

NOT TO BE A SAINT

Not to be a saint – that is the greatest tragedy that can befall a Catholic. And yet behold our days and our times! How many of us today seek sanctity?

Why, we are almost ashamed to speak of it, let alone try to achieve it. Somehow along the road of centuries we have lost sight of our final goal, and have become busy about “many things,” none of which has to do with sanctity.

Somewhere, somehow, too, we have confused sanctity with drabness, suppressions, quirks, fixations, something unhealthy that does not belong to this century of science, fresh air, sun bathing, and worship of bodily beauty, comforts, and health.

Yet sanctity is so simple – as all things pertaining to God must be. For simplicity is the essence of love – and *sanctity is but love, lived fully, utterly, completely.*

Nor is there anything “sissified” about sanctity – or anything gloomy either. Saints can’t be sad, for saints are lovers of Love, and hence full of joy, of laughter, of gaiety. Theirs is a life of such adventure that it out adventures all the greatest adventures of sinful men. Their lives are rooted in God – and anyone who makes his or her life a constant date with Christ, lives a glorious adventure that spans earth and heaven.

That we may serve Him without fear, in holiness and in justice all our days – that is *sanctity*. Saints have no fears. How could they have? Their hearts are rooted in His Sacred Heart. They are reflections of His infinite love. They know the quality of His mercy, and so walk in hope, in love, in faith. All things come together for them, and of all they make use, to prove that love for Him which burns in their hearts like an all-consuming fire.

We were created to be saints, to enjoy the Beatific Vision. To enter into heaven, *we must be saints*; whether now, or later through much suffering and pain in purgatory. Why delay? Why not start now?

Sanctity does not imply only fasting, only penance. It does mean *much loving*. That is what we have been created for, to love – to love our neighbor and, through him, God.

Loving is fun. Loving is joy. Loving is peace. Loving means serving. Loving means forgetting self for others. Learn how to love, and all the rest will be added unto you.

We need *saints* today. If St. Francis of Assisi had an atomic bomb, would anyone worry about it? No. Because, being a saint, he loved much, and where love is there cannot be fear or evil.

We are almost beside ourselves with fears about A-bombs, H- bombs, Communism, cold and hot wars. Our heads cannot rest anywhere, nor our hearts, nor our souls. Vainly we seek answers – in armaments, in treaties, in tightening laws – knowing, even while we do all this, that we are shadowboxing because there is nothing we can do to prevent annihilation from the weapons our own brains have invented.

Nothing can save us except sanctity. What we need today is saints. Hundreds – thousands – millions of saints. All fears vanish like mist in the sun – before saints – before men and women in love with God.

Ah, we do need *saints* today! We need understanding, too, to realize that the greatest tragedy that can befall us is not to be saints.