

How much I must criticise you my Church, and yet how much I love you

You have made me suffer more than anyone, yet I owe more to you than anyone

I should like to see you destroyed and yet I need your presence

You have given me much scandal and yet you alone have made me understand holiness

Never in this world have I seen anything more compromised, more false, and yet I have never touched anything more pure, more generous or more beautiful

Countless times I have felt like slamming the door of my soul in your face, and yet every night I have prayed that I might die in your arms

No I cannot be free of you, for I am one with you, even if not completely you

Then too where would I go?

To build another church?

But I could not build one without the same defects, for they are my defects

And again, if I were to build another church it would be my church, not Christ's church

No, I am old enough. I know better

[This was printed in an article by Fr R Rolheiser in Cath Herald - Feb 5th 2010]