

# Shattered Vessels

Maureen Gaus

I considered, this morning, the mystery of how God can make use of mental illness for His own purposes.

With my own difficulties, in the MI realm, I find myself unable to attend Mass, without great psychological upset. [Past experience, on many levels, and illness, which I think that God understands.]

Yet, I do think the following.

*But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation.*

The Church - for all I rail on about it - is the Body of Christ, acting in the world.

Not 'chosen' in an exclusionary sense, for all are invited, and, if I weren't so ill, I'd understand that even more clearly.

*A royal priesthood;* I wonder how many, who attended Mass this morning, really have that knowledge in their minds and hearts. That - while the priest offers the sacrifice - we offer it with him - as a royal priesthood, for God has made us such, through baptism.

And as the world stumbles and careens its way from one crisis to the next, as the culture sinks further into the truly bizarre, there takes place daily, hourly - minute by minute - across the world, the action of His priests and a royal priesthood, offering His Son's sacrifice back to Him, for the salvation of that world.

"And all creation shall see the salvation of the sons and daughters of God."

I wish that more members of the Church understood the glory of their call and the honour and dignity bestowed on them, by God. To work with Him and through Him to sanctify all of creation.

One Mass alone would suffice. Yet God makes it possible for this sacrifice to be offered in almost infinite fashion - flooding the world with His grace, lighting up all creation.

I am too ill, mentally, to attend Mass. Yet I invite those who participate to consider their own dignity, as part of a royal priesthood.

God certainly works in mysterious ways. Does He use even a shattered vessel to carry the waters of Siloe? For that's what those who have MI are, in many instances; shattered vessels.

Yet His Son was broken for the world. And bread is broken at every Mass. Brokenness can be sacred. And I hope that this lifts the hearts of some, who struggle with illness.

You are a shattered vessel, and you are sacred to God.

I don't even pretend to understand it. I just think about it.

