

A Short Story – Daughters of Jerusalem

Written on request for deacon newsletter *Deacon Dispatch*.

By Anonymous

For the days are surely now when they say, “Blessed are the barren, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed.”

She looked terrible. Eyes sunken, countenance of a death pall, her skin hanging upon her frame as if a garment on a skeleton. Her sensible world, her life’s horizon has become a haze of uncertainty and fright.

Her entire being cries out as if to the mountains, ‘Fall upon us!’ and to the hills, ‘Cover us!’

It would be easy, oh so easy to account this to guilt. A happy coincidence. We can sleep with that causation explanation. We might even be tempted to say, she is among those who want to hide from the face of the one who sits on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb.

But the words of Jesus forbid it. For the days are surely now when they say, “Blessed are the barren, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed.”

These are the words of the abandoned. A life without horizon. A life settling for a false dawn.

Life circumstances crush her.

Enter into the misery. Allow the terror to overshadow you.

Then, only then, will change come.

The change in us will bring change in her.

Do you want my prescription? Do you want to know what works?

I won’t tell you.

It’ll be pureed in a toxic blender of moralism, and political Catholicism.

Here is how to find the answer.

Get dirty. Enter the misery. Allow the terror to overshadow you as Jesus did.

These women are crying out as if to the mountains, ‘Fall upon us!’ and to the hills, ‘Cover us!’

These women think the highest good is to believe “Blessed are the barren, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed.”

Then you will know my prescription.

Then you will know what works.

Then you will be a Christ.