

Fr. Perozich comments —

Thank goodness. Fr. Perricone has said it, finally.

“All this endless assembly line of synodal novelties betrays nothing less than a tiring of God.”

Catholic church men speak of synodality.

“The net effect of these experiments is empty pews, shuttered churches, desolate seminaries, and the almost entire collapse of religious orders.”

Christian pastors and Catholic politicians spoke of Jesus and salvation at Charlie Kirk’s memorial.

The net effect of this one memorial’s witness to Jesus is a flood of people coming to the catholic church and non catholic ecclesial communities.

Fr. Frank Pavone speaks of pro life and is removed.

Other priests teach that it is mortal sin to just blow off Mass on Sunday and are disciplined.

Clergy who teach the truth on marriage and sexuality are silenced.

Jesus laid out the great commission: Go therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them all I have taught you.

I must say that I as a priest look to those who spoke of Jesus and of salvation at the Kirk memorial rather than to those who invent language, systems, and justifications for leaving behind God’s word and His command in order to establish some new project that Jesus simply did not command.

Tiring of God

*Synodality has as much to do with religion
as astrology has to do with astronomy.*

[Fr. John A. Perricone](#)

It refuses to end. Synoding, that is. That clever term is George Weigel’s and captures the whimsical inanity of the Bergoglian invention of synodality. In a recent essay of Mr.

Weigel's in that estimable journal *First Things*, he was rather irenic about the past aims of synodality. To me, he was straining a bit too far for my theological tastes. But bending over backward seems to have become a signature *métier* for Mr. Weigel. But a man of his intellectual stature should know that the problem with bending over backward is that you soon find yourself unable to stand straight again.

O yes, synoding. Restrain your laughter (or fear) as I present an enticing morsel from the official Pathways for the Implementation of the Present Phase of the Synod 2025-2028:

We recall that **the purpose of the Synod is not to produce documents, but to plant dreams, draw forth prophecies and visions, allow hope to flourish, inspire trust, bind up wounds, weave together relationships, awaken a dawn of hope, learn from one another and create a bright resourcefulness that will enlighten minds, warm hearts, give strength to our hands.**

This bears as much resemblance to Catholicism as a seven-year-old's birthday party. More woefully, it has as much to do with religion as astrology has to do with astronomy.

But synodality is the most recent in a long line of embarrassing experiments of the past half century. It seems as though **the Church's leaders have one rule: if an experiment has failed because of its absurdity, the next one must be made more absurd.**

An older generation of Catholics can bear this out. They must admit an embarrassing familiarity with such lovelies as: *Call to Action*, *Nuns on the Bus*, *The Archdiocese of Los Angeles Religious Education Congress* (still enduring with all the risibility of an octogenarian wheelchair race), *Confessional Rooms*, *Lenten Rice Bowls*, *The St. Louis Jesuits*, *Liberation Theology*, *Seamless Garment* and multi-colored clerical shirts. But that is only a sampling. Others have mercifully been forgotten or should be.

The net effect of these experiments is empty pews, shuttered churches, desolate seminaries, and the almost entire collapse of religious orders. A more dramatic case in point is the decades-old détente the European bishops conducted with Islam. It has resulted in wrenching violence, the burning of churches, and the near disappearance of any Catholic presence. Only yesterday the once papabile Cardinal Parolin warned Catholics to not tip over into intolerance due to the murder of Charlie Kirk. Imagine him preaching that about blacks garroted by the Ku Klux Klan, or homosexuals thrown from the tops of buildings by Muslim jihadists. In reality's piercing light, the benighted cardinal's words are shown for the oratorical litter they are.

To this failed cardinal we have the words of venerable Fulton Sheen:

America, it is said, is suffering from intolerance—it is not. It is suffering from tolerance. Tolerance of right and wrong, truth and error, virtue and evil, Christ and chaos. Our country is not nearly so overrun with the bigoted as it is overrun with the broad minded.

Imagine, most Catholic priests spoke with that kind of crystalline Catholic logic 70 years ago. Now they babble in the accommodating Parolin patois.

All this endless assembly line of synodal novelties betrays nothing less than a tiring of God. He is a consuming fire, and this crowd has turned Him into an afterglow of fading embers. The Church's mission is entirely supernatural, and the language of the supernatural is uttered with the crackling tongues of fire given to her at Pentecost. She also wields the supernatural tools in her sacred traditions as she has for millennia. These tried-and-true weapons have been successful in bringing the liberating Gospel of Our Lord to every continent.

Now, she trades that divine proclamation for the junk language of synodality.

The synodalist eschews those weapons given to us by a triumphant conquering Christ, in exchange for the shiny new baubles of the zeitgeist.

The cringeworthy march of synodality epitomizes a parlous weariness with God. The incongruities could not be more conspicuous.

How does “planting dreams” accord with, “But God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world” (Galatians 6:14). Or can anyone explain how “planting dreams, and drawing forth prophecies and visions” is consonant with, “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to myself” (John 12:32).

How will the hyper-psychologized purring of “inspire trust, bind up wounds, weave together relationships, awaken a dawn of hope” possibly accord with the summoning words of Christ: “All power is given me unto heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations.... Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you” (Matthew 28:18-20). How does the synodolist reconcile himself to Christ’s jolting words, “Think not that I am come to bring peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword” (Matthew 10:34).

Dear reader, this is nothing less than becoming tired of God.

The Medieval Schoolmen identified this malady of the soul as *acedia* or sloth. The term has been drained of its original meaning by modernity to mean mere laziness. That is comparable to calling leprosy a rash. Its original denotation was chilling, so it warranted being in the company of the seven capital sins.

St. Thomas defines it as “sadness in the face of some spiritual good which one has to achieve (*tristitia de bono spirituali*) (ST II-II, Q. 35).

The treachery of sloth is expressed precisely by Josef Pieper in his tour de force *On Hope*: “Acedia is a kind of sadness—more specifically, a sadness in view of the divine good in man. This sadness because of the God-given and ennobling of human nature, causes inactivity, depression, discouragement.”

This sin of acedia results in a fleeing from God, with the manifestation of conducting business with anything save the things of God. Nothing expresses more accurately the malady of synodality. It flees from the climb to Calvary with any and every activity that bears resemblance to that salvific Hill. It stands in company with a half century of almost total erasure of that ensemble of devotions, prayers, practices, and piety that characterized the life of the Church for millennia. That universe of Catholic depths becomes toxic for the synodolist.

Synodality is the denouement of the Modernist project.

But Dr. Pieper diagnoses the poison of sloth as sorrow for divine things in even more graphic terms:

This sorrow is a lack of magnanimity: it lacks courage for the great things that are proper to the nature of the Christian. It is a kind of anxious vertigo that befalls the human individual when he becomes aware of the height to which God has raised him. One who is trapped in acedia has neither the courage nor the will to be as great as he really is. He would prefer to be less great in order thus to avoid the obligation of greatness. Acedia is a perverted humility: it will not accept supernatural goods because they are, by their very nature, linked to a claim on him who receives them.

The great Thomist concludes with quaking warnings:

The more I see the advances from the region of emotion into that of intellectual decision, the more it becomes a deliberate



turning away from, and actual fleeing from God. **Man flees from God because God has exalted human nature to a higher, a divine, state of being and has thereby enjoined on man a higher standard of obligation.** In the last analysis, it has the monstrous result of **men expressly wishing that God had not ennobled him but “had left him in peace.”**

Synodality is not merely a comical interstice before a new flowering of the Faith. Some of the more orthodox, albeit too cautious, lights in the Church may treat it so. Synodality is far more serious.

It deepens in the Church an already dangerous superficiality, or silliness, that has come to replace the grave obligation of saving one’s soul. One need only view the recent video of seminarians dancing outside their school in the Philippines. Be prepared to quickly look away at a performance of cheap burlesque parading as Catholicism.

Synodality is the picture of a Brave New Catholic World. One as unnerving as Huxley’s.

Synodality gives an unsettling confirmation to the words of Our Lord, “But yet the Son of man, when he cometh, shall he find, think you, faith on earth? (Luke 18:8).

Synodality must not be allowed the final word.

Sitting back is not an option.

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