

Good Natured

‘Just as there is a momentum to evil, so is there a momentum to repentance.’

Sour moods tempt me easily these days. As bishops from around the globe gather in Rome to bind up an abused Church (Responsibility, Accountability, Transparency--RAT—unfortunate acronym), ‘In the Closet of the Vatican’, a lurid expose debuts and incites the ‘rat’ by sensationalizing what the author describes as an essentially ‘gay’ administration surrounding the pope—a point made more respectfully by Archbishop Vigano when he wrote of a Roman ‘clergy rife with homosexuality’: ‘It is an enormous hypocrisy to condemn sexual abuse, to weep for its victims, and yet to refuse to denounce the root of so much abuse—homosexual predators.’

Blinded by its rainbow lens, the New York Times stumbled badly at nationalizing the ‘gay’ priest thing with a front page article featuring a gaggle of them entitled (don’t laugh) ‘It’s not a Closet, it’s a Cage!’ What follows wouldn’t make the National Enquirer’s cut; the author knows little to nothing about what she writes except the now dreary ‘ain’t it an outrage when every immoral identification isn’t given equal time on every imaginable front, including the Church?’ The piece is full of zingers from collared whiners who lament: ‘It was never my shame; it was the church’s shame!’ ‘The vast majority of gay priests are not safe!’ ‘This is not a me issue. This is a human rights issue!’ ‘Listen to how the Church traumatized me for being gay!’ I look forward to the telenovela.

On the home front, cultural warriors who live to kill the prospect of life beyond sexual narcissism accuse me of being ‘a self-loathing homosexual...who needs to be straight and to portray himself as SUPERIOR to others.’ Relentless is the drone of activists who apparently base their LGBT+ liberties on everyone doing just as they do. Could make you blue.

Not a chance. I reread one of my favorite books: J. Budziszewski’s ‘What We Can’t Not Know’ about the moral law written on our hearts (Romans 2:15). In spite of ‘the evasions and subterfuge of men’, I can know the truth of God’s evident design for my masculine sexuality. My calm in the storm is clarity of conscience, the fact that I live in alignment with who I am as a man made for woman—to dignify and secure her in love and to have the strength to care for my kids and grandkids well.

The ‘gay’ self? Just a figment of one’s impoverished imagination. There is no such thing as an ‘LGBT+’ person, just pilgrims who have yet to discover the truth of who they actually are.

A smarter man said it best (my paraphrase): ‘We have a nature we must respect, that we cannot manipulate at will. We cannot create our own freedom, because we don’t create ourselves. We possess intellect and will but also nature, and we are ordered to the degree that we respect this nature, listen to it, and accept ourselves as persons who did not create themselves. In this way, and in no other way, is true human freedom fulfilled.’ Pope Emeritus Benedict

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My nature is good, outlook sweet, because I line up with the One who made me. Deep calls to deep and composes my soul. Free to think and to feel and to act in accord with the truth, I recall homosexuality as a distant imposter. Lurid media-handling of the Church? I'll wait for the telenovela.

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