Church,
we imagine,
hear
the hungry's need for food,
the need to drink of those who thirst,
the need for medicine of those
many who are sick and abandoned?

how can the need of the Church
go beyond the limits of temporal continuation
to best express,
according to its criteria, principles and parameters,
that which can be the exercising
of a temporal political power?

how can the Church give comfort to the spirit?
how can man still see spiritual comfort
within the Church?

this is the miracle spoken of by Christ:
"My words will pass into time,
into the world, in days; they will pass into each of you
never fearing the end of time".

these words of Christ
still come back to us today,
are still proposed to us today,
are still communicated to us today,
although the soul is not coherent,
although the spirit is non-existent,
although will is something other
than what these words originally meant.

but what counts is that Christ is present.
what counts, what makes the no-longer-young young again,
is that in the soul of the pure

the word of Christ comes to be seen,
as a regenerating truth,
as the truth of hope,
completely detached from the darkness of the prelates
whose claim to be holders
of the single truth
is their pretext for
the arrogance of power.

the word of Christ is inscribed in them
as in a stinking book.

the word of Christ is written in them
as in a rotten book.

but while the means is rotten,
while the means
doesn't work properly,
nevertheless it contains the word of Christ.

that's why many people,
many souls
gather around the Catholic Church.

it seems the Church sustains
their hope,
sustains their needs.

it seems the Catholic Church is
an engine of help, an engine of support,
an engine of souls' progress.

the Catholic Church is only
a perfectible means and thus imperfect;
but nevertheless is a means of communication,
it is a means of gathering,
it is a means of communion,
despite seeing little
or hearing little, of what it claims to bear.

it is clear, from this serious reflection.
that man, to find the truth within himself,
to find faith within himself,
must count little on external support.

external support that,
however grand it would like to appear,

is very small.

external support is that scrap
of manifestation, of materialization,
that man uses
for his temporal continuum of the search
for life after life,
for incarnation after incarnation.

this Church so opulent,
so presumptuous and all-knowing,
that it claims to be the light,
that it claims to be the beacon of humanity,
is only that tiny scrap
at the service of man's soul
who avails himself of the visible part
to proceed along his spiritual path,
his quest for knowledge,
his quest to overcome time
in which man experiences the duality.

duality contained
in every expression of being
in which man is involved.

so, if we want to see the Church
as the only beacon of humanity,
it can illuminate very little for us: it is a spent flame.

if we want to see the church
as a small segment,
albeit deluded by grandeur,
we have to recognise
its role as a small segment:
because, via this small, visible segment
people gather,
thoughts unite
bodies come together
intentions unify.

here's when the good word,
that of Christ which passes
beyond time through time,
is given.

man's path
is not marked out in a single way.
man's path has different streams,

it sees different formative experiences
of great learning value.

man's path must be to know
every form of divine expression
and, sadly,
each form of divine repression.

man's path must be forged
in the fires of difficulty,
of impositions, of presumed truths.

man, as a unique species,
must find himself in his truth,
must find himself in his diversity,
must find himself in his uniqueness,
to be able to give
in accordance with the laws of love
in accordance with that will to unify,
to be able to give in full awareness of the spirit
to that union
to that turning
to that globalisation
of all that seems a separate life
in everything that is the reality of existence.