

False God

By Patricia Taylor Edmisten

You are resplendent in your gold and white chasuble, in early Christian times, the garb of the ordinary man.

You are young, chaste, your body trim, your black hair cut to please a fifties mother.

You are a proper priest, not a Berrigen type, spilling blood on mock warheads,

Not a Bourgeois type, arrested for protesting wars and the School of the Americas, where one could major in torture.

Maybe you are a Ratzinger type, keeper of the Doctrine against all onslaught.

You told us at Mass last Sunday that the Church would never be politically correct, that the Church had Jesus and the Magisterium to shield it from homosexuals and women who seek ordination.

“Magisterium,” a Latin word referring to episcopal authority embodied in the bishops under the Bishop of Rome, not one of them a woman because women have genitals that were riven from conception.

Yet the false god that opened priesthood to men caused some to abuse young boys.

Strange that God’s will is reduced to a tiny roll of flesh that during gestation emerges from the first-formed female parts, signaled by a Y chromosome. God is in the details. Adam from Eve?

Back to you, father. You are too young and proud to be so self-assured. Or perhaps it is I who am proud, the only woman in church who won’t look at you while you proclaim my thoughts heretical.

Come with me young priest. Come with me to the *pueblos jóvenes* of Lima, to the *ranchos* of Caracas, to the *favelas* of Rio, to the raping fields of Rwanda, and the Democratic Republic of Congo.

Come and see the young girls and mothers whose sacred parts have been battered and mutilated by the false god. Incontinent and unclean, they can’t return to their villages.

Repentant, the men who committed these atrocities, could become priests. Forgiving, these mutilated women, never.

Enter this reed hut and see the mother who goes hungry because she divides her portion among the many frail children.

Hear the screams of mothers who give birth, squatting alone in fields; Look at their dry breasts and the fly-encrusted eyes of their lethargic babies.

These women are priests. Amen.