

Fire. Burning. Notre Dame.

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Judgment at our house, right here, us.

More than a sign of French resilience: a church, our Church.

'Bearing' becomes 'burning'. Bones on fire, lit by McCarrick and Vigano and Martel—strange prophets all—arsonists igniting icons—a house consumed.

And us, in the fire, uncertain, what will remain? Unconvinced by words. Now we burn, living icons; what will remain of us? No time for squabbles: we are burning, plucked from the flames and filthy, in His hands.

Holy fear: no other gods. Face down, blushing. Searing shame. Speechless.

Holy tears: little ones gone. Good grief. New kids bathed in rainbow light, shameless. Church sputtering, spineless. Fierce tears from flames, living water.

Holy ears: listening, at last, the Word rising from the ashes, burning in our bones, consuming us. If we say nothing, we perish.

Please take time to watch our new video and become '[Chaste Together](#).'