

The rites we go through are not always holy—sometimes they lessen and diminish, pulling us into emptiness, which in itself is evil. But the worship, the love, the spirit—the making of things golden and God-lit—is a very different path, one we walk with reverence and care. The power of discernment is what allows us to choose rightly: to revere others while holding boundaries, to bring intention and self-discipline without making things heavy or strange. With discernment, we can lift conversations, relationships, and moments into the golden, where holiness lives and where light is never lessened.

For Creeps Sake:

Sermon: The Church Schools of Past

Brothers and sisters, imagine with me: a wooden room, cold in the winter and hot in the summer, its floors creaking under the weight of generations. A chalkboard dark with lessons long faded, desks lined in order, the scent of ink and parchment lingering in the air. This is not just a memory—it is a spirit space. It is a colonial classroom, and if you listen closely, you can still hear the hum of voices, the whispers of teachers who spoke here long before us.

Two hundred years ago, children sat in these very places, on these same streets, learning their letters, reciting scripture, shaping their minds by candlelight. The teachers who guided them, the saints of discipline and devotion, remain with us. Their presence, etched into the wood, into the soil, into the air we breathe, is still teaching us.

To walk in this history is to study not only the lessons of ink and quill, but the lessons of spirit. For some, this is unsettling—the idea that the past breathes through us. It feels ghostly, even haunting. But this, too, is part of our faith. To understand life and death both, to sit with the spirits of those who came before, is to know ourselves more deeply.

In my own awakening, these spirits were not merely history—they were companions. At first, their presence was strange, even tormenting, like a shadow over my shoulder, like the somber hush of an Addams Family parlor. But as I leaned in, I grew comfortable. I found kinship with those teachers of old—stern, wise, patient, flawed, but profoundly human.

And so, like rebellious students, we do what we were told not to do. We visit the old churchyards, running our hands along gravestones softened by time. We sit in abandoned chapels, letting silence instruct us. We wander into forgotten schools, grounding ourselves in the lifetimes that once filled them. In doing this, we are not lost in the past—we are grounding ourselves in spirit, stitching history into our present, and preparing for our future.

The colonial classroom teaches us still. Its lessons are not only of arithmetic and letters, but of endurance, courage, humility, and faith. The saints of the past remind us: we are part of a lineage, and in honoring them, we find the strength to live fully today and the vision to shape tomorrow.

So let us step forward with reverence. Let us remember that the same benches that held the children of the past hold us now in spirit. Let us carry their whispers into our homes, our church, our monastery. And let us never forget that the classroom of the saints is eternal—stretching from colonial days to our present, and into the generations yet to come.