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## REFLECTIONS ON SOME ECCLESIAL ASPECTS OF LATE TWENTIETH-CENTURY CATHOLICISM

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## **Abstract**

It's because God is doing a new thing in the church that priests are scared as candles in a breeze. For years they kept the Holy Spirit boxed up in a Sacrament with the lid locked on lapses of liturgies and canons with a perspex side for viewing. He was not allowed to move. But now he's out! With power!! Power!!!

## A.K. Whitehead

### REFLECTIONS ON SOME ECCLESIAL ASPECTS OF LATE TWENTIETH-CENTURY CATHOLICISM

It's because God is doing a new thing in the church  
that priests are scared as candles in a breeze.  
For years they kept the Holy Spirit boxed up in a Sacrament  
with the lid locked on lapses of liturgies and canons  
with a perspex side for viewing.  
He was not allowed to move.  
But now he's out!  
With power!!  
Power!!!  
Power to the plebs who never had any.  
Power to the inert  
who were left to sit and twiddle.  
Power to the multitude.  
Power to the kids who've been left a kingdom.

The priests are scared as incense in a thurible.  
The Spirit's out  
and winding all the clockwork dolls.  
The serfs are moving.  
Moving.  
Moving in the power of the Spirit.  
They can hardly move except to speak in tongues,  
(not Latin)  
or heal or prophesy or work a miracle or two  
or preach and teach or discern a few  
evil spirits – the priests can't script for that!

The priests are scared as vestments in a washer.  
The Father used to be a fuzzy-faced old man  
in faded paintings from the past.  
Now he's Abba.  
Jesus used to be just someone's name.  
Now he's someone with just a name.  
The Holy Spirit used to be abstraction.  
Now the people know him as the one  
standing at their side.

The priests are scared as ostriches at feather farms.  
 The people are no longer sat.  
 They're jumping up

and down

hands in the air.

They are not scripted.

They are not choreographed.

They are spontaneous

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like the wind that whips the wrappers  
 over wastelands,  
 the wrappers from used boxes,  
 empty boxes,  
 discarded.

The priests are scared as lovers in a quarrel.  
 Scared to lose the love and adulation  
 of those like themselves.  
 Scared of those with blazing hearts  
 dropping on the parish like incendiaries.

Fire!

Blown by Wind of Transformation,  
 transfiguring,  
 scaringly  
 and invigoratingly new.

Not destructive:  
 new and renewing.

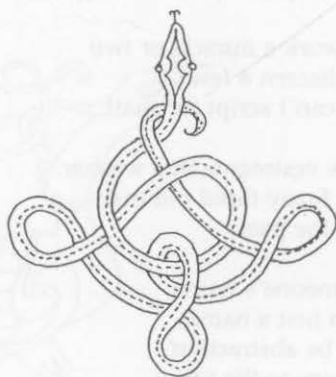


Illustration: Jeanne Jeffares