

The prevailing modernity

A translation of <https://campanitasdefe.com/2020/04/04/la-modernidad-imperante/>

Summary. Amid the coronavirus pandemic, this little bell presents a summary of what is taking place in these **modern times** to continue inviting to **repentance**, so that we may remain awake and attentive to do **God's** will. The related songs "**Como si nada**" ('**As if nothing mattered**') and "**Hombre moderno**" ('**Oh modern man**'), sung by me a cappella in Spanish, may be heard in order, [here](#), and [here](#). The songs may also be heard and visualized in YouTube files at the end of the text.

The blog [Presentation](#) provides information about the purpose of these little bells and the blog [Organization](#) shows how the entries are grouped by categories. This entry belongs to the category "**Undesired modernities.**"

We are experiencing in these days an unprecedented event that is affecting all corners of the earth. Thus, finding ourselves proverbially "**in the same boat**," we have all been summoned by **Pope Francis** to "**awaken**" **Jesus** so that **He** may calm the force of the **storm** — the **pandemic** — so that we may not perish (Mt 8:23—27). Indeed, there is no other solution, and we must turn to **Him**, taking hold also of **His** hand, to endure the tempest with **faith** and **without fear** (Mt 14:22—33).

As **Holy Week** is soon to begin, thereby bringing **Lent** to its conclusion, it is perhaps fitting to reflect upon another event in the **Word of God**, in which the roles of those who are **awake** and the one who **sleeps** are reversed, as occurred on **Holy Thursday** before the **Passion of the Lord**, and as recalled in the **First Sorrowful Mystery** of the **Holy Rosary**, as narrated in the **Gospel according to Saint Matthew**:

*"Then **Jesus** came with them to a place called **Gethsemane**, and he said to **His disciples**, '**Sit here while I go over there and pray.**' **He** took along **Peter** and the two sons of **Zebedee** and began to feel **sorrow** and **distress**. Then **He** said to them, '**My soul is sorrowful even to death. Remain here and keep watch with me.**' **He** advanced a little and fell prostrate in prayer, saying, '**My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; yet, not as I will, but as you will.**' When **He** returned to **His disciples**, **He** found them **asleep**. **He** said to **Peter**, '**So you could not keep watch with me for one hour? ...***

... *Watch and pray that you may not undergo the test the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.*’ Withdrawing a *second time*, He prayed again, ‘*My Father, if it is not possible that this cup pass without my drinking it, your will be done!*’ Then he returned once more and found them *asleep*, for they could not keep their eyes open. He left them and withdrew again and prayed for a *third time*, saying the same thing again. Then He returned to His disciples and said to them, ‘*Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? Behold, the hour is at hand when the Son of Man is to be handed over to sinners. Get up, let’s go. Look, my betrayer is at hand.*’ ” (Mt 26:36—46).

Is Our Lord *asleep* in these dark and unforeseen days, or are we — His disciples and non-disciples alike — the ones who are truly *asleep*? Does He feel *sorrow* and *anguish* today over His imminent sacrifice for humanity, or perhaps does He harbor such feelings for us, in view of our inability to *watch and pray* with Him?

Although some — may I be among them — awaken from the common sleep at the “*third call*,” *repenting* of their *sins* and ready for their personal passion, it is undeniable that the *modern world* (or *post-modern*, as experts call it) largely remains *asleep*. If we compare what has been revealed to us in the ancient *Word* with the “*normality*” to which many wish to return once the lethal virus disappears, we can conclude that not all are navigating in the same boat with Jesus. On the contrary, countless people lack His *sustenance* and *guidance*, as illustrated by the very incomplete decalogue below.

Does Jesus *sleep and not feel sorrow* at the pandemic of *children discarded* from their mothers’ wombs, who are thereby denied going to Him (Mt 19:14)? Some forty to fifty million little ones per year, which add in three years more deaths than all the world wars combined?

Does He *sleep and not feel anguish* at the immense *economic inequalities* on earth, communally nurtured by the *ruler of this world* (Jn 16:11)? Disparities that concentrate wealth in a few hands and nations and that leave many mired in *genuine poverty* and famine?

Does Jesus *sleep and not feel sorrow* at the *anxious speed* of *modern life*, beyond the ordinary daily routine (Mt 6:25—34)? The anxiety that leaves many without time even to consider helping *the neediest*, including the elderly?

Does **He** *sleep and not feel anguish* at the widespread *immorality* and *impurity*, punctuated by sexual scandals everywhere (Mk 7:20—23)? Including those that *should never occur* in the very **Church He** founded?

Does **Jesus** *sleep and not feel sorrow* at the “*pride*” of those who engage in relations *against nature* (1 Cor 6:19)? Those who, with the support of many governments, have claimed the rainbow of a divine covenant for themselves?

Does **He** *sleep and not feel anguish* at the *systems* that seek *power* in the world, which, employing *corruption*, *lies*, and even *hatred*, call evil good and good evil, inciting *violence* (Is 5:20)?

Does **Jesus** *sleep and not feel sorrow* at seemingly “*uniting*” statements that turn out to be clearly *apostate*, suggesting that every path leads to heaven, thereby denying the necessity of His *sacrifice* for our *eternal salvation* (Acts 4:12)? And also other statements that minimize the preeminent role in such salvation of **Our Mother**, the **Virgin Mary**?

Does **He** *sleep and not feel anguish* at the *ongoing persecution* of **His** followers by *vengeful*, *arrogant*, and *atheistic* regimes, even though **He** predicted that it would be so, for **His** sake (Mt 5:11—12)?

Does **Jesus** *sleep and not feel sorrow* at the establishment of a “*new world order*,” promoted by both hidden and visible societies, in which man, following the *devil* and feeling falsely empowered, no longer honors **God** but elevates himself *as God* (2 Thess 2:7—8)?

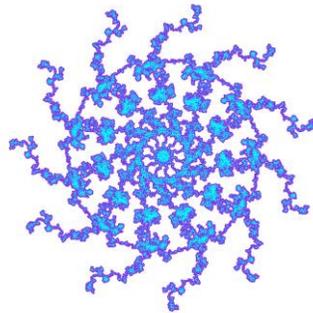
Does **He** *sleep and not feel anguish* at what *will occur* to all **His adversaries** when **He** comes in *great power* and *glory* to *judge us* all, knowing that **He** is *merciful* and that **His** essential desire is the *repentance of sinners* (2 Pet 3:9)?

While some say that the *plague* in these “*last times*” is a *punishment* consistent with the divine plan, others assert — falsely — that **God** does not punish, neither in the past, nor now, nor in the future, and much less *eternally*. Certainly, what is occurring during this generalized quarantine is at least a call consonant with our *conversion* during *Lent*, so that things do not continue “*as if nothing were happening*,” but rather that we *change*, for these events remind us of the need to be prepared for the *sudden return* of **Christ**. For indeed, *plagues* — the *pestilence* — are *signs preceding His coming* (Lk 21:11), just as the advent of a *fig tree* appearing on the upcoming *Holy Tuesday* — though we may not celebrate it on that occasion — also literally invites us to *watch* and *pray* (Lk 21:29—33).

In these *modern times*, in which “*science*” and “*progress*” have distanced humanity from the wisdom of the *fear of God* (Prov 1:7), what is happening should at minimum serve to remind us of what is *essential*, for being *awake* is indeed of vital importance, as **Jesus Himself** affirms during **His eschatological discourse**:

*“Be watchful! Be alert! You do not know when the time will come. It is like a man traveling abroad. He leaves home and places his servants in charge, each with his work, and orders the gatekeeper to be on the watch. **Watch**, therefore; you do not know when the lord of the house is coming, whether in the evening, or at midnight, or at cockcrow, or in the morning. May he not come suddenly and find you **sleeping**. What I say to you, I say to all: ‘**Watch!**’ ” (Mk 13:33—37)*

Thus, may the conclusion of this *Lent*, marked by a forced quarantine, lead us to full *repentance*, so that we may draw closer to the *only One* who *saves us* ...

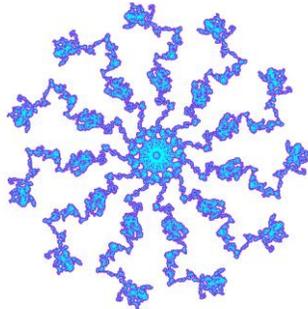


... To continue reflecting on the *prevailing modernity*, I am pleased to include below a lucid creed published in 1936 by the Argentine priest **Leonardo Castellani** (1899–1981), which has accompanied me since I discovered it on the internet. Written with the same structure and cadence as the [Apostles' Creed](#), it summarizes, with good humor, how rebellious humanity distorts the truth to place itself above **God**.

THE CREED OF THE UNBELIEVER

*I believe in the All-Producing Nothing, from which Heaven and Earth emerged.
And in Homo Sapiens, His only Son, King and Lord,
Who was conceived through Evolution from the Monera and the Ape.
He was born of the Holy Matter,
Struggled under the darkness of the Middle Ages.
Was inquisitioned, burned to death,
Fell into Misery,
Invented Science,
Has reached the era of Democracy and Intelligence,
And from there will establish on earth the Terrestrial Paradise.
I believe in the Free Thinker,
the Civilization of the Machine,
Human Fraternity,
the Nonexistence of Sin,
Inevitable Progress,
the Rehabilitation of the Flesh,
and Comfortable Life.
Amen.*

As can be seen, **Father Castellani** understood very, very well, even from the year in which the also Argentine **Pope Francis** was born. Indeed, this creed reflects *our times*, both with and without the virus, and thus merits multiple readings ...



... To conclude, this little bell includes two songs that, it is hoped, will be useful for continuing to invite to **conversion** during the approaching *Holy Week* and beyond. The first one contrasts the final choices we always face, good or evil, to invite to the *definitive matrimony* with **Jesus** (Rev 19:7–8), even if for some the quarantine is passing without reflection on what is essential, that is, living “*as if nothing mattered*.” The second is a joyful hymn that begins by describing certain facets of the *modern man* to then invite him and her to turn back to **Jesus, Our Savior and Lord**.

May God bless us all!

AS IF NOTHING MATTERED

**The days go by
as if nothing mattered, as if nothing mattered,
as if the Word
were not calling, were not calling.**

**The world lives on
as if nothing mattered, as if nothing mattered,
as if heaven
did not judge, did not judge.**

The time is coming
of the downpour,
of strange dust,
of severe chaos.

The time is drawing near
of equilibrium,
of level ground,
of wide relief.

The time is coming
of the precipice,
of stale weeping,
of eternal judgment.

The time is drawing near
of testimony,
of white garments,
oh righteous union.

**The days go by
as if nothing mattered, as if nothing mattered,
as if the Word
were not calling, were not calling.**

**The world lives on
as if nothing mattered, as if nothing mattered,
as if heaven
did not judge, did not judge.**

The time is coming
of the abyss,
of sullen hell,
of certain burning.

The time is drawing near
of the faithful banquet,
of wholesome joy,
of a beautiful glimpse.

The time is coming
of wastefulness,
of the ungrateful soul,
of great disorder.

The time is drawing near
of the marriage feast,
of pure oil,
oh holy praise.

**The days go by
as if nothing mattered, as if nothing mattered,
as if the Word
were not calling, were not calling.**

**The world lives on
as if nothing mattered, as if nothing mattered,
as if heaven
did not judge, did not judge.**

(August 2001 / March 2020)



The song sung by me a cappella and in Spanish may be visualized [here](#).

OH MODERN MAN

Or post-modern, to be precise

Following the rhythm of Típica 73...

**Modern man,
with wounds of love,
you move through your time
seeking control.**

Your vision is blurred,
mystery you don't see,
work presses you on
and in a gift you don't believe.

Your science brings no change,
its voice speaks of death,
in your depths you rebel
and you long to be God.

**Modern man,
with wounds of love,
you move through your time
seeking control.**

In noise you find rest,
challenging the light,
you squander your hours
forgetting the Cross.

Your falsehood is vast
and your success unfaithful,
only profit guides you
and a brother you miss.

**Modern man,
with wounds of love,
you move through your time
seeking control.**

Bridge of Peace...

Ah, modern man,
with wounds of love,
return to your essence,
which is far better.

Ah, walk the path
without further deception,
ah, become new again
with a faithful heart.

Oh learn your refrain,
a gift of goodness,
ah, sing it with confidence,
for it also heals.

Shanti Setú...

**In pure love
beauty is revealed;
it guides your time
with its good faith.**

Ah, hear me, brother,
amid doubts of love,
choose what is certain
and heal all pain.

Ah, be intelligent,
but not artificial;
return to the eternal,
to all the truth.

Ah, leave behind cynicism
and take your part now,
ah, it does matter
come today to praise.

**In pure love
beauty is revealed;
it guides your time
with its good faith.**

Ah, hear me, brother,
decide yourself to give;
change oh your sign
come and celebrate.

Ah, seek your place
without further anxiety;
trust in Christ now,
who gifts if all.

**In pure love
beauty is revealed;
it guides your time
with its good faith. (2)**

(September 1999 / November 2019)



The song sung by me a cappella and in Spanish may be visualized [here](#).